FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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Our Position.

IN our pages this week we illustrate passing events of great and stirring interest, both in the South and in the North—the Seceding movements in the South and the scenes in the Presidential campaign in the North. We claim to be *strictly and entirely neutral* in our course of Journalism, chronicling events as they transpire in every section of the country, without bias and without feeling; adhering closely to facts, but advocating neither one side nor the other of the disturbing element of partisan politics.

In pursuing this course we do not lose one jot of our independence; we truckle to neither party, neither do we ask favors of any party. The necessity of our position is, that our circulation must be universal—our expenses are so vast that the patronage of one class, however liberal, would be but as a drop in the bucket in the way of remunerating our outlay.

Our aim is to produce a paper which shall be so entirely free from objectionable opinions or partisan views of national policy, that it can be circulated in every section of the Union and be received in every family as a truthful exponent of facts as they occur, and a reliable Illustrated History of the time in which we live.

Bearing this aim steadily in view, we do not SWERVE from our design. Our Artists and Correspondents furnish us with illustrations and descriptive matter of every event of importance, which we transfer to our pages, and we must not be held responsible if our pages illustrate scenes of which the actors therein are ashamed. We are Historians, and represent the World as we find it, without fear, favor or prejudice, confident that, while we persevere in that course, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be welcome in every section and in every home in the United States.

THE PALMETTO FLAG OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

A Fact for our Advertisers.

WE publish below two letters which we have just received. They will show that the vast circulation and the widely extended influence which we claim for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER are simple facts, without exaggeration. There is no advertising medium in the world where so extensive and varied

SECESSION ORATORS ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY HALL, CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 3.

a circulation can be obtained as through the columns of this journal.

New York, November 14, 1860.

Frank Leslie, Esq.
Dear Sir—I inclose an order received from Lima, Peru, which shows that your paper is read and has an influence even in distant lands. You may make what use of it you see fit.
Yours truly,
HENRY C. SPALDING.

Lima, Peru, October 13, 1860.

Mr. Henry C. Spalding.
Sir—You will please deliver to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. twenty dollars' worth of the best Prepared Glue, recently advertised in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of August 25, 1860.
You will also send me, through those gentlemen, ten or twelve large show-cards to hang up in my stores, also a catalogue of the other preparations you manufacture. The twenty dollars, less the usual discount, will be credited to you by my friends, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Tell them to forward them to me in first shipment of new books, via Panama.
Yours,
JOSE MASIAS.

During the past year Mr. Henry C. Spalding has advertised in our columns to the amount of over one thousand dollars, and so entirely satisfied is he with the result of the influence of our paper, not only in the United States and Canada, but in South America, &c., &c., that he has commenced anew in the present volume with a column advertisement, to be continued every week for twelve months, at a cost of several thousand dollars. Mr. Spalding understands the philosophy of advertising thoroughly, and his reward is a business success but rarely parallelled. Let our advertising friends bear in mind the facts above stated, and if they would win a similar success—do as he has done.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

THIS NUMBER

Commences the XIth Volume

OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

With this number we commence the Eleventh Volume of our Illustrated Newspaper. Of the preceding Volumes we need hardly speak—the enterprise and energy we have displayed in catering for the public are evidenced on their pages, and give their evidence in our favor.

The present volume will hardly be inferior in interest to the one now closed. Our resources have wonderfully increased. In every section of the country we are in daily correspondence with first-class artists and photographers, engaged to supply us with illustrations of local interest and of all events which transpire in their neighborhood. Our artistic resources are more varied and complete than was ever combined in one establishment in the world.

It will also contain a larger amount of interesting reading matter than heretofore; comprising striking and beautiful novels, tales and other amusing matter; besides editorials, criticisms on art, music and literature; chess, columns, billiard columns and other interesting and useful items, making together the best and most richly-illustrated family paper in America.

Subscriptions should be sent directed to

FRANK LESLIE,
19 City Hall Square.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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Three Copies	1 year	$ 6
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HAS again become the popular resort of EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS AND AMUSING,

And is now attracting more attention, and receiving more visitors than every other place of Amusement in New York. Everything novel, curious and and interesting is secured by Mr. Barnum, and presented to his visitors in addition to the 850,000 Curiosities from every part of the world, and the

SPLENDID DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS

which take place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two Living Aztec Children, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has every produced; the Living What Is It? or Man Monkey; the two Albino Children; the Grand Aquaria; Monster Snakes; Living Happy Family, &c., &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reach, information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Correspondents.—J. W., Jr., is mistaken. The party has not been in New York for several weeks.

Foreign News.

The news from Italy is progressive and gratifying. Lord John Russell had, in a dispatch to the British Minister at Turin, acknowledged that the resistance of the Neapolitans was justified by the tyranny of their King, and also that the King of Sardinia was not to be censured for going to their assistance, to shorten a crisis that had become intolerable. It would seem as though both France and England were anxious to facilitate the escape of the dethroned monarch from the Italian shores, lest his capture should complicate matters still more. Capua had been attacked on the 1st of November, and the garrison had surrendered the next day as prisoners of war. Naples was illuminated on the occasion. It is denied that the Sardinian navy had been prevented bombarding Gaeta by the French Admiral. The truth is, possibly, that the latter had merely advised the postponement of it.

The Warsaw Conference, it appears, only came to one conclusion, that it was not expedient to hold a Congress in the present unsettled aspect of Europe. In the meantime, the French Government had ordered the building of ten additional steel-cased frigates. Whitworth had also been engaged by that power to furnish a large number of his new rifles.

From China we learn that the Taku forts had been captured by the Anglo-French forces, with the loss of four hundred of the allied troops and above a thousand of the Chinese. This would predicate as though the fighting had been much more obstinate than formerly. The Tartar Commander-in-Chief was among the slain. The possession of these forts gave the allies the entire country as far as Tien Sin, and six hundred brass guns of great calibre. The Ambassadors had gone to Tien Sin, where it was said Chinese Commissioners were in waiting to open negotiations. It was reported that the Ambassadors would soon proceed to Pekin, attended by a strong escort of troops.

The Earl of Dundonald, better known as Lord Cochrane, died in London, aged 85. He was one of the most famous of British Admirals, and as distinguished for his daring as Lord Nelson himself. His life was, however, clouded for years, by his participation in a fraudulent attempt to raise the price of stocks by circulating false news in 1814. He lived long enough to expiate his offence to be restored to his honors in the Navy, and to be raised to the Peerage.

New Granada.—The intelligence is interesting. The correspondence between Flag-Officer Montgomery and Captain Miller, of Her Majesty's ship Clio, and between the former and the Intendente-General of Panama, the object of which was to fix the responsibility for the interference with the rights of American citizens by the British sentinels, had terminated in an unsatisfactory manner in both instances. Captain Montgomery had exchanged several notes with both parties, and had finally closed with one to each, in which he reviewed the whole matter, and expressed regret that he had been unable to obtain a satisfactory reply. The correspondence will be forwarded to the State Department, and may be the basis of an unpleasant dispute. The Revolutionists in the interior had made no new movement of importance. The members of the Chiriqui Surveying Expedition had arrived at Panama from Golfo Dolce.

The Nations and their Rulers.

The London *Times* of the 27th of October by no means takes the hopeful view of the present European imbroglio that the French Press does. It openly declares its conviction that the Great Powers are preparing for a gigantic struggle, which will settle the question of divine right for ever. It admits that the issue cannot be doubtful, as it is really a struggle between Progress and Retrogression. After reviewing the condition of the despotic combatants, it concludes by saying that Austria, hopelessly bankrupt, and driven to despair, endeavors to propitiate her chief creditor, Hungary, with paltry instalments, which that nation will refuse, seeing that she will soon have an opportunity of helping herself. Russia, the great London Thunderer declares to be poor and embarrassed, with the fetter of serfdom around her neck, and comes to the conclusion that the nobles will avail themselves of the war to strip the Czar of many of his prerogatives, so as to bring the Government more within the scope of European intelligence; while Prussia, it predicts, will survive to feel the mistake she commits in substituting dynastic considerations for the principles of liberty and rational government. While thus France and Sardinia contend against the allied despotisms of Europe, the great organ of British opinion thus marks out the course of England:

> When this tremendous struggle is shaking Europe to its centre will England be passive? The effort will be difficult, but the force of circumstances will force us to remain quiet. We may not admire the French Emperor, but still less can we like the motives which actuate the despotic rulers. With these men the parvenu monarch is an object of dislike and hatred, and the enmity is prompted by his contemptuous treatment of kingcraft. Owing his throne to popular suffrage, he has as little respect for hereditary rights as a professed republican. The family of reigning sovereigns regard him as beyond their pale, and he administers to their hatred by calling nations into existence by the popular voice. The regeneration of Italy is his act, and he has swept away, like so many cobwebs, the princes of the Peninsula who represented the "divine right to govern wrong." However displeasing this may be to the European Courts, it is acceptable to the English people, and, although we hear of pleasant interviews at Coblentz between Lord John Russell and the Prussian Premier, the Foreign Minister of England knows his countrymen too well to suppose that they would go to war to restore the Italians to the vassalage which France has shivered in pieces. We shall assume once more the same neutral attitude which we took when Austria invaded Piedmont a year or two back, and France came to her assistance—that is, we shall look on and see the game played out fairly, giving our sympathy to freedom, and withholding all but moral support to the most patriotic of the combatants.

Some may consider this masterly inactivity, while others may condemn it as undignified and timid; but it must be remembered that England, like America, has already passed through this crisis, and established her freedom after a series of convulsions similar to those now agitating the Continental nations. Her proper place is to act as moderator, and temper the triumph.

Social Questions of the Day.

Work for Women.

Those who collect statistics of arrests, of social phenomena, and of the various conditions of labor—and there are many of Mr. Buckle's disciples who do—must have observed that from time to time an instance occurs of some healthy, resolute female who dresses in male garb, passes herself off for one of the other sex, and earns her living as such until she is convicted of the crime, arrested and punished.

We entirely except from the cases to which we refer all romantic cases of damsels who, under the inspiration of Sensation Novels, seek for Adventure under cover of sack coats and pantaloons. We do not by any means refer to the loves of Billy Taylor or to anybody's "loves." Such cases there are of timid run-away damsels who weep or are otherwise violently exercised in their "emotions" while in Court, and who generally turn out to have been seducees of the most yielding description. Those to whom we refer are generally calm, stout, good-natured, rather illiterate damsels, who have worked steadily at some very laborious calling usually filled only by males, and whose simple excuse is that they could not "get along" as women, while in masculine garb they could earn a good living. Just such a case as this occurred not long ago in New Orleans, and they are by no means rare. They do not seem to be by any means connected with loose demeanor, and we are convinced that there are, in truth, many poor women who would easily earn twice what they do were they permitted to make the attempt.

Now, while repudiating the extravagancies of the so-called Woman's Rights advocates, who have been by their ultraism a drawback and a hindrance to the cause of female industrial progress, let us see if there is not room for much social reform in this matter. Small wages and irregular payments, both resulting from a limited field of labor and great competition, are at present the acknowledged lot of the working woman. In those departments where the same kind of labor is shared by men, she does not receive so high wages, though her efforts may be just as profitable to the employer. It is hardly worth while to say a word on the atrocious injustice of all this. On the one side we have plain common sense, justice and humanity, to say nothing of material and industrial fact; while on the other are certain forms of society, laws of etiquette and prejudices, which, while founded in very good feeling, and which, indeed, were once practically useful, are at present losing their value every day. And that which causes them to lose their value is the constantly increasing demand for labor. As Labor rises in the social scale, *all* who can contribute to it must rise with it. The death of Feudalism and of social tyranny of all kinds is the birth of Labor. No person can carefully study the history of Labor in Europe for the past century without admitting that, whatever convulsions may shake society, one thing *must* progress in power and dignity, and that is Labor. The preservative art of printing alone would assure this to the world, and there are a thousand causes even more preservative than that.

Such being the case, it is inevitable that sooner or later the full field of work must and *will* be thrown open to all, and every Competent, whether male or female, be permitted to earn precisely what his or her abilities are worth. As regards "moral" drawbacks, it is now generally considered that independence, industry and the pride and ambition which they beget, are a thousand fold more productive of morality than mere rules of conventionalism and what women "ought to do." There is no better friend to good behavior than cheerful, fairly rewarded industry.

The greatest drawback is the one least observed by reformers. We refer to the ungenerous—the miserably contemptible opposition to female rivalry of those who fear the temporary reduction of their own gains. We have met with literary men who had this jealousy, as well as illiterate mechanics. Some years ago in England the male employés in a porcelain-painting atelier refused to work unless the female painters in the same establishment should be forbidden to use "rests" for the hand, while they themselves retained them! The reason was that the women, when allowed to use the "rests," could earn as much as men.

In a few years this question will undoubtedly force itself to discussion and solution. Meanwhile let every true philanthropist do all in his power to remove those prejudices which stand so much in the way of giving their just rights and dues to one-half of humanity.

Prospectus of the Eighth Volume of Frank Leslie's Monthly.

The January number of Frank Leslie's Monthly commences the Eighth Volume, and with it a new era in its existence. New features will be added, rendering its pages more ornamental and more useful. The Page Illustrations will be of the most exquisite description of excellence, sufficient to merit separate framing, while the Illustrations of the Novels, Tales and Travels will be more numerous and beautiful. The thrilling Novel which was commenced in the December number will be continued, and a vast amount of the most admirable literature, by first-class writers, will adorn its pages every month.

The Fashion Department, so valuable to ladies in the country, will be completely remodelled, and will contain esthetic articles upon dress and the toilette, besides the latest and most *recherché* Fashions prevailing in the first circles, not only in dress, bonnets, &c., but in needlework, crochet, Berlin wool, &c., &c.

The series of exquisitely Illustrated Poems will be continued: also our Portrait Gallery, the plan of which will be enlarged, embracing not only the eminent authors and artists of our own and foreign countries, but the eminent and popular lady artists whose musical genius delights the refined audiences in every section of the country.

Frank Leslie's Monthly enjoys an enviable reputation wherever it has been seen, as its constantly increasing subscription list proves. No pains will be spared to sustain this reputation; no expense will be grudged to render it still more worthy of the patronage of the public.

The subscriptions which expire with Volume VII. should be renewed at once, to insure the prompt delivery of No. 1 of the Eighth Volume. Subscriptions should be sent direct to this office.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Last Joke perpetrated at the expense of heroic little Jersey, is the *Herald's* proposition some few days ago. After complimenting her for the stand she made for the Union, the facetious editor says, "She ought no longer to be *out* of the Union, but deserves to be forthwith annexed to Staten Island!"

Messrs. Culbert Brothers, the well-known jewellers of 777 Broadway, have just completed a recruit medal for the Seventh Regiment. It is of solid eighteen carat gold, and has the arms of the regiment on one side, while on the other is inscribed, "Recruit Medal, Fifth Company, Seventh Regiment. Awarded to Abram Selig." It is a very elegant specimen of workmanship.

The Undue Emphasis placed upon small events in the history of great men has a very unfortunate effect upon the rising crop of writers who bloom in the pages of our current literature. Mr. Everett's oration on Washington has had this effect, more especially in California, where the well-aired discourse has lately received considerable hostile criticism. A New York paper has thus given its own version of one of Mr. Everett's trump cards:

> "In the lecture alluded to, and which, we presume, is too grotesque to have been written by any other human being than himself, he has carefully avoided anything calculated to excite the minds of his audience. He tells with mirthful emphasis how General George Washington, the father of his country (the lecturer being the acknowledged grandmother thereof), when a very small boy, was always good, never associated with wicked urchins who robbed apple orchards or played hookey from school; how he went into a field and attempted to cut down a cherry-tree, with a new hatchet, and how, being caught in the act by his father, he exclaimed, in answer to the well-known query, 'Who cut it?' 'Dear father, George Washington cannot lie—I cut the tree.'"

The New York Weekly.—We are gratified to learn that our cotemporary, the New York *Weekly*, has met with the success which the enterprise with which it has been conducted merits. Its special strength at present is "The Gold Brick," a story in which Mrs. Ann S. Stevens has produced her *chef d'œuvre*, a work for which, as its merits deserve, a very liberal price has been paid by the publishers, Messrs. Street and Smith. It is always pleasant to learn that the combination of literary and of business talent has been duly rewarded, and this has been eminently the case in the present instance. Apart from "The Gold Brick," the *Weekly* offers numerous attractions which are constantly being increased in every respect, both as regards quantity and quality. The gentlemen proprietors of the *Weekly* form a "young firm," but one most favorably known, and one which will undoubtedly attain age by youthful vigor no any guarantee for longevity.

The Boat Race at Poughkeepsie.—In our notice last week of the exciting rowing match on the Hudson, the places from which the contestants hailed were changed about by an oversight. The victor, Joshua Ward, and the Champion rower of America, hails from Newburg, and his gallant adversary, William [illegible], from Poughkeepsie.

Express Trains to Albany and the West.—Six fast trains are now running on the New York, Harlem and Albany Railroad daily. Connections are made with the New York Central, and passengers are taken through

to the principal Western, North-western and South-western cities. New and comfortable cars have been provided for the trains, and great improvements have been made upon the line. The Express leaves New York at seven A. M. and five P. M., and the Mail train at ten A. M.

The Idea of a Clergyman being swindled by a "matrimonial woman" seems like the engineer being hoisted on his petard, or the poisoner having the drugged chalice returned to his own lips. Our readers will, no doubt, feel this when they read this little extract from a newspaper published in "Honest Abe's" State:

"A singular card appears in the Brockport (Ill.) *Advertiser*. Rev. A. F. Finch warns the clergy against a woman, small in stature and wearing spectacles, who met him at a camp meeting in Rockport and cajoled him into matrimony. Afterward he ascertained that he was the third victim of her wiles. One of his predecessors lived at Belleville (C. W.), and the other resided in Wisconsin. The latter she left in a destitute condition with three children to provide for."

As a companion picture from the Portland *Argus*, which sums up a recent divorce case in this peculiar style:

Freeman Waterhouse, libelant, vs. Eliza A. Waterhouse.—Petition for divorce—cause, desertion. From the evidence in the case, it appeared that the wife was an exceedingly pious woman, and that she left her husband on account of his profanity. Judge Appleton said she should show her piety in a becoming manner by returning to her husband, that she had no excuse for leaving him, and that if she continued to desert him after this nothing could be recovered of him for her support. The circumstances in the case were not sufficient, in his mind, to warrant him in decreeing a divorce. Libel dismissed."

Why profanity should not be a valid excuse is evident, since ladies differ in their definition of what constitutes profanity. Dickens relates that, upon the husband complaining that the pork was underdone, he was taken to task by his pious wife, and rebuked for "his profanity and being discontented with his victuals." As though Providence sent cooks as well as pigs.

The Great Organ of Fourierism copies an article from the *Journal des Débats* of Paris on Garibaldi, which closes with this remarkable sentence: "When a man performs miracles he represents a great power!"

All Young Nations, like parvenues, are notoriously thinskinned. There is a *mauvaise honte* about them, which makes them cry out with Scrub, in the farce, "I know they are talking of me, they laugh so consumedly." Some of our journals are playing Scrub at this very minute, and all because the London *Times*, the Beadle Bumble of the British press, has been shaking its head and bow-wowing at some overzealous attentions paid to the Prince of Wales in Richmond, Virginia. This acute sensibility to what little foreign journals say of us is ludicrous, and reminds us of a story told by the author of Jacob Leisler, as having happened either to himself or to some of his literary friends. He had just retired to his Howe's Patent Spring Bedstead, when he was roused by a poetical admirer. Ring after ring made the author spring from his couch and poke out his nightcapped head to know what was the matter. "Is that you?" cried a voice. "Yes, what's the matter? House on fire, or is the Union in danger?" "No," replied his friend; "but the Paddington *Snorer, Sneerer and Sneezer* has an article on your last new play!" Next morning, the night-disturbed author found that a little penny London paper had pronounced him to be a rising young writer, for an American. What does it matter to a nation of thirty millions of freemen what the Paddington *Sneezer* or the London *Times* says of us. Just read what our New York papers say of them!

PERSONAL.

When Louis Napoleon was an exile in Switzerland he was made a citizen of Thurgovie, and received from the Federal Council the command of an artillery company. In acknowledgment of the latter favor, he wrote the President: "I am proud to be numbered among the defenders of a state in which the people are recognised as sovereign, and where each citizen is ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the fatherland." It would seem from his present unamiable conduct to the humbugs of the Alps, that he is now ready to sacrifice that little selfish Republic.

Senator Chesnut has resigned his position in the Senate.

The Charleston *Mercury* says that South Carolina has thrown the tea overboard; it means the milk.

The *Evening Post* says that Perry of New Jersey, although notoriously a Breckinridge man, was obliged to promise to vote Douglas before he was put on the ticket!

John B. Gough gave a lecture at the Cooper Institute on the 12th, on "Social Responsibilities." It was very able and earnest.

Miss Mary L. Booth, who is gaining quite a reputation by her clever translations from the French, has just completed, and Scribner will shortly publish, a translation of "La Femme Affranchie." This book, which will appear under the English name of "Woman Enfranchised," was written by Madame d'Héricourt, and is intended as an answer to Michelet's "L'Amour."

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper's compilations from her father's works, entitled "Pages and Pictures," will be issued in a few days. It will be illustrated with forty steel engravings, and one hundred and thirty sketches on wood.

Moore's "Lalla Rookh" has just been published by the Longmans of London, in a more elaborate style than any previous editions of the poem. It is profusely illustrated from sixty-five designs by Mr. John Tenniel. The London *Times* thinks that "the entire set of illustrations is without a parallel in English embellishment, and putting aside Turner's and Stothard's Rogers as not exactly a case in point, the greatest illustrative achievement of any single hand."

General Avezzana, who has been for the last ten years a cigar and spirit merchant in New York, arrived in Italy just in time to be present at the battle of Caserta; he mentions four young American volunteers very favorably.

Two young Americans, named Mead and Spackman, distinguished themselves by their gallantry at the fire in the Astor House Hotel; at the imminent hazard of their lives they rushed through a storm of fire and rescued a man named Brady. The poor fellow was, however, so much injured that he died in a few hours.

Missing Man.—The Canadian Government have offered $500 reward for any information relative to John Sheridan Hogan, Esq., M. P. P., who left his residence in Canada last December, and has not been heard of since. Communications should be sent to Charles Alleyn, Esq., Provincial Secretary, Quebec. A faithful portrait of Mr. Hogan will be found in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, No. 244, of July 28th, 1860.

LITERATURE.

The *Masonic Eclectic* is a very interesting monthly magazine, edited by John W. Simons, assisted by several distinguished Masonic brothers, and devoted to gleanings from the harvest field of Masonic literature. The November number is before us, and contains many articles which cannot fail to interest the Members of the Craft; among them are—The Masonic Question, by the Editor; a Masonic Poem, by George P. Morris; also one by A. H. Duganne, and another by Samuel Whiting; a Sketch of Cagliostro, by the Latomia Society; a Fragment of History, by John L. Lewis, jun.; and the Orders of Knighthood by Robert Macoy; together with a large amount of interesting items on Masonic subjects. It is a well conducted work, and needs only to be known to obtain a large circulation. It is published at 430 Broome street, at one dollar per year.

From Macoy & Sickles, 430 Broome street, we have received a Masonic book, entitled *The Signet of King Solomon, or the Templar's Daughter*, by Aug. C. L. Arnold, LL.D., Past Grand Chaplain. The design of this work is to illustrate by means of a pleasant and interesting work of fiction the governing principles of the noble order of Freemasonry. The writer is an enthusiastic mason, and has developed the goodness and beauty of the craft, and its influence for great good in its higher degrees, and has at the same time given a strong and living interest to the plot of the story by which the governing principles of the order are evolved and illustrated. It is a very interesting volume. A memoir of Elizabeth Aldworth, the Female Freemason, and a Masonic Prologue add considerably to the interest and value of the publication.

Thayer & Eldridge, of Boston, have sent us a ranting and raving Abolition book, disguised under the name of *A Story of True Love*. We have before expressed our disgust at these outrageously sectional productions, so exaggerated in detail, so false in facts and so untrue in deduction. There is some very powerful writing in this work, and many of the scenes are full of striking action, but the absurdity of raising a superstructure of god-like virtues on the sole basis that the individual is an Abolitionist, and the monstrous theory that a man must be a devil and graced with every demoniacal quality because he owns slaves, are so manifestly preposterous, that common sense revolts at it—truth refutes it—human nature rises up against it, and we feel inclined to throw the dangerous and disingenuous volume into the fire. The author is a believer in "nigger," but a doubter of Shakespeare; indeed, we got so confused by his eloquent bombast, in which Garrison, Wendell Phillips, the nigger, Theodore Parker and Shakespeare were so inextricably blended, that we were yet in some doubt as to whom is ascribed the honor of having written Shakespeare's works—but we rather think it was the "nigger." The publishers, we presume, find it to their interest to bring out these intolerable and abominable books, but we can only class them with the worst sort of sensation novels, which, beneath an outside show of morality and humanity, appeal to the worst passions of our nature, and stir up the bitter blood of hate and intolerance in kindred hearts. Such books should be tabooed by every class of readers.

Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street, New York, have sent us the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* for October. It is an interesting number, and contains several sterling articles; among them one, entitled "The United States under the Presidentship of Mr. Buchanan," is devoted to the consideration of the Slave Question. Leonard Scott & Co's. republication of the sterling magazines of England is a well considered and most successful enterprise.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTH.

Ever since the vote of the 6th of November, which indicated beyond peradventure that the candidate for the Republican party would be the next President of the United States, there has been a wild excitement and a terrible agitation in our sister States of the South. Even before the vote which settled the doubt, many Southern politicians looked upon the result as a foregone conclusion, and had prepared the minds of their constituents for an organised and determined resistance. So the feeling had been growing and growing, fanned almost to a premature fire by the sneering and insulting tone of too many of the Northern papers, until the public mind at the South was fully prepared for some prompt, definite and determined action.

South Carolina led the van in opposition to the assumption of power of that party so obnoxious to the sentiment of the entire South. Her State Legislature has authorised a Convention, to meet on the 17th, to deliberate upon the present state of affairs and decide what course of action the State shall pursue. Popular indications seem to point to immediate secession as the only means of allaying the feverish excitement of the people. In Charleston and Columbia meetings take place daily and nightly. Distinguished public men address excited crowds from the steps of the public buildings, from the windows of the hotels, and at the corners of the streets. The language of the speakers is unmistakable, and those who speak the loudest for immediate dissolution are the most enthusiastically cheered. A large proportion of the Federal officers have resigned, and are to be remunerated by the State for their sacrifice for the cause of right, and it is said that their course will be followed by every official, Postmasters, &c., now holding positions under the Federal Government. Senators Toombs, Chestnut and Hammond have resigned.

South Carolina does not stand alone in this secession movement. Georgia and Alabama are active, enthusiastic and demonstrative in the cause. Alabama will call a State Convention on the seventh of December, and the Governor of Georgia, in a lengthy message, recommends a system of retaliation against hostile States (those which nullify the Fugitive Slave Law), and the immediate calling of a State Convention. From State to State the disunion feeling is spreading with a terrible rapidity, and the more it spreads the wilder and the more intense it seems to grow. In our next issue we shall probably chronicle the first steps taken by the Southern States towards withdrawing from the Union.

Charleston is boiling over with the spirit of secession. It is the theme of every tongue, and, apparently, the hope of every heart. The palmetto flag was raised amidst the thunder of cannon and the shouts of the people, and now waves from a hundred houses. Several State Legislatures have made large appropriations for the arming of the militia, and "minute" men are being enrolled by hundreds. It has been stated that the minute men organization numbers between one and two hundred thousand men, prepared to defend the action of the South at all hazards. Hardee's drill is adopted and zealously practised.

The Legislature passed a bill authorizing the banks to suspend specie payments, and the military committees of both houses were to sit during the recess.

Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, is about to summon the Legislature to consider the state of affairs.

There is a disposition at the North to speak lightly of this great and general movement, but a free people so strongly moved, and writhing under what they believe to be a deliberate and settled plan to rob them of that which they consider to be their vested and inalienable rights, are not likely to be quieted without some definite object is obtained, be it what it may.

On Monday, the 12th inst., a mass meeting of the people of Charleston was called to be holden at the Institute Hall, to ratify the call of a convention by the Legislature. The invitation extended to ladies and was responded to with enthusiasm, the galleries of the vast hall being thronged by the gentle sex, who displayed a deep and earnest interest in the transactions. The building was densely thronged, and the thousands outside who could not force their way in were addressed at various points by strong and excited speakers. The meeting was presided over by the late Federal Judge Magrath, and addresses were made by ex-Senator Rhett, Mr. Spratt, ex-Government Attorney Conner, ex-Collector Colcock and other eloquent men. It is stated that when the speaker declared "The Union is dissolved," the enthusiasm beggared description. The vast audience rose as with one impulse, and amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs shout after shout pealed forth, which seemed to shake the building to its foundation. Fireworks and illuminations marked the occasion, which appeared to be one of general joy.

MUSIC.

The Academy does not reopen its doors to the public until the 1st inst. During the recess it is stated that several important, and we should judge most judicious, alterations are to be made in the auditorium. Private boxes are to be constructed to take the place of the present entrances to the parquette next the orchestra, and in lieu thereof several additional passages will be opened leading directly from the first circle into the parquette. This will not only afford much greater facilities for ingress and egress, but also relieve the ladies who occupy the front seats from the rude, unmannerly gaze of the "b'hoy ruffians" who have been in the habit of congregating in the present parquette entrances, and ranging themselves along the front of the balcony, frequently entirely shutting out those seated behind them from a view of the stage. Corridors, in addition to those already existing, will likewise be opened in the parquette, to afford the audience greater convenience in visiting and receiving visits. If these improvements are thoroughly carried out, the patrons of the Academy, especially those of the fair sex, will have reason to be devoutly thankful. The new season, which it is said will only be continued up to the holidays, will be under the management of Mr. Ullman, and artists and operas will be alike, in a great measure, novelties to the New York public.

The New York Philharmonic Society.—The first concert of the Nineteenth Season took place at the Academy of Music on the 10th inst. It was attended by a very fashionable and crowded audience, and to their honor be it stated, there was very little talking and scarcely any flirting, exclusive attention being paid to the very fine performance which was prepared for their delectation. The orchestra was evidently in a playing mood; satisfied with themselves, the music selected and the conductor—for rarely has the Philharmonic band equalled the executive excellence of that evening. The symphony was played with sentiment, delicacy and precision, and Mendelssohn's beautiful Overture has never before in this city been so faithfully and intelligently rendered. Mr. Eisfeld deserves infinite credit for his excellent interpretation and leading of these fine works.

The vocal portion of the concert was sustained by Madame Dummler, whose *début* was received with some favor. Our friend Noll, clever as he is, is not equal to Vieuxtemps' Concerto. The violin is an exacting instrument, and he who would excel as a soloist must pay to it the exclusive devotion of a lover. We subjoin the programme.

PART I.

Symphony, No. 2, in C, Op. 61, Robert Schumann; 1. Lento—Allegro con energia. 2. Scherzo—Molto vivace. 3. Larghetto. 4. Allegro, Molto vivace. Aria from "Robert le Diable," "Va! dit-elle," Madame Schroeder Dummler, Meyerbeer.

PART II.

Overture "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," in D, Op. 27 (Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage), Mendelssohn; Second Concert, for violin, in F sharp minor, Op. 19, Mr. Joseph Noll, H. Vieuxtemps; "Gebet der Elizabeth" (Prayer), from "Der Tannhauser," Madame Schroeder Dummler; Overture, "Leonora," No. 1, in C (Anno 1805), first time, Beethoven; Conductor, Theodore Eisfeld.

DRAMA

Winter Garden.—Many years had elapsed since Miss Cushman had enacted her favorite character of "Romeo," until she reappeared in that part on Thursday evening last, supported by Mrs. Bowers as Juliet, Mr. Dyott as Mercutio, and Mr. Couldock as Friar Lawrence. The house was crowded on this interesting occasion, and a fair share of enthusiasm was manifested, but candidly speaking, we cannot admire Miss Cushman's rendition of the love-sick Romeo. In her hands every particle of poetry is lost, and in place of a charming embodiment of thoroughly romantic passion, we have presented to us a nervous, awkward, over-grown boy, full of irregularities, uninteresting in manner, and unattractive in bearing. Now we are quite willing to admit that many a young lady like Juliet would fall desperately in love with just such a Romeo as Miss Cushman offers us, for her impersonation is full of ardor, full of intensity; but we submit that the Romeo the mind craves for is a creature full of grace and beauty, elegant in bearing, refined in manner, passionate but never rude in speech, by turns exulting and by turns despairing, as the course of his great love runs smoothly over the golden sands of hope, or is dashed remorselessly upon the iron rocks of a hard fate. Of all characters in the range of the acting drama, Romeo can least afford to be dealt with in a realistic manner; we do not wish to believe that, like other youths, his impetuosity is rude, his passion absurd to all save himself and the object upon which it is lavished. We prefer to deal with him only poetically, to find in him the very concentration of what we dream a "lover" should be; once dash aside the veil of romance and deal with him in an off-hand, every day manner, and the charm vanishes, the interest ceases, your sympathy is dashed with realism as with cold water, and when you should weep you can with difficulty refrain from smiling. We willingly admit that Miss Cushman makes Romeo act very much as any young man of average ability acts when he is first in love, but thus by being too natural she destroys the ideality of the part. Who desires to see Cupid painted without wings?

The Juliet of Mrs. Bowers is a highly respectable performance, very much better than any previous delineations of character we have witnessed by the lady. Mr. Dyott as Mercutio, deserves especial credit; his was infinitely the best acted part in the tragedy, full of life and animation, overflowing with geniality and spirit, yet carefully and delicately shaded, and on the whole a most excellent performance. Mr Couldock's Friar Lawrence was simply as bad as possible, and the rest of the performers are not entitled to any large share of praise, if we except young Mr. Stoddart, whose Benvolio was exceedingly well acted; and Mr. Davidge, whose performance of Peter was truly Shakespearian, and consequently life-like and amusing to an unusual degree. The scenery is nearly all new, in good taste and most admirably painted, and the tragedy throughout is well mounted. We congratulate both patrons and management of this house upon the return of Mr. Tillotson. This gentleman during his former connection with the establishment won the esteem of all the habitués. He has the general charge of the auditorium, which is sufficient assurance to visitors that their comfort will be well looked after.

At the other theatres there are no changes to note. Mr Forrest in "Othello," and the stock company on the off nights in the "Dead Heart," still fill Niblo's; while "Playing with Fire" does the same at Wallack's. Miss Keene keeps "Physic and Fancy" on the bills, but promises some startling novelty.

Barnum's Museum.—The great sensational drama of "Rose Elmer," originally published in the New York *Ledger*, has been produced by the enterprising manager, and is received nightly by crowded audiences, with immense applause. The Aztecs are likewise great attractions, and excite much curiosity. Altogether, there is no place equal to Barnum's Temple of Art and Curiosities, to while away a pleasant hour.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A brutal murder was perpetrated at the flourishing town of New Lotts, Long Island. It appears that on Monday, Theodore Collyer, a well-to-do market gardener, came to New York to dispose of his load of vegetables. He returned to his home shortly after dark with the proceeds in his pockets. After taking his supper he went out, and visited the store of Mr. Torrey on the plank road, and while paying for some purchases there he drew out a large roll of bills. This was remarked by some of the bystanders. Collyer then left the store. The next morning early he was found by his wife in the barn with his skull fractured and quite dead. His money and watch were also gone. The murderers have not yet been detected.

Company F, National Guard, Boston, who had been sojourning in our city for some days, were reviewed by Mayor Wood before the City Hall on the 13th. The Guard was escorted by Company B, of the Eighth, Capt. Moore, from the Armory, and arrived at the Park about three o'clock. The review was a very imposing and satisfactory affair. The Bostonians took their departure the same evening in the steamer Traveller of New Haven.

Considerable excitement is now raging in Bergen, New Jersey, on account of the sudden and most suspicious death of Mrs. Absom, wife to a farmer in that town. From the brutal manner with which he had treated her for years, and in consequence of his repeated threats against her life, uttered to herself and others, suspicion immediately fastened upon him, and a warrant for his arrest was issued by Coroner Gaffney. There is little doubt that she has been poisoned, and her husband's brutal conduct naturally fixes public suspicion upon him. She had been sick for some time, and under a doctor's care.

The Boston *Traveller* announces that Dr. William Lounsbaw, Jr., of East Cambridge, who went out as Surgeon with the Hayes Expedition, has arrived home in Boston, and he reports all well. Dr. Lounsbaw went from Greenland to Copenhagen, and thence to America. The vessel behaved admirably.

The Providence *Press* has a very distressing account of the suicide of an old man named Thomas Aston, in the State prison. He had been tried for perjury a day or two before, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment with hard labor. There were many circumstances in this case to arouse the public sympathy, and the verdict as well as the sentence caused considerable surprise. When the keeper went the following morning, the unhappy man was found with his throat cut. His wounds were so severe that it is almost impossible he can recover.

We gave in a late number an illustration of the inauguration of Druid Park, Baltimore. We have now to record the death of Mr. Lloyd Rogers, the late owner of that new public domain. It is supposed to have been hastened by the grief and excitement of parting with so much of his ancestral estate.

A coin collector in Salem, Mass., recently sold to a collector in Hartford a copper cent for seventy-five dollars. It was the coin known as the "Higley copper," the first copper cent of Connecticut, dated 1737, and struck by a blacksmith named Higley. But three specimens of this ancient coin are known to be in existence; and being thus rare, it readily commands the high price paid for this one of the three.

Mr. Barney has withdrawn his charge against Isaiah Rynders, with the observation that his object was accomplished by the publicity given to the matter.

The defalcation of Mr. Bates, the late State Treasurer of Vermont, is above $60,000. As most of this sum is composed of sums he has buried in the name of the State, there is considerable litigation in prospect. It was only discovered, therefore, that the ex-treasurer had created any debt when a note of $9,000 at the Brattleboro' bank fell due. Mr. Bates, being then looked for, had deeded away his property and fled. The principal notes now discovered, going to make up the sum of $51,500 are: 15,000 with Lawrence Brainerd, of St. Albans; $3,000 with Abel Underwood; $1,500, Orange county bank; $3,300, Lamoille county bank; and lesser sums with seven other banks. Of course the State cannot dodge payment, as the treasurer's name bound the State under the law.

The Rochester *Express* has a long account of a secret society called the American Eagles, which has for its end and aim a political object. It does not, however, state what its proclivities are.

On Monday night Mr. Sebastian Meckel, his wife, son and Miss Nella Kingroth, all stopping at the Astor House, were in the act of crossing Broadway opposite Barnum's Museum, when one of the Fourth avenue line of stages, driven by Henry Scofield, came rushing down the street and before the party could get out of its way the two ladies were knocked down and severely injured. Mrs. Meckel had one of her arms fractured, and Miss Kingroth had two fingers of her left hand crushed by the wheels of the vehicle. The driver, who was intoxicated, was arrested; and Justice Welsh locked him up. The ladies were assisted to the Astor House.

On Saturday there were in this port 28 steamers, 123 ships, 101 barks, 104 brigs and 134 schooners, not including Collins, &c.; 52 are loading for Europe, 3 for East Indies, 2 for West coast of South America and 8 for Australia. There are on the berth for San Francisco 7 fine ships.

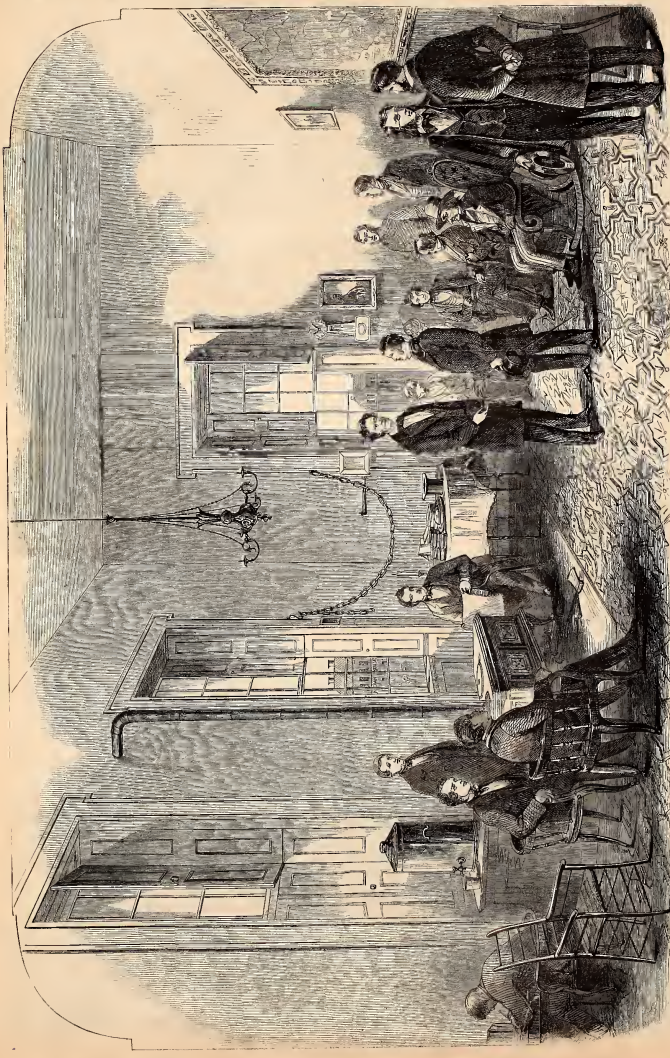
A most diabolical attempt to poison a patient in the City Hospital was made last week on a patient by two other men in the institution. The first attempt was made by the confederates in the morning, when Croton oil was placed in the broth. This was so unpleasant that their intended victim could not drink it; in order to avoid detection one of the men threw the basin over as though by accident. The same evening the man had a friend come to see him, and a large quantity of Croton oil was placed in the milk. Before they detected the unpleasant flavor both had swallowed a considerable quantity. Shortly after the unlucky milk-drinkers were seized with all the symptoms of violent poison, and still remain in a very precarious condition. The men confessed their deed, but denied any evil attempt, declaring they did it as a lark. They have been arrested to await events. It is said that the man whose life was thus attempted had been seen by these men counting the money he had in his belt, but which he afterwards had placed in a Savings Bank unknown to the supposed conspirators.

The carelessness of the rock blasters in the avenues is becoming more glaring every day. During the last week three accidents have occurred, one fatally. The contractor ought to be heavily fined, as well as the immediate cause of the explosion. The recklessness of some of these men is an infatuation equally dangerous to themselves and the public.

On Saturday, the 10th, and Monday, the 12th, the tides in Boston were higher than they have been for two years. Many of the streets were submerged.

As Mrs. Rogers, of Sixth street, South Brooklyn, was taking her dinner in the basement on the 12th, some person entered the house by means of a latch-key, and stole about $1,200 worth of jewellery out of her bed-room. Three men have been arrested on suspicion.

The custom of Lynch law is becoming too frequent in some parts of our State. One day last week, a young man, named Gordon, was shot while standing near a house of ill-fame. The next evening, a party of his friends, aided by numerous rowdies, made an assault upon several equivocal mansions, and destroyed everything inside them. These lawless men are as great evils in a city as the nuisance they pretend to obviate. It must, however, be confessed that the laxity and corruption of our judicial authorities are indirectly the cause of this growing evil.

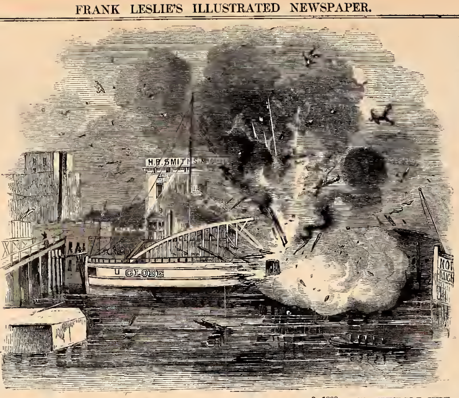


HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT, RECEIVING HIS VISITORS IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN THE STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Hugh Lovie.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER GLOBE AT CHICAGO.

It is our painful duty to-day to illustrate one of those appalling catastrophes which has rendered Western travelling so dangerous, and, we fear, from what we have read in the local papers, that it was the result of the grossest carelessness. On the morning of Thursday, 8th November, about nine o'clock, the citizens in the vicinity of Clarke and Well streets, Chicago, were startled by a tremendous explosion upon the north side of the river, and at the same instant the air was filled with a shower of beams, iron and splinters of every description. This was found to be the remains of the propeller Globe, Captain Amos Pratt, lying at Hale's dock.

The Globe had only arrived about five hours that morning from Buffalo with a cargo of apples and other merchandise. She had also brought some passengers, all of whom had left the vessel. The engineers and firemen were in the engine-room taking off a cylinder head. The steam had been blown off from one of the boilers and the fire put out, the other boiler had but little steam in it. While they were thus occupied, the boiler exploded with terrific force, tearing the propeller into atoms, and covering the adjacent parts with the wreck of the ill-fated vessel. The crew numbered twenty-five in all, and it is feared that most of them have perished. The force of the shock was terrible. The long block of buildings adjoining the north side of the river was shaken as by an earthquake. The windows were all broken and the ceilings destroyed.



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER GLOBE, AT HALE'S DOCK, CHICAGO, THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1860.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. PETRIE.

HOLE MADE IN AN IRON SHUTTER ON THE REAR OF LARRABEE & NORTH'S HARDWARE STORE, BY ONE OF THE FENDERS OF THE BOAT.

Some idea may be formed of the wonderful power concealed in a drop of water from some of the particular effects of the explosion. The iron of the boilers, as we have said, was ripped asunder as if it had only been so much paper. The boilers were literally torn to shreds, and one of them, less torn than the others, was twisted and collapsed like an old felt hat that has been through an election-day fight.

A piece of timber, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, was thrown across the river and into the rear office of Messrs. Stewart, Youle & Co., in the Board of Trade Building. It entered *via* the window, and landed in the middle of the room. Mr. Stewart had left the room scarcely a minute before the intrusion of the unwelcome projectile.

One of the fenders of the boat, weighing two hundred pounds, was blown through the air and hurled into the rear of Larrabee & North's hardware store, over a block from the dock, and cutting out a circular piece of a foot in diameter from the centre of a thick iron shutter.

The Globe was one of the oldest of our lake craft now in commission. She came from the stocks as a side-wheel steamboat in 1848. Subsequently she was altered to a propeller. Her present engines were comparatively new, having taken the place of the old ones, which were condemned about four years ago. She was registered as a B 2 vessel, with a valuation of $17,000. She was insured for $5,000, but as marine policies do not cover loss or damage by explosion, the loss will fall entirely upon her owner, Mr. William O. Brown, of Buffalo. She was commanded by Captain Amos Pratt, one of the oldest and best of lake navigators.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Receiving his Friends in the Court Room of the State House, Springfield.

We give in our present number a sketch of the President elect receiving the congratulations of his friends and neighbors in the Court Room of the State House, Springfield. It would seem from all accounts that he received the news of his elevation with that equanimity which has distinguished his whole career. The capital of Springfield is a large handsome building of a yellowish stone, and has been erected about twenty years.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I., II. AND III.

I

The scene opens on a cold, cheerless afternoon in November, when a carriage containing an old gentleman and a fine, handsome youth of nineteen years is dashing along on the way from Wootton-under-Edge towards Kingswood Hall, the residence of one of England's proud nobility. The youth demands of his aged companion some information respecting his birth and parentage. This the old man declines, but says that he is taking him to Kingswood Manor, where he has a right to shelter, and adds, mysteriously, that Lord Kingswood can solve the mystery. The youth at first refuses to proceed, but upon his companion declaring that his residence there is a sacred duty he owes one who is dear to him, he acquiesces in the wish of his associate. He confides, also, to the youth his name, which he was to keep secret. He also added that he had been his true friend, and would ever prove so.

In a short time they reached Kingswood Manor, one of those noble old residences so common in England. The aged man and his youthful charge alighted from the carriage and inquired for Lord Kingswood. The former was ushered into his presence, while the youth was taken to another apartment which looked on a magnificent woodland scene. While buried in gloomy reflections and forebodings, a pair of tender hands were pressed over his eyes, and a sweet, silvery voice cried out,

> "Guess my name,
> Or a forfeit I claim."

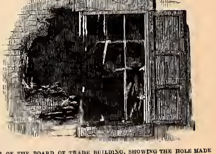
Erle Gower, for such was the youth named, sat utterly bewildered. The hands were removed, and a beautiful girl stood before him. Their astonishment was mutual. After casting a terrified glance, she ran away like a frightened fawn. At the earnest entreaties of Erle, the beautiful girl returned and apologized for her unwitting familiarity, by telling him that as her cousin Cyril was expected she mistook Erle for him. She then disappeared.

Erle remained in a reverie for a few minutes, and with the instinctiveness of jealousy cried, "I hate that cousin Cyril!"

II.

The room to which the attendant ushered Ishmael Malpas—the name of the elderly traveller already alluded to—was a large study, where sat a handsome man in the prime of life. Lord Kingswood rose abruptly to his feet as he entered, and rebuked his attendant for thus conducting any one unannounced to his presence. He then, in a stern voice, ordered him to retire. When the two men were thus face to face, Lord Kingswood said, in an uncertain tone, "I did not expect to find you the bearer of that note." A scene of the most wonderful power ensues, in which the visitor, whose real name is Vernon, harrows the soul of the guilty nobleman with recounting the wrongs of an injured lady whom the earl had married and deserted. The youth is, of course, the child of this unhappy lady. The whole range of sensational literature does not contain a more thrilling chapter.

It appears that while Lord Kingswood had endeavored to beguile the virtuous scruples of his beautiful victim, the marriage had actually been legal, so that when he thought he was seducing his victim he was really marrying her. When Ishmael Malpas told him this, and also that the youth lived and was at that minute beneath his roof, his anguish was indescribable. What if Lady Kingswood should learn it? The thought was distraction.



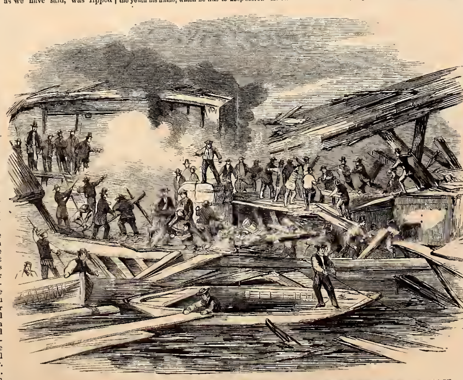
REAR OF THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, SHOWING THE HOLE MADE BY A PIECE OF TIMBER WEIGHING 250 POUNDS WHICH WAS BLOWN ACROSS THE RIVER.

After an interview, Ishmael sprang into the carriage and was driven away leaving Erle, the youthful stranger, at Kingswood Manor.

III.

No sooner had the carriage driven away, than Lord Kingswood left his study to prevent his haughty and jealous wife from being the first to meet the young stranger. He found Erle Gower in the apartment to which he had been shown, and Lord Kingswood, in an artful conversation, endeavored to draw from the youthful stranger what he knew of himself. Finding that he really knew nothing of his name or lineage, and that even Mr. Vernon, who brought him hither, had only seen him on that special occasion, his mind grew calmer, and, in answer to the youth's fervent entreaties as to who and what he was, Kingswood answered that he was the son of a deceased officer, and Kingswood's particular friend. He also informed Erle Gower that Kingswood Manor would be for a time his abiding-place. As he was thus conversing with his young guest, the door of the apartment opened, and Lady Kingswood entered. Lady Kingswood was a fine woman about forty, and still retaining the traces of great beauty. Jealous to disposition, she was inquisitive to rudeness. Her husband introduced the young Gower to her as the orphan of a dear friend, a statement which she received with a smiling incredulity. She at once took upon herself the care of entertaining him, and, bowing to both, she left the room.

When she disappeared, Lord Kingswood urged upon his protege the necessity of great caution and discretion in replying to the questions of his wife. He then left Gower to his reflections. Soon after the housekeeper of the Manor came and showed him to the rooms intended for him. They were at the extreme end of the edifice, and decidedly the most ancient. A smaller room opened out of the sitting one, in which there was a massive bedstead. On the wall there was a portrait of a lady, which strangely roused the recollections of the youth. The fires were made in the old fireplaces, and he was told that his dinner would be served in his own room, as Lord Kingswood had guests. This stung his pride, but he had no alternative but submission. He therefore eat his dinner in gloomy silence, and after spending a most melancholy evening, he went to bed, but it was not to sleep. Fancies thick and fast poured through his brain, which at length found in slumber a respite. He threw himself upon his bed, and regarded the portrait of a lady, young, and of strange, weird-like beauty. A singular thrill passed through his frame as he gazed on it; he felt he had seen that face before, but whether in his dreams or in his infancy



THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE EXPLOSION—CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD BODIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. WILLIAMS.

he could not tell. As the Manor turret clock struck midnight, Erle suddenly sat up in his bed, his eyes wide open and fixed. He stepped lightly on the floor, and walked across the apartment, as though pursuing some object.

He entered the sitting-room with the same slow, measured pace, still as if in pursuit, and paused before an oaken door, situated in a remote corner of the apartment. Then he clasped his hands upon his temples, uttered a low cry, and fell on the floor as though bereft of life.

CHAPTER IV.

> Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
> Soft, modest, meek, demure,
> Once joined, the contrary she proves, a thorn
> Intestine, far within defensive arms
> A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
> Adverse and turbulent.—*Milton.*

As the turret-bell, with a deep and sonorous tone, chimed the hour of one, Erle sprang from his prostrate position to his feet, and gazed wildly around him.

His lips moved rapidly, and gave utterance to incoherent words, those alone audible being,

> "The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
> The wronged to right,
> His own to regain,
> Shall toil and fight,
> In sorrow and pain
> Till he solves the wonder of Kingswood Chace."

It seemed as if the repetition of the words recalled to him a consciousness of his position. He covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then looked once more slowly and earnestly around him.

The decaying wood embers threw a flickering glare upon the quaint, grim old furniture, and caused them to look more grotesque and ghostly than in the daylight. He was some little while before he could realize his situation, and then, drawing a long breath, he murmured,

"I have been dreaming. But, merciful Heaven, what a horrid dream!" A shivering fit seized him, and hurrying to his bed-chamber, he divested himself of his attire, and buried himself beneath the clothes.

Out of an unrefreshing sleep, disturbed by wild and feverish dreams, he was awakened by Lord Kingswood's valet, a dark, sallow faced looking individual, excellent, no doubt, in his capacity, but by no means attractive in his personal appearance.

He was precisely one of those individuals into whose arms nobody, especially the softer sex, would feel disposed to rush with enthusiasm. He had a long visage, beetling brows, and shifty, restless black eyes.

Erle naturally frowned as this visage presented itself on opening his eyes to his gaze, even though its owner had done him the service of waking him from a distracting dream, and without a word, inquired by a glance why he had aroused him.

The man replied as if questioned.

"By the orders of my Lord Kingswood, I awaken you to inform you that it his lordship's wish——and it is understood here that his wishes are commands—that for the present you will confine yourself scrupulously to the apartments you at present occupy. There are guests at the manor, and his lordship deems it advisable, that until their departure you should remain secluded in your chamber. Every attention to your comfort will be paid. I am instructed to control that arrangement. His lordship will shortly pay you a visit, and hopes to find you contented and obedient."

Erle gazed with indignant eyes upon him.

"What!" he cried, "am I to be detained here a prisoner?"

"There will be no objection on his lordship's part to your indulging yourself with a walk in the Chace," returned the valet, with an offensive superciliousness of tone. "But you will proceed to it by a communication which leads from a door at the end of the adjoining corridor. It has not been used for many, many years. His lordship alone keeps possession of the key; here it is. He entrusts it to you, but it must not leave your custody. Shall I convey to his lordship that you readily assent to his wishes?"

"To his commands," responded Erle, with a curling lip. "You will inform his lordship that I must perforce comply, as for the present I cannot help myself."

The valet raised his eyes with a sinister look, and with the habitual bow, he disappeared.

It was daylight, the sky was blue, and the air without seemed frosty. Erle rose at once, and hastily attired himself, and entered the sitting-room.

As he advanced to the centre, his eye fell upon the oaken door, in the furthermost corner of the room.

He started, and placed his hand to his forehead with a confused manner. After a few minutes' thought, he muttered,

"A dream, but how singular—how terrible!"

He approached the window, but the gardens and pleasure-grounds were not visible, and the figure of that young girl, whose touch, the day before, had thrilled every nerve in his frame, was not to be seen in any direction, nor that of any other human being either.

He ate his solitary breakfast, which he found prepared for him but no attendant remained to wait upon him, so he partook of it sparingly, and under a most painful sense of loneliness. He quickly grew restless and impatient, and the sight of the key, which Lord Kingswood's valet had given to him, resting on the table where the man had thrown it, determined him to take advantage of the permission given to him to visit the Chace.

The door at the end of the corridor was quickly found, and as quickly, though not without difficulty, unlocked. Erle saw before him a staircase, which ascended as well as descended, but he took little note of it, and closing the door behind him, he proceeded, aided by a very dim and uncertain light, down a worn, narrow stone staircase, with a rude iron railing for banisters. He continued his descent until he fancied the stairs were interminable; but it was not until he found himself in utter darkness that he halted.

His first impulse was to retrace his steps, his second to proceed. It seemed improbable that the valet had given erroneous directions to him. Besides, he had read that these old places had curious modes of communication with the outer precincts, and no doubt the present way of entrance to the Chace remained as when built some hundreds of years previously. He therefore continued groping his way, until he at length reached the bottom.

Before him, shining in the darkness, upon a level with his eyes, there appeared to be a glittering diamond. The next instant the illusion passed away, and he decided that he there perceived the outlet to the Chace.

He hurried along still—save the small light from the aperture—in utter darkness, over uneven, damp and slimy ground, until he was rewarded by the object of his search. A massive iron door, pierced with circular holes, crossed protectingly by small bars of iron, opposed his further progress; but his key, when applied to the lock of this iron door, after repeated trials of his utmost strength, turned it; there remained two massive bolts to remove. One more powerful exertion of his muscular strength, and he succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to squeeze through the space, narrow as it was. He then found himself in a gap, choked with an undergrowth of brushwood and shrubs.

He looked upwards, and found the branches of tall trees spread high above him, intervening between the earth and sky. He forced his way through the entangled mass of briar, thorn and gorse, and he stood fairly and freely in a copse forming part of Kingswood Chace.

Everywhere around him grew trees forming alleys and vistas, leading in all directions of the compass. Already acquainted with the precautions necessary to be taken in forest ramblings, he attentively regarded the form and character of the tree nearest to the gap, and the position of the sun, and commenced cutting notches in the nearest trees, and sticking pieces of paper on straggling twigs, as landmarks by which to find his way to the gap again. While thus employed, he heard the shriek of a female voice, sharp, quick and piercing. The sound rose up like the cry of a wounded bird, and did not appear to emanate at any great distance from him.

He hastened towards the spot, and soon ascertained that he was on the right track by hearing sounds of altercation.

He distinctly heard a voice exclaim—"Stand back, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you! Stand back, you scoundrel, or I'll fire at you!"

A few hasty leaps, and an impetuous burst through an entangled thicket, and he emerged into a glade.

Immediately before him stood a youth in shooting garb, holding a double-barrelled gun ready to raise to his shoulder and level, confronting a shaggy-haired, gipsey-looking fellow, of huge stature, who, with clenched hands, was preparing at all risks to make a spring upon the armed young sportsman.

Upon the green turf, near to the youth, lay in a swoon a young girl, in a light dress.

The ruffian had paused in his leap as Erle came crashing through the boughs, for he was uncertain whether a friend or an enemy would make an appearance; but when he saw a youth of no greater calibre than the one he was about to attack he laughed coarsely.

The young sportsman cried, excitedly—

"Aha! A friend, I see! My good fellow, raise up this young lady, and carry her away through the glade to the left. I'll come to you presently. Halt before you get far, because I know where to convey her, and you don't."

"Give me the gun," cried Erle, as he seized hold suddenly of the weapon. "You know where to bear her, and who to deliver her up to. I'll keep this fellow at bay until you are safely away; then I'll follow with the gun."

"Bravely said—hurrah!" cried the young sportsman. "I owe you a good turn for this. Stick to him—our keeper will be up in a minute; you can return my gun to him."

All these words were gabbled rather than spoken, and quite as rapidly was the transfer of the double barrelled gun made.

The young sportsman lifted quickly the prostrate girl in his arms, and hurried off with her.

A glance informed Erle that she had a face of marvellous beauty; but it was blanched as if death had already made his claim.

With an oath the gipsey ruffian moved towards the retreating sportsman, but Erle placed himself with a bound before him.

He raised the gun to his shoulder, and aimed it point blank at the man's head.

"Stay where you are, or I'll give you both barrels in the skull," he cried, in a firm, determined voice.

The man halted.

"You git out o' my way, or I'll cut thee weasand with my knoife," he responded, drawing from his pocket a formidable clasp-knife, which he opened.

"These triggers are quicker than your hand," returned Erle, speaking with cool steadiness. "You put out a foot to approach me; or raise that hand with the knife in it, and by the Supreme Power that made me I'll give you the contents of the gun."

"D'ye s'pose I keare for the peppercorns in thee gun?" exclaimed the ruffian, snarling like a dog. "They'll flatten again my head like biled peas again a stone wall. I tried 'em."

"Don't try these," answered Erle, covering the fellow's head with the muzzle of the gun, and speaking without excitement.

"Thee be'est a bold lad, an' I don't want to hurt thee," exclaimed the ruffian, as he caught a glimpse of the fluttering dress of the girl in the arms of the young sportsman disappearing among the thickly clustered tree-stems. "But I tell 'ee what, an' thee don't gi' back, by gosh I'll jump on thee, an' cut thee, and slash thee wi' knife as I would a varmint, I tell 'ee."

He drew a pace nearer, with his knife clenched in his hand, and crouched as if he intended to wait for the shot and dodge it, and then leap upon the youth and half kill him, before he pursued the young sportsmen carrying off his prize.

"Back, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Erle, in a louder and more energetic tone, though by no means exhibiting flurry. "I can hit a titlark on the wing, and if you move an inch nearer I'll blow your eyes out."

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when the fellow ducked down and made a bound towards him with extraordinary agility and power. He reached him, and grasped at the barrel of the gun, but missed it, as one of the barrels accidentally went off, discharging the shot harmlessly in the air.

The next instant, Erle, however, nimble as himself, was twenty paces from him, and he discharged the remaining barrel full at the ruffian's body. The shots struck him on the breast: two or three buried themselves in his face. He uttered a howl of pain, staggered and fell, but rose in an instant again, for the thickness of his sandy-colored velveteen coat prevented the charge from having any further effect than the one above described.

He dashed at Erle, who was, however, prepared for him with the gun clubbed, ready to strike him down with the butt end of it. As the fellow reached him Erle swung the weapon round his head, and delivered it; but the ruffian, with the agility of a wild cat, escaped the intended blow. As the butt-end of the gun reached the turf he instantly made a spring at him, to bury his knife in his body, but a mound of turf, unseen by him, tripped him up, and he fell heavily on the ground.

At the same moment, a brace of pointers, attracted by the report of the gun, came bounding into the glade, followed by a gamekeeper and a couple of beaters.

The ruffian scrambled up, and exclaimed, between his teeth, as he shook his clenched fist at Erle—

"Keep out o' Kingswood Chace if thee wouldn't ha' slit weasand. I'll kill thee if ever a' meet thee alone as sure as moy name be Tubal Kish—that I will."

Then, with the speed of a deer, he darted off in the opposite direction to that in which the gamekeeper was advancing.

The dogs as soon as they beheld Erle holding the gun with the stock on the ground, lay down, and in a few seconds more the gamekeeper came up, and Erle briefly related what had taken place.

The gamekeeper, with a look of surprise, took the double-barrel in his hands, and, examining it, said

"Why, it is the young squire's gun."

Then turning to Erle, he asked which way the squire took. Erle pointed it out to him, and the gamekeeper, accompanied by dogs and beaters, hurried away, saying—

"The young master is the one we must follow. Yonder rough will bury himself like a fox in the earth. His must be a keen scent who can unkennel Tubal Kish when he is once stole away."

Erle, left to the pursuit of his own ruminations, devoted himself to the task of recovering the track to the gap, in which the entrance to the subterranean passage, leading to Kingswood Hall, was situated; and, not without the exercise of skill and consummate patience, discovered it.

He worked his way beneath the brushwood, retraced his steps, fastening the iron door as before, and ultimately he regained his own apartment, having taken sufficient careful notice of particular objects on his return, that he should be able to find his way to the corridor, in connection with his room, without difficulty again. He had not long re-entered his room when he received a summons to attend Lady Kingswood in her boudoir, as she desired to have a little conversation with him. He obeyed the request brought to him by Mrs Muddlemist, in her usual pompous manner; from which, however, she occasionally departed to give a quick and shivering glance around the room, and an amazing stare at Erle, as though he had performed some unexampled feat, and yet continued to live.

As soon as he was alone with Lady Kingswood, who reclined with a listless, luxurious manner on a rich *fauteuil*, he found that he had not been cautioned in vain respecting the communications he would be called upon to make, for Lady Kingswood put every variety of questions to him, from delicate suggestions down to rude and abruptly direct queries. His impatient manner, his burning cheeks, though witnessed by her, did not absolve him from her seemingly inexhaustible interrogations.

At last, having extracted all she was likely to obtain, she said, musingly—

"And you really assure me that you are unacquainted with your parents—your extraction, in fact?"

With closed teeth, inflated nostrils and humid eyes, Erle bowed to her.

"You do not, in fact, know who you are?"

Erle drew himself proudly up, and said, in a tone made rich by emotion—

"I am Erle Gower. A name may disgrace as well as elevate. I will not stain the name I bear."

"Romance," murmured Lady Kingswood, gazing steadfastly at him, unable to suppress a feeling of admiration at his handsome, flushed face, and really noble bearing. "By your own argument it is well to have had a father known to the world favorably, for the former possessor of the name of Gower might not have been held in high odor by the honorable."

"And he may have been, madam!" exclaimed Erle, almost fiercely, "else, madam, why am I beneath this roof, or under the protection of Lord Kingswood?"

Lady Kingswood looked at him fixedly. Really, the boy was very handsome and very gentlemanly in his manner and appearance. Would it be possible for him to become attached to her? A young and graceful companion, with a form so elegant and attractive as his, would be highly desirable to one who went so much abroad by herself. Lord Kingswood certainly grew more inattentive to her and more unsociable every day.

Suddenly she remembered that he had spoken, and bending her head towards him, she said—

"I beg your pardon, my thoughts ran away with me—what did you observe?"

"That those to whom I am indebted for my existence could scarcely have been so undistinguished as your ladyship, pardon me, unkindly suggests, or the Lord of Kingswood would surely not take sufficient interest in me to provide for me a home beneath his own roof," he answered with offended dignity.

Her eyes, as he concluded, flashed fire. She half rose up, with an air of excitement, and said, with severity,

"You have touched a chord there. Lord Kingswood does take an interest in you. Why does he do this?"

"I do not know," he replied, with a lowering brow.

"I appeal to your love of truth, Mr. Gower," she said, urgently; "tell me I earnestly request you, why does Lord Kingswood take so remarkable an interest in you?"

"Lord Kingswood will himself inform you, madam; I cannot," returned Erle, adding—"I beg that your ladyship will not prolong an interview which you cannot fail to perceive must be very painful to me."

"Hardly less to me, Mr. Gower," she returned, "because you have increased some misgivings and raised others by your inability to give me the information I require. Have you seen Lord Kingswood, to-day?"

"I have received a message from his lordship, but I have not seen him," answered Erle, reluctantly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, half soliloquising. "So, then, he knew where you have been located. Consummate hypocrite!"

Musing for a minute, she presently inquired what message his lordship had sent to him, and he informed her, though he did not mention that he had already taken advantage of the permission to visit the Chace.

"One moment, if you please," she said to him, motioning to him to be seated, for he had not yet, though directed to do so, taken a seat in her presence.

She placed her fair hands to her temples, and gazed upon the fire thoughtfully. She remained some few minutes thus. Then arousing herself, she muttered,

"I will prevail in this!"

She addressed herself to Erle, and smiling upon him with the most winning, fascinating expression she could bring to play upon her features, she said,

"The interest Lord Kingswood takes in you cannot be of a kind to keep you incarcerated in the dreariest part of this dull pile. You will dine with us to-day; I will acquaint Lord Kingswood that it is by my especial desire that you favor us with your company. The second bell will summon you to the drawing-room. If you are in doubt as to its situation, your attendant will conduct you to it. Good morning—Erle—I think you said your Christian name——"

"Erle!" he replied.

"Good morning, Erle!" she exclaimed, turning upon him a glance intended to be enchanting, but which had only the effect of perplexing him.

He bowed low to her, and smiled because she smiled. He hastened from the room, heartily glad to be released.

"He will certainly be an exceedingly handsome man," she murmured, with a sigh, as he departed.

"What a variable woman!" he ejaculated, as he returned to his apartments; "singularly unamiable and rudely inquisitive, yet excessively pleasing in her manner, too, if she so wills it."

Erle dressed for dinner with more care than he had ever before bestowed upon himself. Nothing appeared to satisfy him, even though, according to her indirect promise, Lady Kingswood had sent him a supernumerary valet to assist him at his toilet.

As he arranged and re-arranged himself before the glass, he seemed to feel a pair of exquisitely soft hands pressing on his eyelids; probably that was the reason he could not see himself as he wished to look.

The second bell beat a responsive blow on his heart every peal. Never had he felt so nervous, so little self possessed before.

Attended by the servant, he descended to the drawing-room, and entering, found a large party assembled. There were elderly men, young men, elderly ladies and young ladies, but not a face he recognised.

Many inquiring eyes were turned upon him; some glances were remorselessly fixed upon him by dowagers. A clergyman, with a kindly look, alone bowed and smiled as he passed, and glided to a recess leading to one of the windows.

He fancied he should be able to stand here alone, unnoticed and unquestioned, and he noiselessly moved into it

To encounter a pair of deep, lustrous, blue eyes, fixed upon him in amaze—questioning, half tempted, half-gratified amaze.

Here alone, unnoticed but by himself, stood the fair owner of the soft, small fingers, and the silvery, musical voice.

What was he to do—what was he to say? He had not been introduced to her; he did not know who she was; he was quite convinced that she could have no idea of his identity.

He felt this: his eyes, large and handsome, fastened themselves with an earnest look upon hers, but his lips refused to utter a word. He bowed timidly, and she responded timidly, too. Her cheek crimsoned, her brow became roseate. She turned her face to the window, and it became white as death.

She turned again her eyes upon his. Not unkindly, very far from that was the look: but appealingly, as though to remind him not to mention how they had first met.

She seemed as if she would speak. Then, as if unable to withstand the brilliancy of his eyes—their expression was soft and dreamy, too—she turned away again, and gazed out of the window.

As she did this, she pulled the leaves from the flowers of a beautiful bouquet she held in her hand to pieces, and they lay like snowflakes upon the floor.

At this moment there was a slight buzz and a stir among the folks near them. A pleasant laugh replied to some warm and friendly observations, and the fair young creature turned her eyes smilingly, with evident pleasure, in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

"Cousin Cyril!" she murmured, audibly, and with unmistakeable satisfaction.

A shade passed over Erle's face, and a pang went through his heart.

Another moment and Cyril was at their side.

"Ha, sweet little coz!" he exclaimed, with a tone of joyfulness, "I have not seen you the whole day—I have been in despair; do I not look ill?"

"I never saw you looking better or happier, Cyril," she replied, smiling, and speaking in a tone Erle thought far too tender, though she did happen to be his cousin.

As she concluded, her cousin Cyril gallantly raised her hand to his lips. As he released it he turned to encounter Erle, who had witnessed the action with a feeling of impatient annoyance.

Each recognised the other in a moment. Cyril, with an unequivocal expression of surprise spreading over his features, held out his hand, to which Erle instinctively responded, and he felt his own pressed with warmth.

"My brave friend of this morning!" ejaculated Cyril, with ardor. "How glorious that we should meet here!" He suddenly lowered his voice. "Not a word about the adventure in the Chace. We will discuss that when we are alone." Then, resuming his natural tone, he continued, "You are a guest here—that is evident; but it is strange that I should not know you. Pardon me, to whom have I the honor, as well as the pleasure, of speaking?"

Before Erle could answer, a silvery voice, proceeding from one immediately behind him, cried quickly,

"Mr. Gower, Mr. Gower!"

He turned, and beheld, almost at his elbow, Lady Kingswood, magnificently dressed. She made a gesture for him to come to her side

At this instant dinner was announced, and her ladyship, in a manner far more affable than condescending, said to Erle,

"Mr. Gower, will you favor me with your arm?"

Erle started, and as he rapidly glanced round the assembly he perceived that every eye was fastened upon him with an expression of amazement

Flushed and embarrassed, he hastily tendered his arm to her ladyship, who at once placed her small, gloved hand upon it.

In their rear, some one pressed up, and in a voice which formed its sound through clenched teeth, exclaimed,

"Lady Kingswood!"

They both turned. Before them they beheld Lord Kingswood, livid with rage. He pointed to a tall individual of distinguished appearance near to him, wearing very long and ample fair moustaches, and possessing very dreamy eyes. His lordship whispored to his wife,

"The Marquis of Chillingham will——"

Lady Kingswood's eyes fluttered, she half closed them, and addressing her husband in cold, measured tones, she said,

"I can hardly have misinterpreted your lordship's wishes. If I have, permit me to express my regret. It is too late to alter the present arrangement. Lady Maud will, with pleasure, accept the honor the marquis designed for your humble servant. *Allons, Mr. Bowyer!*"

She beat to Lord Kingswood, and marched off with Erle, sweeping along with a grand bearing, though she turned and spoke to her young and embarrassed companion in a low, confidential tone, rendering him more confused and uncomfortable, and leaving all who observed her help-lessness to whisper to each other, in a mingled curiosity and amusement.

"Who is he?"

CHAPTER V.

He sought Aurora's eyes in vain,
Unconscious like a rustic upon her cheek.
Now they're ready and on our side
In those who strive smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong interest under a mask.
Smile of America's there was sought to plant.—*Byron.*

The famous old Manor was in a state of excitement and brilliant affair. Actuated by high political motives, Lord Kingswood, of Kingswold, had for months labored to all the people of wealth and influence residing within ten miles of the estate, and the invitation had, a week previous, been issued to a select list of the personal presence of those thus specially favored. For be it understood it was considered in the country that the honor to be entertained by a splendid suite at the table of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswold.

Among those thus favored were the Sir Charles, of Hooke, near the, descendant of one of the oldest families in the country—the squire, his lady and handsome, still-fashioned looking people. Scarcely were they in aspect, stiff and starched in manner, extremely reserved in speech, and escaped the latter by confining their conversation to subjects of the most general character, and which could not be construed into a display of personal curiosity. Looking at Jem, it was difficult to say which was the most stiff, he son or Sir Charles or the mother of the son. They all possessed large, golden, inexpressive eyes, which every now and then fixed themselves on Jem, dropping their copacious eyelids over them. Altogether they resembled those who are voted to glowing majesty and power, and consented the antiquity of their station.

In strange contrast to Sir Charles, of Hooke, were the Cottons, of Dursley Court, who were a family of a very new creation. That is to say, Governor Cotton, the progenitor of the present race, was not with the rest of his species, trace his lineage down through Noah to Adam, but was a species of Yankee Doodle, who, as soon as he was upon, as his immediate progenitor was not known to the exactly inquiring genealogic authorities who traced the pedigree of the noble and, while yet a child, into a factory. He was an instance of what may be accomplished by a man of energy, industry, perseverance and enterprise, and what may be achieved by paying small wages and gaining large profits. Once a penniless boy, he was now a first class prince, and proprietor of Dursley Court, which he had bought for two hundred thousand pounds. Of course, he was very reticent about his manner, while his wife and the two Miss Cottons kept themselves rigidly within the boundaries of the most approved of the old, old Smithites. There was the Vicar of Kingswood and his lady; Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Wilks, a rising young barrister, who was the son of more mind as a monument's notice; Mr. Chichell, Member of Parliament for Tetbury; Sir Wm. Lyon, Bart., and Lady Lyon and his son Philip, together with many others it would and nothing to the interest of the tale to be enumerated. Of course, there was a select number of familiar certain political views entertained by Lord Kingswood.

They were not invited to meet the Lord of Kingswold.

The marquis was an unfortunate minister and a member of the cabinet. It was true, power had been wrested from the unscrupulous statement of Lord Kingswood, and in short, almost to secure the minister's subsidies.

Lord Kingswood was therefore exceedingly anxious that the marquis should be excited and have a good time of it, and that the wine and spare expert. The singular conduct of Lady Kingswood exceedingly displeased him with unexpectedness and annoyance.

It was not possible for him under the extraordinary circumstances to alter the arrangements, and request Lady Maud to remain out to the occupation of the post of honor at the table, and he was obliged to make the best he could of the circumstances, and console himself as he could with the reflection that the marquis was very partial to the society of the fair sex, and would be pleased with the change.

Lord Kingswood followed the marquis to the dining-room, almost dragging the unwilling mistress of the house after him, while Erle threw his arm with him in his eagerness to speak to the marquis. They approached the dining-room.

"Her ladyship, you perceive, my lord marquis," he whispered, "grows more peculiar with every passing moment. I fear that her ship has already observed and commented upon with your secretary an unbecoming familiarity."

The marquis exhibited an even row of white teeth, the perfection of the dentist's art, and looked down upon the face of the speaker from a slight ad-climb of the throat, which compelled him to remember his chin, though he hadn't forgotten it.

"It is, I presume, her ladyship's prerogative—nay, surely that of every lady present—to be peculiar, my lord," he replied, with a mingled, admiring the beautiful young girl whose fingers rested upon his arm.

Lady Maud dropped her eyes and smiled, but made no reply.

The marquis was subsequently to the fact that he was not, as his tactless eye more settled on the form of Erle.

But Lord Kingswood was evidently not satisfied, and upon whom Lady Kingswood is now leaning, with quite a distinguished air, too. Who is he? Surely not Jem Bowyer? Yes, it is Jem Bowyer.

A pair of bright eyes that eyes were bent upon Erle, as the marquis looked to him. Perhaps they were not entirely unobserved by her contolerer trembled, perhaps a rising blush tinged the cheek of the fair young lady, but if so, Lady Maud, at all events, felt that her heart accompanied her involuntary anxiety to catch Lord Kingswood's words.

Lord Kingswood blushed too, but not slightly; a comfort his confused indignation, and he was about to speak, when one of the persons he perceived that Lady Maud glanced up at his face as it curious to hear its reply.

"A—my lord marquis, he is a—an orphan," he stammered, the son of a friend—a—I might say a relative."

"Her ladyship's," suggested the marquis, in a dry, sarcastic tone.

"A—she, yes, my lord marquis," he stuttered.

"In short, a family secret," laughed the marquis, dropping his voice.

"A family secret, my lord?" returned Lord Kingswood, in a low, deep, inaudible whisper, intended evidently to close the subject of conversation.

Lord Kingswood glanced at the face of the Lady Maud to be assured her to take his post at the table. Her eyes were fixed, and she looked, and her eyes were downcast, but she seemed to be heeded this brief conversation with the utmost attention.

Nevertheless not a sentence had escaped her ear.

As the company thronged into the dining-room, Lord Kingswood turned his eye in the direction of his wife, and was about to make approach of the noble guest, intending to invite him to the seat next to her. He was exceedingly annoyed to perceive that Erle Rene should not occupy that seat, and he need to give some inexpressible to his butler, to conduct his noble and distinguished visitor to a place upon his own right hand.

He was too late! Lady Kingswood had caught the eye of the marquis as he entered; a great receivedly object was sufficient, without the intercession and the protocol and frequent affectation of that awful dignitary the butler, who bowed only to high nobility —who had been already instructed by his mistress to act quite contrary to the wish of Lord Kingswood. The marquis, still endearly Lady Maud, bowed to her ladyship's end of the table, and seated himself, at her request, upon her right hand.

Erle, silent, seemed to be lost in his fit yet with a proud bearing outwardly, though inwardly emotions of doubt, by her ladyship's direction, his seat upon her left hand. Lady Maud occupied the next seat to him.

Cyril Kingswood, full of life and animation, was placed next to his father, and between the two giggling Miss Cottons, whose dresses were lavishly with diamonds, which a princess might have envied them the possession of. The other guests were disposed according to pre-arrangement.

And so the dinner commenced.

Lord Kingswood had intended to make political capital out of this entertainment. He was in an opulent degree master of the art of hospitality, and of pleasing and real, but he was also in unpart information and knowledge with ease and fluency. He possessed wealth and influence, and was a man of the world and of manners, he voice assumed a mellow tone, his face wore a winning smile, his deportment was courteous and graceful, he was, in short, patiently and attractively to whatever remarks were addressed to him, and all in all he was a host to be proud of. He was a lucky attaching much value to the opinion he opposed, but superior to the fear of it, he always expressed his sentiments without disagreeably pronounced.

He never had a more desired to shine, never did he feel himself so completely obscured by circumstances as unexpected as they were unpleasant. The handsome face of the young Lady Maud, which drew all other thoughts out of his brain. Mockett was never so dismal a failure as upon this occasion. Nevertheless, Lord Kingswood was at the presence of the gate, haughty-looking boy, who sat with his chin thrust out, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and observers.

A man in vain that his lordship endeavored to display marked attention to the solemnly dreary Stafferts, to be complaisant with the sweet-looking Miss Cottons, to be agreeable to the marquis, agreeable to the barrister, chatty with Sir Walter Lyon, an agreeable to the rector of Kingswood, and to be courteous to all, under the direction of Lady Kingswood, or from watching Erle Gower, or from listening to the conversation of Lady Maud and the Marquis of Chillingham, so conversing with Lady Kingswood, he kept his call, and was a most successful entertainer.

Sick at heart, confused by the distorted thoughts and suspicions which were crowding upon him, Erle Rene sat with his head averted rather coupling incorrectly to observations made to him by Lady Maud, and with a sensation of pain and mortification that pitied fits of confusion and mis-and aberration had prevented him making himself known to the young lady. He was conscious that necessary to induce a spirit of cheerfulness and ease into the minds of the guests, and to make them forget, if they had felt it, the little embodied conversation, each with his neighbor, and then into general conversation, and he was aware that the young lady at his side was not one of the most ill-at ease.

He had been almost instantaneously struck by a conviction that Lady Kingswood was the lady of the Lake-side residence, and that, however coldly or harshly all the world might treat him, he could not be the unworthy object of her love. He felt that he was not one who did not feel or wonder at the cause.

He had been placed in a most embarrassing position, it was that he was seated next to the fair young Lady Maud.

He had been introduced to her by Lord Kingswood form in their first bow and remarkable utterance, and now that he beheld her in the full blaze of her beauty, and in the light of her rich, noble and elegant attire could contribute, it is easy to comprehend that his confusion was not entirely unnatural.

He was not her loveliness, however, that attracted him. There was a charm in her manner, a kindness in her address, and a sweetness and amiability shining in her countenance, which drew his heart to her.

He had been almost instantaneously struck by a conviction that Lady Maud was one of those rare women who, by the influence of their

GREAT MASS MEETING TO ENDORSE THE CALL OF THE LEGISLATURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA FOR A STATE CONVENT
MONDAY, NOV. 12, 1860.—FROM A S

TION, TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF SECESSION FROM THE UNION, HELD AT INSTITUTE HALL, CHARLESTON, S. C., ON
Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 3.

PINEGROVE HALL;

OR, THE

WHITE LADY OF THE SWAMP.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

By M. Dana Shindler.

CHAPTER XVI.

In this relative position they continued for some time, Edward meanwhile considering earnestly the best method of soothing the poor demented creature. The kindness of his countenance, and the firm yet sympathizing look of his fine dark eyes, produced an evident effect upon her, but she changed like a flash of lightning the moment he made the slightest demonstration of his intention to draw the boat ashore.

At length, in one of her softened moods, she moved stealthily towards the rope, and, taking it in her hand, tried gently to pull it from him. Looking in his face with a beseeching gaze she murmured some words of entreaty in a voice wonderfully soft and musical; but he shook his head, and only held on the tighter. Then she pulled harder, and the tones of her voice grew louder and harsher; the round red spot upon each cheek grew brighter, and her eyes began to dance and sparkle.

Edward prayed to Heaven for guidance, for he knew not how to manage the case. He was intensely excited, for the life of a human being, a young and beautiful woman, "one more unfortunate," seemed to be placed almost in his hands. Of the infant he scarcely thought at all.

In a beseeching tone of voice he addressed her, and stretched forth one hand to beckon her to his protection, but she shook her head wildly, and tugged furiously at the rope. Finding that she grew worse every moment, and knowing that this state of things would some time or other come to an end he concluded at all events to draw the boat to land; but no sooner had he began the task than the woman, with a fearful shriek, threw both arms around her baby, rose up suddenly, and sprang into the water.

CHAPTER XVII.

In an instant Edward's coat was off, and he plunged in after her. He was not long in finding and bringing her to the shore. The babe was still clasped fondly in her arms, and opened soon its pretty little eyes, but the mother was already quite insensible.

Edward bore them in his arms to the cabin, made as comfortable a bed as he could with the poor materials at his command, and, with a sad but hopeful heart, set about the work before him, which was, first of all, to restore to life the poor creature to whom death would have been a blessing.

But human life is a sacred thing, and Edward keenly felt the awful responsibility which was resting upon him. Night was coming on, the sun was sinking in the west, and, though the spring was somewhat advanced, the evening was rather cool.

His first care was to make a rousing fire. This was no difficult task as he found dry materials all around the cabin door, and he had matches in his pocket, and the cheerful blaze he soon produced infused its pleasing influence into his heart, while it gave him the light and warmth he needed for his work.

He was a man, and she was a woman; he young and ardent, and she young and beautiful in form most beautiful; but never did purer heart beat in a human bosom than Edward Alston's heart that awful night. That cabin was one of the holiest spots on earth.

He removed her saturated garments, and covered her with his own warm cloak; for he had been too much of a hunter not to go from home without ample provision for changes of weather. He chafed her icy limbs with his own warm hands and held her in his arms near the fire that she might feel its reviving warmth. When the baby cried he took a biscuit from his pocket and chewed it into pap, feeding it, as the birds do their young, from his own mouth.

At length, made dry and comfortable, the baby slept, and Edward continued to work upon the still insensible mother. She certainly grew warmer; yes, he was sure of that. But that might be merely the influence of the fire. At length he was rewarded; his efforts were crowned with success, for she opened her eyes and gazed upon him. His heart sent up its song of praise to Heaven, but he said not a word.

Taking a flask from his pocket he prepared some warm brandy toddy, which he held to the lips of his patient. At first she shut her eyes and refused to take it; but he stroked her forehead for awhile, as though trying to mesmerize her, and then offered it again, and this time it was not refused.

She soon felt its restoring influence, and looked around for her baby, endeavoring at the same time to raise herself from the bed; but Edward gently laid her head back upon the pillow, and going to the corner where he had placed the baby, he raised it gently in his arms, and brought it without awaking it to the mother. She laid it on her bosom, gazed earnestly at Edward, said a few words in her sweet Spanish tongue, which, though he could not understand, he knew to be pleasant words; and then, closing her eyes, she fell into a calm and refreshing slumber.

Night closed in and the sufferer slept on. Edward watched over her as a mother would have watched her child. When the baby awoke he gently removed it from her arms, and though she held it tightly, as though unwilling to give it up, he firmly though quietly removed it, and the mother still slept on. Soon the baby also was asleep again, and everything was quiet in the cabin.

Edward replenished the fire and seated himself near it, then drawing from his pocket a miniature edition of Shakespeare, which he always carried about him, he began to read it by the light of the fire.

At length a sound from without caught his attention. He laid down his book and listened. He certainly heard voices—human voices. Rising softly he went to the door, opened it, and looked out. He saw nothing, for the night was rather dark; but still he heard the voices as of people talking in a suppressed tone. He was gazing out of the front door in the direction of the canoe, but soon he became convinced that the sounds came from the back part of the house. He stept noiselessly up to the sleeper, to see whether the noise, slight as it was, might not have disturbed her; then finding that she still slept quietly, he left the house to ascertain what was going on in that apparently uninhabited spot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When he reached the back part of the house, and had put aside some of the tangled vines which obstructed his view, what was his surprise to see lights moving hither and thither on the water of the swamp, at the very place where he and his companions had crossed from one spot of land to another that very day. Immediately he came to the conclusion that the cabin he had just left was the rendezvous of a gang of lawless men, and instinctively he put his hand into his pocket to feel for his trusty pistol.

Finding that the party were about to land and ascend to the cabin, he withdrew into the deep shade of a monstrous vine, and stood perfectly still, resolved to be guided by circumstances.

The company, apparently six or seven in number, came slowly on, picking their way by the light of the torches which some of them carried. To his surprise, he saw that two of them were females, but he could not yet distinguish their faces. They came on and on, and he saw—could he believe his eyes—his own sister and his betrothed! Yes, there they certainly were, as large as life, Lucy Alston and Laura Ford.

Edward stept forth from his concealment and stood in the path before them. They were not surprised to see him, though he appeared so suddenly, for they knew that he would be wide-awake and on the watch.

Behind them were Charles and the real Louis Legrange, and still further behind were faithful old Tom and one of his fellow-servants.

When Charles and Tom carried to Pinegrove Hall the startling news they had to tell, Lucy and Laura, womanlike, had insisted on going immediately to the assistance of the poor woman for whom they had so long been seeking, and for whose sad fate they had so often mourned. Hastily collecting together all the articles they thought they would be likely to need, they packed them in a large basket, and each mounting a trusty horse, sallied forth at night at the call of humanity, to thread the intricacies and to tempt the dangers of the swamp. Charles begged them to wait till morning, but they would not hear of it, the poor woman might die in the meantime they said.

When they reached the cabin the woman was still asleep. Lucy and Laura bent over their suffering sister, and shuddered to think that one so young, so delicate and so beautiful, had met with so sad a fate. Louis Legrange examined her features with a thoughtful countenance, and then looked intently on the floor as if trying to recall something to his mind.

Just at this moment the woman uttered a deep sigh and awoke. She looked surprised and alarmed to see so many people in the cabin, and missing her infant from her arms, endeavored to rise. Edward thought of it in a moment, and hastened to bring the baby from the corner in which he had laid it. She stretched forth her arms to receive it, and smiled in Edward's face as he bent over her to lay it safely on her bosom. He had evidently gained her confidence.

Louis had retired from observation when he found she was awaking, but at Edward's request he came forward and addressed her in Spanish. She replied to him with a bewildered stare, but as she gazed a look of recognition stole over her features, and reaching forth her hand, she said a few words in Spanish.

"'Tis just as I thought," said Louis, in English, as if speaking to himself. "Poor creature! Poor Juanita!"

They now entered into a long and earnest conversation, which Louis interpreted to the rest from time to time. She had married, she said, the man she loved, and he had brought her to that cabin, till, as she said, he could provide for her a better home. He had been very kind to her for awhile and provided for all her wants, but after awhile he stayed away from her so much that she was afraid he loved her no more; so she braved everything, and used to leave the island at night and wander about in search of him. They had two canoes, so that when he had taken one she had still the means of getting to the main road.

He used to bring her, she said, plenty of beautiful things, which he told her to keep against the time when he would get a fine house in some fine city. She often wondered where they came from, but she knew he was smart enough to get anything he wanted, or to do anything he pleased.

He often, she said, let her leave the swamp with him, but as soon as they got to the main road, would kiss her and send her back. But he got to staying away so long that she became uneasy; and one afternoon, by dint of hiding behind trees, and following him when his back was turned, she traced him to a certain house. There, from a hiding place in the avenue, she used to see him talking to a beautiful young lady, and she knew from the expression of his countenance that she herself was to be cast aside for another love. The thought maddened her, and she determined to see the young lady and to tell her by signs, if in no other way, that she alone had a right to her husband's love. But she was frightened away by suddenly seeing her husband in the piazza, and she was afraid that he would be angry if he caught her there.

She brooded, she said, over her wrongs. For days and nights together he often left her now, and though he kept her supplied with food, she was almost constantly alone. Night after night she would steal away and watch him talking in the piazza to that beautiful young lady, and one night she took a loaded pistol with her and tried to kill her rival. That night her husband had nearly caught her, for he rushed out of the house and pursued her, but she managed to escape. He beat her severely, she said, for it. As she said this, she covered her face with her hands and rocked to and fro with a low moaning noise, then added, "but for all that, I love him still; I love him still!"

"How long is it since you last saw him?" inquired Louis.

"Oh, so long, so long, I can hardly tell. I believe I have been mad, I am sometimes mad now. When he was last here he brought me a great quantity of bread ready cooked, and said he was going to the city for a little while, and if I followed him he would kill me. I slipped out before he went and hid one of the canoes; oh, how hard he tried to find it; but he seemed in such a hurry. I would have followed him to the city, but I didn't know how to get there; and besides I think I have been ill. I went to the beautiful young lady's house and watched her from my hiding-place; but there was another gentleman with her then, and they held each other's hands, and I saw that they loved each other dearly, and then I knew that it was not she who had taken my husband from me."

"Was this the young lady?" inquired Louis, leading Lucy forward where the light from the fire could shine upon her face.

She gazed earnestly at Lucy, who could not keep back the tears that sprang to her eyes at the piteous aspect of the poor deserted creature. "Yes, yes," she cried, extending both her hands towards her, "where is my husband? Oh, tell me, where is my husband?" Then knowing that she could not understand her reply, she turned inquiringly to Louis.

"She says," replied Louis, "that he went to the city, and she has not seen him since."

"But she knows where he is; oh! tell me—tell me—take me to him!" Thus exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she fell back in a fainting state upon her pillow.

CHAPTER XIX.

The party had brought various restoratives with them, and they worked with the poor creature all the rest of the night, but with very little effect; the powers of nature seemed well nigh exhausted. Anxiously they watched for the dawn, that they might remove her from that miserable and lonely dwelling to a more comfortable spot. As Louis had informed them she was the daughter of a wealthy Cuban planter, who had been accustomed to every luxury and indulgence; and they shuddered to think what her sufferings must have been in that lonely spot; but had she always been the humblest and poorest of God's creatures, she would have been just as well cared for by the true Christians who had come to her relief.

The morning came at last, a beautiful spring morning. Finding that the sufferer grew no better, they consulted together, and agreed to remove her, ill as she was, to a more comfortable home.

Charles and Tom had declined crossing the water at the front of the cabin, because they knew the other way better; and it was now decided still to take the old way, as it would be easier to carry the patient on a raft than in a small canoe.

I will not weary my readers with a minute description of the journey. Though not very long, it was full of difficulties; and they more than once repented having made the attempt; but when they saw the invalid safely laid on a soft, clean bed in one of the best rooms of Pinegrove Hall, and that she certainly was no worse than when they had left the swamp, they were heartily glad of the change.

But the patient did not rally much. On the contrary, she seemed to be gradually sinking; and, indeed, it seemed hardly desirable that she should live to know for what a villain she had fled from her doting father, whose heart had been broken by the blow.

It will be remembered that there was another invalid at Pinegrove Hall; another victim to the arts of the same unmitigated villain.

Poor Claudine had been at the very gates of death; but, thanks to a good constitution, good nursing, and the good Providence who orders all things, she was now better; in fact, quite out of danger. Her brother Tom devoted himself to her day and night; and her eyes followed him affectionately wherever he went; but nothing could rouse her from the state of quiet melancholy into which she had fallen.

They had not thought it best, at first, to tell her that Mason's real wife was under the same roof with her; for they did not wish any allusion made to the sad mistake which had blighted her young life. But at length they began to think that the excitement of seeing a greater sufferer than herself, and the very child of the man who had wrought her ruin, might draw her thoughts from herself; and, by enlisting her sympathies for another, might do her great and lasting good.

They consulted the doctor on the subject, and he caught at once at the proposal. "The very thing," he said. "I wonder I did not think of it myself! But I was always a stupid old blockhead, you know, Lucy, my dear!"

"I don't know any such thing, doctor," said Lucy; "I know you're the nicest old soul that ever lived."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the doctor. "But now we'll go right up stairs, and see to this matter; and the sooner it is done the better; for that poor young Spaniard has but a little while to live." And the good old doctor cleared his throat suspiciously, and walking to the window, whistled the liveliest tune he could think of.

CHAPTER XX.

"Now, Lucy, my dear," said the doctor, "who will be the best person to break this matter to Claudine?"

"You may laugh at the idea, doctor," replied Lucy, "but I think old mom Pris will be the very best one. She has been able to manage Claudine throughout her whole sickness, better than any of us; better even than her brother Tom."

"Why should I laugh at the idea?" said Doctor Park. "Where the feelings of the heart are concerned, give me a black skin before any other. They obey orders, too, and don't spoil everything by exercising the right of private judgment. Where's old Pris, Lucy, my dear?"

Old Pris was called, and taught her lesson. She was to arrive at the fact in a roundabout way, the doctor said; she was not to plump it right out.

"Let old Pris 'lone, marse doctor!" said the old woman; "I knows jis how fur tell de chile: does'nt I, ole man?" This was addressed to old Tom, who, feeling that Pris had no right to any secret in which he was not a sharer, had volunteered his presence.

"I respect my ole woman, marse doctor, is uncommon smart 'bout the tongue," said Tom, "but she ain't always judgmatical."

"But I don't like judgmatical people, Tom," said the doctor; "I don't want them about me; especially in a sick room. That's just why I like Pris, because she ain't judgmatical."

"Ah," said Tom, shaking his head sagaciously, "that being the case, marse doctor, perhaps my ole woman might do."

"Oh, she'll do, Tom, she'll do, never fear," said the doctor.

They entered Claudine's room together, Doctor Park, Lucy, mom Pris and daddy Tom, who would not be left out of the party, probably because he felt some responsibility in regard to the manner in which mom Pris would acquit herself of the great responsibility that had been laid upon her.

They found Claudine reclining upon a sofa, near an open window, her cheek resting upon her hand, and an expression of hopeless grief upon her sunken features. Beside her sat her brother Tom, looking almost as wretched as herself. They both looked somewhat surprised at this influx of company, so strangely assorted; but old Tom soon managed to account for his presence by proceeding to take out a window sash—it was quite a warm day—which he said he was going to wash. At Claudine's bedside mom Pris was always welcome.

"Well, lady bird," said the doctor, in a cheerful tone, "how is it to-day? Haven't you a single smile for me, when I've cured you up so nicely?"

"Perhaps it would have been better," said Claudine, with a languid smile, "if you had let me die, doctor."

"Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it!" said the doctor; "I never let my patients die if I can help it; do I, mom Pris?" Old Tom pricked up his ears and listened for the old woman's answer.

"No, dat you don't, marse doctor," said Pris. "I can take my davy to dat; and I does wish to gracious dat you would cure up all your sick people; 'cos I don't wish my marster's house to be a hospitable no longer."

"Ah, thar now," granted old Tom; "that thar ole nigger's gone an' done it, now! They might a knew it!"

Tom Bondo started to his feet and looked first at Pris, then at the doctor, and finally at Lucy, who colored highly, and knew not what to say or do. But Claudine understood mom Pris better than her brother, for she only smiled and said, "One patient doesn't make a hospital, mom Pris."

"But you see, my dear Miss Claudine," said Pris, "dar's more'n one patient, my chile."

"Woman, are you crazy?" exclaimed Tom Bondo, who knew full well who that other patient was.

"No, my dear Marse Tom," said Pris, dropping a low courtesy: "not as I knows on."

She then turned to Claudine, and was about to say something more, when Tom Bondo exclaimed,

"Old woman, will you leave this room or not? for if you won't, I'll see if I can put you out!"

Dr. Park now took Tom Bondo by the hand, and drew him to the window, where he explained to him in a few words why they had thought it best to tell his sister about the Spanish woman.

"We ought to have prepared you for it, my dear boy," said the doctor, "but we never thought of it."

Tom was very dubious about the propriety of the measure, but quietly returned to his sister. He found her busily engaged in cross-questioning old mom Pris with more of eager interest than he had seen there since her illness.

"Dat a God's blessed truth, Miss Claudine," said Pris. "I isn't told you no lie; thar's a sick lady in this same blessed house what's a heap worser off dan you is. An' you's gittin well enough now, my chile, to go an' see what you kin do for her."

"Worse off than I am!" said Claudine; "that can hardly be. She may be sicker in body, she may be near to death—in that case she is far better off. Oh, doctor, you ought to have let me die when I was so near to death."

"Well, I'll see about it the next time," said the doctor.

"Miss Claudine, chile," said mom Pris, "dat poor ting sort o' b'long to you."

"Belongs to me?"

"Yes, my dear chile, she an' her baby, all two."

"What do you mean, mom Pris?"

"It's dat poor creetur, Miss Claudine, my chile, what was lef' in de swamp, an' what my marster and mistress took from dar while you was a lying onsensible."

"The swamp? the swamp?" repeated Claudine to herself. "What did I hear about the swamp? Oh, oh, oh—I remember now—I remember now!"

CHAPTER XXI.

She had a long and hearty fit of crying, which undoubtedly did her good. At length she looked up and began to question her brother.

"Who was it that he said was in the swamp?" she asked.

Her brother tried to tell her, but soon broke down, not knowing how to put his ideas into words that would not wound her feelings.

"Ask mom Pris," said he.

"Who was it, mom Pris? was it a woman?"

"Dat it was, honey! A poor, beautiful, onfort'nit, forsaken woman, an' baby too."

"*His* baby?"

"His baby, my dear chile, sure as you're livin."

"Oh, God! oh, God!" she exclaimed, as she hid her face in the cushions of the sofa. Then, rising suddenly, she exclaimed, "Take me to them! Oh, Brother Tom, take me to them!"

Tom looked inquiringly at the doctor, who came forward, took Claudine's hand, and felt her pulse.

"I cannot let you go," said the doctor, "unless you promise that you will be perfectly calm. My other patient cannot bear the least excitement. She is almost gone, and it would kill her at once."

"Oh, I will be perfectly calm," said Claudine. "I am quite calm now."

"Not quite," said the doctor; "compose yourself, my dear, and then we will all go."

With the docility of a little child Claudine sat down and waited, the doctor still feeling her pulse. Her lips were firmly pressed together, and her eyes were closed, and when after awhile the doctor said, "Come, my dear!" she rose calmly, took her brother's arm, and they all left the room together, old black Tom feeling considerably *de trop*, but not willing to be left out of a group in which his old woman played so prominent a part.

As they entered the chamber of the interesting invalid, she turned her large dark eyes upon them, looking with considerable curiosity at Claudine, whom she had never seen before.

Louis Legrange, her interpreter, was seated near her, and so were Charles and Edward. The baby, fast asleep, was lying on the bed beside her. Its fat little hand unconsciously clasped one of her emaciated fingers, forming a mournful contrast.

Notwithstanding her promise to be calm, Claudine was very nearly overcome by her emotion, and sank into a chair near the bed, looking very pale, and trembling all over.

"Who is that lady?" asked the dying woman, turning to Louis.

"She is, like yourself, a child of sorrow," answered Louis.

"Was she deserted, as I was?"

"She would have been, if her betrayer had lived long enough."

"Who was her betrayer?"

"Can you bear it if I tell you?"

"Ah, I know, you need not tell me."

She turned her dying eyes on Claudine, who sat, still pale and trembling, before her, gazed on her long and earnestly, and then reached forth her hand. Claudine advanced to the bed, threw herself on her knees beside it, took the emaciated hand, which had been held out to her, and laid her head upon it. Another flood of tears came to her relief. The room was perfectly quiet, excepting now and then a sob from the weeping Claudine, and the somewhat laborious breathing of the dying woman.

At length the latter spoke to Louis.

"Tell her," said she, "to dry her tears, and stay calmly by me till I am gone."

Lords had left.

"I will," said Claudine, "I will be calm, and I will stay with her to the last." Alfred could say no more, but she must have suffered more than he. Turn, noble friend her, she placed her chair be side the bed, and rested her—all there, saying, "That is my place. Brother, you will not have to nurse me any more."

And then the baby woke and began to cry. Claudine sprang to take it, seeming all of once to have recovered all her strength, and she betrayed it not, but walked to the cradle, took the baby, came forward, took the baby, smiled in the wet manner who had been pre viously fed, and in there were tears again spoiled.

"Let them bring my baby here when it has sucked," the mother said to Lord.

The baby was brought, and the mother asked to be raised up. Then taking her child in her arms, she handed it to Claudine, saying:

"It can still take it, it is young.

Lord interpreted.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Claudine. "Tell her so, M. Legrange. Tell her it shall be mine, my own. I will be to it a mother, and will tell it of its mother ever."

When the dying mother heard these words she smiled, fell back on her pillow, her eyes closed, her face parted, and she was gone.

THE END.

THE PROMISE REDEEMED.

A Tale of Genoa.

CHAPTER I.

It was night. The sky was clear and starry, and the wind blew in chilling gusts through the dark and narrow streets, and even along its principal streets, but few persons were abroad, for the inhabitants of Genoa had retired within the mansion of the darkness admitted.

It was the season of the Feast of Assumption, and the holy day of the holy child, who he just assumed her station with joy. The merchants was a mid-day, a Neapolitan by birth, but having married a Genoese lady, he had settled in her native town's profession to her death, and partly from habit, as by from inclination, he was a confirmed bachelor.

Amidst the cares of any calling, and the pursuit of gainful lotion, Adeline had grown to womanhood, and was esteemed in the city's loveliness. A single beauty could not be more perfect than she was, and her mind and heart would around be guarded by and her eyes—she is brotherly like. Rather than brunette was a fragrant. The color was delicate, and the eyes dark and her voice was sweet, and about as on as the summer wind.

Many were the admirers who sought her favor, and many a crown to win her favor. But, contrary to all she smiled on none in particular. As the evening advanced the streets of the city were filled with gay parties and revelers, being herself even confined to her father's house, and the sound of music and dancing reached her ears from distant palaces. The windows opened into a magnificent garden, and being by a fine evening, Adeline had seated herself on the rear of the main set. The moon was up, though at times partially obscured, but at times more very bright, and whether viewing a cloudy sky, stooped out upon the terrace to breathe for a moment the pure air. She was about to return, when she observed a figure ascend the flight of the terrace, and it quickly she heard a voice more breather than in a tone not to be mistaken, and which thrilled through her heart.

"Adeline, my own, my beloved Adeline!"

Under in red, dressed, he replied, as he stepped her to his heart. Could I know that this was all that I am to see of you? Is a pledge homage to the fairest flower, no such to me can still be my all?"

"In the name of the holy mother, dear Lorenzo, depart. You have no fresh testimony of my affection."

"No, lovely one! I will not depart. Truth, proudly. "I both believe and love you. I know that although the highest in flower sigh for her love, the daughter of the Senator Gonsalvo is not to be won by the rich or the great. Her heart is free, and I will not depart from the spot where I have found it, without the promise from her lips, and placed it in the hands of Adeline. I can come hither no more, for I am watched, and my life would be the forfeit of my entry, dearest, as you are, and prized it. You will prize it, although an inferior gift to many, for it is my heart. Will you accept it, Adeline, a pledge for him who is—shall be for ever?"

"What can I say, dear Lorenzo?" replied the lovely beauty.

"I can say," he replied, "to bid you farewell. Nay, hear me, my love, for I must not stay. Adeline, I am not of the rank of your father, but I am not of low birth, and can worthily claim your hand, for which do not think be well hear of me as the dearest lover I can declare."

"I dared Lorenzo, to be true to me, and to me alone."

She could proceed in his arms around her, and drew her trembling form to his breast.

"I must be strong," he said. "I have lingered instinctly here too long to part as you and myself, you must not see me again. Adeline, this is a fair world. A thousand paths are open to me which will lead either to fame and fortune, and I will not rest till I have gained one or the other. Then I will return, and claim you as my own. Farewell, my beloved Adeline. Let us be together, in words breath and let us keep them with unmeaning influence. Heaven and all around us witness that we are united from this hour before God."

"Amen," she replied in the same breath, and drew her trembling form to his breast.

"You shall not forget me," she said.

"I must not change

THE LATE U. S. FAIR AT CINCINNATI.

THE STRIPED TENT—NEW YORK CITY HEADQUARTERS — TRAVEL ON THE NEW YORK AND ERIE, AND OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROADS, ETC.

We have taken from our portfolio and note-book some of the many sketches and notes prepared by our representatives at Cincinnati and St. Louis, and give them as a part of the matter of our present number. Among them will be found illustrations of C. I. Fd-ley's great Importing Earthenware House, from sketches by R. J. Compton, our artist correspondent at St. Louis; and the famous Striped Tent manufactured by Gompert, the celebrated awning maker, 101 Bowery, this city, from a sketch by H. Lovie, Esq., which formed the popular headquarters of the New York city delegation at the Fair, composed of representatives of the American Watch Company, P. & R. French, the great Conical Washing Machine firm; Bartlett & Lesley, the celebrated Polar Refrigerator firm; Henry C. Spalding, Esq., so widely known for his business enterprise, originality, advertising and remarkable success in connection with his celebrated Prepared Glue; George B. Griffin, and Clinton Rice, Esq. the legal adviser of the U. S. A. S. The members of this delegation tendered polite hospitalities to members of the Press, and were especially honored with a visit from Governor Dennison and many other distinguished visitors attending the Fair, including several parties of ladies. They also paid us a special compliment by placing on their flag which waved over their beautiful tent the name —Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper—which could be seen from all parts of the beautiful grounds, and attracted universal attention and comment on the part of visitors, and especially from the local press of Cincinnati, whose representatives were especially attentive to the gentlemen, Messrs. Lovie and Stuart, representing us at the Fair. From their testimony and our own knowledge, we are fully prepared to pronounce Cincinnati and Cincinnatians an institution "as will do to tie to" in a storm.

U. S. FAIR, CINCINNATI—THE STRIPED TENT, WITH FRANK LESLIE'S FLAG FLYING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

This beautiful tent received a premium, and has since become the property of Mr. Henry A. Robbins, of the firm of Robbins & Appleton, General Agents of the American Watch Company, and is likely to be the scene of many a pleasant gathering and fishing party on the banks of the various popular far-away angling resorts in different parts of the country, habitually visited by its present owner, who is a summer devotee to the scaly theories of dreamy old Izaak Walton.

We are also under special obligations to the Hon. T. K. Smith, Acting County Clerk of Hamilton; to W. W. Fosdick, Esq., the Cincinnati poet; to Messrs. Smith & Nixon, the enterprising agents of Steinway & Sons; and to Messrs. Sumner & Wright, the popular and efficient agents of Wheeler & Wilson, all of whom tendered our representatives valuable information and assistance. We also received gratifying evidence of the popularity of our *Illustrated Newspaper* in a substantial shape from Messrs. P. & G. Bogen, I. Jacobs and other prominent citizens, largely connected with the trade and prosperity of Cincinnati.

Among the Cincinnati institutions that ought to be more widely known is the great Music Hall, on Fourth street, built and owned by Messrs. Smith & Nixon. This superb Hall is eighty feet wide and one hundred and ten feet deep, with a concave floor rising toward the rear, and seated with twelve hundred armchairs on a floor raised but about two feet from the ground, thus rendering any accident or fatal crash an impossibility. Its acoustic qualities are of the highest order, which makes it very popular with vocalists. This Hall stands back from Fourth street one hundred feet, on which it has at present an unpretending entrance. It is the intention of Messrs. Smith & Nixon, so soon as an existing lease expires, to erect a magnificent building fronting on Fourth street and connecting with this admirable Hall, to be devoted to their immense piano and music business.

Messrs. Sumner & Wright have the largest Sewing Machine rooms in the world, under Pike's Opera House, and have the exclusive agency for the sale of the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machines in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri, with a large branch establishment on Fourth street, St. Louis, under the charge of Mr. A. Sumner.

The New York and Erie Railroad we found to be in unusually good condition, and evidently growing in the good opinion of the travelling public, which will be vastly increased so soon as the six feet guage line, which is now rapidly in progress, after having been delayed for some time, shall be completed from Dunkirk to Cincinnati, where it will connect with the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, which will thus form a continuous, uniform broad guage line from New York, on the Hudson, to St. Louis on the Mississippi, whence it will ultimately extend across the Continent, finding a terminus somewhere in the supposed neighborhood of sundown.

We also found the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad to be in a very much better condition, and with better rolling stock than we had been led to expect previous to our late visit; and thus can cordially recommend both of these great roads to travellers from this point west, and *vice versa*.

BLONDIN'S DARING FEATS—CARRYING A MAN ON HIS BACK OVER THE ROPE.

DARING FEATS OF BLONDIN.

We present to-day a couple of sketches which illustrate in a remarkable manner what human skill and nerve can accomplish. One represents Blondin performing his daring feat of crossing Niagara on a rope with a man on his back, and the other walking over that frightful abyss on stilts. We have described these great achievements so fully in previous numbers that it is now only necessary to call attention to the illustrations, from which our readers can form some idea of the frightful reality of an achievement which belongs entirely to the nineteenth century.

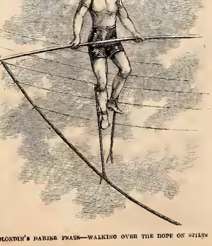
Death of Signor Alberto Mario.—We learn by private letters from Naples that Signor Alberto Mario, the husband of Madame Jessie White Mario, has been killed. He was sent by Garibaldi, at the head of a column of one thousand men, to put down a reactionary movement in Molise. The patriots were overpowered and cut to pieces by a body of Neapolitan soldiers six times their number. Only forty out of the thousand are reported as being saved, and in that number Mario's name does not occur. The encounter is said to have been tremendous, the Garibaldians having fought like lions, and against desperate odds. Signor Mario was a member of a very old Venetian family, who had lived on the same estates for centuries, and have suffered severely from time to time by the persecution of the Austrians. He was a barrister by profession, but in the siege of Venice, in 1848 and 1849, he fought under Manin. Although he entered the service as a common soldier, his skill and courage soon raised him to a superior command.

A Tale of Arctic Suffering.—William Armstrong, a sailor, arrived at Galway in the Prince Albert, tells a marvellous story of exposure and suffering. He says he was on the bark Kitty, from Newcastle, outward bound, with stores for the Hudson's Bay Company; was wrecked August 11, by contact with icebergs off Cape Resolution; all escaped in two boats just before the bark was crushed and sunk; worked several days to get out of the ice-field, the men were rapidly failing from cold; at last got into clear water, was beaten about in all sixty-two days, when land was reached, Armstrong being the only survivor in his boat (the other boat's fate unknown). He was succored by Esquimaux, sent to a Moravian Mission in Labrador, and thence to St. John, Newfoundland.

Murder of an African Traveller.—M. Malte Brun, not the old geographer, but the present editor of the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages*, states in that periodical that he has it from the mouth of Dr. Barth that another name has been added to the martyrs of geographical discovery in Central Africa—that of Dr. Roscher, who had reached Lake N'Yassa, for the first time from the shores of Eastern Africa. During his long and painful journey he fell sick, was robbed of all he possessed by his own guides and the chief of the caravan, who was bound to protect him. He nevertheless persisted in continuing his journey. Arrived at Lake N'Yassa, he waited there for provisions, which had been despatched to him from Zanzibar. Having at length reached there, he started in a northern direction, and succeeded in reaching the borders of Lake Tanganyika, where he was attacked in his tent by two natives, armed with poisoned arrows, and died of his wounds. Other details for the present are wanting. It is greatly to be desired that his papers may be discovered, as his detailed account of a journey from Lake N'Yassa to Lake Tanganyika cannot fail to be of great interest to science.

A Ducal Volunteer in Garibaldi's Army.—I do not know whether you are aware that under the name of Captain Sarsfield is disguised the eldest son of one of the noblest dukes of the English peerage. Lord S——, the heir of the illustrious title of the Duke of S——, by his mother's side a descendant of Sheridan, is the very soul of the regiment sent by the people of free England to fight for Italian liberty. Kind to his soldiers, untiring in the performance of his duties, Lord S—— is the model of an officer, and his courage, activity and zeal would do honor to the best officer of any army of Europe. Of course his real name is known in the camp, and the Italians are not a little proud that a representative of one of the noblest families of England is in the ranks of the national army. As Lord S—— always wears a sort of Indian red turban on his head, when he passes through our camp the Garibaldini come forward, exclaiming, "Here! here! look at the English lord!" and asking whether they can do anything for "Sua Eccellenza."

A subscription has been started in Ireland for the gallant captain and crew of the Minnie Schiffer. It is headed by the energetic United States Consul at Galway, Mr. I. M. Persee.



BLONDIN'S DARING FEATS—WALKING OVER THE ROPE ON STILTS

DIRECT IMPORTATION OF QUEENSWARE TO ST. LOUIS, MO.

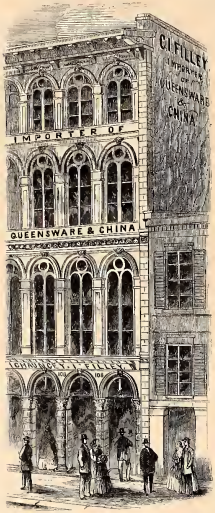
Chauncey I. Filley's Extensive Queensware Importing House — The Queensware Trade in the Mississippi Valley.

WHILE on a recent first visit to St. Louis we were vividly impressed with the cosmopolitan character of this great metropolitan city in the heart of the continent, and especially with the broad and statesmanlike views entertained by some of its commercial and manufacturing princes. As an illustration for our present number, we have selected the great Importing Queensware House of Chauncey I. Filley, Esq., the only Queensware dealer in the city, who has visited England and France, and carried into successful operation the idea of importing directly to St. Louis from the Old World potteries and manufactories.

Millions of dollars have been invested in the earthenware trade of the Mississippi Valley, chiefly at St. Louis, the New York of the West, and many large fortunes accumulated by men whose enterprise has found ample scope in purchasing their stock, at second-hand, through parties in New York and other home markets, thus, in reality, acting as middlemen between the manufacturer and the consumer, and, as a consequence, taxing the consumer with an advance on manufacturer's prices equal to the importer's profit.

After a careful examination of the whole subject of the earthenware trade of the West, Mr. Chauncey I. Filley, one of the enterprising young merchants and pioneer spirits of St. Louis, who had for some years been a partner with two of his elder brothers in the Queensware House, originally established by Mr. Giles F. Filley, determined, in March, 1848, to close up his copartnership matters, for the purpose of visiting the various European manufactories, with a view to establish a direct importing trade between them and St. Louis. This he succeeded in doing, and on returning home, in the beginning of 1849, he opened his present magnificent marble store, No. 108 Main street, St. Louis, where his success has been most decided and

(Continued on page 14.)



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY'S QUEENSWARE IMPORTING HOUSE, NO. 108 MAIN STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. ELLIOT, STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES, ENGLAND

INTERIOR OF CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY'S GREAT QUEENSWARE IMPORTING HOUSE, NO. 108 MAIN STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

We have known a sisters preaching one exhange, who received an invitation to dine from any of their hearers; and were compelled to go to a public house for shelter and food. Some congregations are proud like this belong, which was probably a serious one. [Ex.

We should like to——had travelled far to preach to a congregation at ——. After the sermon he waited very patiently, expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Something recollected, however, he walked up to an elderly gentleman, and gravely said:

"Will you go home with me to-day to dinner, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this, sir."

"No," said the man coloring; "but you manage to come it nice."

"Thank you—I will, cheerfully."

After that time the minister was no more troubled in that place about dinner.

Dyspepsia.

ONE great predisposing cause to the disease is the neglect and irregularity of action of the bowels; if the stomach and liver are troubled to effectively perform their office, the bowels must be aroused to do their duty. DR. TUTT'S PILLS exercise the most searching influence on these organs, thereby giving them vigor and health. Sold by druggists everywhere. 20 cents a box.

L. BARLOW'S VARIETY ENVELOPE, containing a package with assortment of envelopes, and a variety of jewellery of the same kind as ordered by the purchaser, forwarded by mail, free, to any address sent to, and on the receipt of 25 cents and a red for postage.

Discounts to the trade on these:
On an order of 5 packets at $1.25, I will send free of ex.
" " 12 " " 2.50, " "
" " 25 " " 5.00, " "

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PROPRIETORS,
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THE "INDEPENDENT"
LARGE OVEN
COOKING STOVE,
For all Countries and all Climates,
FOR HARD OR SOFT COAL, OR FOR WOOD.
ADVANTAGES:
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In presenting my first Ann ual Circular to the Trade, I have special reason, in the liberal encouragement and patronage extended to me by my partners, to thank them and extend a continuance of their favors; and to present the fact to the Trade in general that I am, and have been, selling

QUEENSWARE, &c., &c.,

lower than it has ever been sold in the West, and lower than it can be landed here from any market in the United States.

Being the pioneer, and so fixed the only St. Louis Earthenware Dealer who has visited the

ENGLISH
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Continental Manufactories,

and opened a direct trade, I am prepared to, can and will compete with any market East or West.

I am now receiving, and shall be in the monthly receipt of Goods all DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS throughout the year, and shall cages a the largest and best assorted Store of

GRANITE,
CHINA,
COMMON,
MEDIUM COMMON,
GLASS,
AND OTHER
WARE,

ever brought to this market, and not to be excelled or surpassed. Leave the exclusive sale of many new styles in this market, which cannot be had of the manufacturers by any other house in this city. I am also getting up still another new ware, which on its completion I shall have in store. It will be entirely original in design, very showy, combining new and important features of strength with elegance of properties, of which, too, I shall have the exclusive sale here.

Besides lowering very considerably the prices, I increased the discount

SIX MONTHS

on time bills and made liberal discounts to cash buyers, which I shall continue to do—soliciting, however, the trade of none but cash and prompt time purchasers.

Why Merchants should Deal with Me.

Having been the first to reduce prices to the lowest possible rate, and a point which renders it unprofitable to purchase these goods East, lark the candid examination of Dealers to this fact whether it is not for their interest to purchase these heavy goods on near home as possible? If you will make a calculation of the cost of transportation of Ware, taking the actual weight of Plates, Pans, &c., &c., it will be found that a handsome profit is paid to railways and carriers, to say nothing of insurance, cartage, breakage, &c., and a not less important item, loss of time (delay), &c. Will you examine closely these facts?—and see whether it is not for your interest to place and continue your patronage with those who, like myself, in other branches of trade, are making the effort to cut down excessive profits, and compete, beyond the shadow of a doubt, with Eastern mart.

I shall continue to SELL CHEAP, and keep none but the best Manufacturers' Goods, and solicit your examination of my Stock, confident that you will find it to your interest to purchase from it, and especially solicit an examination from Eastern buyers.

My personal attention is given to the filling of Orders, and will guarantee as good satisfaction as if solicited in person by the purchasers.

Yours truly, &c.,
CHAUNCEY I. RILEY.
St. Louis, 12-0

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For curing and preventing Baldness.
For removing Scurf and Dandruff.
For beautifying, and making pliable the hair.
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Agents wanted in every town in the United States.
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EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to the Literature, Art, Morals, Health and Fashion of the Home Circle.

So well known is the HOME MAGAZINE in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, that we are scarcely required in the announcement of its 16th annual to go into extensive characteristics. All that it now implies the editors have strived to make it more and more so.

Our purpose has ever been to give a non-sectarian, non-political, and non-partisan Magazine, that should interest with high moral aims, and teach useful lessons; and, more especially, to make it a welcome visitor to the home circle, containing as much matter in each number, and more in each volume, as any similar publication of the kind.

In the January number will be commenced a new Serial story entitled

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By T. S. Arthur.

Mrs. Townsend will continue to furnish these stirring stories on social and domestic matters which have for two decades of so many visitors. 260d

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We offer two elegant and attractive Steel Engravings as premiums to all who obtain subscribers to the Home Magazine. The first is entitled "Sunday Morning," size 20 by 24 inches. The second is entitled "Sunday Afternoon," size 20 by 24 inches. They are two delicate Engravings on enamelled paper, and would make handsome ornaments for any parlor. The publisher's price for these prints is $1 50 each.

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The Rural American!

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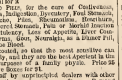
WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY HAIR?



LYON'S KATHAIRON, Rich, restored and preserved the natural color of the hair, and imparts to it a beautiful gloss. Nothing can exceed its delightful perfume. It is used by all who have once used it, and is the favorite dressing of the toilet. 261

Miscellaneous.

The Amalgamation of Languages.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages and after a while to incorporate them into our own: thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecary's, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard?" says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ Headache is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz. Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

Bridget—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be aither knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it; here's the quarther and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fevers, Abcesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

Cephalic Pills,
CURE
Sick Headache,
CURE
Nervous Headache,
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children*.

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ARE unapproached and unapproachable in their superior merits. Both are perfection. Try the one, see the other, and be convinced.

Private Rooms for Dyeing Hair and fitting Wigs at BOGLE'S Hairwork, Perfumery and Toilet Bazaar, No. 202 Washington St., Boston. Diagrams to measure the head sent by mail. Inclose postage stamp for reply. 000

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Dr. Van Doren's Dyspepsia Antidote,

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This medicine strengthens and regulates the Bowels, gives tone and vigor to the Digestive Organs, without any of the debilitating effects generally produced by Dyspepsia remedies.

It is composed of purely vegetable substances [illegible] gives almost immediate relief. A few doses will [illegible] the most skeptical of its curative qualities.

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☞ As an appetiser it has no equal. ☜

This no humbug, but a safe and reliable medicine, as has been proved in thousands of cases in New York and vicinity within the past two years.

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A New Discovery
FOR THE
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This instrument, which is now offered to the public in this city, radically different in principle and action from all others in use, combining every valuable point in other Trusses, besides several points of the highest value never before attained. Among some of the advantages claimed for this instrument are these: It has a SOFT, PLIANT, METALLIC BOW; graduating pressure power PERFECTLY CONTROLLABLE; inward and upper action combined; no uncomfortable pressure on the Back, and none on the Spermatic Cord; does not work out of place, perfectly clean; smallest, lightest, cheapest, most desirable, shows least, holds the rupture in every case, requires less than one-half the usual pressure, and is a radical cure. The ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS are on the same principle. Call and get a Truss. Pamphlets gratis. Elegant rooms have just been fitted up at No. 25 Bond St., New York, for the application of these celebrated instruments, both for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies' department attended by a lady. The instruments are now offered at wholesale and retail by the Proprietors, GREGORY & CO., No. 25 Bond St., and by Messrs. D. S. Barnes & Co., Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, Messrs. Schieffelin Brothers, No. 170 William St., and by all first-class drug houses. 0tf

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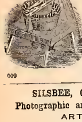
Refreshments of all kinds can be here obtained by ladies and gentlemen at all hours of the day and evening. 260 61



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AT McLAUGHLIN'S Improved French Yoke Shirt Manufactory, 269 Greenwich St., corner of Murray, New York. 257-61o

SHAVER'S PATENT ERASER, &c.—See advertisement next page. 257-61o

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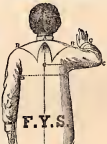

The measures are A, the distance round the Neck. B to B, the Yoke. C to C, the Sleeve. D to D, distance around the Body, under the armpits. E to E, the length of the Shirt.

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131 Nassau St., two doors from Beekman St., New York. Fine Moleskin Silk Hats, $2½. Call and examine for yourself. 000o

Spalding's Prepared Glue!
"A Stitch in Time saves Nine."
ECONOMY!
Dispatch!
Save the Pieces!

Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

Wholesale Depot, No. 48 Cedar Street, New York.

Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO., Box No. 3,600, New York.

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-Card accompanying each package. 000o

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299½ Washington Street, Boston.
Up but one flight of stairs.

G. M. SILSBEE, J. G. CASE, W. H. GETCHELL
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BALLOU'S
Patent Improved French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Patented November 1st, 1850.
A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.

By sending the above measure per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at $12, $15, $18, $24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen Shirts.

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BALLOU BROTHERS,
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Wholesale Trade supplied on the usual terms.

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This is my own my native land."

OUR ARTISTS have been well employed this Summer, and we are now publishing the most exquisite series of AMERICAN SCENERY ever produced, including

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THE EXECUTION OF THESE VIEWS IS UNSURPASSED.
CATALOGUES sent on receipt of stamp.
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A splendid assortment of new Foreign Views on Glass and Paper just received. 260 61o

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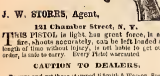

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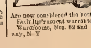

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 262—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1860. [Price 6 Cents.

Our Position.

We deem it right at this time, when partisan politics run so high that every circle in the country feels the throe of the agitation we deem it due to our readers to explain in a few words the position of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We claim to be *strictly and entirely neutral* in our course of Journalism, chronicling events as they transpire in every section of the country, without bias and without feeling; adhering closely to facts, but advocating neither one side nor the other of the disturbing element of partisan politics.

In pursuing this course we do not bate one jot of our independence; we truckle to neither party, neither do we ask favors of any party. The necessity of our position is, that our circulation must be universal—our expenses are so vast that the patronage of one class, however liberal, would be but as a drop in the bucket in the way of remunerating our outlay.

Our aim is to produce a paper which shall be so entirely free from objectionable opinions or partizan views of national policy, that it can be circulated in every section of the Union and be received in every family as a truthful exponent of facts as they occur, and a reliable Illustrated History of the time in which we live.

Bearing this aim steadily in view, we do not swerve from our design. Our Artists and Correspondents furnish us with illustrations and descriptive matter of every event of importance, which we transfer to our pages, and we must not be held responsible if our pages illustrate scenes of which the actors therein are ashamed. We are Historians, and represent the World as we find it, without fear, favor or prejudice, confident that, while we persevere in that course, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be welcome in every section and in every home in the United States.

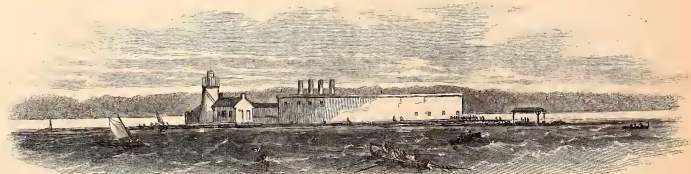
THE FORTS OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The harbor of Charleston, S. C., is a noble expanse of water, affording ample depth and scope for all the purposes of commerce on the grandest scale. It has, however, one great drawback, namely, the sand-bar, which forbids the entrance of ships of large burthen. Measures are about being taken by the authorities of Charleston to dredge the channel, and thus open the way for the admission of every class of vessels. Scientific men consider that the proposed dredging is perfectly feasible, and will prove completely effective.

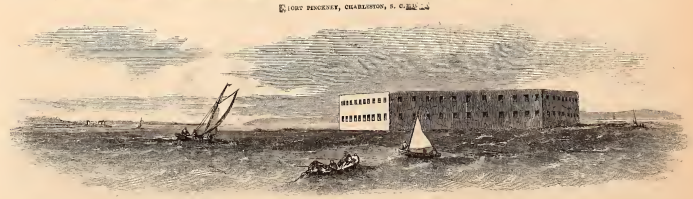
Fort Sumter, which commands the channel, is a very strong fortress, mounting a double tier of guns of heavy calibre. It is situated on a mole at the end of the sand-bar, and would prove a formidable objection to a hostile force approaching too near.

Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, is a low but strong fortification, and is of great historic interest to all Americans, it being the scene of one of the first and best fought battles of the Revolution, when a few hundred native riflemen, who had never

THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—FORT MOULTRIE, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.



FORT PINCKNEY, CHARLESTON, S. C.



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON, S. C.

fired a cannon before, beat off and nearly destroyed a formidable British fleet, making such slaughter among them as, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not even reached by that of Trafalgar and the Nile."

Castle Pinckney, also a very strong fortress, stands at the very portals of the city, covering an ancient mud reef. There were other forts in the olden time; one at Haddrill's, Mount Pleasant Village, in 1776, and another on James's Island, which was wrested from the British by a small body of citizen soldiers previous to the battle of Fort Moultrie.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM

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And is now attracting more attention, and receiving more visitors than every other place of Amusement in New York. Everything novel, curious and and interesting is secured by Mr. Barnum, and presented to his visitors in addition to the 850,000 Curiosities from every part of the world, and the

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which take place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two Living Aztec Children, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has every produced; the Living What Is It? or Man Monkey; the two Albino Children; the Grand Aquaria; Monster Snakes, Living Happy Family, &c., &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Our Thanksgiving Story.

It is with much pleasure that we present to our readers the first chapters of a most exquisite story, particularly adapted to the present time, called

CHANTICLEER;

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING,

By Cornelius Mathews.

Mr. Mathews has for many years held an honorable position in literature as a chaste, elegant, earnest and imaginative writer, and the story which we commence in this number is one of the most successful of his works. It is a simple and beautiful tale of real life, ably constructed, developing striking and peculiar characters, woven into a plot distinguished for the natural flow of its incidents, and which owes its deep interest and earnest pathos to those affecting occurrences of everyday life which take place almost daily in our immediate vicinity, and of which the history of every family affords more or less material. One of the chief charms of the "Chanticleer" is its perfect simplicity. Mr. Mathews has reached the point of intensity in pathos, without resorting to any of the melodramatic machinery used by too many of our modern writers.

We call the attention of our readers particularly to this beautiful story; it will well repay the trouble of perusal.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.—The news is very uninteresting. Prince Alfred had arrived from the Cape on 9th Nov., just in time to celebrate his brother's birthday. Public opinion had settled down so completely in favor of Italian unity, that the Ministry were considered as pledged to second Victor Emanuel. Lord John Russell's dispatch to Sir James Hudson, the British Minister at Turin, had so greatly irritated the Northern Powers, that it was expected a diplomatic coolness would exist for some time to come. Even France did not relish being taken to task by Lord John. It had, however, greatly strengthened the Ministry in England, and given considerable moral force to Count Cavour. It was, indeed, a deliberate endorsement of the Italian Revolution, and the King of Sardinia's intervention in favor of the revolted subjects of Rome and Naples.

France.—Trade was in a flourishing condition, but war preparations were being continued on a large scale.

Russia.—The serf question was again being discussed, and threatened to create much difference of opinion between the Czar and his nobles.

Austria.—We learn that the grant of a Constitution to Hungary had not had the desired effect, and that the aggressive tendencies of Francis Joseph had consequently greatly declined. The Court papers now say that the warlike preparations in Venetia had been much exaggerated, and that Austria had no intention to assume the offensive. The Prussian Government had shown a greater inclination to assimilate to English policy, if the tone of her press can be accepted as a guide.

Italy.—On the 7th the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Garibaldi, entered Naples amid the most enthusiastic cheers of the populace. The King of Naples still maintains his position in Gaeta, but since the battle of the 31st his army had dwindled from 50,000 to about 20,000 men. The action of the French Admiral in preventing the bombardment of Gaeta was prompted—it is said—by a wish on the part of the French Government to afford the deposed King an opportunity of escaping, as the Dukes of Modena, Tuscany, &c., had done, since his capture would increase the present complications, which are sufficiently embarrassing now.

China.—It is reported that the Ambassadors of the allied forces were to have an interview with the Emperor at Pekin. The London *Times* considered this very ill-advised, unless they took their army with them.

Relief by the Banks.

Our banks have, during the present panic, adopted a system of general relief, which will, in all probability, have the effect of sustaining the mercantile community, and which at any rate redounds vastly to their enterprise and liberality. Realizing the fact that the panic may be averted by timely measures, the banks, as represented by their presidents, on the 21st inst. held a meeting, at which it was resolved that the banks should, by mutual support, expand the loans in general discount to the whole community to the extent of $5,000,000. This, in fact, reduces all the banks to one great bank, and has the effect that, through the mutual supporting system pursued, no one bank can be broken so long as it has assets. They will accordingly relieve the mercantile community to their last resource, and then, if must be, fall together. It is, however, believed—and on very good grounds—that the worst of the panic is over, and that before they are reduced to extremities relief will come, partly from the foreign payment for produce, and in part from fresh California remittances.

This system of general relief in an emergency is adopted from the course pursued at such times as the present by the Government banks of Paris and London. Although it is really nothing more than the manifest duty of every bank to afford relief in adversity, as well as during prosperity, high praise is still due to those of the metropolis for having set so noble an example, and of having broken through the illiberal policy which has hitherto rendered them so unpopular in periods of great public suffering.

Elective Judiciary.

The inconvenience of an Elective Judiciary is forcing itself every day more sternly upon the public mind. Experience has proved that making a judge's term of office depend upon the pleasure of a mob, is as bad as making him dependent upon the will of a monarch. In either case he is exposed to a very powerful disturbing element. Should a popular shoulder-hitter be on trial, the judge, if elected by the popular voice, will naturally have an affinity with the criminal, while on the other hand, should he be chosen by the king, he will naturally lean towards the court favorite. This disturbing element in the administration of justice is obviated materially in England by their being appointed for life, and the custom also of choosing them without any reference to their politics. Secure therefore of their position—equally independent of king and people, and exposed to the constant scrutiny of the press and their legal brethren—the British judges have been remarkable for their fearlessness, independence and ability; knowing that nothing can remove them but malfeasance in office, they are eminent for carrying out the laws with promptitude and impartiality. As a further inducement to good conduct, they are endowed with a retiring pension when they are incapacitated by age or sickness. How different is the system we pursue. Elected for a short term of four or five years, the unhappy possessor of this precarious and dirty dignity truckles, whenever he has the opportunity, to those who can retain him in his position; and we thus often behold the melancholy spectacle of a judge rising from his midnight bed, at the bidding of a ward politician, to release notorious rowdies and shoulder-hitters, whom some brother official has committed to jail.

Nor can we expect the highest of the legal profession to be candidates for judiciary honors. Is it likely that such eminent men as James T. Brady, Elijah Ward, Cutting and others of that class will break up their practice, worth $20,000 per annum, to fill an uneasy and dishonored position for a few years at a salary of $2,000 or $3,000? A station also deprived of all its pristine dignity by the inferior class of shysters into whose hands it has fallen of late years. The fact is, the office of judge is now only fit for Tomb shysters, pettifoggers and lawyers without any practice. Such men are naturally corrupt, and assimilate with the politicians who are at once their creators, their masters and their accomplices.

At all events we have seen enough of the present system of electing judges, to know that, so long as it lasts, we shall continue to be the worst governed city in the broad expanse of civilization.

Social Questions of the Day.

The Formation of Character in its Practical Relations.

No one who has reflected deeply on the subject, doubts that the present system of education, whether in schools or at home, only grapples with a few points of character, leaving untouched the mass. It grafts something on a tree which may or may not succeed; it trims the branches, and sometimes on the Chinese plan dwarfs it altogether into a pretty little flower-pot parlor ornament. But it does not, it cannot with certainty modify the radical condition of the whole plant. It has not learned the laws of growth or the principles of perfecting it.

Why not? Simply because no plan of education now followed attempts to exclude from the growing mind those deleterious influences which have most to do with really injuring it. Great pains are taken, to be sure, to exclude the "immoral," not merely from the knowledge of the young, but even so to train them that through life there shall be no social recognition of the existence of such an element. Now it is tolerably certain that any element whose nature is based in ineradicable conditions of humanity, will only gather strength by being ignored and left to itself. The piquancy of mystery is the true soul of vice, and timid ignorance its best friend.

But how prevent the mere knowledge of evil from having the worst results? Simply enough—by strengthening the mind. A strong, healthy mind trained to rely on itself has literally nothing to dread from any knowledge of any kind whatever. The best and greatest men who have ever lived—the world's real workmen—have known both good and evil, and the world knows it. General knowledge, therefore, carefully and judiciously imparted by wise teachers, is a powerful strengthening force. The principle which now so generally prevails of softening down and ignoring all the dark side of history, of "vindicating" the real sins of Mirabeaus, Richards III., Isabellas and other talented sinners, is contemptible because false. If we were to believe the books published during the past thirty years all the great reprobates of the past were saints, the world has always gone on in a most perfect way, and everything gleams through a rose-colored light. Will lying, even with the best intentions, really advance truth?

But of the greatest weakening influence "education" takes positively no care. A young girl of the finest natural gifts who grows up in a city is almost certain to be so weakened by influences, that knowledge and truth would act on her mind like poisons. Let us examine it. From childhood she hears an incessant gossip about other people, their private affairs and domestic details. How A dresses and B lives, who C married, and why D is or is not "in society," is poured in one endless wash into her mind—yes, into her very soul. Dress and appearance share with gossip literally nine-tenths of all the conversation in which she is engaged. She may be highly educated and acquire much accomplishment; she may be varnished until the very polish, as in Japanese ware, acquires a resistant strength, and she seems to actually have a vigorous and tenacious character. But it is all false after all. Gossip generally brings with it a habit of passing over all things with a smile, and efforts at nonchalance. It destroys the power of genial interest in what is earnest and beautiful and true. It has been shown that our large cities are ogres of human life—that their population would soon be extinct but for immigration. But they are far more terrible ogres of intellect and genius in the young.

And not one father in a thousand, when he hears his children chattering gossip, ever dreams that they are gossiping themselves into practical imbeciles—into creatures whom it will never be quite safe to trust with unexpurgated English or any other classic writers; apes whom it would be very imprudent to teach betimes their own physical structure and the laws of health; weaklings who must be regarded with trembling and terror until safely married or otherwise settled. Can parents, teachers or preachers do nothing to make their charges ashamed of this gossip and vile trifling? Will it ever be understood that all pains should be taken to cultivate youthful interest in anything else? Interest in reading, in forming collections, in hearty amusements, in anything at all except in the follies of grown life.

The youthful mind, and especially the girl's, which resists the influences of family pride, dress, social gossip and frivolous treatment of knowledge, must be a miracle. Perhaps nineteen in twenty are now in city "society" reduced to about a level with Oriental odalisques, and are about as capable of being rational companions to men of mind. Fortunately, the majority of women grow up under better influences, which are, it is to be hoped, continually increasing in power.

Opening of Derby's Institute of Art.

On Friday, the 16th inst., the celebrated New Institute of Arts, founded and managed by C. A. Derby, Esq., in the interest of his well-known Cosmopolitan Art Association, was opened for the inspection of the public. As it is at present beyond all question the first Art Gallery in America, we feel it to be a duty to call the attention of our readers in all parts of the country to its existence, and to the great influence which it will probably exert in refining public taste.

The splendid marble building, and the spacious and truly elegant galleries of themselves proclaim the extent of Mr. Derby's enterprise. The fact that these apartments are perfectly comfortable, carpeted and well warmed, makes them, in fact, superior to the magnificent but bleak and cheerless galleries of Europe, where, as our travelled readers will bear witness, many a cold is caught.

As regards the pictures, there is, in addition to the well-known Dusseldorff Collection, the celebrated one of Jarves, in which the history of art is illustrated from its early Byzantine and Gothic beginnings down through the glorious Renaissance and Eclectic periods to the present day. When it is borne in mind how very few, even among our most eminent artists, possess anything like a sympathetic or genial knowledge of the history of Art, it will be seen that this Collection may yet be made of the greatest utility. One good course of lectures on Æsthetics, illustrated by what the Derby Building contains, would do more to raise the standard of both literary and art criticism than is now done by all that is written in this country on the subject.

Of the opening suffice it to say that it was numerously attended by a brilliant and intellectual circle, that the "hospitalities" were on a very handsome scale, and that all who were there had abundant cause to congratulate themselves on having been present at the inauguration of the chief temple of Art on this side of the Atlantic, and of what is beyond question the principal lion and attraction of the Metropolis to all persons of true cultivation and refinement.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

We Are Glad to see from the London papers that John Brougham has not forgotten the obligation he owes to the American people for their recognition of his genius. In the very first speech he made at the Haymarket, he thus bravely put forth in the face of an English audience his affection for his adopted country:

"It is a great many years since I had the honor of appearing before you, and I should be wanting in every proper feeling did I not acknowledge my vast indebtedness to the hospitable, impulsive and fine-hearted people amongst whom those years have been—I trust not unprofitably—passed."

Apropos, the London *Athenæum* has an epigram upon our popular comedian. In order to make this intelligible, we must remark that Tilbury is the name of a popular comedian now engaged by Smith of Drury Lane, and also of a carriage, and that Brougham is also a small vehicle:

GOING BY THE STAGE.

These managers so proud will be
That soon we shall not know 'em:
Smith keeps his cosy Tilbury,
And Buckstone starts his Brougham!

The Legal Axiom that a witness need not answer questions calculated to criminate himself, is becoming carried to an extent which its framers never contemplated. Under this shield the most unblushing perjuries are every day committed. We were present last week at a reference, where a well-known money-broker of Wall street was being examined, and a series of more deliberate falsehoods never came from human lips. We can make allowances for the delicacy of a position in which a gay Lothario finds himself when his own letters to the faithless wife are placed before him for recognition; but although the law allows silence, it never can contemplate a direct denial. The "refusing to answer" and "perjury" are very different affairs. As the whole of the extraordinary divorce case to which we have alluded will be published soon in a pamphlet, we shall dismiss the subject by observing that the question of divorce and the laws regulating it require a thorough revision.

There seems to be considerable doubt whether the Common Council has any authority to appoint a Committee to investigate the accounts of Mr. Platt, as he is responsible to the Comptroller. Like most other matters connected with our Municipal Government, it threatens to lead to considerable litigation. It would seem as though the powers of the Municipal Government were not even yet clearly defined.

Washington with the Brown Stone Front.—This distinguished fixture as a work of art and successful caricature of the "Father of his Country," which has so long been an eyesore in front of the City Hall, will at last, we are happy to say, be removed. It is to be purchased by the city, and its removal from the public gaze is cheaply bought at the price of two

thousand dollars. When the Aldermen have concluded the bargain we suggest that it should be placed in the cupola on the top of the City Hall. It will be there privately secreted under the figure of Justice, and if that blind lady is true to her instincts she will keep her foot upon it for ever.

Fair Play is well-known to be a jewel, and we claim that jewel in behalf of Commodore Vanderbilt. Everybody knows that Live Oak George—who tried to joke himself into the Presidential Chair by starting a comic paper called *Young Sam*—this Live Oak George seized a piece of the Battery and made himself a pier for the accommodation of his Staten Island coffins. Induced by his friend's success, Commodore Vanderbilt began to build a pier for his steamers, and had got as far as to lay some foundation, when the city authorities actually woke up, and warned the gallant Commander not to build. They have also threatened him with the utmost terrors of the law! Now what is sauce for the goose Live Oak George is sauce for the gander Vanderbilt, and we end this glance as we commenced it by demanding—Fair Play!

PERSONAL.

S. M. Wolf, of Virginia, who lately published a very able reply to the Helper Book, has lately been appointed Consul to the Navigator Islands.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptoress, sailed for Rome lately.

Miss Margaret Foley, the well-known cameo cutter and sculptoress, will also sail for the Eternal City in a few days

Felicite Vestvali, the superb and manly contralto, was mulcted in $900 a day or two ago, at the suit of her agent, Mr. Joseph Wells. The amount was for services rendered.

Miss Isabella Hinckley, the American prima donna, arrived in the Teutonia last week. She is engaged by Ullman.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, is stopping at the New York Hotel.

By the Vanderbilt, we notice the arrival of Com. Stockton, Richard Ten Broeck, Signora Loiti de la Santa and Signor Panconi, both distinguished vocalists.

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M P. for Colchester, England, was one of the Tories of the old school, and among the advocates of Reform his resolute opposition to all change gave him a reputation for folly and obstinacy which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied, "I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool." "Fool am I!" retorted Sir Henry; "then I'm the very man to represent you!" This diamond shaft of wit went to the farmer's heart, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote.

Mrs. Cobb, mother to the Hon. Howell Cobb, lately received the premium of a silver goblet for five most beautifully embroidered shirts, worked with her own hands.

Mr. Columbus Tyler, of Somerville, the Steward of the Insane Asylum, was the only Bell and Everett man elected to the Massachusetts Legislature on the 6th inst.

Dion Boucicault has written to Fisher and Jamieson to sail for England without delay, it being his intention to bring out "Jeanie Deans" and the "Octoroon."

Mr. Everett delivered his lecture on "The Early Life of Benjamin Franklin," in Lowell, on Wednesday. Dr. Huntington, who presided on the occasion, in behalf of the committee, asked the audience, during this winter, to remain should any lecturer extend his remarks beyond the nine o'clock bell, which he knew had the bad effect to scatter a Lowell audience. He had no fears that they would notice the bell this evening, considering the ability of the lecturer, Mr. Everett, whom he would now introduce. Mr. Everett, says the Lowell *Courier*, was received with loud applause, and commenced by saying that, judging from the remark just made, the audience had hardly got over associating Bell and Everett (laughter and applause), but his theme this evening would be something of a more pleasant nature.

Mr. Harvey Major, formerly a prominent member of Dodworth's Band, but whose serious illness has prevented his attending to his professional duties for some time past, is to receive a complimentary benefit very soon, under the direction of George Bristow. We trust it will be a substantial one

Geo. C. Thorburn, son of Grant Thorburn, died at Newark on the 19th, from the effects of a fall. He was the Superintendent at Mount Vernon. He was a florist of considerable celebrity and science. He was also highly esteemed as a man.

Mr. Hobbs, the famous locksmith, has arrived in Boston.

The hotel-keepers of New York and Albany have invited Mr. Mitchell to a grand banquet, as a set-off to the dinner he lost when Gov. Morgan did not think him aristocratic enough to dine with the Prince of Wales at the table of a retired grocer. May the ghosts of Leland, Stetson, Stevens and their confrères of hoteldom haunt the shade of the Governor in Hades!

The Legislature of North Carolina met on the 19th, at Raleigh. Its last Session was held two years ago.

The county of Cumberland, State of Maine, is a fertile spot for divorces. Forty-two suits were on the docket for a recent term of the court. Of these thirty were brought by wives and twelve by husbands. The court granted divorces in eight of the cases and dismissed the libels in two cases. Two have been entered "neither party," and thirty still remain to be adjudicated upon.

The Rev. Angus C McNeil, of the Presbyterian Church, while preaching on Sunday week in the Brick Church near Pleasant Hill, Dallas county, Alabama, of which he was pastor, on Romans v., 12, suddenly sank into his seat when about half through his discourse, and died almost instantly, without a struggle or a groan.

Mrs. Lincoln will take with her to the White House her sister, Mrs Miriam Edwards, of Springfield, Ill., said to be an educated and accomplished lady, and a good-looking niece, about eighteen years old. The latter possibly has an eye to the Union.

LITERATURE.

Saxton and Barker, Park Row, New York, have published a *Guide to Central Park*. It contains a complete history of the undertaking, with ground plans of the whole Park, together with views of the Ramble, Terrace, &c. It contains, also, besides a large amount of interesting matter, full descriptions of how to reach the Park from various points of the city. It is a very useful twenty-five cent book.

The Oakland Stories. Sheldon & Co. have sent us the third volume of the series. It is called *Claiborne*, by George B. Taylor, of Virginia It is fully as interesting as its predecessor, and will surely find special favor with the young. It is handsomely brought out, and contains several illustrations.

We have received from Richardson & Co., of Galveston, Texas, the Almanac for 1861. It is one of the handsomest almanacs published, and is invaluable to all doing business with the State of Texas. It contains an elaborate history of that State from the period of Governor Burnet's administration to the installation of General Houston It contains, also, a vast amount of miscellaneous information of great value, political, commercial and statistical; also, about railroads, steamboats, and a hundred important items which we have not time to enumerate The map of Texas which accompanies the *Texas Almanac* is very large, full and accurate, and is worth double the price of the book. To business men in New York the advertisements it contains will prove invaluable as a suggestive directory.

Bob and Walter, with the Story of Breakneck Ledge, is a very interesting little book for children, just published in admirable style, with illustrations, by Phinney, Blakeman & Mason, Walker street, New York

Sheldon & Co. have sent us the *Florence Stories*, by Jacob Abbott. This volume is intended both for amusement and instruction. The plan is simple. Mrs. Morelio, in New York, receives a letter from her husband in Singapore, inviting her to bring her children and meet him in England, where they may spend a few weeks in traveling. This volume comprises their journey across the Atlantic to England, and from Liverpool to Scotland, the Orkney Isles, &c. Much information is given, and many interesting scenes described in a pleasant, easy manner. It ends with their journey to London, but what they saw there will be reserved for another volume. The *Florence Stories* will be popular with the young folks. The volume contains several illustrations.

Andrew F. Graves, of Boston, has sent us another volume of the *Percy Family* The several previous volumes contained the sketches of travel of the Percy Family through England, Scotland, &c., and we now follow them from the Baltic to Vesuvius Mr. D. C. Eddy, the author, has a style peculiarly adapted to interest the young; he tells the prominent points in the history of every place his characters visit in a simple, straightforward manner, which is calculated to improve the memory while it amuses his young readers. The *Percy Family* is really a most amusing and instructive series, and we can commend it warmly to our young friends.

Phinney, Blakeman & Mason have just published a very interesting book, called *True Stories of the Days of Washington*. The title fully explains the nature of the book, which abounds with exciting stories, incidents and gallant exploits of that time which was so rife with noble deeds, personal sacrifices and thrilling romances. It is well that our children should know what their forefathers did and suffered to secure the glorious inheritance of freedom which they are now privileged to enjoy. We can commend this book to our readers.

Phinney, Blakeman & Mason have just issued a very valuable book on the subject of *Railway Property*, by John B. Jervis, Civil Engineer. It is a treatise upon the construction and management of railways, and is designed to afford useful knowledge, in a popular style, to the holders of this class of property, as well as to railway managers, officers and agents. It is a work which will interest thousands, for it discusses in a clear and logical manner subjects but imperfectly understood even by those most actively engaged therein

MUSIC.

Of course no one expects any event to transpire at the Academy of Music at the time specified; consequently the disappointment was philosophically borne when the opening night of the winter season was deferred from the 21st to the 26th inst. This time, however, we think we may venture to endorse the Academy advertisements, and state that it will positively open on Monday next with Halevy's great work, "La Juive." As regards scenery, costumes and mounting generally, every care has been taken to insure success, and we shall probably have the pleasure of recording it as the most perfectly appointed opera ever brought out in America. To the company, previously a strong one, has been added that most charming vocalist and actress, Madame Anna Bishop. It is many years since Madame Bishop has appeared in opera in New York, and the simple announcement of her rentrée will, among her admirers, be suggestive of such a host of pleasant reminiscences as will insure her a hearty welcome, while those to whom she is as yet a stranger will find in her a thoroughly educated and most fascinating artiste

DRAMA.

In spite of "Crisis and Panic," "Nullification and Secession," the theatres apparently sail over tranquil seas, as yet making no changes of note in their programmes. The different managers are lavish indeed of promises, but appear to have forgotten the proverb that relateth to hope deferred. Have they been learning a lesson from the opera directors, that, just as a novelty seems to be in our very grasp, by some skilful piece of legerdemain they cause it to vanish away into the dim distance? What has become of Tom Taylor's comedy so long promised us by Miss Keene? have the "Seven Sisters" sung it to sleep for ever? Whither has "Macbeth" disappeared? have the Witches, not content with making themselves air, converted him also into that unstable element? Well, there is one result consequent upon this state of things theatrical for which we presume our readers will be devoutly thankful—short notices, in place of long criticisms.

Mr Forrest played "Hamlet" on Monday, and "Lear" on Wednesday, to the accustomed crowds; and Miss Keene has favored her patrons with another week of "Physic and Fancy," together with "Toodles a Father."

Wallack's.—At this house some little variety has been offered on the occasion of several benefits which have occurred; but nothing new has been produced, and we see by the bills that "Playing with Fire" will resume its place on the boards. We notice with great pleasure the rapid advance being made on the new building, to which in the spring Mr. Wallack will transplant his banner, for with all the speed with which the said building is being pressed forward, the work seems to be carefully and faithfully performed, and we judge that we shall at an early day be enabled to congratulate the community upon the possession of at least one properly constructed theatre.

Winter Garden.—With this week Miss Cushman's engagement comes to a close. She has appeared with more or less success as Mrs. Haller in the "Stranger;" Bianca in "Fazio;" Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering;" Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Cardinal Wolsey, Romeo, and Juliana in the "Honeymoon." It is not probable that the New York public will ever again have an opportunity of witnessing the delineations of this distinguished actress. We have so frequently put upon record our opinion of Miss Cushman as a tragedienne, that it is not necessary here to repeat it. Our estimate of her abilities may be erroneous, but it is honest, and we have only to say in conclusion that, though the critics may differ as to the exact position to be accorded her as an artist, a large portion of the public, at least, will sincerely regret her permanent absence from the stage; or should that absence prove but temporary, eagerly welcome her return.

Speaking of the retirement of Miss Cushman reminds us that we have seen notices extensively copied, touching the retirement of another most charming and thoroughly accomplished actress. We allude to Miss Jean M. Davenport, or rather, if said notices prove true, Mrs. Colonel Lander.. For many years Miss Davenport has been regarded as the leading actress on the American stage, and we earnestly hope that before making her final adieux she will give all her admirers an opportunity of witnessing her chaste and really great performances.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Robbery of Watches and Jewellery.—The jewellery establishment of Mr. James Jacquet, corner of John and Nassau streets, was robbed of $3,500 worth of watches and jewellery, a few nights since. The property was in a large safe, manufactured by Messrs Valentine & Butler, which had one of their best locks to secure it. From the absence of all marks of violence, it was supposed by the proprietor and detectives that the lock must have been picked. On this supposition, they called upon the makers of the safe, who assured them that it was impossible for the lock to have been picked. In order to satisfy themselves on this point, the officers made a thorough examination of the plan of the lock, also of the front door Rotary Lock, which is similar in construction, invented and manufactured by Messrs. Valentine & Butler, and became fully convinced that there was no possibility of picking the lock or opening it without the true key, or an exact duplicate. With this clue, they at once decided that some one in the establishment, who had ample facilities for making a copy of the key, must have committed the robbery, which proved to have been the case. Proprietors cannot be too careful in regard to the facilities they allow persons in their employ to become acquainted with the secrets of their treasure boxes—especially in these exciting times.

The steamer Pacific was burnt to the water's edge at Louisville on the 10th. Captain Law was the only one whose life was lost. She was about to start for New Orleans.

It is reported that the British Governor of Vancouver's Island has taken a slave from an American ship in Victoria and set him free. This has naturally caused considerable indignation in Washington, and an explanation demanded.

John Horrigan, who was sentenced, about three years ago, by Judge Russell to forty years' imprisonment, for garotting, has been pardoned by Governor Morgan. Although the startling severity of the punishment stopped garotting, yet the sentence was considered excessive.

Tammany has given some signs of life, for on the 19th lights were visible in the Old Wigwam, and Elijah Purdy, the Old War-Horse, took the chair. A committee was appointed to look after the elections next December.

Coroner Gaffney closed his inquest on Mrs. Absom last Monday, and a verdict implicating her husband was found by the jury. He was committed to Hudson County Jail, to await his trial in January Julia Kennedy's evidence was materially shaken, it being conclusively shown that he was in the habit of meeting her in a saloon in Montgomery street, Jersey City. Dr. Doremus distinctly deposed that he had detected the presence of strychnine in the stomach of the deceased. This poison would occasion all the symptoms of her sudden death.

The census of Maine is 645,137, which is an increase of 64,668 since 1850. Baltimore has increased 40,000 out of 214,000—a very remarkable increase for a Southern city.

The case of Alderman Russell against ex-Alderman Wilson came off on the 19th, before a Sheriff's Jury, who found a verdict of $5,000. It will be remembered that the ex-Alderman assaulted the Alderman in the City Hall some months ago. $5,000 is a pretty heavy fee to pay for education at Wilson's time of life; but better late than never

Mr Lindsay, the well-known travelling companion of Mr. Roebuck in his visit to Cherbourg, and the maritime "M P." of England, sailed for England in the Persia on the 21st. He has travelled above 5,000 miles, and visited all our great cities. Although he has no special commission from the Government, his influence is very great with the commercial portion of it. He will be a valuable advocate in the British Parliament.

The United States mail steamship Columbia, Captain Berry, sailed at noon on Saturday, 17th, for Charleston, with the American flag at her peak as usual, while a Palmetto flag adorned her mainmast, in place of the customary private signal of the Company. It created quite a sensation. Captain Berry owns considerable real estate in Charleston, and it is alleged that for certain politic motives he was induced to fly the disunion flag while in Charleston last. The steamship herself hails from Charleston, but is the property of a joint stock company, whose members reside in various cities in the Union.

The Spanish frigate, the Berenguela, arrived in the harbor on the 19th, and was received with a salute from the forts. She has come from Havana for repairs.

Gen Riley, the Senator from Lumpkin county, Ga., was approached stealthily, and shot, while sitting by his own fireside, in Dahlonega, some days ago, by a man named Davis. The balls took effect in the shoulder, and ranged toward the cavity of the chest. He is not expected to recover. Davis fled, and $1,200 is offered for his apprehension.

On the 20th, a respectable man named Robert Swartz, attempted to commit suicide on one of the trains of the Hudson River Railroad, by shooting himself through the head. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital. The cause, business troubles.

Mr. W. A. Livingston, a well known New Yorker, fell dead in the drug store, corner of Pierrepont and Fulton streets on the 20th inst. He was in his 66th year He had been for some time suffering from disease of the heart.

A shark, recently captured near Port Jackson, N S. W., carried this remarkably curious assortment in its stomach—half a ham, several legs of mutton, hindquarter of a pig, head and forelegs of a bull dog with a rope round his neck, a quantity of horseflesh, a piece of sacking and a ship's scraper.

Four burglars entered the house of Mr. Johnson, near West Troy, on Saturday night, the 17th, and one of them, entering Mr. Johnson's sleeping apartment, compelled him to give up his money A young man who was sleeping in the house, hearing the noise, ran to the neighbors, procured assistance and surrounded the house, succeeding, after a desperate resistance, in capturing one of the four ruffians. He was badly cut in the fray, and when taken requested to be hung on the spot

It would be highly desirable if the police authorities would pay some attention to the convenience of the passengers of the Hoboken Barclay street Ferry. The policeman, No. 83, is very efficient at the corner of West street and Barclay, but it is very dangerous to cross Washington and Greenwich streets. A correspondent informs us that he saw a lady injured by the brutality of the carmen, who form a long line, refusing to obey the ordinance, which compels them to have a certain space between each cart. Mr. Kennedy ought to station a policeman at each of these crossings.

The Dalton *Times* (Ga.) gives the particulars of an unhappy *rencontre* between Dr. Moffett and Col. Glenn, in which the former was shot in the abdomen by Col Glenn. He has been bound over to make his appearance at the next term, should the wound prove fatal. The difficulty was occasioned by a dispute at the election.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle* has a very interesting account of a singular occurrence on the Mahoning river, about a mile from Edinburgh. The men had just ceased drilling a well for Kissick and Bryson, when a rumbling was heard in the bowels of the earth, and immediately afterwards a torrent of mud and water rushed forth, covering the floor and shed erected over the works, for more than a foot. The workmen made a precipitate retreat to a distance. After a short pause, one of the men returned with a lighted candle to see the extent of the damage. The gas from the well immediately ignited, setting fire to the derrick and all the works. After destroying considerable property the fire was extinguished. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

A dreadful murder was committed at San Francisco on the 31st Oct. A well-known New York character, named Michael Horrigan, or Irish Mike, as he was called by his companions, went up to his wife as she was sitting in a drinking-saloon, and saying, "Now I know that you are guilty," he cut her throat from ear to ear. She died immediately. He justifies his crime on account of her infidelity. She was his second wife.

The inhabitants of Fishkill, Newburgh, and parts adjacent, have determined to erect a statue to Henry Hudson, the discoverer of our noble river. We question if they can find any marble as imperishable as the water that bears his name.

The St. Louis *Republican* gives the particulars of a horrible case of Catholic parents poisoning their son rather than he should marry a Protestant. They have been arrested, and will be tried for their villainous bigotry.

The Yorkville, S. C., *Enquirer* says that an accident occurred at Shelby, N. C., at the celebration of the election. In order to show the inhabitants' appreciation of the different candidates, a very small quantity of powder was used when the cannon was fired in honor of Bell, Lincoln and Douglas. The smallness of the report made the Committee and spectators very merry. When their favorite candidate, Breckinridge, was to be celebrated, so much powder was put in that it broke, seriously wounding Col. Thomas Beardsly and several others.

The New Orleans *Delta* relates a novel method to set fire to houses. Two men, armed with all the tools necessary for repairing the gas meter, call upon the pretence that they were sent by the Company. They then empty the meter of the water and pour in spirits of turpentine, expecting that the gas will take fire. Col Miles, and Mr. Finney, the celebrated lawyer, had a narrow escape lately, of having both their houses burnt down, owing to this most infamous plot.

It appears after all that New Jersey did not go so emphatically for the Union as was supposed—four of her electors being Lincoln men Considering the influence brought to bear upon her, and the example of her Pennsylvania neighbor, this is not to be wondered at. Hudson county, however, was thoroughly Union. Much of this is due to the exertions of Gen. Wright, R. J. Deming, and others, whose speeches made a powerful impression on the wavering Mr. Deming is one of the most energetic and rising men of the Jerseys.

There has been a considerable row between the sophomores and the Faculty of Harvard College. Two of the freshmen being assaulted by the sophomores, one of the former discharged a pistol (loaded only with powder) at the sophomores. This led to a great riot, and the expulsion of nine of the sophomore offenders In order to show their contempt for Professor Felton and his associates, they drew the suspended members in a wagon past the house of the principal authorities and groaned very lustily. The Boston *Traveller* advocates that very vigorous action should be taken in this affair, if only for the sake of discipline.

The Webster *Times* (Mass.) is responsible for the following romance: "Two farmers, who have jointly owned and occupied a farm in that township for sixteen years, have lately dissolved partnership. During the whole of this period no accounts of any kind have been kept by either parties. Both individuals were men of family, occupying different portions of the same house, and when either wished to use cash he went to the drawer in which it was kept and took it, no account being kept in a single instance. Yet in all these sixteen years not a word of fault was spoken; no ill-feeling, jealousy or suspicion was shown, and perfect harmony subsisted between the parties to the day of their separation The final dissolution of business was occasioned by the marriage of a member of one of the families, when it was thought the house might not be able to contain 'the consequences;' so one party raised the value of one half the premises in cash, paid it over to the retiring partner, who quietly left We believe this to be an unparalleled case of honesty and confidence."

There seems to be some difference between the Irish wakes and the Wide Awakes, but what the difference is we leave the curious to discover. The *Express*, always glad to pick a hole in the "coat of the brogue," as Dr. Shelton Mackenzie calls his countrymen, gives the following little account of a slight *emeute* in Brooklyn on the 21st: "A cry of murder broke upon the ears of one of the officers of the Eighth Precinct, as he was patrolling his beat through Fifth avenue at an early hour this (Wednesday) morning. The cry, he discovered, came from a shanty in the vicinity, and thinking that he might possibly save the life of some unfortunate being, he hastened to the spot, when he found that the inmates had been holding a wake over the dead body of an old woman, and having indulged rather freely in bad liquor, they became quarrelsome, and finally had a rough-and-tumble fight, during which the corpse was knocked about rather roughly. Several of the most violent were taken into custody and locked up in the station-house" Mr. Davidge, the celebrated comedian, is so much disturbed by these mournful ceremonies that he declares he is kept "a wide awake" all night, despite his objection to mingle in our political squabbles.

The Mobile *Tribune* (Ala.) gives the following account of a series of brutal assaults: "Captain Harley, of the British ship Culloden, had occasioned considerable excitement there on account of his brutal treatment of a defenceless emigrant girl named McDonald. As the vessel was coming into port Miss McDonald—who was one of two hundred emigrants—expressed her delight at the near prospect of release from the tyranny and meanness of the captain, whereupon that dignitary made his mates throw three buckets of water over her person. When she was soaking wet these valiant mates seized her and dragged her on to the quarter deck before their valiant captain. He most valiantly beat her with a rope lash, tearing from her head and shoulders the shawl she tried to wrap around her as a shield against his merciless blows. Thus he flogged her until she fainted and fell upon the deck. Not yet satiated with cruelty he had the pump manned with six strong men, and had a stream of salt water, through a hose attached, with all the force they could give to it, thrown into her face and about her person, continuing the operation a full quarter of an hour. The captain is in the hands of a vigilance committee." We trust the vigilance committee will hand him over to the proper authorities, who should be compelled to punish the scoundrel according to his deserts.

Judge Gould and District-Attorney Waterbury deserve the thanks of the community for their behavior in the conviction of Gordon, one of the ticket swindlers, who has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for cheating a California emigrant in the sale of a ticket. We think Mr. Waterbury ought to explain to the public why he does not try Charles Jefferds, accused of murdering his stepfather, Walton. As it is, the letter of that unhappy young man, demanding a speedy trial or some reason for the delay, has caused considerable sympathy in the popular mind. A false sympathy is as injurious to the general welfare as legal oppression.

E. H. Rosa, of the house of Vanduson, Jaggor & Baldwin, No 30 Vesey street, New York, writes to the Louisville (Ky) *Journal*, that on the 27th of October, at dusk, a very tall man, who said that his name was Henry Johnson, and that he lived at Louisville, where he had a wife and children, deposited $107 50 with the house for safe-keeping, as he was afraid he would be robbed by some Jews, who had followed him all the way from Louisville. He then went with Rosa to the Western Hotel, to spend the night, and during the temporary absence of the latter disappeared, since when he has not been heard of.

SINGULAR DOUBLE MURDER IN ENGLAND.

We copy from an English paper the following remarkable event: On the 29th ult., about two o'clock, the central block of the permanent barracks at Aldershott was the scene of a dreadful tragedy, involving deliberate murder, attended with the sacrifice of two lives, under the following circumstances: A lance-sergeant, named Owen Chipp, and John Coles, corporal of the 41st Regiment, were sitting together in the quarters of the former at the barracks, playing quietly a game of draughts, when James Johnson, a private soldier, opened the door, and entering the room, walked behind Sergeant Chipp, and then deliberately placing the muzzle of his rifle in the middle of his back instantly fired, when the bullet passed through the body of the unfortunate man and entered the breast of Corporal Coles, the ball passing also through the body of the latter, and being then flattened against the wall. Sergeant Chipp, after being shot, rose, staggered a few paces, and then fell dead between the two bedsteads. Corporal Coles, on being struck by the bullet, fell back and instantly expired. The alarm was given, and assistance was speedily at hand. The murderer was at once secured and taken to the guard-house, whence he was conveyed by a police-constable, two privates, and a corporal to the police-station. The only cause at present assigned for the perpetration of the diabolical act is that Johnson was recently confined to barracks for three days for insubordination, on the report of Sergeant Chipp, against whom he in consequence entertained a rancorous feeling of resentment.

THE BROTHERS RUBLE,

Farmers and Pioneers of the West.

The Brothers Ruble were horn in Mifflin county, Pennsylvania, and moved from thence with their father to Wayne county, Ohio, in the year 1832. Their respective ages and weights are as follows:

Simon,	age 48,	weighs	303	pounds	avoirdupois,
Geo. S.	" 38,	"	285	"	"
Henry,	" 35,	"	268	"	"
John,	" 32,	"	301	"	"

Aggregate weight, 1,157

Their respective heights will vary only a trifle from six feet two and a half inches.

Henry Ruhle, the father of these "boys," was a man of more than ordinary muscular powers, yet his weight scarcely exceeded two hundred pounds at any period of his life. He died near Wooster, Ohio, in 1834. Their mother, who is still living with Simon, near Beloit, Wisconsin, is a woman of strong masculine features. In the meridian of life her weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds. They are of German origin, and the "boys" still use and are more familiar with the German than the English language. They are all married, except Henry, who is called the "Old Bach." In 1847 the Ruble Brothers settled upon and commenced the improvement of their valuable and well-known farm, four miles west of Beloit, Wisconsin, where Simon and Henry still reside. George and John removed to Albertsea, Freeborn county, Minnesota, in 1856, and have established permanent and beautiful homes in that new State. George S. was the founder and proprietor of Albertsea, the county seat of Freeborn, one of the most delightful spots for a town in the wide West. He has one of the best water powers in the State at that locality, which is propelling the machinery for grinding and sawing daily.

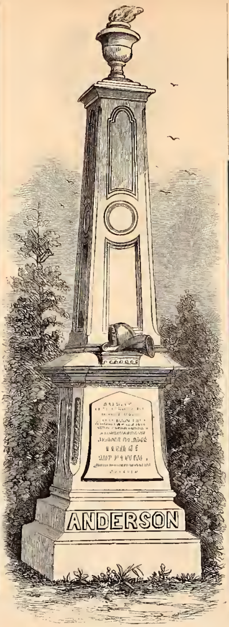
The Rubles are emphatically farmers, having purchased and raised some of the finest and best blooded cattle and horses in America. Among the latter, which are also particularly noted for their speed, we will mention Buckshot, Circassian, Red Eye and St. Patrick, as horses of superior merit, which the records of various State Fairs in the West will likewise abundantly substantiate.

AMOSKEAG STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

On the night of the 10th of January, when the flames were raging with their utmost fury through the fallen ruins of the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Mass., and the Washington Mills, together with other buildings, being in great danger, Mayor Saunders, of that city, deeming the force of the firemen present insufficient, forwarded a dispatch to Manchester, N. H., for assistance. The call was nobly responded to. By orders of Chief Engineer Hunt, the "Amoskeag" was sent. The dispatch was received about half-past twelve. No engine was in readiness at Manchester, and a dispatch was sent to Lawrence for one. An engine was started from Lawrence, went to Manchester, took a train with the steamer, its horses and company, and a carload of firemen, and returned, accompanied by Mayor Harrington and a part of the engineers. In just two hours and eight minutes from the time the telegram was received, the Amoskeag was at Lawrence, playing four streams of water upon the fire. The distance is twenty-six miles, making fifty-two miles traversed by the locomotive, which, with the loading and unloading of the machine, is remarkable time. Even amid so much terror and confusion, its arrival at the ruins was greeted with enthusiasm. And the firemen, who were nearly worn out with exhaustion, welcomed it with hearty cheers. It remained at Lawrence during the greater part of the next day, doing good service at the ruins.

This engine was built for the city of Manchester by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, under the direction of N. S. Bean, Esq., whose portrait we give in this issue. It is the first one of its own peculiar kind, though many are being made by the Company now, and for lightness and time of firing up is unequalled. Weighing when empty five thousand five hundred pounds, is easily drawn by two horses, and will carry fuel sufficient to feed four or five hours. She will fire up and play two streams in less than four minutes from lighting the match; can get up steam as well while running as while standing. On one occasion she fired up and had two streams through four hundred feet of hose each in three minutes and forty seconds, drafting her own water. She will throw four seven-eighth inch streams through one hundred and fifty feet of leading hose each, horizontolly; will throw one and one-fourth inch stream two hundred and forty feet.

These machines are being made as fast as the Company can get them out, and sent to various parts of the country; already have they gone to Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois and other places—bidding fair to take first rank among the steam fire engines throughout the country.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF CORNELIUS V. ANDERSON, LATE CHIEF OF THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT, BY HIS FRIENDS AND BROTHER FIREMEN.—SEE PAGE 28.

The New York Zouaves are becoming quite an institution. They already number nearly sixty men, and drill three times a week. On Tuesday they drilled at the corner of Thompson and Fourth streets. Their instructor is Mr. Parrison, and the rapid progress his company makes, reflects great credit on him. We highly commend their rule of never indulging in liquors or wines. Temperance is one of the great virtues of a soldier.

Further developments are being made relative to the peculations and forgeries of Wm. C. Gray, the broker, who committed suicide by leaping from St Paul Bridge at St. Paul, Minnesota, on Saturday, the 10th Nov. Forged paper to a very extensive amount is being daily discovered, and it is thought that many worthy farmers near St. Paul will be ruined, having purchased to a considerable extent coupons and bonds which prove entirely worthless.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Poor Lady Maud! she witnessed the effect of her thoughtless remark, and said hurriedly, in order to turn the subject,

"There are other introductions, Mr. Gower; you would possibly like——"

He stopped her by remarking, a little abruptly,

"No, Lady Maud. I cast my eyes around this table and do not see an individual whose name I care to know—save one."

He emphasised the two last words.

Lady Maud threw her eyes across the table, and responded promptly,

"Cousin Cyril?"

"No," returned Erle, so quickly and sharply as almost to startle her.

Then he added, in a subdued manner,

"There is a person seated lower down the table than your cousin Cyril, talking at this moment to a very voluble gentleman, who appears to be speaking to everybody and at everything. Tell me, pray, who is he?"

Lady Maud, by a glance, discovered to whom he alluded, and her countenance at once became grave.

"Mr. Philip Avon is the gentleman's name," she replied, in a voice that betrayed that the subject was not pleasing to her. "He is frequently here. Lord and Lady Kingswood rather like him, but Cyril—and I—do not."

"Nor I," thought Erle, but the mention of Cyril's name rather disturbed him.

Lady Kingswood at this moment, having lavished much attention on the Marquis of Chillingham, now suddenly appeared to remember the existence of the youth at her elbow, and entered into a lively conversation with him, which he supported with far greater readiness and skill than from his previous life could have been expected. But then he had an audience at his elbow whom he especially desired to possess with a favorable opinion of him, the more, perhaps, because he saw that many timid, stealthy glances were stole at his face by her, and those glances were not at all unfriendly in their expression.

The Marquis of Chillingham deigned to address some observations to him, and he observed with wonder that the youth did not faint at his condescension. The vicar, too, perceiving that the young stranger was a distinguished guest, also engaged him in occasional conversation. Mr. Spofforth Wilks would have done so if he could have got at him. He resolved, however, to abide his chance, and electrify him over his wine.

This opportunity was not, however, afforded him. Lord Kingswood had watched the actions of Lady Kingswood with inflamed eyes; he observed, too, with a mortification he could not repress, what attention the presence of Erle Gower excited among his guests. Several pointed observations respecting the young stranger were made to him, in order to elicit an explanation, which his lordship declined to give.

When the ladies had retired, the signal for which Lord Kingswood himself gave at a period much earlier than usual, Mr. Spofforth Wilks and Mr. Philip Avon both drew their chairs nearer to where Erle sat.

At the same moment, the stately butler sailed majestically down the room, and paused at Erle's elbow. With ineffable dignity, the pompous functionary bent over the youth's ear, and whispered—

"Lord Kingswood suggests that, as you have been unaccustomed to scenes of excitement such as the present, you should immediately, without making an observation to any one present, retire to your own room, and remain there until his lordship pays you a visit in the morning."

Erle glanced at Lord Kingswood, and saw upon his brow a sullen, moody, wrathful expression, which roused his pride.

He rose up, and walked with a firm step and erect mien down the room, acutely though he felt the insult conveyed in the message.

As he arrived opposite to Cyril Kingswood, the latter rose up, and with some eagerness addressed him—

"If you are for a stroll on the terrace, I'll join you," he said.

As he quitted his chair, he moved towards the spot where Erle stood.

"Stay," thundered Lord Kingswood.

Cyril started, and turned back with an air of astonishment.

"Mr Gower," continued Lord Kingswood, in a tone of asperity, "will retire to his own room. You will remain where you are."

Such an incident never occurred to Cyril before. Amazed, angry, he flung himself in his chair, while Erle, bowing haughtily, strode out of the room, not without seeing a malicious smile of triumph on the face of Philip Avon.

As Erle quitted the room a dead silence prevailed. The guests looked at each other in wonder, and again the question, "Who is he?" trembled on their lips.

They were all glad, after a dreary, flagging conversation, to leave their wine and join the ladies, where Lord Kingswood had the further chagrin in store for him of having to answer several queries put to him respecting the absence of Erle Gower.

In the meantime Erle retired, with a bosom swelling and burning with indignation, to his own dreary, gloomy apartments, and there exhausted some time in fruitless wrath, and yet more fruitless speculation and schemes for the future.

One consolation he had in this dark hour of trouble, and that was the sweet face of Lady Maud, which yet shone upon him in his vision like that of an angel.

He flung himself upon his bed, and with the name of Maud upon his lips fell into a deep slumber.

As the turret bell chimed the hour of midnight he rose up erect in his bed, stepped on the floor, and walked, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, straight from the apartment into the next room, continuing his walk until stopped by the same obstruction as before, when he fell motionless upon the ground.

He lay without moving until the turret-bell chimed one, when he rose up, muttering—

"And must solve the wonder of Kingswood Chace."

Instinctively he returned to his bed, without taking notice of aught, until his eye encountered the face of a female, in a large portrait hanging upon the wall upon which the moonbeams played brightly.

Then he uttered a wild cry, and buried his face in his pillow.

BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT FULTON.

It is said that in this country we take too little interest in memorials of our great men. The reproach cannot be urged against the illustrated newspapers, which preserve, and that copiously, monuments of every description. Such a memorial is given in the picture of the birthplace of Robert Fulton, situated in Fulton township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, for the original sketch of which we are indebted to E. B. Cope, Esq. Fulton's name stands, in common with those of Watts and Stephenson, as the greatest of the perfectors of steam power; that is to say, of the greatest civilizing agent of the modern world; and future generations, in the coming industrial age, will far surpass us of the present in doing him honor. The building is at present in the possession of John Swift, Esq.

John Ruble. Henry Ruble. George S. Ruble. Simon Ruble.

THE BROTHERS RUBLE, FARMERS AND PIONEERS OF THE WEST, WHOSE AGGREGATE WEIGHT IS 1157 POUNDS.

CHAPTER VI.

Strange tidings these to tell a world who treat
All but their own experience as deceit!
Will they believe, though credulous enough
To swallow much upon much weaker proof?—*Cowper.*

The cold, gray light of morning forced its chill beams through the diamond panes of Erle's chamber-window ere he moved from the position in which, sobbing bitterly, he had sunk into a deep sleep.

He was not naturally of a temperament easily excited to tears, and had borne his isolation at school, with all its attending trials, wild dreamings and strange misgivings, well and bravely. The sneers and taunts of school companions, the almost agonising surmises which others indulged in for him, if he hesitated himself to raise them, he had met with a bold front and erect bearing, intended to give an emphatic contradiction to any unworthy suggestion respecting his origin. But it was when alone, under the gaze of no eye but that of Heaven's, that he gave way to wild and passionate bursts of grief.

He felt like a chained lion; he had heart enough to meet and dare any difficulty fate might weave for him, but here, as at school, felt himself manacled like a captive, bound to the chariot of Lord Kingswood, compelled to halt or move as he dictated, unconscious of the real nature of the prerogative by which his lordship exercised the right to govern his movements.

Such reflections as these, when alone, coupled with an acute sense of his utterly forlorn position—for he could not consider it aught else, even though he had been kindly nurtured at school, and was now in the charge and beneath the roof of a lord—produced those bitter, passionate floods of tears which no torture could have wrung from him in the presence of others. Leaping from his trance-like sleep with a troubled exclamation, he gazed confusedly round his chamber, and was a minute or so before he could satisfy himself that he was in his own room.

At length his eye rested upon the portrait facing the foot of his bed, and, heaving a deep sigh, he proceeded to attire himself, in moody thought.

He passed into the sitting-room, and found there, awaiting him, Lord Kingswood's valet.

There was something peculiar in the expression of this man's face which excited an instinctive repugnance in Erle's breast. The searching, furtive glance of his cunning eyes; the constant smile, indicative of malice rather than of amiability; the subdued voice, the catlike tread, the noiseless movements, were singly sufficient to create dislike in the bosoms of the open-minded, the frank-hearted and the honorable, but when combined they acted with infinitely greater force, especially upon such a nature as that of Erle's.

A frown settled upon the lofty brow of the pale-faced youth as he beheld him, and he said, sharply and curtly,

"Why are you here?"

"By the commands of Lord Kingswood of Kingswood," returned the valet, in a tone especially offensive to Erle. It was as though he had said, "From your master and mine."

Erle felt the implied taunt instantly, the color rushed into his cheek and his eye brightened. He was about to make an impetuous observation, but he checked himself. Altering his manner to one of lofty coldness, he bade the valet communicate the object of his visit and then to leave him alone.

The valet, however, in his quiet, passionless tone, acquainted him that he was there at the request of Lord Kingswood to attend upon him, and that he was further ordered to remain with him until his lordship himself appeared. As Lord Kingswood had expressed an intention of favoring him with an interview, Erle made no reply, but seated himself, with poor appetite, to the breakfast prepared for him.

For some time no word passed between them, but presently the valet said, in an oily, insinuating voice,

"I am afraid you have not had a refreshing sleep, sir; you have made but a poor repast."

"Is a want of appetite a natural consequence of disturbed sleep?" asked Erle, coldly.

"You have had disturbed sleep, I perceive," returned the valet, evasively; "I don't wonder at it."

"Why not?" inquired Erle, raising his eyes to the man's face.

He was rather struck by the significant expression he perceived upon it.

The valet shrugged his shoulders.

"This portion of Kingswood Manor House is part of the original erection, built in the time of Edward the Second by an old baron or lord of the manor," he replied. "There are many strange stories told about this wing of the building—that sleeping apartment and the room we sit in, in particular."

Erle started.

The valet, with a glance beneath his pent brows, perceived it, and added,

"I have no faith in such idle, superstitious stories, and I am sure that you are a young gentleman of too brave and bold a nature to permit them to have any effect upon you."

The face of Erle became a shade whiter, and he passed his hand over his temples, as though a throng of new and strange thoughts had rushed through his brain. After a slight pause, he said, in a quiet tone,

"What are the stories to which you refer."

The valet smiled; a malicious sneer curled his lip, sufficiently perceptible to be displeasing, but not so positive as to call forth a remark.

"The common people dwelling on an estate have always some wild stories respecting their lord passing from mouth to mouth," he answered. "The lords of Kingswood have not been spared any more than other members of their order. So a tradition rests on the house of Kingswood."

"What is it?" inquired Erle, betraying an interest he wished to have concealed.

Again he felt vexed by the distasteful smile with which this man prepared to reply to him, but he was compelled to smother his anger by his anxiety to hear the tradition to which he alluded.

"Many, many years ago," commenced the valet—"I don't know how many—a bold baron of Kingswood earned for himself the reputation of being a very bad baron of Kingswood. He was guilty of many excesses and many crimes, but the blackest deed has reference to the lady whose portrait hangs in the adjoining room, over the hearth and facing the foot of the bed."

Erle gave an involuntary start, and the valet, bending on him a fixed look, said,

"You have, perhaps, noticed the portrait?"

Erle bowed his head in assent, but did not make any other reply.

"It is a fair and beautiful face—that of a young, high-born lady," continued the valet, in his smooth, sleek tones; "and the atrocious, hard-hearted cruelty with which this bad baron of Kingswood treated this fair lady it was that drew down upon his house a doom which, from that day to the present, clings to the members of the family."

"What is that doom?" inquired Erle, hastily.

"Ah!" ejaculated the valet, with his offensive smile crawling over his face, "that is known to the initiated alone."

"The initiated," echoed Erle; "what do you mean?"

"Why, the tradition is, that there have been, since the death of the bad baron, a false and true heir to the House

N. S. BEAN ESQ., BUILDER OF THE AMOSKEAG STEAM FIRE ENGINE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. B. BURTON, MANCHESTER, N. H.

of Kingswood, one brought up within the walls, one without them," returned the valet. "That to the true heir alone the lady of the Chace will reveal herself, and the fashion in which the doom shall be removed from the heirs of the race."

"This appears to be a very idle, ignorant piece of superstition," observed Erle, thoughtfully.

"Well, it does so, as I have said, to the uninitiated," replied the valet, with a glittering look and a sinister grin. "As you are not a heir of Kingswood, your observation is a natural one—to me a very

THE AMOSKEAG STEAM FIRE ENGINE, OF MANCHESTER, N. H.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. B. BURTON, MANCHESTER, N. H.

sensible one; but there are some curious confirmations of the story, wild as it may appear."

"What are they?" inquired Erle, somewhat coldly.

"Firstly, that no heir of Kingswood can sleep in the bed you have just quitted without seeing the spectre of the Lady Maud," returned the valet, regarding him very closely.

"The Lady Maud?" echoed Erle, with surprise.

"That is the name of the lady to whose portrait I have drawn your attention," rejoined the valet, continuing to gaze searchingly at him. "You may have observed that it bears a singular resemblance to Lady Maud, who sat next to you yesterday evening at dinner."

"I now remember that the face appeared familiar to me when I looked at the portrait," remarked Erle, rather pleased to discover that such a likeness existed.

After this it was likely to become a source of constant attraction to him, although, when this suggested itself, the cause remained hidden from him.

"There is also another motive in connection with this tradition, which is singular enough," continued the valet; "and this part is what is called 'The Wonder of Kingswood Chace.'"

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chace?" repeated Erle. "The Wonder of Kingswood Chace? Where have I heard those words—where—where—where?"

He placed his hands upon his temples, which began to throb violently, and fell into a fit of profound abstraction, from which he he started at a touch from the finger of the valet, who, with singular earnestness, watched the varying expression of his face.

"Be good enough to hear my story out," said the valet, "there is not much more to communicate. The Lady Maud of two hundred years ago is seen at times in the Chace, sometimes pursued by a villainous ruffian, to be rescued by the heir of Kingswood, who finds that he has been doing battle with a spectre, in behalf of a phantom. I have been assured, however, by the housekeeper, who has lived two generations in the family, that the lady seen in the wood is real flesh and blood—some young, fair creature, brought up in obscurity, who turns out to be a heir of the race. It is through this young female, I believe, and by her aid alone, that the doom can be removed from the house of Kingswood."

The valet ceased to speak, but he kept his dark, treacherous-looking orbs fixed on Erle.

The latter had listened to the concluding portion of this strange story with perturbation and excitement. He recalled the incident of the previous morning, and it seemed to confirm the tradition, save that none of the actors in it were spectral. He now remembered that the face of the insensible female, of which he had caught but a glimpse, bore a remarkable resemblance to the portrait in the adjoining room, and yet did not strike him as being like that of the Lady Maud.

He determined to satisfy himself on this point through the assistance of Cyril Kingswood.

He paced the room as these thoughts revolved themselves through his mind, followed by the inquisitive eyes of the valet.

Suddenly he paused before the black, oaken door, in the corner of the room, and as it caught his attention, he stopped. A vision, a dream, seemed suddenly to present itself before him, and involuntarily he exclaimed,

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
Shall solve the wonder of Kingswood Chace."

"The very words," exclaimed the valet, with quickness; "where did you hear them?"

Erle turned to him with an abstracted look. The valet repeated his question, but before Erle could reply, the door opened, and Lord Kingswood entered the room.

He turned to his valet, and waving his hands towards the door, he said,

"Leave us, Pharisee."

The valet glided, with a low obeisance, out of the room, muttering as he went,

"A heir of the house of Kingswood by all that is marvellous. This discovery shall turn to good account for me, or I am strangely mistaken."

Erle raised his eyes to Lord Kingswood's face and saw written there an expression that boded him no good.

His lordship was pale, his brow sullen, and his lips were compressed. He pointed to a chair, and said, in a stern, commanding voice,

"Be seated."

Erle's proud heart rebelled at the tone of the words and the gesture which accompanied them. He obeyed, but it was with the air of one who would yield more readily to a request than to a command.

Lord Kingswood gazed long and steadfastly at the boy's pale, handsome face, before he spoke.

A change passed over his features. Probably a memory crossed him which softened his wrath, and toned down his indignation.

Aye, it was not alone a memory. Those features brought back to him many memories. He could not fail to remember, as he perused them, how many touching proofs of love, tenderness and devotion they had heralded to him; he could not forget how much of love and truth there had been on one side—how much of passion and deceit upon the other.

The most hardened have their moments of remorse, when they would recall the past if they could. Some such touch of nature penetrated to the haughty, aristocratic heart of Lord Kingswood, and wrought a reaction in his intentions.

He drew a long breath, and paced up and down the apartment, muttering to himself. At length he approached Erle, and said,

"You have grievously offended me. I strictly enjoined you not to quit your apartment. I had especial and important reasons for not introducing you to the guests assembled at the house. I need not descend to particulars. If I had not been so influenced, I, the proper person, would have introduced you to my friends and acquaintances. It was very wrong—it was highly reprehensible to thus force yourself, under the assumption of my patronage, upon my visitors, many of them persons moving in extremely high circles——"

"Pardon me, my lord," exclaimed Erle suddenly rising up, and interrupting Lord Kingswood. "I cannot listen to your accusation that I forced myself into the presence of your friends, without giving it at once a prompt and emphatic denial. On the contrary, the dinner yesterday evening was to me an ordeal I would most thankfully have been spared. I was present in obedience to the especial request, I may say command, of Lady Kingswood. For all that occurred, including the responsibility attaching to it, I must refer you, by her ladyship's request, to Lady Kingswood. I am not to blame, my lord; and I cannot conclude, without suggesting that the insult your lordship last night forced upon me was as unmerited as it was cruel."

Lord Kingswood looked at him with amazement. He was not accustomed to be thus answered or treated in so haughty a spirit.

"Boy!" he exclaimed, sharply, "do you remember who stands before you?"

"That you are Lord Kingswood I know well," returned Erle; "but I do not know what right that title empowers you with to command and control my actions—perhaps my future life."

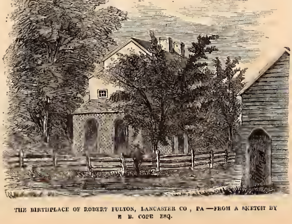
This was a home-thrust which his lordship knew not how to parry. He felt at a loss how to reply. Erle proceeded for the moment quickly.

"It is a piece of information which, indeed, I seek most earnestly, most solicitously; I ought to know wherefore I am to be implicitly guided by your counsel, and to yield unreserved obedience to your commands. Once prove to me that you justly possess that right, and I will be as faithful and obedient to your wishes as though I were your own son."

Lord Kingswood, at those last words, turned instantly scarlet, then white. He walked to the further end of the apartment, to conceal his embarrassment.

As he reached it, the open door of the sleeping chamber enabled his eye to rest upon the portrait of the Lady Maud, respecting whose unrest Erle had heard so strange a tale.

His face, figure, mien, suddenly underwent an extra-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT FULTON, LANCASTER CO., PA.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. COPE, ESQ.

ordinary change. He stood for a moment paralyzed, as though his eyes played upon a spectre, then every limb in his frame became convulsed, and froth bubbled from his lips.

He clutched at a chair for support, and drops of sweat rolled down his livid brow.

He uttered rather than walked back to Erle: he pointed to the room, and clutching him by the wrist, he said, in a low, hoarse whisper:

"Who slept within that chamber?"

"Twice I have slept within that chamber," replied Erle, suddenly feeling a strange and awful thrill creep over his frame.

"Tell me—tell me of your visitation!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, in a loud, unnatural voice, and he sank down upon a chair, staring out from their sockets his eyes.

Erle covered his face with his hands as if to think. With startling abruptness he withdrew them, and his eyes, setting upon vacancy, became riveted on the opposite wall, apparently his lip quivered, and speaking in a low, musical tone, as if under inspiration, he said:

"I dreamed that I stood in the midst of waving trees, the green sward stretched from under my feet for miles around me, and the shadows fell upon it from embrageous boughs, and golden streams of sunlight shot between them, intersecting it with a most delicate tracery of leaves. And so from all alley there bounded a white fawn, its neck studded with diamonds, and its horns were interlaced with luxuriant leaves. It paused, looked back on it wistfully, then bounded on again, so that it was soon lost to my eyes. Then there came forth from the same alley a youth and a maiden. He wore the dress of a hunter, and she the loose robe of a time long past. She leaned upon his arm, and looked up in his eyes tenderly and confidingly. Their costume and their purple shade of a quaint old oak, whose gnarled arms extended many a yard, forming a canopy between them and the blue vault of heaven. The youth sank upon one knee and addressed her beseechingly and impassionedly. She turned away and hid her face, and then raised her face, it seemed in toil, did he grow more pressing and urgent in his pleadings, and at length she gave him her hand. He leaned on his shoulder, and bending over him, imprinted a timid kiss upon his forehead. He turned his face and caught her lips to his own. A large bird at the instant darted from the deepest recesses of the oak and with its wings struck the hunter and maiden. At the moment the maiden gazed at it affrightedly, but she clung to the arm of the youth, and he mildly regarded the bird.

"Then the sunlight began to change from golden to crimson and the gray shadows to deep purple, and the trees and the sward then spread a sanguine hue, until the air seemed hot, oppressive and the grass to rock with fire. My dream-scene was now in the upper storey, for a growing shriek pierced my brain. I could not move, for my feet felt as if they were rooted to the floor, and my head seemed to grow heavy, and my eyes to burn. I could not—I would not withdraw them from the object, for my grew cold, the green leaves and grassy sward changed to a dull gray, and the golden streams of silver light burst through the openings of branches, of the leaves, and I knew that the scene was changing. Flames were in the air and in the ground, and the youth and maiden were in the midst of them, and they were shrieking, shrieking, shrieking!

His glassy, rigid eyes suddenly turned upon the door of the sleeping chamber, and his head moved slowly away from it, as though his eyes were following some object in the air. He repeated silent until his face had turned from right to left. Then his lips separated, his hands relaxed, and he fell back upon the couch of Lord Kingswood.

It would be impossible to depict the expression which passed over the nobleman's features as he listened, with quiet but intense eyes, to the words of Erle's dream, and when the latter ceased to speak he fell senseless himself.

He recovered after a strong effort, by retiring his own senses, and with them sufficient presence of mind not to ring for assistance.

He hastily laid Erle on the floor, poured some water from a jug on the table, and raising his head upon his knee, he bathed his temples carefully and tenderly.

"He is my son—a Kingswood—he heir to the race! This event hath proved it," he said, in a voice of deep and solemn tone. "He is her son, too. See how her handsome features are here repeated."

He gazed upon the face of the unconscious Erle with a deep, low, despairingly reverend he eyes with his hand.

"Almighty Heaven, be graciously to us that a terrible position this in which I am placed! What can I do? I dare not disown, disavow him. He is my son, and he is entitled to the name of Kingswood. What is to be done? I am distracted. Would I knew what to do! Would I suspected!"

How many a criminal has attained the same fruitless wish when intimidated by the consequences of his crime, and the utter inefficacy as Lord Kingswood!

A deep sigh heaved on the breast of Erle announced returning animation, and then Lord Kingswood raised him to his feet and seated him in a chair, but he had scarcely done so when Erle, with a spring up, and gazed in a disordered manner around him.

"Where am I?" he said, and then his eyes rested on the face of Lord Kingswood.

"You have had a sudden attack of the nerves, which for a few moments has rendered you unconscious," his lordship replied, hurriedly. "I am sorry to have occasioned it to you shall be removed at once from the room."

He rang the bell, and beamed in Erle's eyes.

"I thought it strange that I should faint," he said, confused.

"And have the most ungodly entrust of you to retain what you now recognize as your own property, my dear, dear son," said his lordship, anxiously; "for, though he'll mild, unmeaning dream, it may lead to idle gossip and scandal, and the latter is a thing which ignorant and superstitious minds are too fond of indulging."

Erle gazed fixedly at him.

"This that I have seen, my lord, is so idle, unmeaning dream as he exclaimed, with energy of emphasis.

"Think of it what you will," returned Lord Kingswood, hastily, "if you must persist in it as a subject for reverie. Let no one know you to be careful how and to whom you may reveal it. More chance attaches to it than you imagine, and you are not aware of it. Be advised as well as cautioned by me—forget it."

Lord Kingswood paused thoughtfully for a moment, and then added,

"At your face once entered and, indeed, mixed with my family and friends, it will, upon consideration, be better that I should at once introduce you to them as the son of a deceased friend of an officer, who died abroad and committed you to my care on his death-bed, and most steadfastly I will do it."

"But am I the son of such a man?" inquired Erle, eagerly.

Lord Kingswood looked at him with a face veiled in hard deportedly.

"Be content with this; you may learn all some day."

As he concluded, the door silently opened, and Lord Kingswood's valet glided in.

Lord Kingswood started as he found him at his elbow.

"What now, Hayward?" he exclaimed, angrily.

"I am desired by Lady Kingswood to say that her ladyship, Lady Maud, Sir Cyril and Lady Chilling have returned, and are now in the park, and her ladyship would be gratified by the attendance of your lordship and Mr. Erle," he replied. "I am also desired by your lordship to join the party, her ladyship trusts nothing will be suffered to prevent your lordship's doing so," he concluded.

Lord Kingswood bit his lip, and a shade of displeasure crossed his face. Suddenly he turned to Erle.

"It is better as it is!" he muttered. "Pluckee, return to her ladyship, my son will join her party in the park. Hayward, attend, turning to Erle," you shall accompany me. Let me exhort you to be discreet and reserved; answer no polemic or impertinent question put to you by any person whatever, and something bright may yet be in store for you. Your actions shall be my guide, and your future you now occupy, brighter, more cheerful, and you will then be released from the restraint which appears to have so much disturbed brain."

He strolled his arm to Erle, who took it gladly, a cheerful smile playing on his lips.

Not at what had fallen from the lips of Lord Kingswood, but that to his mind's eye he saw the sweet face and fair form of the Lady Maud waiting his coming on the velvet lawn, stretching like a long green carpet in front of Kingswood Manor House.

CHAPTER VII.

The progress from the chamber Erle had occupied to the tastefully arranged lawn was considerably a very short one, for in the most modern style of ornamental and landscape gardening, was like a rapid transition from one's every day life into that where lies the appeal of dark gloom, of frowning, dreary antiquity, of times long past, when crime and power stalked hand in hand, of dismal corridors, of hidden recesses and passages subterranean and secret-guarded. The other of the bright, sunny to-day, with all the marvellous improvements and refinements of modern times, of comfort, enjoyment and repose.

Erle gazed upon the beautiful scene spread before him with eyes of admiration and a throbbing heart. The gloom of the misty morning had broken away and the sun was shining brightly. Stretched before him was a lawn of emerald verdure, studded with parterre grounds, beneath a lengthened slope, down which terrace beneath terrace, rising in succession, presented a wide expanse of walks, flower-beds of every shape and form, green with hardy shrubs and plants, and in the centre a large circular basin, filled with water, in which white toste could devise, skill exercise and wealth contribute to adorn.

A background of park, woodland, hill, dale and distant mountain completed the picture.

In the grounds, in various parts, might be seen the guests of the house, some reclining on the grass, others in the distance sport, while immediately before his eyes stood stationed Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud, Sir Cyril and Lady Chilling.

As he approached them with Lord Kingswood, he perceived that Lady Maud was the only one of the party who would love on a gallery embarrassment him, but that he beheld an expression on the countenance of Lady Kingswood, Sir Cyril and Lady Chilling, which not to interpret as a pleased welcome.

However, the first introduction he became entrusted to him by Lady Kingswood, had removed the worst opposition. Both Lord Kingswood and Erle had received the impression of starting in a mere ramble through the cedarn pathways in the spacious undulating park, and not to a formal introduction, and a repetition of dinner, that the party were equipped for riding, and at some short distance from the mansion were their horses, with a groom to attend each steede.

Lady Maud, attired in a close-fitting, dark green riding-habit, were upon her head a black Rubens hat, to which clung a white ostrich feather, which drooped over her left shoulder.

Her graceful, youthful form, her sweet face, and her soft, dreamy, violet eyes looked charming in the extreme. At least Erle thought so, and at the same time believed that human nature need be cycle or more beautiful than that of Lady Maud, at which he had arrived.

He felt the blush when she saw him approaching her?

Why did the pulse of his heart beat quicker, and a rosy glow suffuse his cheek as he met her gaze? Why did his eyes fall and caught her exquisitely formed figure standing near to her cousin Sir Cyril, with a species of expectancy fine of attention to his remarks?

Love is still perhaps knew much.

Lady Kingswood, who, in her capacious attire, looked a yet fluid and more matronly than usual, as she sat in her carriage-by passed, awaited with no less excitement the arrival of Lord Kingswood and his companion, and perhaps, for the first time in her long, dreadful maid, become mistress of what had happened after the, with the exception of Lord Kingswood, was quite aware of Lord Kingswood's early visit to Erle's room. Adding these motives to the curiosity of the rest of the party, it is not to be wondered at that Erle's explanation as to the latter's true history, was materially shortened.

She was pretty well convinced that the course she had adopted in Erle's case, and which Lord Kingswood by his silence, had genuine respecting Erle. She was therefore firmly resolved to weed out the truth, but as well as she could, and never to be seen by what she knew all, learned, it had helped her to conjectures and self-satisfactory solutions of the mystery.

She was surprised to receive Lord Kingswood's ready assent to her request—surprised to find him so little

"I am very well satisfied with him," returned Erle.

"And ought to be," rapidly rejoined Philip, with spiteful sarcasm; "safe riders prefer quiet horses."

"I never turned a horse from anything he would face, be his mettle what it might," responded Erle, the blood mounting to his brow.

"I'll be sworn you did not," exclaimed Cyril, with emphasis.

"We may have to test you yet before the ride is over," exclaimed Philip, savagely, reckless whether he kept within the bounds of good breeding or not.

"You may," replied Erle, laconically, but haughtily.

He did!

"This is where the Chace commences, Lady Kingswood," cried Cyril, in a loud voice. "We must pass through yonder copse to get out into the broad glades of the old forest. There is one part of it very dark, therefore be careful how you pick your way through it; it is full of gaps and ridges."

"I will attend to her ladyship's horse," returned the Marquis of Chillingham, in reply.

"Lady Maud, I will lead your horse," proffered Philip Avon, in a tone suasive, soft, very different to that in which he addressed Cyril.

"Thank you, no; I place my trust in my cousin Cyril," returned Lady Maud, in a grave and decided tone.

Cyril laughed gaily.

"You observe," he exclaimed, "there is but one Maud, and Cyril is her prophet."

"There is but one Maud," thought Erle, "but I fancy there is a mistake about the prophet."

They quickly fell almost into single file, Cyril leading the way, followed by Lady Maud, Lady Kingswood, the Marquis of Chillingham holding the latter's bridle. Philip Avon, with marked rudeness, displaced Erle, and compelled him to bring up the rear. It was a small incident, and Erle laughed contemptuously at it. Yet it rankled.

The way was yet scarcely wide enough for two steeds to pass abreast, when Philip Avon perceived Erle in advance of him.

The copse was so dark, the necessity for caution so great, that it seemed impossible for Erle to do other than grope his way. Yet he had given his horse the rein, left him to pick his own path, slightly pricked him with the spur, and so Philip Avon was left behind.

It was not with a view of retaliation that this was done: Erle scorned so petty a proceeding. It was, in fact, because his keen eyes caught a glimpse of the dark figure of a man, dodging from tree to tree, and keeping as near to Cyril as he could.

Erle might have thought little of this, had it not been that he perceived the figure raise its arm, as though to fling some heavy missile at Cyril's head, and that he paused only because he could not take a satisfactory aim.

At length he observed Cyril and Lady Maud emerge into the daylight. Then a missile was hurled with deadly force, but it only whistled past Cyril's temple, without hitting him.

The effect of this dastardly outrage was to cause Cyril to rein in his steed, in order to ascertain whence it had proceeded, and from whom.

Erle, at this moment, uttered a loud cry, and dashed past the Marquis of Chillingham with such force as nearly to overthrow him, yet but an instant he was level with a man, who, with upraised club behind Cyril, and unseen by him, was about to deliver a blow at him which, if it missed him not, would either slay him or maim him for life.

He delivered with swiftness a fearful lash across the ruffian's face, who uttered a wild yell as he received it, and missed, in consequence, his mark. But, unhappily, the hedge-stake with which he was armed glanced from Cyril's horse and descended with frightful force upon the haunches of the high-bred, high-blooded steed on which the Lady Maud was mounted.

The horse uttered a scream of pain, plunged for an instant with frantic violence, and tearing his bridle from Cyril's hand, fled down down the glade with the velocity of a racehorse, the Lady Maud clinging to the pommel of the saddle.

For a moment there was a horrified silence, then sticking his spurs into his horse's flanks, and animating him with his voice, Erle dashed after Lady Maud, leaving Cyril to settle with his assailant, whom he recognised as Tubal Kish. Almost instantly he found a horse's head at his saddle-girths, and the animal galloping onward as furiously as his own. At the same time a voice shouted fiercely,

"Clear the path or I'll cut you down. This task is mine."

If a glance of the eye could slay like a stroke of lightning, Philip Avon would have been struck dead in his saddle. Erle's eyes literally flashed fire.

"Not for a thousand Philip Avons will I give way. You shall answer to me for your insolent threat. Mine the task to save her yet more justly than thine!" he responded, passionately.

Away!

Over heaths and furzes, under the straggling arms of the old trees, down sweeping slopes, up rugged rises, now over a sand gap, anon, through a slushy pool, clearing every impediment, flew Maud's horse, hotly pursued by Erle and Philip Avon.

In vain the latter lashed his magnificent steed, spurred and railed at him; he could not cause him to overtake that on which Erle was mounted, and which, as intense as his anxiety, he animated to the pursuit by his voice and the gentle pressure of his hand alone.

At the top of his voice Erle urged Lady Maud to keep her seat, and he promised her that he would yet save her, dangerous and critical as her position appeared. And she heard his voice, and listening, believed him, though nearly dead with fright.

Away down a ravine, crashing and leaping over boughs and prickly underwood, along the uneven bottom and into the open.

Now Erle urged his steed, for yet at his elbow, shouting and lashing the animal he bestrode madly, came Philip Avon. Erle's horse answered the call, and pressed forward at a yet swifter pace than before.

Now rose up suddenly before them a long, stone, ancient wall, crumbling to ruins, part of the boundary wall of the old castle grounds. It was topped with ivy, and was a startling height to get over. But Maud's horse went at it, scrambled through the ivy which surmounted it, displaced a stone or two, and dashed on again.

With a loud cheer, a smart crack of his whip, a sharp prick with the spurs, and Erle's horse cleared it like a deer. On he went in pursuit, now pressing his horse more than ever, for before him he saw that a wide chasm had been cut in the hill they were descending in order to form a level road to a neighboring quarry, and that this chasm, which was evidently the part of the hill to which Lady Maud's horse was making, was some twenty or thirty feet deep. If he could not succeed in stopping it before it reached this terrible spot, he shuddered to think what the consequences must be.

Now he plied his whip, spur and voice; his horse did its utmost, but Lady Maud's steed, maddened by the attempts to overtake it, yet frantic with terror, made tremendous efforts to continue its career, and contrived to reach the fearful gap before Erle could come up with it. With a mad snort the affrightened beast saw its own danger, and made a terrific, convulsive plunge over the abyss, and barely cleared it.

"Over with it, at a splendid bound, with eyes starting, ears erect, came Erle's horse.

The youth, with teeth set and leaping heart, as soon as he saw that to check Maud's horse was, at that frightful moment, impossible, dared all. He called with a ringing voice upon his gallant steed, and nobly it answered him.

The two horses leaped at a moment. The next instant Erle had the bridle of Maud's horse in his hand, and drew it to his own, which he sharply pulled up.

Her horse required no further checking; it stood still and trembled, as if it had been smitten with a palsy.

Erle sprang from the back of his foaming, panting, reeking steed, and lifted Lady Maud from her saddle, which she yet clutched, in a state of semi-insensibility, and placed her uninjured upon the turf.

She instinctively flung her arms upon his shoulders, and burst into a very passion of tears. She tried to speak twice or thrice, but her quivering lips prevented the articulation of a word. She could only cling to him and lay her face upon his breast, and sob hysterically, and she trembled and shook like an aspen.

Then he prevailed on her to be seated upon the soft, mossy turf, and he knelt by her side.

And she sat there with her arms yet clinging round him, and her pallid face still resting half hidden on his bosom, so that her ears could catch the hurried beatings of his young, proud heart.

So he had saved her. She had escaped her fearful danger; was safe and unhurt.

"Where was Philip Avon?"

Erle gazed around him with kindling though humid eye, and a curling lip, but he could not see Philip Avon.

(*To be continued.*)

MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF CORNELIUS V. ANDERSON.

IN the month of February, 1859, a few of the friends and brother firemen of Cornelius V. Anderson, late Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of New York, were assembled together by Mr. Zophar Mills, to provide for the erection of a suitable monument over the remains of the departed chief. The meeting was organized by appointing Mr. Mills, chairman; Philip W. Engs, treasurer; and Robert McGinnis, secretary. A committee was appointed to raise the necessary funds among exempt and active firemen, with instructions to collect it in sums not over five dollars from one individual. The active members of that committee were the officers as above, with Henry B. Venn, Owen W. Brennan, J. R. Platt, D. S. Weeks, L. Delmonico, J. Y. Watkins, J. M. Miller and D. D. Conover. The Exempt Firemen's Association contributed thirty dollars, and two gentlemen, who are not desirous of having their names published, fifty dollars each. There was received from California firemen, through Mr. Venn, twenty-one dollars, and the balance required was made up in small sums. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Engs, Miller and Venn, was appointed to procure plans or drawings, with estimates of cost. That drawn by Mr. Corregio was adopted, and contract made with Mr. T. F. Goodwin, Fourteenth street, near Eighth avenue, for the monument, at the cost of one thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, which, being completed to the satisfaction of the committee, was paid for by means collected as above. The ground is the property of Mr. James Anderson, brother of the deceased, and his sisters, and the iron fence around was erected by them.

Mr. Anderson was one of "nature's noblemen;" he had the valuable quality of commanding the respect and obedience of a large body of firemen without degrading his position by too free association with subordinates, or compromising his dignity in any way.

A party move was made at one time to induce him to resign his office, by reducing his salary to a very low sum. This did not operate as intended, and he continued his duties until a more just set of men in our public councils, who appreciated his services, remunerated him in a reasonable way, which, although sufficient, was less than one-half that now allowed to a Chief Engineer.

The standing of the department was much elevated during the command of Mr. Anderson, and since the days of Thomas Franklin no individual holding that station has contributed more to the well-ordering and management of the Fire Department in all respects.

Mr. Anderson held, during part of his term of service, the offices of President and Trustee of the Incorporation, and was found as efficient there as in his duties of Chief.

The high post in command was not sought for by him; it was a voluntary offering to the worth and competency of one who was simply occupied in the calling of a tradesman, but from which he rose in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, subsequently filling the important stations of City Register and Governor of the Almshouse, in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon his ability and character.

THE CHAIRMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of Real Life.

PART I.

MR. HARDMAN SELBY was a great man in his own district in the west of England. He was very rich, very dictatorial, and very ill-tempered. He had been long a widower, with one child. Annette Selby was, ten years ago, a beautiful girl. She was doated on by her father, who provided for her every luxury she desired. Happy Annette Selby! Yet you have seen her to-day, a raving madwoman in a pauper lunatic asylum.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Hardman Selby was, in his wrath, awful to look upon, terrible to be near. In her fits of passion, Annette Selby was a very fiend.

Well, all around were well-nigh perfect slaves; so what matter. Tenants, dependants, servants, crouched and fawned, cursed, hated and obeyed; so the father's wrath and the daughter's vehemence did no great harm, save to themselves, mentally and bodily.

Annette had just turned twenty, when one day her father intimated to her that Captain Wyerly would be their guest for a few weeks. The captain came. He was an attractive, well-educated man of five-and-twenty. Of course he fell in love with Annette. Every man fell in love with her at first sight, and remained in love with her until she showed her colors, and then he immediately withdrew. But Captain Wyerly had to pass half a dozen weeks with Annette, whether he would or no—for Mr. Selby had arranged it; Captain Wyerly was not only to love Annette, but to marry her; and for Mr. Selby's will not to be carried out! Mercy!

Things took the proper course. The lady and gentleman acted with perfect propriety. Mr. Selby's resolution was implicitly fulfilled. Now, who was Captain Wyerly? Oh, of course, everything that was satisfactory. He was the only nephew of that fearfully wealthy old bachelor, Sir John Larby, and Sir John had just had notice to go where none of his bullion could follow him.

"I am sorry to say, sir, that I must leave you, and that immediately," said Captain Wyerly, coming down to breakfast one morning with an open letter in his hand. "Sir John is at the point of death."

Of course expressions of sympathy were the response; but, to tell the truth, there was a smile of satisfaction on the faces of both father and daughter, as they uttered them.

"You will return to us as soon as you can."

"Most certainly I will."

"You will have a great deal to attend to," remarked Mr. Selby. "In the case of such an enormous property as Sir John's, much labor will be required to arrange all things, and this labor must devolve——"

"Upon me," said the captain. "There is no one else, you know."

"Not a single other relative, I believe." Mr. Selby had devoted months to the satisfying himself on the point.

"Not one; and what is more, I believe he has never had the slightest affection for anything or anybody in this world, save myself and his bulldog."

"A kind, good soul," murmured Mr. Selby, without the least touch of irony in his tone. "Farewell, captain, for a short time; and then return, to receive this roof as your abode."

This remark referred to the captain's having been formally recognized by her father as Annette's future husband. And Annette herself—had she truly accepted him? With her whole heart—her strong, passionate heart—she loved him. His was a determined will, and he had conquered hers. She was, in the most absolute sense, his.

A fortnight passed. The scene was again the breakfast-room; but this time it was Mr. Selby who appeared with the open letter. What was the matter with him? He gasped, and tried in vain to speak. Annette took the letter. It conveyed startling news. Sir John Larby was dead, and no sooner was he dead, than it came to light that many years ago he had been secretly married to his scullery maid, who now appeared as his widow with four children. It was all revealed in the will, and the property, save a legacy to Captain Wyerly, was entirely left to the late Sally Mobbs, now Lady Larby.

For some minutes father and daughter gazed at each other without speaking.

"He never enters the house again," growled Mr. Selby. "An insolent impostor!"

It was not easy to see where the imposture lay, as regarded the captain. So thought Annette, and in her heart she said, "The gold had no influence with me. Penniless though he be, I will not forsake him."

But not a word to her father. Discussions, she knew, would be worse than useless. There must be sacrifice without debate.

Then swiftly there passed communications which had these results—a secret preparation, many tears, a meeting, a flight, a private marriage and a roaring as of a maddened lion, which almost shook the walls of Selby House.

After a time there came the usual appeal for forgiveness. It was unanswered. A year passed, and there came another very painful letter. The treacherous husband had gone, no one knew whither, and the stricken wife and sorrowing daughter lay with her sickly infant in a garret in London. To that letter went this reply:

"You should have known me better than to apply to me. I feed the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of old. I would not give you a loaf of bread to save you from the workhouse. Each Saturday old blind Billy still has from me the sixpence you used to put into his hand when you were my daughter Annette. I would not now give you, yourself, sixpence to screen you from a prison. Trouble me no more—begone."

No more applications came after this, and Mr. Selby went abroad for several years.

PART II.

IT was a drear November day, foggy and wretched. Everybody within doors drew close to the fireside, and marvelled at the misery that had no fireside to which to draw. As the snow falls, and the keen blast causes the houses to rock, and the very incarnation of horror seems abroad, seeking to clutch and press the breath from out of all poor wayfarers whom he may meet with, we, all of us, more or less, wonder what in the world can save such as are lowly and poverty stricken from utter desperation and raving madness.

A woman, apparently in the last stage of distress, with an infant in her arms staggered into a relief office.

"Now, what is it you want?" inquired a surly functionary, from behind a counter, as though anybody finding their way in there for relief were an idea never for a moment occurring to his mind.

"I want bread, I starve;" was the reply, in a hoarse voice.

"If you had bought a penny loaf instead of that last glass of gin," suggested the acute official, "it would have done you more good, and you needn't have come here."

"That isn't your business," replied the woman, "and so don't you meddle with it. I want bread."

"Then you won't have any."

"I'll break the windows."

"Do, and you'll go to prison."

"I tell you I'm starving. Give me a night's lodging."

The officer scanned the applicant. "You casual paupers will ruin us. There—there's an order for the workhouse."

The miserable being received the order, and drawing round the unfortunate little creature on her bosom the tattered remnants of an old black shawl, staggered from the office to journey to the workhouse, which was some distance off.

Now, how it came to pass none can tell, but the road to the workhouse was never taken, or if taken, was soon widely departed from. Stumbling onwards through snow and mud, numbed and half blinded, yet retaining the power to advance, and exercising it with strange determination, that forlorn woman, still hugging her child to her bosom, travelled many, many miles, and it was at the entrance of a village, a great distance from town, that she stopped and asked of a countryman "the way to the house." It so happened that there was a workhouse nigh at hand, and having been directed accordingly, the wanderer, with almost a last effort, reached the door and dropped senseless. Thus she was presently found and carried indoors. She was then searched, but nothing whatever was found upon her, even the order for relief which had been given her having been lost in the long sad journey. By degrees consciousness was partially restored, but memory seemed to have entirely departed, and reason itself but flickering. What was to be done with such a case? The guardians of that union, like the guardians of all other unions, had a great dislike to more permanent burdens than were absolutely necessary. Was there no possibility of learning where the woman was chargeable, so that she might be "passed to her parish?" The relieving officer was desired to bring up this would-be drain on the parish coffers before the board sitting in solemn conclave.

Now in this neighborhood stood Selby House, and to this mansion had lately returned Hardman Selby, Esq., after several years' absence on foreign travel. Little benefited he looked by his wanderings. He was stout in body, and full and flushed in the face; but the village doctor shook his head, and remarked to a friend that the squire had only come back from a long journey to take a longer, and one from which he would not return. However, the country round about manifested great delight at the reappearance of the wealthy invalid, and amongst the honors shown him was the re-electing him Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the Poor.

It was, therefore, before Mr. Selby, as chairman, and a numerous assemblage of the board, that Mr. Jones, the relieving officer, brought that poor, wretched woman. A great patch covered one eye and her left temple, which had been sorely bruised and cut when she fell at the workhouse door. Her long black hair had only been partially cleansed, and so hung matted and dirty about her shoulders. She was still in the deplorable attire in which she was found, and still she grasped her infant, for she would not part with it for an instant.

"Some mystery about the case," remarked the relieving officer, in a low tone; "I can make nothing of her, but whether she will or cannot answer questions I really do not know."

"Where do you come from, woman?" inquired Mr. Selby, authoritatively (in the old style, reader).

"Who asks me such a question as that?" was the counter-interrogation, and in a tone of pride which caused Mr. Selby to stare, but which only led the relieving officer to touch his forehead significantly.

"You are married," said one of the guardians, looking at a handsome wedding-ring on the woman's finger.

Not a word.

"Come, you must tell us something about yourself," said the chairman, rather angrily. "Where's your husband?"

There was one of the guardians, a good-natured old gentleman, by name Mr. Potts, who was made a butt by the guardians generally. Mr. Potts chanced to be seated close by where the woman was standing. On the chairman putting the last question, the infant in the woman's arms suddenly leaped up and struggled towards Mr. Potts.

"Dada! my dada!" it shrieked, in ecstasy.

"Halloa, Potts, halloa!" cried a number of the guardians; "what have you been about, Potts?"

Mr. Potts grew crimson at this unexpected attack, and, in his confusion, leant forward affectionately to the child, and looked it attentively in the face.

"There can't be a question, Potts. It's the very image of you," cried a jocose guardian.

"Now, if ye would all like to know who I am and where I came from," suddenly exclaimed the woman, "why, now I've got it all written down in a letter, which I will show to that gentleman in the chair—to no one else, only to him. I seem to think I know him."

"She can have no letter," observed the relieving officer; "she has been searched."

"Hasn't she, though?" retorted the woman, with all that horrible look of cunning which often characterizes madness. And from underneath the masses of hair she drew forth a very soiled piece of paper, which she handed mysteriously to the chairman.

Mr. Selby examined it through his eyeglass.

"I cannot make out a word of it," he said. "Do you mind some one else reading it? It isn't a love-letter, is it?"

"Oh, no! it isn't a love-letter," said the woman. "Aye! he may read it," (seeing the letter handed to Mr. Potts).

"Here, Mr. Potts, you read aloud," said the chairman. "But stay, don't do it if you find it lets us into any awkward secrets; we won't be hard upon you, Mr. Potts," and Mr. Selby laughed more heartily than he had done for many a day, and the guardians joined.

Mr. Potts, half angry, and so confused that he hardly knew what he was doing, then read, in a loud tone, the following letter:

"You should have known me better than to apply to me. I feed the birds at our parlor window as we used to do of old. I would not give you a loaf of bread to save you from the workhouse. Each Saturday old blind Billy still has from me the sixpence you used to put into his hands, when you were my daughter Annette. I would not now give you, yourself, sixpence to screen you from a prison. Trouble me no more—begone!"

Mr. Selby, who, during the reading of the letter, had seemed bewildered, at its close sprang towards the woman, and holding her by both arms (she looking vacantly in his face the while) gazed at her intently. He then turned quietly, as though to walk back to his seat, when he encountered that foe who is always spying and dodging after every living being that walks the earth—death. He fell, and was gone.

The board broke up in the utmost alarm and confusion. Slowly the light which had first entered hazily into the mind of Mr. Potts shone upon the other members.

All Mr. Selby's property passed by his will to different charities. What was to be done with that poor outcast? Her case was inquired into by a few friends of her girlhood; but guilt and misery came into view so strongly that they shrunk back with horror. Ultimately an arrangement was made for her in a pauper lunatic asylum, where she was received under a slightly altered name and treated with special kindness and consideration.

"But she won't need anybody's kindness long," said Mr. Jones, in conclusion. "The same disease of the heart which killed her father is killing her. She will be at rest soon."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

A Leaf from the Note-Book of Laurie Todd.

IN 1790 I heard the farmer (referred to) narrate the following incident. Said he: "When the British troops kept possession of New York, and Washington with the American army lying in the neighborhood of West Point, one morning at sunrise I went forth to bring home the cows; on passing a clump of brushwood I heard a moaning sound, like a person in distress. I stood behind a tree, and heard the words of a man at prayer. I listened; the man came forth; it was George Washington, the Captain of the Lord's host in North America." This farmer belonged to the Society of Friends, who, being opposed to war under any pretext, were lukewarm and in some cases opposed to the cause of the country: however, having seen Washington enter the camp, he went to his own house. "Martha," said he to his wife, "we must not oppose this war any longer. This morning I heard the man George Washington send up a prayer to Heaven for his country, and I know it will be heard." This farmer dwelt between the lines, and sent Washington certain items concerning the movements of the enemy, which did good service to the good cause.

From this incident we may infer that Washington arose with the sun to pray for his country; he fought for her at meridian, and he watched for her in the silent hours of midnight!

Every editor of a newspaper, magazine or journal, between Montauk Point and the Rocky Mountains, if the drops of American blood run in his veins, should publish this anecdote now, and on the 22d of February (Washington's birthday), while wood grows and water runs.

GRANT THORBURN, SENIOR,
Aged 87 years and 8 months.

NEW HAVEN, November 1st, 1860.

SECESSION MEETING IN FRONT OF THE MILLS HOUSE, MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

VIEWS IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

At this time, when the attention of the whole country is centred upon the gallant State of South Carolina, in speculation as to the course she will pursue, it will be both seasonable and interesting to present to our readers some views in the city of Charleston, where the secession fever seems to be both vigorous and demonstrative. We have selected a few sketches of the prominent buildings, in advance of other illustrations of these stirring times of more vivid interest.

THE GOVERNMENT ARSENAL IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—This extensive, handsome and important building, which we illustrate this week, is at the present moment an object of peculiar interest. In the present state of popular excitement in Charleston, this great depot of arms and ammunition is watched with great care and peculiar jealousy. It was reported on the 10th, that an attempt had been made to remove the arms, &c., to Fort Moultrie, but had been resisted by the people. A later report states that it had been seized by the people, but the report was entirely unfounded. At the present moment it is guarded by detachments of the Washington Light Infantry. It is believed that no immense amount of ammunition is stored there. Military discipline is strictly observed: the Light Infantry patrols are not admitted into the arsenal, but are cantoned in the enclosure.

SECESSION MEETING AT THE MILLS HOUSE.—We present, in connection with the present secession movement in the South, a sketch of an enthusiastic meeting in favor of secession, held in front of the popular hotel, the Mills House. The speeches were decidedly in favor of immediate secession, and every Southern sentiment was cheered most vociferously.

HON. JAMES CHESNUT, JUN., SECEDING SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

HON. ROBERT TOOMBS, SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

SECESSION MOVEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish in our present number the portraits of three of the leading spirits in the Secession movement in the South.

James Chesnut, Jun., of South Carolina.

Jas. Chesnut, Jr., Senator from Camden, S. C., was, we believe, the first who resigned his seat in obedience to what he deemed the call of honor and duty. His term of office does not expire until the year 1866.

Robert Toombs, of Georgia.

Robert Toombs, of Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, has been for many years before the people in a public capacity. First in the Creek war, where he distinguished himself; afterwards in the Legislature of his State, and then from 1845 to 1853 in the House of Representatives. He was then elected to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, and was re-elected at the expiration of the term. He only awaits the action of his State before resigning his seat; he is actuated by the same principles as Senator Chesnut, but is less precipitate. His present term does not expire until 1865.

(*Continued on page 26.*)

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, EX-SENATOR OF GEORGIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

THE GOVERNOR'S ARSENAL IN CHARLESTON, S. C., OCCUPIED BY DISTAFF-BEARERS OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SECESSION MOVEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Continued from page 24.)

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia.

While the whole country is echoing with rumors and cries of secession, there is one man bold enough to stand forward and, in the height of a popular political excitement almost unprecedented, speak soothing words of peace, and endeavor, by all the power of his eloquence and all the weight of his position, to throw oil upon the troubled waters, that discontent may vanish and harmony prevail. It is no common man who thus endeavors to stem the tide of public opinion, and takes the unpopular side at a moment when the ultra man is almost deified by the enthusiastic many. Alexander H. Stephens is the statesman who assumed this position, a position which cannot fail to have its weight with the thinking and wealthy men of the South. Mr. Stephens was invited to speak in the House of Representatives of Georgia, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. After reviewing the position of the country, he said—"The first question that presents itself is, shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States? My countrymen, I tell you frankly, candidly and earnestly that I do not think that they ought. In my judgment, the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any State to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the constitution of the country. To make a point of resistance to the government—to withdraw from it because a man has been constitutionally elected—puts us in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the constitution."

He was decidedly in favor of remaining in the Union for strong and cogent reasons; he showed the strong opposing power to the coming President in the Senate, and also that the majority in the House of Representatives was against him, deducing from these facts that it was manifestly the interest of the South not to secede, but to fight the constitutional fight for the maintenance of their right in the National Legislative Halls. His speech throughout was eminently patriotic and practical, and frequently during the delivery and at the close Mr. Stephens was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheering. We do not doubt that Mr. Stephens' speech in the Legislative Halls of Georgia will have a most soothing and tranquillising effect upon the whole country.

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Mathews.

CHAPTER I.—THE LANDSCAPE OF THE STORY.

I see old Sylvester Peabody—the head of the Peabody family—seated in the porch of his country dwelling, like an ancient patriarch, in the calm of the morning. His broad-brimmed hat lies on the bench at his side, and his venerable white locks flow down his shoulders, which time in one hundred seasons of battle and sorrow, of harvest and drouth, of toil and death, in all his hardy wrestlings with old Sylvester, has not been able to bend. The old man's form is erect and tall, and lifting up his head to its height, he looks afar, down the country road which leads from his rural door, towards the city. He has kept his gaze in that direction for better than an hour, and a mist has gradually crept upon his vision; objects begin to lose their distinctness; they grow dim or soften away like ghosts or spirits; the whole landscape melts gently into a pictured dew before him. Is old Sylvester, who has kept it clear and bright so long, losing his sight at last, or is our common world, already changing under the old patriarch's pure regard, into that better, heavenly land?

It seemed, indeed, on this very calm morning in November, as if angels were busy about the Old Homestead (which lies on the map, in the heart of one of the early States of our dear American Union), transforming all the old familiar things into something better and purer, and touching them gently with a music and radiance caught from the very sky itself. As in the innocence of beauty, shrouded in sleep, dreams come to the eyelids which are the realities of the day, with a strange loveliness—the fair country lay as it were in a delicious, dreamy slumber. The trees did not stand forth boldly with every branch and leaf, but rather seemed gentle pictures of trees; the sheep-bells from the hills tinkled softly, and as if whispering a secret to the wind; the birds sailed slowly to and fro on the air; there was no harshness in the low of the herds, no anger in the heat of the sun, not a sight nor a sound, near by nor far off, which did not partake of the holy beauty of the morning, nor sing, nor be silent, nor stand still, nor move, with any other than a gliding sweetness and repose, or an under-tone which might have been the echo, here on earth, of a better sphere. There was a tender sadness and wonder in the face of old Sylvester, when a voice came stealing in upon the silence. It did not in a single tone disturb the heavenly harmony of the hour, for it was the voice of the orphan dependent of the house, Miriam Haven, whose dark bright eye and graceful form glimmered, as though she were the spirit of all the softened beauty of the scene, from amid the broom corn, where she was busy in one of the duties of the season. Well might she sing the song of lament for her people had gone down far away in the sea, and her lover—where was he?

> Far away—far away are they,
> And I in all the world alone—
> Brightly, too brightly, shines the day—
> Dark is the land where they are gone
>
> I have a friend that's far away,
> Unknown the clime that bears his tread
> Perchance he walks in light to day—
> He may be dead! he may be dead!

Like every other condition of the time, the voice of Miriam, too, had a change in it.

"What wonder is this?" said old Sylvester, "I neither hear nor see as I used—are all my senses going?"

He turned, as he spoke, to a woman of small stature, in whose features dignity and tenderness mingled, as she now regarded him, with reverence for the ancient head of the house. She came forward as he addressed her, and laying her hand gently on his arm, said,

"You forget, father; this is the Indian summer, which is the first summer softened and soberer, and often comes at thanksgiving time. It always changes the country, as you see it now."

"Child, child, you are right. I should have known it, for always at this season, often as it has come to me, do I think of the absent and the dead—of times and hours and friends, long, long passed away. Of those whom I have known," he continued, eagerly, "who have fallen in battle, in the toil of the field, on the highway, on the waters, in silent chambers, by sickness, by swords; I thank God they have all, all of my kith and kin and people, died with their names untouched with crime; all," he added with energy, planting his feet firmly on the ground and rising as he spoke sternly, "all save one alone, and he——"

He turned towards the female at his side, and when he looked in her face, and saw the mournful expression which came upon it, he dropped back into his chair and stayed his speech.

At this moment a little fellow, who, with his flaxen locks and blue eyes, was a very cherub in plumpness and the clearness of his brow, came toddling out of the door of the house, struggling with a basin of yellow corn, which, shifting about in his arms, he just managed to keep possession of till he reached old Sylvester's knee. This was little Sam Peabody, the youngest of the Peabodys, and as he looked up into his grandfather's face you could not fail to see, though they grew so wide apart, the same story of passion and character in each. The little fellow began throwing the bright grain from the basin to a great strutting turkey which went marching and gobbling up and down the door-yard, swelling his feathers, spreading his tail, and shaking his red necktie with a boundless pretence and restlessness. Like many a hero he was proud of his uniform, although the fatal hour which was to lay him low was not far off. It was the thanksgiving turkey, himself, in process of fattening under charge of Master Sam Peabody. Busy in the act, he was regarded with smiling fondness by his mother, the widow Margaret Peabody, and his old grandfather, when he suddenly turned and said,

"Grandpa, where's brother Elbridge?"

The old man changed his countenance and struggled a moment with himself.

"He had better know all," he said, after a pause of thought, in which he looked, or seemed to look afar off from the scene about him. "Margaret, painful though it be to you and to me, let the truth be spoken. God knows I love your son, Elbridge, and would have laid down my life that this thing had not chanced; but the child asks of his brother so often and is so often evaded, that he will be presently snared in a net of falsehoods and deceptions if we speak not more plainly to him."

An inexpressible anguish overspread the countenance of the widowed woman, and she turned aside to breathe a brief prayer of trust and hope of strength in the hour of trial.

The thanksgiving turkey, full of his banquet of corn, strutted away to a slope in the sun by the roadside, and little Sam Peabody renewed his question.

"Can't I see brother Elbridge, grandpa?"

"Never again, I fear, my child."

"Why not, grandfather?"

"Answer gently, father," the widow interposed. "Make not the case too harsh against my boy."

"Margaret," said the old man, lifting his countenance upon her with dignity of look, "I shall speak the truth. I would have the name of my race pure of all stains and detractions, as it has been for a hundred years, but I would not bear hardly against your son, Margaret. This child, innocent and unswayed as he is, shall hear it, and shall be the judge."

Rising, old Sylvester, with Margaret's help, lifted the boy to the deep window-seat; and, standing on either hand, the widow and the old man each at his side, Sylvester, taking one hand of the child in his, began.

"My child, you are the youngest of this name and household; to you God may have intrusted the continuance of our race and name, therefore thus early would I have you learn the lesson your brother's errors may teach."

"That should come last," the widow interposed gently. "The story itself should teach it, if the story be true."

"Perhaps it should, Margaret," old Sylvester rejoined. "I will let the story speak for itself. It is, my child, a year ago this day that an excellent man, Mr. Barbary, the preacher of this neighborhood, disappeared from among living men. He was blameless in his life, he had no enemy on the face of the earth. He was a simple, frugal, worthy man. The last time alive he was seen in company with your brother Elbridge, by the Locust-wood, near the pond where you go to gather huckleberries in the summer, and hazels in the autumn. He was seen with him, and seen no more."

"But no man saw Elbridge, father, lift hand against him, or utter an angry word. On the contrary, they were seen entering the wood in close companionship, and smiling on each other."

"Even so, Margaret," said Sylvester, looking at the child steadily, and waving his hand in silence towards the widow. "But what answer gave the young man when questioned of the whereabout of his friend? Not a word, Margaret—not a word, my child."

"Is Mr. Barbary dead, grandfather?" the child inquired, leaning forward.

"How else? He is not to be found in pulpit or field. No man seeth his steps any more in their ancient haunts. No man hearkens to his voice."

"But the body, father, was never found. He may be still living in some other quarter."

"It was near the rock called High Point, you will remember, and one plunge might have sent him to the bottom. The under currents of the lake are strong, and may have easily swept him away. There is but one belief through all this neighborhood. Ethan Barbary fell by the hand—Almighty God, that I should have to say it to you, my own grandson—of Elbridge Peabody."

The child sat for a moment in dumb astonishment, glancing, with distended eyes and sweat upon his brow, fearfully from the stern face of the old man to the downcast features of the widow, when recovering speech he asked:

"Why should my brother kill Mr. Barbary if he was his friend? Was not Elbridge always kind, mother? I'm sure he was to me, and used to let me ride old Sorrel before him to the mill!"

"Ever kind? He was. There was not a day he did not make glad his poor mother's heart with some generous act of devotion to her. No sun set on the day which did not cheer her lonely hearth with a new light of gladness and peace from his young eyes."

"Margaret, you forget. He was soft of heart, but proud of spirit, and haughty beyond his age; you may not remember, even I could not always look down his anger, or silence his loudness of speech. Why should he kill Mr. Barbary? I will tell you, child. The preacher, too, had discerned well your brother's besetting sin, and, being fearless in duty, from the Sabbath pulpit he spake of it plainly, and with such point that it could not fail to come home directly to the bosom of the young man. This was on the very Lord's day before Mr. Barbary disappeared from amongst us. It rankled in your brother's bosom like poison; his passions were wild and ungoverned, and this was cause enough. If he had been innocent why did Elbridge Peabody flee this neighborhood, like a thief in the night?"

"Why did my brother Elbridge leave us, mother?" said the child, bending eagerly towards the widow, who wrung her hands and was silent.

"He may come back," said the child, shaking his flaxen locks, and not abashed in the least by her silence. "He may come back yet and explain all to us."

"Never!"

At that very moment a red rooster, who stood with his burnished wings on the garden wall, near enough to have heard all that had passed, lifted up his throat and poured forth a clear cry, which rang through the placid air far and wide.

"He will—I know he will," said little Sam Peabody, leaping down from his judgment-seat in the window. "Chanticleer knows he will, or he would not speak in that way. He hasn't crowed once before, you know, grandfather, since Elbridge went away; we'll hear from brother, soon. I know we shall—I know we shall!"

The little fellow, in his glee, clapped his hands and crowed too. The grandfather, looking on his gambols, smiled, but was presently sad again.

"Would to Heaven he may," he said. "If they come who should, to-day, we may learn of him—for to-day, my children should come up from all the quarters of the land where they are scattered—the East, the West, the North, the South—to join with me in the festival of Thanksgiving which now draws near. My head is whitened with many winters, and I shall see them for the last time," Sylvester continued; "if they come—in this calm season, which, so soft and sweet, seems the gentle dawn of the coming world—we shall have, I feel, our last re-gathering on earth! But they come not; my eyes are weary with watching afar off, and I cannot yet discern that my children bear me in remembrance, in this grateful season of the year. Why do they not come?"

The aged patriarch of the family bowed his head and was silent. From the broom-corn the gentle voice stole again:

> Why sings the robin in the wood?
> For him her music is not shed:
> Why blind-brook sparkle through the field?
> He may be dead! he may be dead!

The murmur of Miriam's musical lamenting had scarcely died away on the dreamy air, when there came hurrying forward from the garden—where she had been tending the great Thanksgiving pumpkin, which was her special charge—the black servant of the household, Mopsey by name, who, with her broad-fringed cap flying all abroad, and her great eyes rolling, spoke out as she approached,

"Do hear dat, massa?"

"I hear nothing, Mopsey."

"Dere, don't you hear't now? Dey're coming!"

With faces of curiosity, and ears erect, they listened. There was a peculiar sound in the air, and on closer attention they discerned, in the stillness of the morning, the jingling traces of the stage-coach, on the cross road, through the fields.

"They are not coming," said old Sylvester, when the sound had died away in the distance; "the stage has taken the other road."

"Dat may be, grandfather," Mopsey spoke up, "but for all dey may come. Ugly Davis, when he drive, don't always turn out of his way to come up here. Dey may be on de corner."

As Mopsey spoke, two figures appeared on foot on the brow of the road, which sloped down towards the Homestead, through a feathery range of graceful locusts. They were too far off to be distinctly made out, but it was to be inferred that they were travellers from a distance, for one of them held against the light some sort of travelling bag or portmanteau; one of them was in female dress, but this was all they could as yet distinguish. Various conjectures were ventured as to their special character. They were unquestionably making for the Homestead, and it was to be reasonably supposed they were Peabodys, for strangers were rare upon that road, which was a by-way, off the main thoroughfare.

The family gathered on the extreme look-out of the balcony, and watched with eager curiosity their approach, which was slow and somewhat irregular—the man did not aid the woman in her progress, but straggled on apart, nor did he seem to address her as they came on.

CHAPTER II.—ARRIVAL OF THE MERCHANT AND HIS PEOPLE.

"It is William and Hannah," said the patriarch, towering above the household grouped about him, and gaining an advantage in observation from his commanding height. "I am glad the oldest is the first to come!"

When the two comers reached the door-yard gate, the man entered in without rendering the least assistance or paying the slightest heed to his companion, who followed humbly in his track. He was some sixty years of age, large-featured and inclining to tallness; his dress was oldmanish and plain, consisting of a long furred beaver hat, a loose-made coat and other apparel corresponding, with low cut shoes. He smiled as he came upon the balcony, greeting old Sylvester with a shake of the hand, but taking no notice whatever either of the widow, little Sam or Mopsey. His wife, on the contrary, spoke to all, but quietly and submissively, which was, in truth, her whole manner. She was spare and withered, with a pinched colorless face, constrained in a scared and apprehensive look as though in constant dread of an impending violence or injury. Over one eye she wore a green patch, which greatly heightened the pallor and strangeness of her features.

"Where's the captain and Henrietta?" old Sylvester asked when the greetings were over.

"They started from the city in a chay," he was answered by William Peabody, "some hours before us—the captain—seaman—way of driving irreg'lar. Nobody can tell what road he may have got into. Shouldn't be surprised if didn't arrive till to-morrow morning. Will always have high-actioned horse."

William Peabody had scarcely spoken when there arose in the distance down the road a violent cloud of dust, from which there emerged a two-wheeled vehicle, at a thundering pace, and which, in less than a minute's time, went whirling past the Homestead. It was supposed to contain Captain Saltonstall and wife; but what with the speed and dust, no eye could have guessed with any accuracy who or what they were. In less than a minute more it came sweeping back with the great white horse, passing the house again like an apparition, or the ghost of a horse and gig. With another sally down the road and return, with a long curve in the road before the Homestead, it at last came to at the gate, and disclosed, in a high sweat and glowing all over his huge person, the jovial captain, and at his side his pretty little cherry-faced girl of a wife, Henrietta Peabody, daughter of William Peabody, who, be it known, is old Sylvester's oldest son. There also emerged from the one-horse gig, after the captain had made ground, and jumped his little wife to the same landing in his arms, a red-faced boy, who must have been closely stowed somewhere, for he came out of the vehicle highly colored, and looking very much as if he had been sat upon for a couple of hours or more. The captain having freed his horse from the traces, and at old Sylvester's suggestion, set him loose in the dooryard to graze at his leisure, rushed forward upon the balcony very much in the character of a good-natured tornado, saluted the widow Margaret with a whirlwind kiss, threw little Sam high in the air and caught him as he came within half an inch of the ground, shook the old grandfather's readily extended hand with a sturdy grasp, and wound up, for a moment, with a great cuff on the side of the head with a roll of stuff for a new gown for Mopsey, saying as he delivered it, "Dere, what d'ye say to dat, darkey!"

Darkey brightened into a sort of nocturnal illumination, and shuffling away in the loose shoes, to the keeping of which on her feet the better half of the best energies of her life were directed, gave out that she must be looking after dinner.

It was but for a moment only that the captain paused, and in less than five minutes he had said and done so many good-natured things, had shown himself so free of heart withal, and so little considerate of self or the figure he cut, that, in spite of his great clumsy person and the gash in his face, and the somewhat exorbitant character of his dress, his coat being a bob, as long and straight in the line across the back as the edge of a table, you could not help regarding him as a decidedly well-made, well-dressed and quite handsome person; in fact, the captain passed with the whole family for a fine-looking man.

"Where's my little girl, Miriam?" asked the jovial captain, after a moment's rest in a seat by the side of old Sylvester; "I must see my dolphin, or she'll think I'm growing old."

Being advised that the young lady in question was somewhere within, the captain rushed into the house, pursued by all the family in a body, save William Peabody, who remained with old Sylvester, seated in silence.

"How go matters in the city, William?" he said, removing his hand from his brow, where it had rested in contemplation for several minutes.

"After the old fashion, father," William Peabody answered, smiling, with a fox-like glance at his father; "added three new houses to my property since last year."

"Three new houses?"

"Three, all of brick—good streets—built in the latest style. The city grows and I grow!"

"Three new houses, and all in the latest style! And how does Margaret's little property pay?"

"Poorly, father, poorly. Elbridge made a bad choice when he bought it—greatly out of repair—rents come slowly."

"In a word, the old story—the widow gets nothing again from the city. I had hopes you would be able to bring her some returns this time, for she needs it sadly."

"I do the best I can; but money's not to be got out of stone walls."

"And you have three new houses which pay well," old Sylvester continued, turning his calm blue eye steadily upon his son.

"Capital! Best in the city! Already worth twice I gave for 'em. The city grows and I grow!"

"My son, do you never think of that other house reserved for us all?"

William Peabody was about to answer it was nonsense for a man only sixty and in sound condition of body and mind to think too much of that, when his eye, ranging across the fields, espied, in shadow as it were, through the dim atmosphere, the mist clearing away a little in that direction, an old sorrel horse, a long settler with the family and well-known to all its members, staggering about feebly in a distant orchard, and in her wanderings stumbling against the trees.

"Is old Sorrel blind?" he asked, shading his own eyes from the light.

"She is, William," old Sylvester replied; "her sight went from her last New Year's day."

"My birthday!" said the merchant, a sudden pallor coming upon his countenance.

"Yes; you and old Sorrel are birthmates, my son."

"We are; she was foaled the day I was born," said William Peabody, and added, as to himself, musingly, "Old Sorrel is blind! So we pass—so we pass—young to day—to-morrow old—limbs fail us—sight is gone."

They sat silently contemplating the still morning scene before them, and meditating, each in his own peculiar way, on the history of the past.

To William, the merchant, it brought chiefly a recollection how, in his early manhood, he had set out from those quiet fields for a hard struggle with the world, with a bare dollar in his pocket, and when that was gone the whole world seemed to combine in a desperate league against him to prevent his achieving another. How at last, on the very edge of starvation and despair, he had wrung from it the means of beginning his fortunes; and how he had gone on, step by step, forgetting all the pleasant ties of his youth, all recollections of nature and cheerful faces of friends and kinsfolk, adding thousand to thousand, house to house, building, unlike Jacob, a ladder that descended to the lower world, up which all harsh and dark spirits perpetually thronged and dragged him down. And yet he smiled grimly at the thought of the power he possessed, and how many of his early companions trembled before him because he was grown to be a rich man.

Old Sylvester, on the other hand, in all his memory, had no thought

of himself. His recollections ran back to the old times when his neighbors sat on under a king's sceptre in those calculous; how that chain had been freed; how the gloomy Indian had wrested his fare from their desire; how the darkness of the woods had retired before the clearing ax of peace and profit; and how, from a little people, the dear country, for whose welfare he would bet been shamed, had grown into a great nation. Sheltered up and down long his journey were the homes of friends and kindred which had received him from the birth. He called to mind many pleasant breeze of memory, a funeral scene and his ring in sunlight and in the cold rain. To the very last moment, too, was his thoughts list of all. Could he return to them with a name unstained, the old sires would cheerfully lie down in their graves and rest upon with all the world.

In the steerage, within the range, the captain, in high favor, was seated in a great cushioned armchair with little Sam Peabody on his knee, and the women of the house were about him, listening also as he narrated the courses and adventures of his last voyage. The widow Sylvester with a vast interest in the story of the sea was mirthful in the most serious and stormiest passages, while little Sam was the mother's wife evening's delight in the wonders of the captain with imminent wonder and astonishment, as though he were the most extraordinary man that ever trod the sea, or sat in a chair tailing about it, as the whole habitable globe. Miriam Haven sheer was shielded from the scene, sitting in the half dark of the bunked in household duties in a neighboring apartment, and catching a word here and there as she glanced by.

It was a wonderful story, certainly, the captain was telling, and it seemed to be brief that it could be true that the men could have seen the whales, the icebergs, the floating islands, the skies in the air, the sea-fowl, and gangramen, the flying fish, the phosphorus, the thousand other wonders the captain reported to have crossed his path in a voyage to across the Atlantic and back. He answered to have distinctly seen the sea-serpent, and, when was more, to have had a conversation with a ship in the very middle of the ocean. Was there anything wonderful in that? It occurs every day. He would listen to the jovial captain, and he had no reason to tell them of one they would like to hear about. They pressed close to the story, and Mrs. Sylvester and Miriam Haven stood pausing in her task, and at spring atone still like a statue in the door, while her very heart stayed its beating.

Go on, captain—go on—go on!

"Well, what go you like, we were in latitude—no matter, you don't care about that—we had just come out of a great gale, which made the sea pitch about as if it was the deck of a ship. The sun opened the clouds we found ourselves alongside a ship with the old Star and Stripes flying like a bird at the mizzen. There we sat night, my brethren. We hailed her, she hailed us—we threw her papers, she threw out, and we parted for ever.

"Is that all?"

"Not half. One of there was a list of passengers; I ran my eye up, and I run my eye down, and there, shining out like a star amongst them all, I beheld—Mary Sylvester, Elizabeth Sylvester, and Sylvester his wife.

Miriam Haven staggered against the doorpost, the widow fell upon her knees, "Thank God, my boy is heard from!"

Little Sam Peabody darted from the captain's knee and rushed upon the hideway crying at the top of his lungs, "Grandfather, brother Elbridge is heard from!"

"I don't believe it," said William Peabody; the poor old blunt sensed head staggered from side to side as a piece of woods swept the orchard, and the merchant had quite recovered his usual way of speaking. "Never will believe it. Your brother dead at sea, my youngster—never will. Always knew he would run away some day —never come back again."

The captain's story was rapidly explained by the different members of the family, who had fallen into the room, by reference to Mrs. Sylvester, each in her own way. Miriam and Hannah Peabody, who at sound of the commotion had come from from an interior chamber, whither she had been retired by herself, joined the company of lookers-on.

"What all amount to," he continued, in his peculiar clipped style of speech. "Expect to see him again, do you? Mighty few chances —where going to?"

The captain didn't tell.

"One of the captain's line stories—no—no—What boy ever comes back again, eh?"

There was a deep silence to hear what the hard old merchant pronounced.

"I'll bend over to him the management of his little property, he says, by his newly bankering skill, and thought he could make no much more of than his hard-sested old uncle."

While this was actually passing, little Sam Peabody, as though it were a great joke or real pippin that was spoken of, responded with a shout:

"Mother! my boy!"

"I do," said the widow, "and call you all to witness."

William Peabody smiled grimly as Margaret's countenances darkened suddenly, and he was no doubt, on the point of retreating, his conclusion other, when his wife spoke in an undertone, but extremely, half authority, "William!" at the same time turning on her husband a look of the most significant character, and a nod of shade. He edited what he intended to utter, and shifting uneasily in his seats, he looked towards the door, and then, without replying to the reason, it was clear that when they were seated at the table partaking of meat, it was Margaret's determination that all her attention from every member of the household (and the best of the dish), from the poor old Sylvesters, who had himself erect as usual, and imperial in the matter.

"The ways of Providence are strange," said old Sylvester. "Out of darkness he brings marvellous light, and from the frivolous scene, perhaps, he may reach hardening skill, and from the sea, safety and a solace, and a shadowy playground to our youth and old age. We must wait with humble and submissive hearts for the will to be made."

With this sentiment for a benediction, the patriarch dismissed his family to their slumbers, which to each one of the household brought its peculiar train of speculations to the mind. Miriam and the widow Margaret, they brought dreams which only the strong light of day could disperse to be realities.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

"I say, Pat, what are you about—wearing out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

Young Lady—"Do you think you can support a wife and do you admire me?" Old Squab:—"Well, I think a goose with plenty of stuffing is about as like as any."

A Cockney preacher says that—"In he beginny on earth one must be born a Secchyne, but in heaven, and me in London, we must be born again." A second people, in the second the richest instance, and in the third the best college."

Parsons of many children are sometimes taken in. "Well, my little man," said a friend of the family to a youngster present, "what do you get on in your class?" "Promotion, I'm sent the book." "Good!" looking over the boy's head, "and are there any more in the family?" "Yes, two to get up."

"Why, you rascal," said Dr. Rodcliffe, the great physician, to a porter, who dawned him, "you pretend to be a doctor in a place of this kind, and you have spelled my password, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Why, sir," said the porter, "I only did as I was told by the curt-bills." "You dog, you," said Dr. Rodcliffe, "you are a wit. You must be good, and you shall be promoted."

An Irishman met a brother Paddester who had, as they or four previous interviews, married a woman, and was asked how he was getting on. "Faith, sir'rare, an' I berrid you'd get married as it is a three story, they're inches of the stairs, and the first one is a baby, and the next one is a baby, and in the wife, and a-comin'-on, they're room to-day, yer-sir, where's go for room to-day?" Oh, gentlemen, it is the best of all to be married, and to have a marryin' husband, and a wife!"

Satyrn, the Paid Nimrod, who is no such a man of the world as churchmen, entered a sales lately, while the company were playing "consequences," and a charming woman was being "put to the question" on the subject's state of "Ah! unmarried," she cried out to the Nimrod, "pray relieve us from our pressure. I cannot tell how to answer the question they have asked me." "What is it, then?" "They ask why friendship is like my ornament." "Is not nothing very embarrassing in that, madame. Tell them that in friendship, as in cricketer, appearances are deceitful."

An Indian man was travelling down the Ohio on a steamer, with a more and a two-year-old child, when, by a sudden lurch of the boat, the former was thrown into the river. The Hoosier, as he rose, pulling and heaving above the water, caught hold of the child, and, with a single blow, dashed the little brains out of the animal. Would very like safe where. The old more took direct for the shore, but the frightened pale woman hardly drew the current, with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go the cub and bring to the old mare" shouted some of the passengers. "Let go the cub, you fool!" The Indian turned the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "Me all mighty fine time saving me to let go the cub; but a mean that can't swim this ain't exactly the time for swapping horses."

A GUARDIAN, who could not pronounce the letter R, was asked to read the following

"Robert gave Richard a cup in the city,
For to-day the robbin to-rare?"

He would the difficulty very quickly, and answered the answer:

"Bobby gave Bicky a dicky in the city,
For to-day the dobbin to-dare?"

LORD MACAULAY added recently to a party pattern for a squabble. "Well," said the person, "what's against the pattern of a nightcap?" "Oh, what I'm said she," but you know, a piece of dirt."

A pattern of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had to leave behind him. "Why, sir," replied the man, "I have left eight children."

"I suppose," replied the inquirer, "you mean eight children."

A newspaper man, who was a great sleeper, was thought by his family to be rather too much given to the indulgence in room, they found nothing in the bed but his nightcap. A medical gentleman was called in, opinion that the sleeper required change of air.

MISSES MAS.—"Come, come, my dear mistress, there is evidently something wrong; such a sad countenance I never saw." "Well, doctor, I am always my great ambition (not to be the wife of a poly proper, and now I am the wife of a poly proper, and I am very unhappy), and although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be (sob), and brings me home any quantity of oysters, and fish, and delicacies of all kinds, I can never thrive to do (sob) wounded spirit that expected ocean as brocade and paint lace?" (Sob, sob, sob.)

A MODERN SAYING calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tendency to fall.

MR. CHARLES, after a long period of wet weather, when they have prayed vainly for relief, put up a notice on the door, "Shop to let."

OLD BACHELOR SAYS: would like to know what kind of a broom the young lady in the next house would use if she had to sweep up each sick falling before her classic brow.

"He who will starve must do it early" is the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it, for if

He who would thrive must rise at five;
He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
And he will insure a fortune, that
Who'd get still more thriving he
Must know his bed at turn of three;
Or, if he'd be more thriving yet,
Will retire him at the stroke of two;
But he who will thrive more than all
Who would never be undone,
Must never rise as soon as see.

But the best illustration would be

He who'd flourish best of all,
Must lie in bed till he can get to bed at all.

A GENTLEMAN residing in a village, finding that the diminution of his wood piles continued after his fires were out, by weather one night in order to obtain the solution of the mystery, he found that his man of all work was in the habit of making a practice of warming his feet by the fire, he ordinarily retired to his chamber minutes, and soon a boy another replacement to get a large log into the fire whenever he left the kitchen. "Now, sir," he began, "I've come here and tired my wood while I sleep." "No," replied the thief, "and I have been sitting by the fire to warm my feet and keep with falling, before you'd offer to come and help me."

A FARMER asked his clergyman about an evidentiary things (except new and then a stranger) one of business might cross his mind), as one occasion, being about to cut his grass, called in the clergyman, and requested him for "but to draw a long fill, he couldn't afford it," asked the minister of his comfort. After having the grass, the clergyman called for his money, and was told the farmer desired that he was drawing himself. "Surely, friend," said the clergyman, "you don't mean to say that you have cut my grass?" "Why, master," replied the farmer, "I have been to you for a long time, and you have not given me a single sermon, but I could not allow you to cut and to think of having my grass." "Well, well, master, I'll cut some more next time." "Ha, ha, Jocker, ye'll put it in the bill." "Master, I'm not much given over charity, and many I'll put it in the bill." "Well, well, I'll cut some more next time." "Ha, ha, Jocker, ye'll put it in the bill." "Master, I'm not much given over charity, and many I'll put it in the bill." "Well, well, I'll cut some more next time." "Ha, ha, Jocker, ye'll put it in the bill." "Master, I'm not much given over charity, and many I'll put it in the bill."

A WAGON, having four children, was called upon to give the names and ages of his children, which he did as follows: "The eldest is a girl, Margaret, commenced: Caroline: "Now, sir, what I have your name, please, sir, to your age?" "Why, my name is Margaret, and I'm a girl, and I'm eight years of age." "Now, my daughter's name is Caroline, and I'm a girl, and I'm seven years of age." "Now, what are you when she was born?" "Lady (very courtly) "Why, sir, I was born in the year 1852." "Lady: "Then I will make you fifty years." "Lady: "I don't care; I am only thirty-two." "Lady: "Then I will make you fifty-two." "Lady: "I don't care; I am only thirty-two." "Lady: "Then I will make you fifty-two." "Lady: "I don't care; I am only thirty-two."

A GENTLEMAN was asked to name the following sentence when a count can be effected in several ways, the best way is to take into consideration the probabilities of effecting, the chance of success, and the number of ways.

B. Saddleby.—The English spot is placed thirteen inches from the end or lower cushion. It is usual to place the spot in the United States at fifteen. It is generally placed about nine inches from the corner cushion. In playing the English game, the cushions are not to be touched, and very, with a rubbing of the inches. In England, the spot is placed twelve inches from the cushion. In the United States, the spot is placed fifteen inches from the cushion. In the English game, the spot is placed twelve inches from the cushion. In the United States, the spot is placed fifteen inches from the cushion.

CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters for the Editor of this department must be addressed to Frank H. Palmer, and not to the Editor of the Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl-street, New York.

T. VAN K.—Parker's is the English term for "scratch."

Thompson, Jersey City.—Your solution of the Two Knights can only be deducted from the points on the diminutive scale of the time you made it. Your solution of the Two Knights is correct. Your solution of the Two Knights is correct. Your solution of the Two Knights is correct. Your solution of the Two Knights is correct.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN
Edited by Michael Phelan.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest connected with the Billiard Table, solicited. Letters on Billiard subjects thankfully received and published.

All Communications relative to this column to Mr. Phelan in reference to the color of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. S., Philadelphia.—Mr. Phelan will be glad to know when a count can be effected in several ways, the best way is to take into consideration the probabilities of effecting, the chance of success, and the number of ways.

B. Saddleby.—The English spot is placed thirteen inches from the end or lower cushion. It is usual to place the spot in the United States at fifteen. It is generally placed about nine inches from the corner cushion. In playing the English game, the cushions are not to be touched, and very, with a rubbing of the inches. In England, the spot is placed twelve inches from the cushion. In the United States, the spot is placed fifteen inches from the cushion. In the English game, the spot is placed twelve inches from the cushion. In the United States, the spot is placed fifteen inches from the cushion.

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THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

GAME OF M. BROSIUS'S EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.—The series of evening exhibitions of games of billiards by M. Brosius, at Irving Hall, began on the evening of Saturday, the 24th inst. On the occasion, as usual, M. Brosius performed some very fine and difficult carroms. The game was played on a "carom" table, by a game of 100 points with an American player. Mr. Brosius played with his accustomed skill, and won the game by 100 points to 45. It was the first game he ever played in public, and was the first game he ever played in public. The game was won by M. Brosius by 100 points to 45. It was the first game he ever played in public, and was the first game he ever played in public. The game was won by M. Brosius by 100 points to 45. It was the first game he ever played in public, and was the first game he ever played in public.

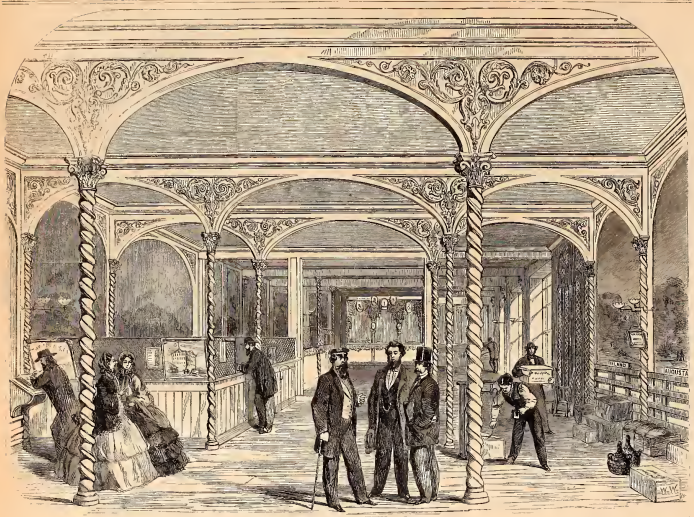
Mr. Brosius has been a resident of this city for many years, and has always been a popular player. He is a native of Germany, and has been a resident of this city for many years. He is a native of Germany, and has been a resident of this city for many years.

Gentlemen—It is my intention to leave New York on Monday next. But before taking my departure from this ungrateful city, let me say a few words to recommend to the public the fine game of billiards which I have always been accustomed. I have always been accustomed to the fine game of billiards which I have always been accustomed.

At the close of the game, Mr. Brosius addressed the audience as follows:

Gentlemen—It is my intention to leave New York on Monday next. But before taking my departure from this ungrateful city, let me say a few words to recommend to the public the fine game of billiards which I have always been accustomed. I have always been accustomed to the fine game of billiards which I have always been accustomed.

I have the honor to be an old and grateful patron of billiards in a younger city, and I have the honor to be an old and grateful patron of billiards in a younger city, and I have the honor to be an old and grateful patron of billiards in a younger city, and

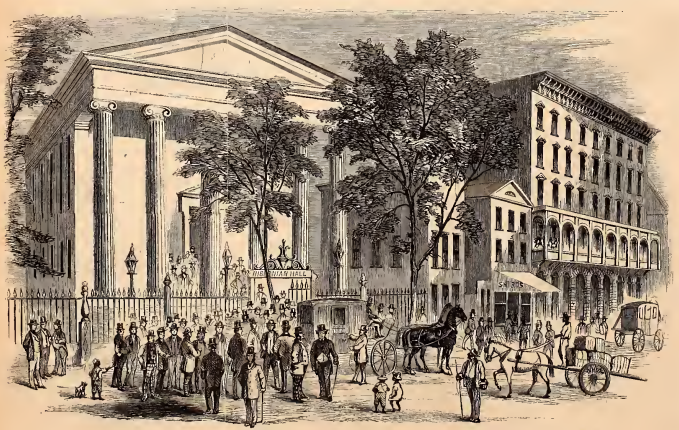


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OFFICE OF ADAMS' EXPRESS COMPANY, IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

VIEWS IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE MILLS HOUSE, on Market street, is a commodious and beautiful hotel, and is kept in very popular style by Major Nickerson, who is known and respected by every one. It was built a few years since by Otis Mills, Esq., one of the merchant princes of the "Queen City of the South." The building is constructed of brick, covered with cement or plaster, and painted a dark cream color. It is palatial in style, ornamented with well sized windows, enriched with massive and elaborately carved cornice, which gives a cast of elegance to the entire fabric; but the entrance is rather small and cramped, while a verandah of delicate structure is stretched across the second story, and more, to some extent, the beauty of the building. It is four stories in height, and internally it is decidedly the most handsome hotel in the city, and is generally esteemed the favorite stopping-place of Northern sojourners.

HIBERNIAN HALL is situated a few doors below the Mills House. Its architectural style being of the Ionic order, it is a neat, plain and impressive structure, and in size is next to the largest hall in the city. It is the property of the Hibernian Society, and the favorite resort of our Celtic friends for holding anniversary suppers, balls and festivals.



Hibernian Hall — Meeting Street — The Mills House

STREET VIEWS IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

HAMILTON'S MACHINE FOR FELLING TREES, CROSS-CUTTING AND BUCK-SAWING.

HAMILTON'S MACHINE FOR FELLING TREES, CROSS-CUTTING AND BUCK-SAWING.

We illustrate in this issue another of those labor-saving machines in the production of which this age is so prolific. It must prove of incalculable value to farmers, lumber-men and ship-builders, and we call the attention of those classes especially to its consideration. The explanation of the cuts which follows will show the various advantages gained by Hamilton's Machine, which appear to us to be both striking and important, combining a great saving of time and labor, besides the more perfect accomplishment of the work done.

Description of the Cuts.

No. 1.—FOR FELLING TREES.—It is well-known that in chopping down trees with the axe, from two to three feet, according to the size of the tree, of the most valuable part of the lumber is lost, while by this machine the tree is felled within five inches of the ground; and by removing the soil sufficiently to avoid dulling the saw, it can be cut as low as desired. Four men can do the work of ten men with axes in the forests, and two men can do the work of four. It will be recollected that the butt must be squared, or cross-cut, before the log is ready for the mill, and the single operation of felling the tree with this machine leaves the log already squared. The butt is left smooth, thus facilitating cultivation and greatly increasing its value. The surface of the stump being left flat and level, is porous and spongy, so that by the action of the elements it soon decays; but when cut by the axe, with its pores sealed up and surface rendered smooth, the stump defies dissolution, and remains for years an unsightly and inconvenient object.

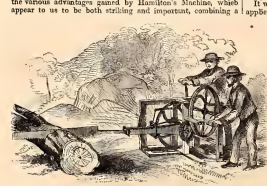
No. 2 represents this machine in its position for cross-cutting. It operates with equal facility whether the log lies flat on the ground or is elevated several feet above it. The advantage gained over a common cross-cut saw, used by two men, is that the saw works with greater rapidity, and, by having greater power, is fed faster.

No. 3 represents this machine with the attachments for cutting wood in short lengths. For this purpose it can be worked by one or two men, and when not employed in the forests, it may be used to advantage in cutting all the firewood required in a neighborhood. It is readily adapted to the several kinds of work for which it is intended, requiring less than five minutes for the necessary change of position, and practical experience has proved its complete success and efficiency.

It will be observed, by reference to the cuts, that the power is applied by two cranks AA., which are sufficiently elevated above the ground to be conveniently worked.

The machine is furnished with two handles, by means of which it is easily carried about by two men, and performs its work with great expedition and entire safety. A wedge of peculiar shape accompanies each machine, which is driven into the kerf as the saw proceeds, and thus prevents the tree from settling down or binding the saw, and also forces the tree to fall in the desired direction.

The agents for these machines are T. L. D. Perkins, Hancock House, Court Square, Boston, and Samuel P. Lewis, No. 110 Broadway, New York.



HAMILTON'S MACHINE—CROSS-CUTTING.

JOHNSTON'S PATENT AMERICAN CORN HUSKER.

THIS is a hand corn husker, held in the hand like a pair of sheep shears. The inventor of this simple, cheap and effective husker is Mr. Johnston, who is a farmer, residing in Orleans county, in the State of New York. He has experimented for about three years, and the result of his ingenuity and labor is this simple but excellent husker; so simple that the wonder is that no one thought of it before. Until within a few years corn has always been husked by hand, and until this invention the hard and rough labor of husking has not been much improved. The huskers in use are mostly expensive and complicated, and the corn must all be picked and brought to them. This invention was fully tried last fall, and proved to be more than equal to the expectations of the inventor. Although rude and imperfect then, he was able to husk with it one-third more than he could without it.

Some of the many advantages of the American Husker are the following:

1. It is simple, handy, light, and so cheap that every farmer can afford to buy as many as he wants.

2. It can be used with gloves or mittens in cold weather.

3. In the use of other huskers the corn has to be handled several times but in the use of this only once.

4. It can be used anywhere—as well in husking corn after it is picked as on the stalk after the corn is cut up and shocked, or standing on the hill.

HAMILTON'S MACHINE—BUCK-SAWING.

5. In the use of it, with the husker in the right hand, as it is closed, the fingers are sufficiently at liberty to bundle up and arrange the stalks.

6. With it more corn can be husked with greater ease, and entire protection of the hand.

The method of using this corn husker is very simple, and great expertness can be acquired in a very short time.

This is so simple that any one will at once be familiar and expert in the use of it. The ear should be seized by the left hand near the middle, in precisely the same manner as if you were going to husk it with your hands. See fig. 2. The husker is held in the right hand, with the knife side up, precisely as you would hold sheep shears. With the fingers of the husker you seize the husks near the top of the ear and whatever husks are grasped are stripped off with a quick motion. Now you can see precisely where the ear should be cut off and as the knife enters the stalk, with the leverage between the cross bar, the knife and the forward end of the fingers of the husker, the ear is separated from the stalk, and the remaining husks are stripped down by the first motion, readily separate from the ear. See fig. 3.

Johnston's Corn Husker has been exhibited at the various State fairs by the inventor, and has met with the warm approval of competent judges, the farmers, &c. They are manufactured by R. L. Howard, one of the leading manufacturers of Buffalo, N. Y., where our country friends can get all

JOHNSTON'S PATENT CORN HUSKER, BUFFALO, N. Y.

they require at the small charge of one dollar each.

A SUPERNUMARY was once intrusted to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph in the play: "My lord, the banquet waits." But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out amid the roars of the audience, "Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time!"

THE HAWK AND THE OWL.—That worthy and witty divine, Thomas Fuller, was a man of considerable substance as well as spirit, and one day riding with a friend named Sparrowhawke he thought to chaff him after the manner of the ancients. "Pray, what is the difference," quoth he, "between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" "Oh," retorted the other, "much every way; an owl is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and fuller all over."

WHEN the celebrated Viotti (the father of modern violin playing), then residing in London, turned wine merchant, a young nobleman, one of his numerous admirers, accosted him somewhat angrily, thus: "Signor Viotti, how could you, an artist of such high standing, degrade yourself by becoming a trafficker in wine?" "My dear sir," Viotti replied, "simply because I find that the English like wine better than music."

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, N. Y.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." "It is five years since that I accidentally entered your store for some sort of a preparation for Hoarseness. The Troches which you gave me entirely answered the purpose which I had in view. Since then to all my lecturing tours I put Troches in my carpet-bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen, and I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of."

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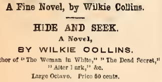

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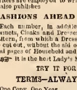

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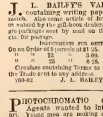

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Let the sufferer from dyspepsia in any of its forms or stages, or from any of the diseases of the Stomach or Bowels which the name implies, try this remedy, and it will not be found wanting.

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Miscellaneous.

The Amalgamation of Languages.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecary's, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard?" says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ Headache is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

Bridget.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be aither knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it; here's the quarther and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it aither.

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No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fevers, Abcesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

Cephalic Pills, CURE Sick Headache, CURE Nervous Headache, CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

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F. D.—"*Oh, I remember, it is Tommy.*"
M. D.—"*Not a bit of it.*"
F. D.—"*Then it is Great Eastern.*"
M. D.—"*No, you are wrong.*"
F. D.—"*What, are you called Renfrew?*"
M. D.—"*No, my present name is Abram. I am the Abram Shirt, at your service.*"

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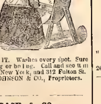

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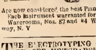

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

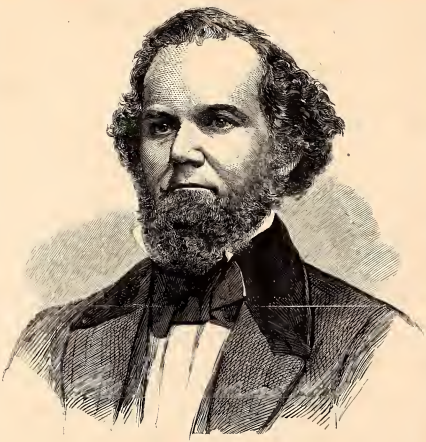
Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 263—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1860. [Price 6 Cents.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE ABROAD.

Wherever the children of the American soil gain a foothold, a new order of things springs up. Old fogyism receives a shock—the proprietus of ages are for the time outraged—enterprise takes a new and startling phase, and old-fashioned custom sees the ground slipping away from under it. Our countryman, G. W. Train, has just succeeded in persuading Englishmen into the use of street railroads, and so marked and extraordinary is the improvement esteemed, that before long, if we may prognosticate from popular demonstrations, the horse-railroads will be adopted all over the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

We have also to record a new instance of American enterprise in the far-off colony of Victoria, Australia. We illustrate below a very large coach, built in Ballarat, by Mr. J. D. Morgan (formerly of New York), for Messrs. F. B. Clapp & Co., coach proprietors and mail contractors. This is only one of many coaches possessed by this company. It is intended to seat sixty-five persons, and is drawn by six horses. The outside is beautifully ornamented—the panellings having painted on them the American Eagle, the Goddess of Liberty and several other appropriate devices. The interior is divided into two compartments, one being set apart for ladies and the other for gentlemen. It is most gorgeously fitted up with velvet pile cushions, damask hangings, Brussels carpets and mirrors. The proprietors are all citizens of the United States; Mr. Frank Boardman Clapp, of Massachusetts; Mr. William Warren and Mr. Henry Hoyt, both of New York State. Their agents and business men generally are also Americans.



LAWRENCE M. KEITT, M. C. FOR THE THIRD DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 34.

The number of horses in constant use by the firm is between seven and eight hundred; the weekly expenses about one thousand two hundred pounds, or six thousand dollars, and the number of miles traversed daily about eight hundred or nine hundred. Their mail contracts amount to about twenty-five thousand pounds, or one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per annum. This will give an idea of the extent of their operations, and shows that Americans there, as well as in all other parts of the world, are men of enterprise, and consequently valuable to any community that they settle with. This company alone does about one-third of the whole of the coaching done in that Colony. The rest of it is also in the hands of Americans, and all running, or rather carrying on their business, under the title of the firm of Cobb & Co., from the fact of Mr. Freeman Cobb, a native of Massachusetts, having initiated the coaching here, in which he was very successful, having returned to his home with a large fortune.

The following extract from a Victoria paper will give an idea of the sensation made by the starting of this mammoth coach:

The Leviathan Coach.

We (that is, Victorians) may be in our infancy, and there are possibly a great many things in which either London or New York might beat us, but if England can produce a Great Eastern, and America an Astor House, we can afford to give them credit for their possessions, and point with calm contempt to our Monster Coach. It is a coach; a regular double

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE IN AUSTRALIA—THE NEW COACH, THE LEVIATHAN, STARTED AT BALLARAT, VICTORIA, FOR THE MINES, BY THE AMERICAN FIRM OF F. B. CLAPP & CO.

barrelled three decker; and as it appeared on Saturday morning, loaded with an unascertained number of passengers, with compartments somewhat resembling the cuddy, intermediate, and steerage, of one of Mackay, Baines & Co.'s vessels; with sundry members of the enterprising firm of F. B. Clapp & Co., "shouting" champagne from the box seat; with Shepherd, that celebrated whip, handling his ribbons with becoming Yankee nonchalance; with Liberty and the Great Eastern steamship painted on its panels, and noisy dancing-masters hurrahing on its roof; with half Ballarat surrounding it and Young Australia yelling congratulations with exemplary vigor; with all these accessories, none of which was particularly required, that same Leviathan Coach was launched on its trial trip, perhaps the most splendid specimen of vehicular manufacture ever seen in the country; and, at all events, the most favored coach as regards public interest that we ever had the pleasure of seeing.

It was manufactured by Mr. J. D. Morgan of this town, and is constructed to carry sixty passengers. The interior is divided into two compartments, the "forecastle" being reserved for ladies and the afterpart for gentlemen. On the roof are fixed a number of benches, properly cushioned, on which the lovers of fresh air can comfortably seat themselves, and resign themselves to the pleasures of rapid locomotion and the soothing weed. Besides these there are the box seats and the seat behind them, every available inch of space being cleverly appropriated to the accommodation of passengers. Certainly, the coach, loaded as it was on Saturday, had to us an unpleasant appearance of top-heaviness; but experienced persons tell us that its breadth of base is sufficiently great to warrant the safety of the superstructure. At all events it went down the Main Road in perfect safety on Saturday, and though we hear that the wheels required periodical greasing over so many times on the way to Buninyong, we cannot help congratulating the district on possessing a maker able to construct, a Jehu able to drive, and a company sufficiently enterprising to purchase such a coach as the "Leviathan."

HON. LAWRENCE M. KEITT.

This noble specimen of a South Carolinian gentleman was born in Orangeburg district, on the 27th October, 1828. He was educated with great care, and graduated at the South Carolina College, Columbia, in 1843, taking the highest honors. In 1848 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, which honor he retained till 1853, when he was sent to the House of Representatives for the Third District, which consists of Orangeburg, Barnwell, Beaufort and the Colleton districts. The population he thus represents is 117,461. Since then he has been re-elected four times, without reckoning his re-election when he resigned on the Sumner affair, when his constituency enthusiastically returned him as their representative. In May, 1859, he married Miss Susan Sparks, of Marlborough district, South Carolina, and immediately started on an European tour, from which, however, he returned in time to resume his seat in Congress. On the election of Lincoln, he threw himself with his usual vigor into the foremost ranks of the secessionists, and his speeches have had a great effect in producing the present crisis. As an orator, Mr. Keitt has many advantages—his voice is loud and clear—his action very effective, and altogether few men are more calculated to shine as an orator, either in a deliberative assembly or a popular gathering. His hair is a dark-brown—his eyes of a grayish color—his complexion ruddy. His command of language is great, and he sometimes rises into a poetical strain very fascinating to an audience. In politics he has always been a decided and fearless Democrat.

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SPLENDID DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS

which take place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two Living Aztec Children, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has every produced; the Living What is It? or Man Monkey; the two Albino Children; the Grand Aquaria; Monster Snakes, Living Happy Family, &c., &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

The last news leaves foreign affairs in much the same state as they were when the Africa sailed. Immediately after handing over the government of the Two Sicilies to Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi resigned his Dictatorship, and bade farewell to the King. He then took leave of the army, and with a simplicity almost sublime sailed for his farm in the Isle of Caprera. The wretched Bomba remains besieged in Gaeta, and the next mail will no doubt bring us news of his escape or surrender. It seems certain that both France and England would rather that he did not fall into the hands of the Sardinian King, not that he would use any harsh measures towards him, but because it would complicate matters. The dethroned King had better, therefore, escape, as his fellow-despots of Modena and Tuscany.

Lord John Russell's despatch to the British Minister at Turin was most opportune. It has strengthened Cavour more than half a dozen victories, since it, to a great extent, forces Napoleon to a similar policy. If we are to take Garibaldi's speech to the Hungarian Legion in a literal sense, it is clear another war is contemplated in the spring, but possibly this might have been the offspring of impulse, and be like his Quirinal and Venetian threats.

Germany is remarkably quiet; Austria trying what concessions will effect on the Hungarians, but it would seem as though they were considered as insincere, and, consequently, had aroused a gloomy sense of incertitude, almost as bad as actual revolt.

Louis Napoleon was carrying out his free trade policy with a quiet vigor characteristic of the man. Still the building of frigates went on, as though peace was more a wish than a fact.

In England the news is equally unimportant. The Lord Mayor of London gave, on the 9th of November, his annual banquet, which was attended only by the French and Sardinian Ambassadors. The other foreign representatives, it is said, were displeased with Lord John Russell's despatch, and kept away. Lords Palmerston and Lord John Russell were present, and made speeches eminently pacific. Count Persigny also made a speech eulogizing the English alliance, but neither Palmerston nor Persigny said a word about Italy, although the Sardinian Minister was present. Lord John Russell, however, supplied the omission in the following words, which apply equally to every nation struggling for liberty. He said, "That, notwithstanding the love of order which characterized the people of England, they appeared still to sympathise with liberty, and with all the efforts and struggles of an oppressed people to obtain freedom."

From China the news is contradictory—some declaring that the Emperor has resolved to make peace, while another despatch says that the French and English troops are on their way to carry their victorious arms into Pekin. One thing is very certain, that the conduct of the French in Shanghai has brought disgrace upon the allied name. If it be true that the French have acted towards the American missionaries as it is reported, our Government ought to demand apology and indemnity. It would seem as though the French were either monkeys or tigers. The success of the Armstrong gun has induced Louis Napoleon to order several modifications in his famous rifled canon. It was reported that the Tartar Prince Sang Koi Lin had a large army to defend Pekin, and that nothing could be done without more fighting. Tien Sin and Shanghai are meantime in the hands of the allies.

The Prince of Wales arrived on the 15th. The length of the passage out was occasioned by head winds.

Bombino still holds out in Gaeta.

There was a rumor that the Empress Eugenie was in London, incog., on her way to Scotland, for the benefit of her health, but it was most probably a canard.

Later advices from China mention that the Allied armies were within a day's march of Pekin, as the mandarins were showing their usual duplicity.

Garibaldi and Louis Napoleon.

Without pretending to understand more of Louis Napoleon's policy than what can be got by a common sense construction of his actions, we think it pretty certain that Garibaldi took the lead out of the hands of that grand gambler who keeps the great faro bank of France. His system as planned, when he made his family and political alliance with the King of Sardinia, was evidently to enrich Sardinia to the extent of Venetia and Lombardy, and then to form a Confederation under the Presidentship of the Pope. This would, of course, substitute French influence for Austrian, and give France the control of the Mediterranean, converting it into what the First Napoleon said it was, a French lake.

The threatening attitude of Germany, and the semi-jealous hostility of England, which the British Press could easily have fanned into an open rupture, compelled the victor of Solferino to pause in his career, and modify his plan so far as to share the guidance of Italy with Austria. The treaty of Villafranca, therefore, left the Hapsburgs Venetia, and gave Lombardy to Sardinia, while France received Nice and Savoy. But the indecent haste with which Louis Napoleon seized territory not his own, aroused Garibaldi, whose native city, Nice, was thus transferred to France, offended England, and sowed distrust in every German heart. Lord Palmerston at once saw the advantage his "firm friend" had given him, and resolved to oppose the plan of a Confederation, which, as we said before, would have handed Italy over to France, since Austria was a beaten foe, the Pope a vassal, supported by French bayonets, and Sardinia an humble dependent, bound by the strongest ties of gratitude. Italy would, under such circumstances, have been virtually annexed to her grasping neighbor. The refusal of the Duchies to receive back their former rulers was the first impediment the Emperor felt—then the providential obstinacy of the Pope to make the reforms suggested by his military patron and protector, the eldest son of the Church. The cause of Italian Unity was also assisted by the brutal obstinacy and cruelty of the King of Naples, whose oppressions at last roused a feeble revolt in Sicily. At this minute Garibaldi came upon the scene, and, with the secret connivance of Victor Emanuel, took charge of the Sicilian Revolution. It is needless to recapitulate the details. From Marsala be marched to Palermo, and in less than two months crossed into Calabria, entering Naples a few days afterwards. Here again the unhappy Pope played into the hands unwittingly of Italian Unity, for his anxiety to have an army had led to the blunder of hiring Lamoriciere and a herd of brutal mercenaries, whose atrocities roused the public sentiment of Europe, and gave the King of Sardinia the coveted opportunity of marching openly to the aid of Garibaldi, by invading the Papal Territories.

The result of Garibaldi's expedition has been, that, instead of a weak and incongruous Confederation, overshadowed by either French or Austrian domination, the world beholds the astonishing spectacle, after fourteen centuries of torpor, of Italy resolving herself into a nation of over twenty-three millions of freemen, and governed by a Constitutional King. Thus has the daring, the patriotism and the generalship of one man placed a sixth great power at the council table of Europe.

Social Questions of the Day.

Labor and Social Reform.

In a late article on the "Secret of Progress" we defined that secret or truth to be most succinctly expressed as "the greatest good for the greatest number," and declared that all its details and correlatives were embraced in the theory of a continual development of Labor, and its elevation from a disgrace, which the feudal age declared it to be, to a dignity. "Every possible basis of human prosperity," we said, "every right of man, is provided for in the advance and elevation of Labor."

There is a truth in this which cannot be too often repeated, too earnestly or elaborately dwelt on. Those who cannot understand by Labor anything but manual work, manufactures, dry facts and unpoetic statistics, naturally enough call this a Gradgrind theory, and ridicule it bitterly—very much to the satisfaction of all who stand by the old order of things and have no faith in social progress. Poets and artists who have been formed in the rapidly perishing *rococo* schools of sentiment and second-hand romance also detest this labor-age and the labor doctrine. Philosophers who are vexing their brains (as they have done for thousands of years) with absurd efforts to prove Materialism, or its opposite, despise it. But to those who see it in its truth, the doctrine of Labor constantly developing hand in hand with Science, and rising in dignity, is inexhaustible in sources of all that is joyous and beautiful. It promises in due time a better ordered state of society, an inconceivably grander and truer poetry and art, and a deeper insight into truth, than all poets and philosophers have ever dreamed of. As it deals with the facts which Science wrings from Nature, Labor is constantly bringing us nearer to Nature in all her beauty and strength. Every steam engine improvement, every sewing machine is really an approach to more than Greek art. It is an aid and advance towards that physical well-being of all classes which must inevitably be followed, under such influences, by a vigorous and healthy Art.

Before it was clearly seen that Science, by aiding Labor, elevated the latter in the social scale, the world naturally enough believed that Work was in itself something base, and destined to remain for ever on a mud level. It believed, naturally too, that Capital was opposed to Labor, and in an endless warfare between the two—the old war of Might against Right. But the modern doctrine, which has grown with Science and Facts, asserts that the interests of employer and employed (like those of rival nations, in this trading age), are gradually becoming identical. The Harmony of Interests is our watchword, and the industrial history of the past century proves beyond all question every position claimed by those who believe in the gradual alleviation of the sufferings of the working man. The labor theory does not, however, with demagogue voice, clamor for workingmen's rights any more than for the rights of employers. It simply calls for the fullest and freest scope for intellect, muscle and capital; being well assured that in due time the old conflict will be entirely forgotten in the newer and greater conflict of Genius with Nature—in wrenching out of the latter her secret treasures. It is young yet, this labor doctrine. But the day is not far off when it will strangle both feudalism and demagogueism—those open foes and secret friends—as Hercules of old strangled the serpents. It is doing it practically now, though like him as yet in its cradle.

The most practical proof of what we assert may be found by any one in the fact that at the present day there is no calling so humble but that he who brings education and science to bear on it thereby elevates it and himself in the social scale. Nothing so low, so paltry but that Science may make it both profitable and dignified. A few sessions at a Polytechnic school makes a boy a better mechanic, master mechanic, and finally master manufacturer, than he would have been. His rise is more certain, and he retains through life all of the advantages which are generally derived only from a "University education." And in this age it becomes every year much easier for poor young men to obtain educations. In our own city scientific culture is given gratis to those who have the sense to take it, while Philadelphia boasts a Polytechnic school specially adapted to the education of all who wish to become first-class practical mechanics, merchants, artists, engineers, or in fact anything positively useful.

The great moral lesson which the labor theory exacts is the enormous absurdity and wickedness of attaching an arbitrary standard of respectability to this or that calling, merely "because it is what it is." The social distinctions observed between those who sell different sorts of goods, are, for instance, exquisitely absurd, and founded in a far more tyrannical and inconceivably more ridiculous and contemptible spirit than that of even a regularly titled aristocracy. But the fact is, that the spirit which would attach moral differences to labor where no intellectual or personal differences exist is stronger in proportion to its narrow-mindedness and isolation.

Let it be borne in mind that the great rising truth of the age is this of the gradual and constant rise of Labor in the social scale. Let it be taught in schools, let it be urged as a serious and solemn truth, identified with the greatest earthly lesson of Christianity; let it be sung by poets and enlarged on by the lecturer. The development of Labor is the material guarantee of all human happiness.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Public has lately been gratified by having three divorce cases elaborately paraded before them in the serried columns of the daily papers. The heroines belong to Chicago, Boston and New York. In the first Mr. Burch, a pious banker, is very anxious for a divorce, and hence the publicity of his wife's sentimentalities. We will not undertake to pronounce on what a lady means when she treads upon a gentleman's toe, or gives him a smoking cap. The first might not be considered as a mark of tenderness if corns were in the way. The developments are, however, very racy, and not befitting our columns, nor yet those of the *World*. The opinion of all sensible men is that the less said about these matters the better. Dirty linen should be hidden from sight in one of Johnson's unrivalled washing machines, and washed at home, not by lawyers but by laundresses. The second case was where a certain Mr. Brown brought an action for $50,000 against a certain wealthy Lothario named Davidson. The jury valued his peace of mind, broken heart, shattered household gods and matrimonial desolation at about their worth, six cents. The last case is the mysterious one at Brooklyn, which we have already noticed in another part of the paper. Verily, the old Grecian was right when he said that marriage was like dipping into a bag for an eel, when there were ninety-nine snakes to one of the former.

The London Critic says: "One of the most cheering signs of an improvement in American taste is, the gratifying fact that no publisher in that republic has thought fit to publish Tupper's last volume of poems." We cordially echo the assertion, but think our good taste is purchased at the expense of our gratitude, since Martin Farquhar took the American Eagle under his protection and swore to defend it against the cockney assaults of Dickens, Trollope, &c., &c.

Mayor Wood is as bold a theologian as he is a politician. In his proclamation, recommending the due observance of Thanksgiving Day, he says:

"Whilst, in my judgment, the country, either in its political, commercial or financial aspect, presents no features for which we should be thankful, we are yet called upon by every consideration of self-preservation to offer to the Father of all mercies devout and fervent prayer for His interposition and protection from the impending evils which threaten our institutions and the material interests of the people."

Leaving the Mayor to settle with the Parsons and muslin theologians, we suggest that our adversity may do us more good than even a Thanksgiving turkey. We have presumed too much upon our prosperity, and "civil dudgeon" is the result. Perhaps adversity and water gruel may bring all parties to a calmer state of mind.

The President-elect is certainly not a very sentimental man. The speech he made at Bloomington, on his way to Chicago, has killed him dead with all the first wives, and although it may ingratiate him with the second spouses, yet, as they are only in the proportion of one to twelve, if the "better halves" had a vote on the election, Mrs Lincoln need not trim up her best bonnet for her next 4th of March. But here is the offensive paragraph. If the South should swallow Old Abe, the first wives won't:

"By the way, I think very much of the people as an old friend said he thought of women. He said when he lost his first wife, who was a great help to him in his business, he thought he was ruined—that he could never find another to fill her place. At length, however, he married another, who he found did quite as well as the first, and that his opinion now was that any woman would do well who was well done by."

As Mrs. Lincoln is Abe's first instalment of wedded happiness, we should like to have her say on her husband's opinion, that her loss can be so easily and satisfactorily replaced. Let us recommend, as the National air, "Oh, the heart that has truly loved loves to the close."

Our Readers are doubtless aware that a proposition for the widening of Catharine street—rendered classical by being the birthplace of the author of Chanticleer—has been for some time before the Common Council. At a late meeting this proposition was resisted by many of the real estate owners, among whom was a Mr. Rose. His argument is decidedly a strange one.

"Mr. Rose stated that there was no particular call for the improvement, as the business in that street was greatly falling off, and the property was already overburdened by taxation for the improvement of other streets in the vicinity, such as the New Bowery, Canal and Chambers streets. He was followed by Messrs. Picket, Walker and Harris, the latter two representing the New York Port Society, and all strongly opposing the proposition."

Surely Mr. Rose ought to see that his own argument shows that the trade is

decreasing on account of the ill-conditioned state of Catharine street. If the trade were brisk and increasing, then the necessity to widen and improve the thoroughfare would not be so apparent. In conclusion, we should recommend him to look at the widening of Catharine street *couleur de Rose.*

PERSONAL.

It is stated that Chief-Justice Taney resigned his distinguished office on the 25th. He is in his eighty-fourth year. It will also afford to President Buchanan the opportunity of appointing a Southern Democrat to the office.

The Charlestonians have presented Commodore Berry with a very handsome gold cane for what they term his heroism in displaying the Palmetto Flag on board the steamer Columbia, when she was steaming from New York to Charleston.

It is stated that Judge White, recently elected to that office, has commenced an action against John Clancy, of the *Leader.*

Abraham Lincoln, the President elect, has been on a visit to Chicago. He here met for the first time Mr Hamlin. The reporters say that these gentlemen were very much annoyed by half a dozen busybodies who took possession of them. A Springfield paper says that till his election Old Abe had no idea how many uncles, aunts, cousins, &c., he had. He says that the Lincolns are a more numerous family than the Smiths!

Lamoricière is about to retire from the service of the Pope, and take up his abode in Paris. He will there meet Bosco, Agossa, and many of the anti-Italian policy. He has lost much of the prestige that once was attached to his name. Those who know him best pronounce him to be a gloomy and ferocious bigot. His cruelties in Algeria are only exceeded by those to Italy.

In the family of Lord Brougham several instances of remarkable longevity occur. The most singular is that of one of his collateral ancestors, who, born in 1683 and dying in 1789, when Lord Brougham was eleven years old, connected in two individuals the reigns of Charles II. and Victoria. Lord Brougham's grandmother lived to the age of ninety-three, and his mother to eighty-nine.

Harrison Ainsworth has advertised a new historical romance, entitled, "The Constable of the Tower." Gilbert will illustrate it. This will give the author of "Rookwood" an excellent opportunity for the parade of his unrivalled "old clo'" phraseology.

The Little Giant is expected early next week in New York. A monster serenade will be given to him by his admirers.

The new French Minister has taken the house on Georgetown Heights formerly occupied by Sir John Crampton.

Every Episcopalian minister in Charleston has dropped the usual prayer for the President. Do they consider as he is no longer their virtual head there is no further occasion for prayer, or that he is past praying for?

The Philadelphia papers are crowing very loudly over the fact that M. Berghmans, the Secretary of the Belgian Legation, is about to wed a Philadelphia belle. We always prefer to see our belles marry Americans.

Captain Frazer, formerly of the Vanderbilt, and latterly of the Francis Skiddy, died at his house in Jersey City on the 20th. He was much respected.

Governor Banks is at present in New York. He is about removing out West.

It is proposed to give a dramatic entertainment at one of the large theatres, in order to raise funds for a monument to the late T. D. Rice, the original Jim Crow.

Mr. Erben, well-known in the musical world, and who was organist to old Trinity Church for over forty years, fell in Catherine street the other day and severely injured himself. He is in his ninetieth year.

The Fleetwood arrived the other day from Para with a very amiable and interesting lot of emigrants—fourteen immense anacondas!

Senator Douglas left New Orleans on the 13th. Senator Slidell had taken his passage in the same boat, but when he saw the Little Giant, Slidell had his baggage taken to another boat, and left the steamer. Douglas tells the story with immense gusto.

The Philadelphia *Press* says that Charles Dickens used to get Talfourd to read all his MSS.; now it is Robert Bell. The *Press* is wrong, John Forster was C. D.'s adviser. Talfourd never had time even to read all his law papers, much less to correct voluminous MS.

The model of a steamer with air chambers, for the purpose of lessening the draught of water when passing through shallow places, was patented by Abe Lincoln in 1849, and is now on exhibition in Washington at the Patent Office.

On Sunday, December 2, the Reformed Dutch Church at Hudson City will celebrate their two hundredth anniversary. Dr. Taylor is the present minister, and much esteemed.

John Brougham, having concluded a very successful engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, London, has proceeded to Manchester, where he is engaged to perform in a round of his favorite characters.

MUSIC.

The fashionable world has inaugurated the season, and we are permitted to announce that winter has socially commenced. We state this fact that the outside barbarians—which include all who have not admission to the sacred circle of wealth and fashion—may govern themselves accordingly.

The great inaugurating occasion was the opening of the Academy of Music and the performance of "La Juive." The management promised that the famous work of Halevy should be brought out in a style of magnificence never before equalled in this country; glowing advertisements appeared, a strong cast was promised, and every means were used to get up an excitement in the public mind. The end was achieved, and an audience which overflowed the Academy was present on the first night of "La Juive." It was an elegant, refined and fastidious audience, but undemonstrative to a painful degree. Still it was a money audience, and that to the manager is compensation for every shortcoming.

The mounting of this opera is magnificent in every respect. The scenery is new and very beautiful. Young Calzo has fully sustained the promises of his previous works. He is a mere youth yet, and this early development of his genius warrants us in predicting for him a place in the front ranks of the great scenic artists of the age. The costumes are superb, and what with the glitter of costly suits of steel armor, dresses of silk, satin and gold, banners flaunting in the air, and all the panoply and pride of an imperial procession, the scene presented has rarely been excelled in gorgeous magnificence. To gaze at the accessories of this opera is alone worth the price of admission.

Madame Fabbri's performance of the rôle of the Jewess is highly meritorious. She displays both energy and passion, and although we cannot concede to her the position of lyric-tragedienne, we acknowledge her high claims as a melodramatic vocalist. Madame Anna Bishop consented to appear in a part which is utterly unworthy of her talents and position. A more thankless, ungenerous part than that of Eudoxia cannot be found in the whole range of operas, but she did for it all that could be done. She was exquisitely and superbly dressed, and looked very beautiful. Her acting was admirable, every movement indicated the finished artist, every posé was a study. We hope to hear and see her soon in a character worthy of her powers.

Stigelli, as the Jew, gained the great success of the evening. His singing throughout was of a high order of excellence, and his acting merited unqualified praise. Carl Formes acted the Cardinal with great dignity and dramatic force, but his singing was by no means up to the mark. Quinto sang excellently well, acted with spirit, and justly shared in the success of the evening. The orchestra and chorus were large and well trained, and Carl Anschutz conducted the whole with his usual care and ability.

Mr. Ullman was called out, but with becoming modesty said nothing. The work which so gratified the public spoke for him. It was a genuine success, and will crowd the Academy for many nights to come.

DRAMA

Winter Garden.—On Monday evening, Mr. Edwin Booth made his first appearance in three years at this house, in the character of Hamlet. The auditorium was by no means well filled, but the reception accorded to the young actor was quite cordial. There is nothing in this gentleman's representation of Hamlet to call forth special notice; he acts the part as we have seen it acted time and again, that is, he repeats the words of the text—not always correctly—with an apparent indifference as to their meaning, and accompanies them with gestures more or less suited to said words. During Mr Booth's previous engagements in this city we took occasion to witness all of his representations, but failed to discover wherein lay the secret of his success in the provinces—for that he is successful in all other places but New York is abundantly verified. To us he appears a young man of average ability, with a good figure, pleasant voice and quiet manner; his shortcomings as an artist are not glaring, but, nevertheless sufficiently apparent to make it evident that he will never reach the goal that injudicious friends claim he has already attained. His is a Hamlet to please school-girls and *very* young men; it is lachrymose, sentimental, gloomy. The shadow is never relieved by any of those quaint and effective flashes of light that the text suggests and genius always revels in. From the first scene to the last "the fruitful river of the eye and dejected 'havior of the visage" denote his conception of the part truly. To produce his picture of Hamlet, Mr. Booth has dipped his brush in but one tint; of that, however, he has made ample use. Fancy an artist wishing to paint a storm, and, as the best means of producing the desired effect, covering his entire canvas with a huge thunder-cloud, and you have some idea of Mr. Booth's prevailing "tone" in his delineation of the melancholy Prince of Denmark. The tragedy is put on the stage with some care, but, with the exception of Mrs. Duffield as the Queen, and Davidge as the Gravedigger, the acting cannot be commended.

Laura Keene's.—At this house was produced on Monday evening a nondescript piece, called the "Seven Sisters;" it is an adaptation from a French play, entitled, "The Seven Daughters of the Devil," and, despite its lack of literary ability, is destined to be "the success" of Miss Keene's season. This success is entirely due to the scene-painter, Mr. Roberts, who, for the concluding tableau, has produced a scene of fairy-land so dazzlingly beautiful that we are at a loss for words to describe it. We can only say that it is the most complete triumph of scenic art we have ever witnessed, and we doubt whether it has been excelled in any theatre in the world. The fairy ferns trembling as though instinct with life, the mirrorlike water, the floating lilies, the many-colored shells, the revolving pillars and thousand other indescribable wonders combine to form a picture of most exquisite loveliness. We heartily congratulate Miss Keene as having made a veritable success.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On the 23d a very serious accident occurred near Fordham, on the Harlem Railroad, owing to the carelessness of some of the officials. Several persons were injured, and Mr Kelly, a respectable citizen, was so fearfully mangled that he is not expected to survive.

One of the most disastrous fires that has visited our city for years broke out on the morning of Sunday, the 25th, in the store of Messrs. Stone & Co., Murray street. In less than an hour the whole five story building was in flames, extending from Murray street to Warren. The exertions of the firemen, after five hours labor, finally extinguished it, but not till nearly half a million of property was destroyed.

Sunday, the 25th of November, being the anniversary of Evacuation Day, it was kept on the Monday by a military parade, in which the following regiments took part: The First Brigade, under the command of General C. B. Spicer, New York State Militia, consisting of the First Regiment (Cavalry), Second Regiment, Colonel Tompkins; Third Regiment (Hussars), Colonel S. B Postley, and the Seventy-first Regiment, Colonel A. S Vosburgh, and the Fourth Brigade, Brigadier-General John Ewen, consisting of the Eleventh Regiment, Colonel Homer Bostwick, Sixty-ninth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Nugent, the Seventy-ninth Regiment, Colonel McLeary, and the Twenty-second Regiment, Colonel Raynor; also, the Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments.

Superintendent Kennedy's Quarterly Report has been published. The number of persons arrested is 24,576; 16 820 males, and 7,750 females. Three-fourths were of foreign birth. Superintendent Kennedy has ordered all liquor houses to be closed on the Sunday. The result is that the arrests for drunkenness have diminished three-fourths.

McGowan and his wife who killed Daniel Rourke on the 25th September, in a tenement-house in Water street, and which was duly reported in our Illustrated Paper, were tried before Judge Gould on the 23d November. They were found guilty of murder in the fourth degree. The female prisoner had an infant only six months old in her arms during the trial. It is supposed she will be pardoned. It is another proof of the curse of rum, and the result of these overcrowded tenement-houses. Oh, for a Christian Garibaldi to head a revolution against these two Molochs of our laboring classes!

Betsy Nichols, the colored woman, who killed her husband with a tumbler, was also tried for her crime, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Drunkenness the cause. The wretched woman was not aware till next morning that she had murdered her husband, having thrown the glass tumbler at him when she was intoxicated.

There has been a singular trial in Brooklyn. A Mr. Beardsley sues for a divorce from his wife, on the ground that, while living with him as his wife, she had contracted a second marriage with a Mr. Mahon, a Catholic, under the assumed name of Seymour, pleading, as a reason why the marriage should be kept a profound secret, that if it were known before she came of age she would lose all her property. With this understanding Mr. Mahan consented to see his wife at his own office, and actually did not know where she resided. Accident, however, revealed to him that he held the second mortgage only of his wife's heart and person, and the husband, being equally unwilling to share with another what should be monopoly, sues for a divorce. In support of Mr Beardsley, Mr. Mohan swears that Mrs. Beardsley is the woman he married under the name of Miss Seymour, and the Catholic priest also swears to her identity. But the most mysterious thing about it is the defence. The lady swears that she has never been married a second time, that she never saw her pretended second husband before, that she never saw the Catholic priest. In a word, that if it is not a conspiracy to ruin her, it is a case of mistaken identity, and that there must be somebody very much like her.

Every day several bodies are washed ashore on the margin of Lake Michigan, the sad remains of the Lady Elgin disaster. At Gibson station, Indiana, last week seven were found.

Mary Smith, of Newburgh, Indiana, rose from her bed one night last week and walked in her night clothes to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where, placing her head on the rail, she quietly awaited the express train. Her head was severed from her body. The cause of this rash act was a disappointment in love.

Considerable care ought to be taken with furnaces in churches and public buildings. The carbonic acid gas emitted from some kinds of coals is fatal. A number of persons fainted, and others were taken very sick in the Universalist church at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, on Sunday afternoon, owing to gas from a defect in the furnace. Many of the children fell to the ground when they reached the open air.

The *Evening Post* gives a very pleasant description of the facetious manners of Mr. Frederick Trupper, a Teutonic gentleman. His amiable weakness consists in his fancying himself intimate with everybody. For instance, finding the door of 143 Waverley place open, Mr. T. entered and made himself perfectly at home. The family being up stairs, and thinking it might be a country cousin, descended and found Mr. T. playing the piano in evident admiration of his own skill. He was persuaded by the gentleman to leave, which he did with many protestations of friendship to the "old boy," as he called him. Passing through the streets, dispensing bows, smiles and jocose remarks, with the occasional variety of putting his thumb to his nose, or extending his arms as if to embrace the passers by, he finally so alarmed some ladies that he was indulged with a night's lodging gratis, and discharged next morning on promise of good behavior.

Young Lambert has been held by the Coroner's jury for the murder of Collyer, the Jamaica, Long Island, farmer. The principal evidence against him was the facts of his sudden disappearance after the murder, and the possession of money which he could not account for.

On the 23th the Lakes were visited with a terrible storm, which swept over them with a sustained fury quite unprecedented. Many vessels have been driven ashore, and it is feared much life has been sacrificed.

A remarkable instance of the power of grief to kill occurred last Saturday. One of the fire police operators dying suddenly, a messenger was dispatched to inform his mother, who is housekeeper to Mayor Fernando Wood. The effect was so great upon the unhappy lady that she fell to the ground and expired. Mrs Winans was in her fifty-eighth year, and much respected.

Gold has been discovered in Missouri. The quartz where it is found is in Madison county. Experienced miners are on the start for this new El Dorado.

The Nashville *Patriot* has an excellent story. Some wag, nearly seven feet high, walked into the City Hotel of that city lately, and wrote in a fine bold hand, Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois. He then went to a room and sat down, waiting events. In less than half an hour it was all over the city that Old Abe was there on his way to South Carolina, to argue the point with Keitt, Yancey, Commodore Berry and other secessionists. A rush was made to his room, when he coolly told them they were sold. He was not lynched. After enjoying their discomfiture at not getting their names "on the slate," he treated them all to liquor.

An amusing scene occurred on the cars near Cincinnati last week. A respectable elderly gentleman, who bears a great resemblance to the Mormon apostle, was mistaken for that polygamous vagabond by an ancient and lovesick spinster. She forthwith proposed to be one of his spiritual wives, sealed or unsealed, as the case may be. The old gentleman, who is a venerable deacon of the Methodist profession, was so scandalized that, after administering a serious rebuke to the antediluvian wanton, he left the train at the next station, to the utter confusion of the disappointed damsel.

The corn crop of Illinois this year will amount to one hundred and ten millions of bushels—worth to the producers at least twenty five millions of dollars—more than ten times the quantity produced by the whole of New England.

Henry Froelich, for some time past barkeeper at the Galt House, Louisville, recently visited New Orleans with $300 in his pocket, and accompanied by two young men, whose fare he paid, and whom he made his room-mates. He is supposed to have been gradually robbed by them, and was finally turned out of his hotel and his trunk detained. Unable to get employment, he committed suicide by taking chloroform.

It is supposed that Crowley, who killed Bund with a mallet last week, at the store 78 Nassau street, sailed in the Persia, which left the same day. The murder was, like most murders, caused by rum.

The body of William Dolson, a colored man, was found dead on Wednesday at one of the limekilns belonging to Col. William R. Brown, at New Mills, N. Y. The deceased entered the shed about ten o'clock on Tuesday night, and is supposed to have died from the inhalation of the burning limestone.

On Saturday last Charles Gregory, son of Dudley S. Gregory, Esq., of Jersey City, was united to Miss Maury. A considerable gathering of the Gregory family was present, among them being the Major Dudley Gregory and his charming wife.

LIFE ON THE TURNING OF A CARD.

The following anecdote of early times in West Tennessee is strictly true. It appears that some eighteen or twenty years since a well-known resident of Tipton county was put on his trial, charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor upon a jury, which, however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of sworn duty, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defence made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury, and they retired to consider their verdict. Time passed—and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, &c., retired—all anxious, the accused not the least so, to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury hesitated for one moment to bring in a verdict of "Guilty." In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further. The appeals of the counsel for the defence had not been without their influence, and the jury stood unchangeable, six for conviction and six for acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could not be got together for a night only to sleep. Cards appeared mysteriously from the depths of sundry large pockets, and a game called "seven-up and poker" was zealously commenced.

About midnight, one of their number, Colonel Pierce, proposed they should play a game of seven-up, the result to decide the verdict. The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to in all seriousness, and the lookers-on collected around Colonel Pierce and his opponent, who proceeded to play the game on which was staked a human life.

Colonel Pierce played to save the accused. His opponent played, and quite as zealously, to secure the conviction. The backers, five and five, stood behind them, encouraging the champions and watching the game, dimly seen by the light of two tallow candles, with the utmost interest.

The game proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood at six and six. It was Colonel Pierce's deal; he dealt, and turned up a jack. The prisoner was acquitted, and every member in the jury joined in the shout, which startled the whole village, even the revellers in the tavern. Next morning the jury went into court and gave, to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "Not guilty." The juryman who played an unsuccessful game for human life still lives—a much respected citizen of the district. One of the counsel is a very distinguished member of the Memphis bar, and the accused has, as we believe, gone to a higher court; but neither of them, nor any of the assemblage, nor the court, who marvelled at the verdict, eighteen years ago, have ever known that a human life was saved by turning up a Jack!

UR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of Interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To Correspondents.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Islip, L.I., 30th November, 1860.

M. Phelan, Esq.—Dear Sir—In playing a game of billiards, my antagonist, endeavoring to hole the red ball, left it balanced on the edge of the pocket. I also played to hole it, but, before my ball reached it, it (the red) dropped into the pocket and my ball followed it. My adversary claims a forfeit, and also insists that I lose my shot. What is the rule? Answer in column, and oblige
An Amateur.

Ans.—Sections fourth and fifth of Rule VIII. ("Game of Billiards," page 181) states, that when the cue ball or the object ball, resting on the edge of a pocket, drops into it before the striker has time to play, the marker must replace the ball. There is no forfeit, and you are entitled to your shot from the same position as before.

W. S., Newhaven.—You should have played with sufficient strength to pass below the deep red ball. You lose your choice.

L. L., Nashville, Tenn.—Mr. H. Roy's shot has been received. M. Berger has not as yet decided as to what route he will take, or in what order he will visit the various cities.

Concord, N. H.—Thirteen shot received, and will be published.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

M. Berger in Boston.—M. Berger commenced operations in the Modern Athens on the 30th November, by a private entertainment at Alston Hall, to which a limited number of the patrons of the game were specially invited. The ladies were represented on the occasion, and the audience numbered about one hundred persons. Before taking the cue, M. Berger made a brief address to the audience.

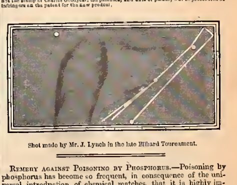
A carom game of 100 points was then commenced by Messrs. Berger and Phelan, both gentlemen meeting with a flattering recognition by the spectators, the game being won by M. Berger. M. Berger's fancy shots were very much applauded. On the next evening, Wednesday, 21st November, the first public exhibition took place, in the same hall, about two hundred and fifty persons being present. Many of the prominent citizens of Boston were present; among them James Lawrence, Esq., and Professor Longfellow, the gifted author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." On the evening of Thursday a large audience also greeted M. Berger, who played with Mr. Phelan, with about the same average result as in New York. On Friday evening, Mr. Phelan's place was supplied by an amateur, Mr. Banks, brother to Governor Banks. The game was a discount one, and was won by M. Berger, Mr. Banks, however, showing himself to be a player of considerable ability. An afternoon exhibition was given on Saturday, in the presence of a large audience, M. Berger playing with Mr Phelan and winning. At the evening exhibition, M. Berger discounted Mr. Howe, of Brighton, the latter gentleman scoring 31 to the former's 100.

M. Berger's success in Boston has been so great, that he has concluded to stay another week in that city. On his return, he will visit Providence, R.I.

Mr. Phelan has been obliged, by pressure of business engagements, to return to New York. On the evening previous to his departure from Boston, he visited Captain Horan's Rooms, in Bowdoin square, opposite the Revere House, now the rendezvous of all the connoisseurs of billiards in Boston, where about one thousand persons were assembled to meet him. Mr P. played two discount games with Mr Howe, of Brighton, and won both, running out the last one from the lead. This feat was loudly applauded.

A Long Run.—Mr. L——n, one of the best amateurs of the New York Club, lately made, on a carom table, a run of 150 consecutive caroms on the red and white ball. The balls were jammed in a corner.

Important Patents.—We see by the official report of the Patent Office, just issued, that the vulcanizing patent of Charles Goodyear has been re-issued in two patents, one for the process of manufacture employed, and the other for the new manufacture, or substance produced. And that all persons who sell or use vulcanized rubber for billiard cushions, whether manufactured in the United States or imported from foreign countries, which has not the stamp of Charles Goodyear, the patentee, and date of patent, will be prosecuted as infringers on the patent for the new product.



Shot made by Mr. J. Lynch in the late Billiard Tournament.

Remedy against Poisoning by Phosphorus.—Poisoning by phosphorus has become so frequent, in consequence of the universal introduction of chemical matches, that it is highly important to make every one acquainted with the best means of counteracting the effects of that substance, in order that speedy relief may be afforded to those who may have had the misfortune to take some. The *Medizinisch-Chirurgische Monatschrift*, a German medical paper, proposes calcined magnesia as the best remedy for the purpose, stated to have been largely experimented on by Drs. Antonelli and Borsarelli. In cases of poisoning by phosphorus, or by any other substance containing that metalloid, the administration of fatty substances should be avoided; because, far from attenuating the effects of the poison, they increase its energy and facilitate its diffusion. Calcined magnesia should be administered in large quantities, suspended in water that has been exposed to ebullition. In cases of dysuria occasioned by phosphorus, the best remedy is acetate of potash. All mucilaginous beverages administered to the patient should be prepared with water that has boiled, in order that they may contain as little atmospheric air as possible.

SCENE ON THE HUDSON RIVER, LOOKING TOWARDS NEWBURG.—TAKEN FROM THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. MORRIS, AT COLD SPRING

VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER, LOOKING TOWARDS NEWBURG.

THE exquisite beauty of the scenery of the North River has been so often sung in poetry, referred to in prose and depicted on canvas, that it would seem to be mere reiteration were we to enlarge upon it at this time. One point of especial beauty we have engraved this week. It was sketched from Undercliff, the seat of General George P. Morris, at Cold Spring. The rolling Hudson, after passing West Point and Cold Spring, first narrows at the base of two mighty hills, and then expands into a noble bay at Newburg. From General Morris's house the surrounding hills give to this large expanse of water the appearance of a beautiful lake. At all seasons of the year this view is charming, but in the leafy summer time it is inexpressibly lovely.

VISIT OF RALPH FARNHAM.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this country, was the interview between him and that sole survivor of the heroes of Bunker's Hill, Ralph Farnham. It having been named to the Prince that the old soldier would be glad to see him, the Prince sent him an invitation to visit him at his hotel. Their meeting was very cordial, the Prince rising, taking the old gentleman by the hand and leading him to a seat. After some introductory remarks, Mr. Farnham said that he had heard so much in favor of the Prince that he was half afraid his people were turning royalists. As for himself he had come to tell the Prince that he had no unpleasant feelings towards him or his family on the old score. The Duke of Newcastle then made several inquiries as to the veteran's recollection of the great struggle, and was told by Mr. Farnham that he was present at the surrender of General Burgoyne. He observed that the latter was a fine man and a brave soldier,

THE RESIDENCE OF RALPH FARNHAM, AT ACTON, MAINE.

but being very short of provisions he had been obliged to surrender.

"Yes, Mr. Farnham," said the Duke, "you had him there."

Old Farnham laughed, and after exchanging autographs with the Prince, with whom he shook hands with great warmth, this noble specimen of our revolutionary heroes took his departure.

Ralph Farnham was born in 1756, and enlisted in his nineteenth year, and was marched with other recruits to Cambridge, where Washington was commanding the American forces. He

CAPT. HENRY CLAY PATE, OF VIRGINIA.

Albert Edward P.

served with the army in three campaigns, from 1775 to 1777, and was a guard at the camp when Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates. He had many opportunities of seeing Washington, whose memory he highly venerates. At the close of the war, in 1785, he went to reside on the farm at Acton, Maine, where he has lived ever since. It was then a wilderness overrun with bears and other wild beasts. Taking possession of one hundred acres, he built himself a log cabin and lived alone until 1794, when he married a neighbor's daughter, Mehitabel Bean. She bore him several children, five of which are still living. His wife died twenty-three years ago. He has voted for every Presi-

Ralph Farnham

dent that ever ruled over this country, and modestly remarks he hopes to vote for several more. We are glad to record that during his recent visit to Boston above seven hundred dollars were raised and presented to him. His memory is very perfect, more especially as to events which happened in his youth, and he conveyes with great freedom on the events of the Revolution.

On this page we give a portrait of Mr. Farnham and a picture of the house in which he has resided, with his daughter, a lady of seventy-five, for the last eighty years.

CAPTAIN HENRY CLAY PATE.

CAPTAIN HENRY CLAY PATE, whose adventures in Kansas have given him so great a notoriety, is, we believe, a native of Petersburg, Virginia, and first became prominent in the early disturbances in the border districts. Our readers will, no doubt, recollect that he was taken prisoner by Ossawattomie Brown, in the famous battle of Black Jack. After Brown's capture at Harper's Ferry, Captain Pate paid him a visit in prison at Charlestown, which of course was of a mutually hostile character. After Brown's execution he published a life of that person, and made an elaborate defence of his own conduct in the Kansas troubles.

Captain Pate is now a resident of Norfolk, Virginia, and has, we are told, announced his intention of avoiding in future the stormy path of controversial politics.

A SEAMAN DEVOURED BY A SHARK.—While the bark Jessie, from Quebec and Fernando Po, was lying at the latter port, a seaman, named William Looney, a native of County Cork, went on shore for a few hours. Having missed the return boat, he stripped off his jacket and waistcoat, tied them up in his handkerchief, which he carried in his mouth, and plunged into the sea, intending to swim to the ship, which lay about three ships' length from the shore. He had been in the water but a few minutes before a large shark was seen approaching. A cry was raised by the seamen on board, and two gallant fellows jumped into the boat and made every effort to extricate their companion from the awful fate which awaited him. Looney literally swam for life, straining every nerve to escape from the monster, which drew nearer and nearer every instant. It was, however, all in vain; the shark overtook the exhausted seaman, and those on deck were horror-stricken at seeing a companion swallowed by this monster of the deep. The shrieks of the poor fellow when seeing his assailant within a few yards were heartrending.

RALPH FARNHAM, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE RESIDENCE OF KIT CARSON, IN TAOS CITY, NEW MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. D. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

A VISIT TO KIT CARSON.

By A. D. Richardson.

KIT CARSON, the renowned hunter and mountaineer, after a career checkered with incidents of wild excitement, imminent peril, and sometimes of heroic daring, has settled in northern New Mexico, and is now leading a quiet, domestic life. It was the good fortune of the writer, a few months ago, to pass several days under his pleasant roof, and to learn something of those traits of his character which have made his name so widely known throughout the country. His residence in the city of Taos is a popular place of resort for travellers passing through the country, and one often meets there a motley array of Americans, Mexicans and Indians.

Mr. Carson is a short, stoutly built man, with straight brown hair, mild eyes and a round, kindly face. In his ordinary plain attire and broad-brimmed hat, you might take him for an Illinois farmer, of Quaker descent; but his countenance, upon a second look, exhibits marked indications of character. When standing, his appearance reminds one of the Hoosier girl's description of Senator Douglas; he seems to possess "an *in-fy-nite* small chance of legs," but he sits upon a horse like a king. I have never seen a man presenting a more regal aspect than this veteran mountaineer, when mounted upon his favorite steed, and dashing along like the wind. Fondness for hard riding is the only one of his old nomadic habits which he seems to retain; he thinks nothing of a ride of seventy-five or a hundred miles in a single day. "A running horse," saith the old proverb, "is an open sepulchre;" but Mr. Carson is wonderfully robust and vigorous for a man who has spent so much of his life upon a yawning grave. I spoke feelingly upon this subject, having enjoyed the dubious satisfaction of a break-neck ride of eighty miles among the mountains with Mr. Carson, while greatly weakened and reduced by recent illness. The trip ultimately proved invigorating and health-inspiring; but it is still an open question whether the remedy was not nearly as bad as the disease.

Like most persons of real courage, he is modest and retiring, never alluding to his own exploits except in reply to direct questions. His adventures with the Indians of the Far West, however, have been varied and thrilling; he can, if he will, relate many incidents

> "Of most dangerous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes

His experiences in the matter of diet have been more extensive than those of most men. He deems the flesh of a wild horse the best meat he ever tasted. A fat mule is not altogether unpalatable; but when the animal is old and poor he does not deem its flesh inviting. The most sorrowful repast he ever took was upon the Pacific slope, several years ago, when necessity compelled him to kill and eat of a faithful horse which had borne him several hundred miles.

The happiest days of his life were passed during his long residence as a trapper among the Rocky Mountains. He spent ten years in this fascinating career, his ordinary fare consisting of fresh beaver and buffalo meat, without salt, bread or vegetables of any kind. Once or twice a year, when the supplies arrived from "the States," such luxuries as flour and coffee were enjoyed for a single meal, though they cost one dollar *per pint*. During the winter, when visiting their traps twice a day, he and his companions were often compelled to break through the ice and wade in the cold water up to their waists. Notwithstanding these hardships, infractions of every hygienic law, and the irregular habits of some of them, sickness was absolutely unknown. He cannot recollect that during his whole residence in the mountains a single one of the trappers (ranging in number from one to three

VILLAGE OF THE PUEBLOS INDIANS, NEAR TAOS, NEW MEXICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. D. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

hundred) ever died from disease. They were sometimes killed by the Indians; but the wonderfully healthy air of the mountains seemed a panoply against ill-health.

Mr. Carson enjoyed no educational facilities in his youth, and reads and writes but indifferently. He speaks English, French, Spanish and several Indian tongues, however, with fluency, and in his intercourse with the world has acquired much practical information. He is a gentleman by instinct, and is respected and loved, alike by Americans, Mexicans and Indians. He is the government agent for a branch of the "Ute" or Utah Indians—a position which yields him about fifteen hundred dollars per year, and which he will undoubtedly hold as long as he desires. He has a handsome competence, however, independently of his salary, and is surrounded by the comforts of life. Now about fifty years of age, and enjoying the full vigor of manly health and activity, he seeks, in his pleasant home, that quiet and rest to which he was so long a stranger. His wife is a Spanish lady of the better class, and he has a family of interesting children. He is a native of Kentucky, but removed to Missouri when very young; and since he was twenty years of age, his home has been upon the great plains and among the mountains. The race of trappers, of which he is one of the finest specimens, is now nearly extinct.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

He started, and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow,
Within the green gloom of the shadowy oak.
It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.—*Lowell.*

Aye! where was Philip Avon?

Cyril Kingswood, whose life had been aimed by Tubal Kish, just caught a glimpse of that scoundrel as, finding his murderous intention defeated, he plunged into the thicket from which he had emerged and disappeared.

Precisely at the same moment, the rein of Lady Maud's steed was torn rudely from his hand, a shriek burst from the lips of Lady Kingswood, and with amazement he beheld Lady Maud clinging to her saddle in terror, her steed in full flight, with Erle and Philip Avon in mad chase after her.

A few hasty reassuring words to his mother, a hurried request to the Marquis of Chillingham to attend to her safety, and he joined in the pursuit.

After a few minutes' hard galloping, he saw the route Lady Maud's horse was taking, and at once took a circuitous course with a view of outflanking it. But her affrighted beast suddenly diverged from the route in which it had directed its headlong flight, galloped furiously down a tremendous ravine, and thence into the open beyond, which he knew to be fenced with a stone wall rather higher than the Lady Maud's horse, frightened as it was, was likely to dare.

Beneath this wall he expected to find all—he only found one.

He had observed Erle sitting upon his steed with the firm and motionless seat of an accomplished jockey. He saw that Philip Avon was acting like a frenzied madman.

With an excitement almost amounting to convulsion, he saw the Lady Maud's horse clear the wall, leaving a cloud of dust behind, so that he imagined the animal must have fallen. With a cry of exultation he beheld another go over it with a flying leap. For a moment he saw no more, for a throng of grateful tears rushed into his eyes.

He dashed them away, and the next sight was Philip Avon beneath the wall, beating his horse with brutal violence, trying to compel him to a leap he had not the courage to attempt.

He saw the horse wheel round and round, dash with desperate wildness away, to be again and again put to the wall, up to which, with whip and spur, Philip, distracted with passion, urged him furiously. Suddenly the contest between man and horse became terrible. The horse, infuriated by the treatment he had received, plunged, leaped, reared, kicked and eventually flung his rider with terrific violence, and galloped away in the direction he had come.

A few seconds more and Cyril was up at the wall. Beneath it, on his back, lay extended the form of Philip Avon. His face was pale, his eyes were closed, his teeth were clenched, blood and froth were oozing from his lips, his hands were clutched, and Cyril's first impression was that he had been sent to his long account while in the full fury of a paroxysm of intemperate passion.

He raised himself in the saddle and looked over the wall. Far away fled Maud's horse, closely followed by Erle's. Both seemed well and firmly fixed in their seats, and Cyril had a strong hope that his cousin would be safely rescued by her young but brave pursuer.

He alighted, raised the head of Philip and laid it upon his knee, awaiting the signs of returning animation.

Away in the distance he caught a glimpse of Lady Kingswood and the Marquis of Chillingham following, and he waved his hand to them to hurry forward and join him, that he might be enabled to adopt some plan for procuring assistance.

In the meanwhile, Erle, having permitted the tears of Lady Maud to have their way in silence, then addressed a few words of congratulation and sympathy to her. He sought to inspire her anew with confidence and courage to remount her steed that they might return to her friends, and so put a stop to the agony of excitement it was natural they should be laboring under.

Especially was he anxious to give her no opportunity to dwell on the danger she had just escaped, for he feared that if she did the return might even yet be more difficult than the flight.

She listened to him in silence for a time, then she turned her trembling eyes upon him glistening with tears. It was worth a life-purchase to have been the recipient of that look.

No words could describe it—no pencil depict it. Erle felt faint as his own glowing eyes met and interpreted it, and his bosom heaved with a proud, exulting joy, such as he had never before known.

She stretched out her hand and took his. The one trembled in the other. Her soft, intense blue eye, after lingering on his, turned slowly upon the yielding grass; her voice was low and unsteady as she spoke, in reply to his reassuring words.

"Gratitude such as mine, Mr. Gower," she said, "has but a poor choice of epithets to express its real force, but yet——"

"Pardon me, Lady Maud," he interposed, gently, "this is no time to think about me. I overheard your fervent offering of thanks to Heaven for your escape from danger; and the next consideration is your safe return, to relieve the painful anxiety of those awaiting you. We have some distance to recover, and your strength will hardly be more than equal to the task. Some day, dear Lady Maud, when the days are long and the topics are scarce, then we will exchange sentiments upon the events of this day. Pray let me assist you to mount. See, your steed has recovered from its fright, and is quiet enough now. Besides, I observe a bridle-path down the hill, and I will lead him on foot."

Large, glittering tears filled Lady Maud's eyelids and trickled down her cheek as she bowed assent to his suggestion, and permitted Erle to help her into her saddle again.

If ever Erle was certain of one thing in his life, it was that when she took his hand there was a pressure given by her soft, small fingers on his own, which made its presence known to every nerve in his frame. If he was certain of another thing, it was that the vibration of the nerves thus caused created a sense of felicity which was well nigh overpowering.

Passing the rein of his own horse, which, after its severe race, had taken to quietly grazing, over his arm, he took the bridle of Lady Maud's in his hand, and slowly descended the hill.

On reaching the dale beneath, he found that he was compelled to pursue a circuitous route in order to reach a spot where a gap existed in the old stone wall, and having done this, to take a yet wider range to avoid the ravine, down which they had descended fast enough, but up which it would be far too severe a task to attempt to toil.

In consequence of this deviation from a direct track, they entered the Chace at a very different spot to that at which they had quitted it.

Erle was not without a knowledge of woodcraft and directed his steps to the point as well as he could judge where Kingswood Manor House stood; but after he had passed down successive alleys and over various glades, he arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that they were lost in the forest.

The sun had been for some time obscured by a veil of grey clouds so even in color that as he looked upward through the trees, he could not detect the direction in which it was journeying; he found it therefore impossible to ascertain to what quarter of the compass he was wandering.

Baffled and perplexed, he came to a full stop, and turned his eyes anxiously in every direction, and then on Lady Maud's face. He saw there a reassuring smile.

"You have missed the path to the house?" she suggested.

He smiled too, and shook his head.

"In truth I have not yet found it, Lady Maud," he replied, in a voice far more cheerful than his feelings warranted. A night in the woods was a prospect which he did not contemplate with any satisfaction, yet, so far as he could calculate, that appeared to be an event looming with only too much probability. "I doubt much," he added, "whether any path does exist, nor I fear a clue or token save such as are known to those who make this solitary wood their home. This is evidently a part of Kingswood Chace, but in what direction Kingswood Manor House lies I am at a loss to conceive."

He was startled by a faint cry of surprise issuing from the lips of Lady Maud, as she turned her eyes suddenly on some object behind him.

He turned sharply round and beheld, to his amazement, the young female rescued from Tubal Kish by Cyril Kingswood, in which act he himself had borne a share, standing beneath a tree, eyeing them with a look of curious wonder. She was tall and delicately formed, her face was pale, her eyes dark, large and lustrous, her nose thin and straight, her lips small, her face oval, and the aspect of all combined singularly beautiful. In effect, her appearance was spiritual—it scarcely seemed real, even though her attire was earthly enough. She wore upon her head a hat not unlike that which the Lady Maud had on, but in place of a waving feather, white, star-like wild flowers were twined gracefully round it. Upon her shoulders rested a cloak of rich mulberry hue, of texture sufficiently thin to permit it to hang gracefully, leaving exposed an alabaster neck, round and swan-like. Her dress was a pale fawn color, and contrasted beautifully with the deep, warm purple of the cloak.

Whence had she sprung? A moment before they had passed the very spot where she now stood, yet no trace of her had been visible. She looked not like a denizen of the woods, but it was clear to Erle, at least, that she roamed them at will.

After a minute, or even more, expended in gazing on each other, Erle addressed her.

At the sound of his voice she started and half turned, as if, like a frightened fawn, to fly, but as he modulated his voice to a tone of softness, she paused.

"We have lost ourselves in the Chace," he said, "and would return to Kingswood Manor House. If you can point out the path we ought to take, you would confer a very important obligation upon this lady and myself."

She gazed stedfastly at him all the time he spoke, and seemed as if trying to remember where she had before seen his face.

Emerging with timid steps from the shadow of the interlaced trees in which she had stood, she approached them with more of the manner of a shrinking Indian girl than an English maiden reared in the precincts of an old forest.

She bent her eyes once or twice on Lady Maud, rather with a look of inquiry than fear. But she settled her gaze on Erle's face with an eager, perusing look, as though she had seen those features if not in reality, in her dreams, or desired to so imprint them on her memory that she should never more forget them. After a slight pause, Erle repeated his request, and a change passed over her face.

"It is far hence," she at length replied, in a low, silvery voice, "and the way is both dangerous and dreary."

"I fear neither, so that I am made acquainted with the track," responded Erle. "If you can point it out, I entreat you to do so, for there are many awaiting our return in dread anxiety."

"No doubt Cyril is in search of us," observed Lady Maud, suddenly.

The strange maiden started as the name reached her ear. She turned her full, brilliant eyes on Lady Maud with an eager, almost wild earnestness.

"He is acquainted with all parts of the Chace," continued the Lady Maud, reddening, she knew not why, as she observed the fixed, searching look of the stranger. "His loud calls will no doubt enable us, if we proceed, to join him."

Erle glanced askance at the forest maiden as he said,

"He will grieve to think we have wandered so fruitlessly thus long."

The beautiful young stranger turned her face slowly to his, and in a low voice murmured,

"Follow me."

She immediately moved in the direction she had already been pursuing. Erle, with an exclamation of surprise, ere he retraced his steps, pointed into the more open glade with his whip, and said,

"Is not that the easier and more direct path?"

She raised her finger, and in an undertone ejaculated,

"Tubal Kish!"

"The scoundrel!" muttered Erle, in an angry tone. "He bears upon his cheek the mark of my lash given him this day. I fear not to encounter a ruffian such as he."

A perceptible shudder ran through the frame of Lady Maud.

"Pray, Mr. Gower, let us pursue the way in which we shall be most likely free from molestation," she said, hurriedly.

He bowed, and led her horse and his own into the path which the forest maiden had selected.

"Who is Tubal Kish?" inquired Lady Maud, after they had proceeded a considerable distance, as if with a design to break the solemn silence reigning beneath that great vault of leaves.

The forest maiden slackened her pace to listen to Erle's reply.

"A ruffian, who infests this wood," he answered. "Of his history I know nothing. I have seen him twice," he continued, and remembering himself, he hastily, and with some slight embarrassment, related the incident which had that morning taken place, by which both Cyril and Lady Maud had nearly lost their lives.

When he ceased, the forest maiden abruptly said to Erle,

"You saved her?"

She pointed to Lady Maud. He nodded assent.

"And him!"

She pointed across the wood. Erle comprehended her, and again nodded in reply.

Her features broke into a smile of grateful pleasure, and her eyes danced and glittered joyously, as they rested on Erle's face. Suddenly her eye grew dull, and her face clouded.

"Beware of Tubal Kish," she said, in clearer and graver tones than she had yet used. "You have struck him a blow; he will kill you."

Erle laughed scornfully.

"It is not my fate to fall by the hand of a coarse wretch like him," he returned.

A brilliant flash, and the loud report of a gun close to them, made Lady Maud scream, and both horses started back affrighted.

The forest maiden gripped Erle by the wrist.

"The gamekeepers at Kingswood," she exclaimed; "they will guide you now. We shall meet again—that I feel! Look to her, she is fainting with fright."

She pointed as she concluded to Lady Maud, and Erle sprang to her side.

"We are safe!" he exclaimed; "cease all future fear. Lord Kingswood's gamekeepers are within a few yards of us."

At this moment a couple of dogs burst through the underwood, and commenced baying loudly.

"Ho! ho! hillioh!" shouted a voice not far from them. Erle instantly responded, and almost instantly the thick boughs were parted aside, and two gamekeepers, attended by three or four beaters, appeared, to the very undisguised satisfaction of Lady Maud.

Erle turned to thank the handsome young creature who had thus safely conducted them hither, but as he expected, she was nowhere visible.

Lady Maud, too, made inquiry respecting her, and he informed her that she had disappeared without waiting for the tribute of thanks she was anxious to pay her.

The head gamekeeper, who recognised Lady Maud and Erle, too, as a guest at the house, very readily offered to act as their guide for the remainder of the distance.

"You are but a short way from the house, my lady," the man exclaimed, with a smile, very respectful nevertheless. "You could not have been lost here," he added.

"Probably not," returned Erle; "we were far hence when we lost ourselves."

"A young person—something beyond a village maiden in position—guided us hither," exclaimed Lady Maud.

The gamekeeper looked at both in silence for a moment. Then as if it was imperative upon him to speak beneath his breath, he said, in a whisper,

"Eh! but you have seen the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

A slight moan escaped the lips of Lady Maud, and a flashing glance went from the eye of Erle to the gamekeeper, and the rest of the way was performed in silence.

As they slowly entered the park, they perceived a group of persons gathered together, some hastily mounting horses, others already mounted, making extravagant gestures, pointing in various directions, and shouting instructions to horsemen in the act of galloping away.

The gamekeeper blew a blast on his horn, and all eyes were turned upon Lady Maud and Erle.

In an instant, the whole party came rushing up to them, and shouts of joy and lusty rejoicings resounded as soon as it was found that Lady Maud had escaped unhurt.

The poor girl was so overpowered by this reception that she could only, with some hysterical, inarticulate sounds, point to Erle, and then fainted.

There were almost too many assistants to lift her from her horse, and bear her into the house, where, she, under the direction of, and accompanied by, Lady Kingswood, was conveyed to her chamber, and properly attended to.

Erle, in the meantime, "the observed of all observers," was surrounded on all sides, eagerly questioned and vehemently eulogised for his gallantry. He found that Cyril had returned, accompanied by Lady Kingswood, the Marquis of Chillingham and Philip Avon.

He was told of Philip Avon's mishap. It appeared that he was stunned, bruised, shaken, but not otherwise hurt, and Cyril had brought him back, not in a very dignified position, mounted upon his own steed.

Until the arrival of Erle and the Lady Maud, the fate of the latter—nay, of both—was unknown. Their appearance, uninjured, it may be understood, was the source of much gratification.

Cyril was especially enthusiastic in his encomiums upon Erle's high-couraged devotion to the pursuit of Lady Maud's affrighted steed; and he related, now the danger was over, with much gusto, the frightful character of the chace which had taken place, especially the leap before which Philip Avon succumbed, amid the well-bred yet hearty applause of those who surrounded him as they moved slowly towards the manor-house.

There were two persons who stood aloof from this gathering; one, Lord Kingswood, whose agitation, no less than his vexation, could not be concealed. Erle, it seemed, do as he might, compelled the attention of every one, and called forth questions and observations most galling, most inconvenient, ill-timed and embarrassing. After this incident, he resolved to send him away from Kingswood, and place him where his popularity would not prove so disconcerting.

The other was Philip Avon.

He had entered the house earth-soiled, and his brain racking with agony, made a few inquiries respecting the corridor Erle was likely to pass through on his way to dress for dinner, and had taken up his station in a recess, where he could remain unseen until the moment that he wished to make his presence known.

Erle, only too glad to escape from the congratulations, which were more embarrassing than grateful, hurried to his apartment, on the plea of fatigue, and to his surprise, in the dim obscurity of a long corridor, he found himself intercepted by the sudden appearance of Philip Avon, with a white face, and frowning malignantly.

"Stay!" cried the latter, in a hoarse tone. "I seek a word or two with you."

Erle looked at him for a moment with angry eyes. Then recovering himself, he said,

"Before I interchange a sentence with you, let me remind you that you threatened to cut me down, when the life of one dear to many was at stake, because I ventured in her behalf. I kept the path you could not take. Now I dare you to fulfil your threat!"

"Oh, be sure a time will come for that," returned Philip, between his teeth. "What I now would say——"

"I desire to hear nothing from your lips," cried Erle, haughtily. "Stand out of my path now; I am engaged."

He thrust Philip Avon so violently back, as he uttered his words, that he fell.

"When you wish to seek me," he said, turning a scornful glance upon the prostrate form, "you know where and when I can be met with; until then, keep your speech for those whom it pleaseth. I like it not."

With those words, he strode from the spot, and entered his chamber.

Philip Avon sprung up, and would have followed him, but that some servants entered the corridor; he was, therefore, compelled to retire, convulsed with malicious fury, and resolving to have a bitter revenge for the insult he had just received.

CHAPTER IX.

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?—*Shakespeare.*

Lord Kingswood had no sooner ascertained that Lady Maud had been rescued by Erle, and that both were unhurt, than he hurried to the privacy of his library, in order to escape from the observations poured into his ears on all sides respecting Erle.

Congratulations he could have accepted with condescending equanimity of manner, but remarks connecting the gallantry of Erle with an illustrious origin, his high spirit with gentle lineage, his unflinching, sustained resolution, and noble devotion to unsullied blood, springing from a lofty fount, were to him especially distasteful, if not offensive.

They were as well embarrassing, for they seemed to call forth explanations which he was reluctant to offer, because he knew that they must necessarily be a tissue of falsehoods.

His situation, altogether, was what he considered cruelly perplexing. An interregnum of years had passed untroubled. He had for a time forgotten his unhappy victim and the child purloined by his directions, and supposed by him to have afterwards died. Even conscience, which had now and then dealt him a sharp thrust, slumbered—perhaps thrust out of the way by ambition—a door was opened to him to achieve political influence, if not distinction. The world smiled, fawned upon him, and was beginning to bow down to him. Even at the very instant when, with exulting smile, he was mentally contemplating the shining path to gilded honors glowing before him, Ishmael Malpas intruded upon him like a spirit of darkness. His glorious vision was shattered at a blow, and he discovered himself struggling in dark and troubled waters. His first distraction was softened by his interview with Erle, and in spite of the suggestions and menaces of Ishmael he decided on keeping the boy secluded until he had resolved what he should do with him. Lady Kingswood had, however, defeated that intention; she had forced Erle from his seclusion, had paraded him, a nameless unknown, as it were, before his guests; had compelled him, Lord Kingswood, to make an unfortunate admission respecting Erle to the Marquis of Chillingham, and had contributed to bring about the incident of the morning, which would of course be speedily noised over the county.

All hope of keeping Erle at Kingswood unnoticed or unregarded was thus dissipated. It was clear that he would be the lion at that day's dinner party, which was to be increased by numerous invites sent out days before Erle's unwelcome arrival. And it was equally clear that the coined story of his extraction would be sifted, the Army List searched, and every person within reach of question by mouth or letter, bearing the name of Gower, would be examined as to the degree of relationship borne by him or them to this youth, or whether he was connected with them by any ties of affinity at all.

It was also as unpleasantly certain that, if the visitors at Kingswood Manor did not pursue this investigation, Lady Kingswood would.

Here was his great, almost overwhelming difficulty, and, after all, it was this very difficulty which drove him to his library.

The inquisitive researches and tattling gossip of fleerers and talkers, though annoying, and in some respects calculated to prove vexatiously inconvenient, became a matter of trifling consideration when compared with the gravity of the searching investigation likely to be pursued by Lady Kingswood, and the results which must follow her discovery of the real truth.

With Erle a constant resident beneath his roof, Lady Kingswood's suspicions would be always receiving fresh stimulus. The very sight of him would foster and keep alive her curiosity, and induce her to harbor the wildest conjectures, of which, as he knew by experience, she would not fail to give him the full benefit.

If he could manage to get rid of Erle, if he could only arrange to successfully set him down for life in Russian America, at Jeddo in Japan, or in the miasmatic region between Central K'hutu and the base of the Nsagara Mountains in East Africa, the very delicate subject of his origin, as well as the fact of his existence, might fade from the memory of Lady Kingswood. But with him ever in her eyes, the desire to make herself acquainted with every fact connected with his parentage, and the true cause of the interest Lord Kingswood, in spite of himself, was compelled to acknowledge that he took in him, would be followed by every possible effort to satisfy it. Lord Kingswood knew only too well that she would unscrupulously employ any agency, or resort to any means she could grasp to satisfy her curiosity, and it became really a matter of importance to his pride as well as to his domestic peace to remove far away the object of his uneasiness.

It was not difficult to reach this conclusion, but the consequences were to be considered.

It was impossible to ignore the existence of Ishmael Malpas, or, as he knew him, Horace Vernon. He remembered his character only too well. Firm, determined, daring, as a boy, he was no less resolute, energetic, fearless as a young man. Steadfast, persevering, undiscouraged by check or difficulty, it was his nature to pursue his course until he had obtained the object for which he worked.

Lork Kingswood knew so much of him, and he had in the time long past found it hard to reconcile his conduct respecting the loss of the woman he loved with the qualities he knew him to possess. His lordship, when he had successfully perpetrated his act of villainy in seducing his victim from the man who really loved her, expected that man to call him to account. His lordship was a dead shot, and a perfect master of fence; he calculated upon a duel, in which he should either wing his opponent with a bullet, or pierce the fleshy part of his sword-arm, or pink him near the fifth rib, and there the matter would end.

But he heard nothing of Horace Vernon after the flight of his betrothed. He simply disappeared and "was heard no more." His lordship believed the child to be disposed of, and what had become of the mother he did not know and would not care.

His return to England, married to the young, flighty creature to whom he had been betrothed, was unmarked by the startling appearance of the creature he had so cruelly duped, or the unwelcome presence of the man he had so deeply wronged. His own nervous anticipations and forebodings at length died away, and if he cast a thought upon her who had so often hung about his neck with devoted loving tenderness, it was after he had had an altercation with Lady Kingswood upon some occasion on which her unprincipled selfishness had been rather sternly developed.

Then he thought of the discarded one with a bitter pang, and then it was an impression stole over him that retribution hath many shapes.

However, the long silence was broken with a tremendous crash. The offspring of that unhappy connection, supposed dead, was beneath his roof, and at his back a fierce, relentless foe. He was placed at an instant on the horns of a terrible dilemma. If he disposed of Erle, in some prompt and definite way, he brought down upon him the wrath, and Heaven alone knew what with it, of Horace Vernon. If he suffered him to remain a member of his household, and treated him with the respect due to his son and heir, he should have perhaps to encounter the dreadful consequence of Lady Kingswood's discovery, that though married to him, she was not his wife, and that his, their son Cyril, was—oh, fearful shock to her pride—illegitimate.

The very thought of such a discovery frenzied him, and he resolved to dare Vernon's direst vengeance rather than the frantic wrath of Lady Kingswood.

But how to get rid of Erle, how to obtain his consent to banish himself to some remote spot until his reappearance would be unattended by any unpleasant consequences. The boy was certainly high-spirited, haughty, and self-willed, required considerable management to control, and having been impressed with a notion that he had a right to be at Kingswood—that it was a duty he owed to himself, and an act of justice to one whose claims he maintained by his presence there—it promised to be no light task to persuade him that the only proper place for him to inhabit was some remote spot where the British flag was seen once in a century.

Still, it was imperative that he should be sent away, and having resolved upon that—with many misgivings, being, as he perceived, the least of two great evils—it remained only to decide upon the agency.

In reflecting upon this unpalatable necessity, he felt the want of the aid of counsel, and it occurred to him that his faithful Pharisee, who had served him so long, so well, and so unscrupulously, might help him to effect his purpose. It was not possible to carry out his project without a confederate, and he could think of no one who would so well enact the part as his valet.

He rang the bell used to summons the man, and almost immediately Pharisee make his appearance.

Pharisee, in common with the household, had heard of Lady Maud's accident and her brilliant rescue by Erle. He had contrived to mix with the group that had welcomed Erle and Lady Maud's arrival. He had picked up all he could by the use of his quick ears, in order to repeat it, to his own advantage, to Lord Kingswood, and in returning to the house, he perceived Lord Kingswood, with chagrin plainly marked on his pale face, striding in the same direction.

Pharisee guessed that his services would be called into requisition, and he placed himself in the vicinity of the library. So, when, as he expected, his bell rang, he was very prompt in answering it.

Well acquainted with every shade of expression Lord Kingswood's face was accustomed to exhibit, he was unprepared to find it so anxious and haggard as now he beheld it. But he kept his amazement concealed, and glided up to the harassed nobleman much in the same apathetic way as when merely required to assist his lordship to dress.

On reaching his master, he paused and waited for a communication.

He had to wait some little time, for Lord Kingswood knew not how to break the subject rankling in his mind to him.

At length, in a sleek, insinuating voice Pharisee said,

"Your lordship, I believe, rung for me."

Lord Kingswood, who with furtive glance, had observed him enter the room with noiseless step, started from a reclining position in his easy-chair, which he had purposely assumed, as though he had awakened suddenly from a troubled dream.

"Ah—a—Pharisee—yes, I rung for you," his lordship returned, with a hesitating manner of speech. "The fact is," he continued, in a thoughtful manner, "I want to have some conversation with you upon a subject which perplexes and confounds me."

Pharisee bowed very low, but offered no observation.

"Yes," continued Lord Kingswood, with a ruminating air, "I want your advice—well, not, perhaps, your advice, but your opinion—at least, your assistance in an affair of a singularly delicate nature."

"I am your lordship's devoted servant," returned Pharisee, with an oriental bend.

"So I believe, Pharisee, or I should decidedly not consult with you in the present matter," was his lordship's response.

"I have served your lordship faithfully for many years," continued Pharisee, with artful plausibility; "may I hope that the steadfastness and consistency with which I have ever fulfilled the duties your lordship has been pleased to favor me by entrusting me with, will give me some small claim to the confidence your lordship seems disposed to honor me by reposing in me."

"Say a strong claim, Pharisee," returned his lordship, with a well assumed affable condescension. "In short, from the manner in which you have performed the services required of you by me, I have every right to suppose that you will ably execute any little mission I may entrust you with."

"I will do my utmost zealously and faithfully to discharge any service your lordship may graciously confide to me."

"Well, Pharisee, then I request your attention to what I am about to communicate to you," said his lordship, affecting a calmness of manner he did not feel. "You have lived with me the greater portion of my married life, Pharisee, and you are, of course, acquainted with its principal incidents. But a—ahem—a—there were events—there were circumstances—I say there were occurrences which took place previous to my marriage, which—which I have kept closely hidden within my own breast, and——"

Lord Kingswood detected, as he thought, a little too much eager inquisitiveness in the eye of his devoted servant, he therefore added, a little quickly and very emphatically—

"Of course I intended to keep them where they now rest undisclosed."

Pharisee dropped his eye instantly upon the carpet, and inwardly cursed his own want of tact.

Lord Kingswood resumed:

"Out of those occurrences, Pharisee, there has suddenly sprung into being a youth, who has settled himself in the very heart of my home."

Pharisee gazed steadfastly at the carpet, and remained intent as well as motionless."

"You, of course, guess to whom I allude, Pharisee," said Lord Kingswood, glancing up beneath his eyebrows at him.

"Mr. Gower, my lord," murmured Pharisee, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Mr. Gower," repeated Lord Kingswood, promptly. "You are right, Pharisee. Well, I am under certain engagements—made—a—made, I say, in the heyday and the folly of youth, to protect and to provide for this boy, who—a—I—I—a—may say possesses not—a—not—the ghost—I say, not the shadow of a legal nor—well, I think I am justified in saying nor a moral claim upon me. Nevertheless, I am called upon to fulfil these embarrassing engagements, and I cannot very well help complying with—a—the—the—demand," the last word came out very reluctantly; "but," continued his lordship, quickly, "I do not intend to say that, as a matter of honor, I object to comply, though I confess that my acquiescence occasions me the very greatest perplexity and inconvenience."

"Your lordship, I presume, refers to the presence of Mr. Gower at Kingswood?" suggested Pharisee, gently, and with a slight hesitation in his delivery.

"Exactly, Pharisee," returned his lordship, almost eagerly, "his presence here occasions me very great embarrassment, because it calls for explanations which it is impossible for me to give——"

"I understand your lordship," suggested Pharisee, in a meaning tone.

Lord Kingswood reddened.

"No, you do not understand me, Pharisee," he rejoined, sharply; "and, further, I do not require you to interpret my suggestions. What I desire you to understand I will be very explicit in communicating. Though myself not personally affected by the explanations to which I have alluded, there are others whose interests might be injured, and their position compromised, were I to enter into matters which really concern no other person but Mr. Gower, and—the—the individuals with whom he is secretly connected. Lady Kingswood—like many, I might, with truth, perhaps, say, in common with the rest of her sex—is not likely to remain satisfied with the statement I have given her, similar to that I have just made to you. Unwilling to subscribe to the sacredness of a trust reposed in me, she will wish to know every little fact and detail connected with the history of Mr. Gower, which, to a certain extent, I cannot give if I would, and my determined refusal to her request may lead to inconveniences which I am especially desirous to avoid at the present time. I am desirous to act well and liberally to Mr. Gower, to advance his future, to do anything to enhance his comfort and happiness, but—a—not here."

His lordship paused, and Pharisee slowly raised his eyes.

He now quite understood that his lordship wished to get rid of Mr. Gower; but how?

That expression, "get rid of," was a very wide one—in some senses, a very significant one.

He slowly perused Lord Kingswood's features, but he did not read there the villainous thoughts which crossed his own vile mind.

Lord Kingswood remained silent, and Pharisee therefore knew an observation was expected from him.

"It can scarcely be a question of difficulty, my lord," he presently observed, in his usual oily tone. "Remove Mr. Gower to some other part of the kingdom."

"You do not understand, Pharisee, that he has been brought hither to remain here," rejoined Lord Kingswood, in a suggestive tone.

"Ah!" ejaculated Pharisee, "I am not wrong, I presume, in supposing that, although your lordship wishes for his departure, you do not desire it to be known that his removal emanates from you."

"You are quick of comprehension, I perceive, Pharisee," replied Lord Kingswood. "You have truly conjectured my position: you have arrived at my singular difficulty."

"It does not strike me as being a difficulty of an extraordinary character," rejoined Pharisee, in a slow, soft tone.

"No?" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, interrogatively.

"No, my lord," responded Pharisee.

"Proceed to explain your views," said Lord Kingswood, leaning back in his chair, and eyeing his crafty valet with an eager curiosity.

"Youth is fond of change," commenced Pharisee. "At Mr. Gower's age the mind is active and restless. It does not remain content in one place. The wonders of London, described in glowing terms to Mr. Gower, would create within his breast an ardent yearning to visit its gay scenes. London, my lord, has many temptations, many follies, many vices. A youth yielding to its temptations springs from folly to folly, and leaps thence to excesses: the step from excess to vice is short. Your lordship, learning from sources on which you can rely that such a course has been pursued, will certainly be thoroughly justified in removing your patronage, and withdrawing, in fact, your countenance from him, very properly forbidding his appearance in your presence again."

"Um!" mused Lord Kingswood, "a neat contrivance; but it will not do. He would remain in London, and might talk. No; if he could be persuaded to emigrate to some distant region, where, if not killed by the climate, he would not, at all events, return to England, my object would be attained."

A sinister smile stole over the cadaverous features of Pharisee. In the same slow, insinuating tones, he said:

"Does not your lordship imagine that a youth having grossly committed himself, and being sharply awakened to a sense of his humiliating position by your just and unappeasable displeasure, would eagerly seize an offer to provide him with a passage to some distant land, together with a sum of money to give him a start in life on his arrival there! With humble deference to your lordship, I think that such a plan would succeed to perfection, because the youth, knowing how culpably he had acted here, would proceed to any other quarter of the globe rather than remain in this."

Lord Kingswood received the suggestion with some little excitement. He rose up, and paced the chamber, exhibiting a degree of feverish anxiety quite comforting to Pharisee, who stood motionless as a statue, but followed Lord Kingswood with his shifty, restless eyes, as he passed and repassed him.

He was unacquainted with the harassing considerations which formed the train of thought racing through Lord Kingswood's mind, but he was quite satisfied that though his lordship had denied being personally affected in revelations connected with the history of Erle Gower, he was deeply implicated in them. He was equally sure that his lordship would assent to his proposition. He had long yearned to obtain a complete and fearful power over Lord Kingswood from a remarkable cause, and now he saw it fairly within his reach.

His bosom throbbed and heaved violently, the veins in his forehead swelled like chords, his nerves tingled and pricked, and his teeth knit themselves closely together, because he saw dancing before his eyes and within his grasp the long hoped-for prize.

Yet he stood motionless, his face a shade ghastlier in its sallowness, but his features rigidly immovable; his eyes, in their flashing restlessness, and the persistency with which they watched the movements of Lord Kingswood, alone betraying the tumult of his concealed feelings.

At last Lord Kingswood resumed his seat, and in a vexed, impatient tone, he exclaimed—

"I am afraid I see no other way to attain an end in which, it is no use disguising it, my happiness and the distinctions I am seeking are involved; but the instructions I ought to give you, they perplex, distress, confound me; I cannot find it in my soul to direct you to——"

"Take any step in the matter," sleekly interposed Pharisee; "it will be unnecessary for your lordship to do so. I foresaw that difficulty, and I provide for it by requesting your lordship to give me no instructions whatever, but to leave to me the working out of the scheme. Your lordship shall remain in utter ignorance of the proceedings of Mr Gower until the proper time. Every proposition for change shall emanate from him. He shall not know other than that you are warmly interested in his future welfare, and when he flies, degraded, dishonored, humiliated, he shall be in no position to blame or curse any one but himself for what has happened. Your lordship's conscience may rest very lightly as to any participation in events which shall insure his downfall."

The face of Lord Kingswood brightened. He gazed steadfastly in the face of his devoted servant.

"I believe, Pharisee, you are attached to me," he exclaimed.

"My long and continuous services, my lord, I believe fairly answer that question," rejoined the astute valet, in a meek tone.

"And I think you are devoted to my interests," continued Lord Kingswood.

"Your lordship has not occasion, I think, to question my trustworthiness," was the equally modest reply.

"No, I am sure I have not," responded Lord Kingswood. He drew a long breath, and then slowly added—"My very good Pharisee, I leave the whole of this matter entirely in your hands. What has transpired between us will remain concealed in your breast and buried in my own. From time to time, if need be, you can draw on me for such amounts as you may need for secret service. You understand, Pharisee?"

The valet, with a sickly smile, bent his head.

"When the affair has terminated you may rely upon my honor for an adequate reward," concluded his lordship.

Pharisee bowed again in reply, and mentally said, "I mean to take it," but he did not utter a word.

"There will be no further occasion, I suppose, to discuss this matter between us again, Pharisee?" observed Lord Kingswood, intending to close the interview here.

"No, my lord," returned the valet, "unless something very unexpected or unforeseen occurs. I may suggest, however, that your lordship will not expect the plan to be consummated at too early a date. It will take time. I must work with the greatest care and caution. Mr. Gower has a nature which will not submit to dictation—he cannot be driven—he is difficult to guide, and yet more difficult to lead. But he is proud, haughty and impressionable. I shall have to work upon the sensitive and sentimental part of his nature, and at first my progress will be slow, but when he has once started, he will hurry along with a heedless velocity which will give your lordship no reason to complain of further delay."

"Very good, then he will continue to remain here for the present," said Lord Kingswood, with a shade of dissatisfaction on his face.

"Until, my lord, he demands, rather then asks, your lordship to permit him to go to London," responded Pharisee, with a cunning leer.

"I understand," replied his lordship, a little more satisfied, adding, "Where have you placed him now, Pharisee? It was a dreadful mistake to place him in those old unused rooms."

Lord Kingswood instinctively shuddered.

"Lady Kingswood gave the orders to prepare those rooms for him," answered Pharisee, quickly. "Her ladyship, I presume, was desirous that the young gentle——"

Lord Kingswood frowned.

"I ask you, Pharisee, where you have now located Mr. Gower?"

Pharisee informed him.

"The apartments are too near Cyril's rooms," he exclaimed, thoughtfully. "I do not wish their intimacy to grow," then shrugged his shoulders and added, "I cannot help myself; I have a hard part to play, and I must do the best I can with it."

The library door opened, and a footman appeared. He bore a message from Erle to Lord Kingswood, requesting to be excused from appearing at dinner that day, pleading a severe headache as a ground for the request he made. Lord Kingswood readily assented, for he had looked forward to the dinner as a source of especial annoyance, owing to the incident of the morning. He felt that with Erle absent, he should be enabled to play the host to his numerous guests with all the animation, spirit and vivacity he was desirous of exhibiting, in order to secure their political influence in his favor, and he terminated his interview with Pharisee with a far lighter heart and more cheerful countenance then he had commenced.

Pharisee, too, hastened to Lord Kingswood's dressing-room to prepare his lordship's dinner-dress, and in a tone of passionate exultation, he said to himself:

"My triumph approaches. It is said a worm stings. I have been treated as a worm—oh, but I'll sting like a scorpion!"

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The sensitiveness of the police frequently places a very unpleasant reflection upon the conduct of their rulers. It is like the parson who never mentioned hell to ears polite. An amusing instance of this lately happened in Warsaw during the conference of the sovereigns. The theatre was called upon to get up something appropriate for the two Emperors, and it accordingly announced for the entertainment of the partitioners of Poland a ballet bearing the ominous title of "Bertrand and Robert; or, the Two Robbers!" The police thinking, perhaps, of the duet between Peachem and Lockit, of which the refrain is,

"If you mention vice or bribe,
Each will say that is levelled at me,"

struck out the "Two Robbers." Very complimentary of the police to imagine that the title of the "Two Robbers" would fit the Czar and the Emperor of Austria. We don't exactly see why the Prince Regent of Prussia should escape.

Garibaldi has a very awkward method of transacting business with his ministry. Conforti, the minister, went up the other day to Naples to have an audience. After hunting about for three or four hours, he at last found the Dictator in the lines of Santa Maria, under the enemy's fire, and counting shells thrown by the Neapolitans that did not explode, for want of a proper fuse. He did not interrupt this interesting investigation on the arrival of the minister, but continued walking about, bidding him tell him what he had to say. Now, M. Conforti, who was unused to be under fire, became very uncomfortable, and, after the lapse of half an hour, had become so alarmingly pale, that Garibaldi took pity on him and withdrew out of range.

French papers say that the Emperor contemplates the establishment of public gaming houses in Paris, under the surveillance of the police. We think that this will obviate many of the abuses of private gambling institutions, and afford a revenue as well.

An Irish paper has this incident: Father Esteve, S.J., Superior of the Missions in Syria, on arriving in Montpellier, has related some very interesting details of the persecution in that unfortunate country. One of them is a wonderful instance of the protection of Mary. A young girl, pursued by a Druse, and fearing outrages worse than death, threw herself boldly into the sea, first calling upon the Virgin of Virgins for protection; for a moment she sank beneath the waves, then was lifted on the shore again. The barbarians were close to her—she again threw herself in, and was again brought to shore by the waves. Five times did this heroic girl throw herself in, crying out, "Mary, help me! Mary, help me!" and as many times did the sea cast her back upon the sand. The last wave, however, had carried her to some distance from the Druses, and near a party of Christians—she was safe.

The Irish battalion which was captured at Spoleto were sent on to Paris, and lodged in the Quartier Latin. This soon became a kind of Donnybrook, and so disgusted the French authorities, that they were speedily dispatched to Havre at the Government expense, to get rid of them. From Havre they were shipped to Dublin.

Queen Victoria is about instituting a new order of Knighthood under her title of Queen of the Indies. Natives as well as Englishmen are eligible.

The *Court Journal* of London says that the census of Ireland for 1861 will show a decrease in her population of at least a million and a half as compared with 1841.

Alderman Wire, who, two years ago filled the office of Lord Mayor of London, died on the 9th. He was a lawyer.

A most terrible accident occurred near Ringdon, Hampshire. Miss Emily, daughter of Thomas Entwhistle, a gentleman of large fortune, was riding near her home, when her horse took fright, and she lost her seat in the saddle. Her foot being at the same time, unfortunately, entangled in the stirrup, and her dress in the saddle, she was dragged upwards of four hundred yards before the horse could be stopped. When she was taken up, it was found that her head and face were literally smashed to pieces, the brains protruding from her head, having come in contact with the wheel of a cart that was near the spot at the time. The body was taken up and carried into the house of Mr. Walden, which is close by where the accident occurred, and from thence conveyed to the mansion of Admiral Walcot which is in the same locality. The unfortunate young lady was between seventeen and eighteen years of age.

The same day, Mr. Devas, of Dulwich, a merchant of London, while riding from his home to his place of business in the city, was observed to reel in his saddle. The next minute he fell from his horse. He was taken to a chemist's shop, where he soon expired. His complaint was heart disease.

Marochetti's magnificent colossal statue of Richard Cœur de Lion has been erected in Old Palace Yard, London, between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Peers. It is cast in bronze. The English are great people for cherishing the memory of their famous men. It is only about eight centuries since he was killed.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR AND THE CITY O

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, S.C.

For beautiful city of Charleston, which we illustrate this week, is the largest city of South Carolina, and is situated on a tongue of land, bounded on either side by the rivers Ashley and Cooper, which, joining at the extreme outward point, form a large and beautiful bay, which communicates with the ocean at Sullivan's Island, seven miles below. It was founded in 1672. In 1687 a large company of French Huguenots, flying from religious persecution, landed at Charleston, and made it their permanent residence, and from this noble stock are descended many of the first families in the city. It was incorporated as a city in 1783, and played a glorious part in the following Revolutionary struggle. History mentions no more gallant action than the victory gained by Colonel Moultrie and his four hundred gallant volunteers who repelled and badly beat a British squadron of nine ships, making it retreat with much damage and severe loss of life, before the well-served guns of Fort Moultrie. Charleston has suffered immense losses by fire, the loss at one, in 1838, being over five millions of dollars; but she has great recuperative powers, and the beautiful city comes out still more beautiful after each desolating disaster.

The ground on which the city of Charleston is built is some eight or nine feet above high water-mark. The tide rises about six feet, and passing, like the tide of our Hudson and East Rivers, on either side of the city, preserves it pure and healthy. The streets are laid out in lines running parallel with each other from the Cooper to the Ashley Rivers, and are intersected almost at right angles by others. Many of the streets are very broad, varying from sixty to seventy feet in width. One of the most delightful features of the city is the abundance of beautiful shade trees which line the streets of the Palmetto City, serving the double purpose of screening the pedestrian from the rays of the summer sun and of an ornament of rare and unequalled beauty.

The public buildings of the city were planned on a liberal scale. They are remarkable for architectural beauty, and for the solidity of their structure. Not only are the Government buildings particularly worthy of notice, but the banking-houses, churches, public institutions, hotels and private mansions are rich in their architecture and spacious in their accommodation.

JOHN S. BARRY, ESQ., THE CELEBRATED HORSE-TAMER.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE MARKET, CHAR

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Charleston is a great resort for strangers, not only for the salubrity of its climate, but for the charming ease, the hospitality and the refined and elegant tone which prevails in every class of its society.

The commerce of Charleston is very considerable, not only by the marine, but inland, by means of the several railroads which centre in the city.

CHARLESTON MARKET.

We give in our present number a very spirited sketch of Charleston market on Saturday evening. Our space will not allow us to give a description; indeed our artist has made the picture speak for itself.

LESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

JOHN S. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.

Until 1858 Mr. Rarey, who has since become so famous, was comparatively unknown, even in America, his native country. In that year he went to England, and in a brief time so well satisfied the eminent officials in authority of his undoubted power to perform the wonderful feats which rumor ascribes to him, that permission was given to him to exhibit his skill before the Queen of England and her Court. His success was complete, and afterwards, on several occasions, he exhibited before the Queen by special command. These experiments were repeated in Paris and the other Courts of Europe, and always with unequivocal success. Royal Commissions examined his system and pronounced it valuable, exhibiting a means of perfectly controlling the nature of the wildest and most savage horses. Mr. Rarey was engaged to teach his method to military officers both in the English and Continental services, and it may be said, with justice, that he has inaugurated a new and humane system of taming the most savage of the equine species.

The main idea of Rarey's system, says *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, seems to be admirable blending of firmness with patience and kindness. It has been said that the struggle is tremendously severe, and that the horse lies sweating, quivering and panting, as if his broken spirit was rushing out in streams of hot vapor

LORENZO SICKEY, ESQ., THE INVENTOR OF THE GREAT VIRGINIAN GUN—THE UNION PACIFICATOR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE AGE 42.

from his nostrils. There is, however, one consideration overlooked. This desperate and prolonged struggle between the man and the beast for the mastery only occurs when the subject is a horse of intractable temper and confirmed ferocity in all other hands. It is not to be supposed that in so great a horse-breeding, breaking and training country as England, Mr. Rarey would be long without having his system and himself put to the severest test that could be devised. A thoroughbred stallion was selected, whose ferocity had made him the dread and terror of the great breeding establishment at Swacliffe.

Cruiser was held to be the most savage and intractable horse in England, and upon him Mr. Rarey was to operate. While he was in training as a racer, his ungovernable spirit had not displayed itself to any great extent, but he had given such indications that John Day gave a warning to the man who took him to Swacliffe, not to take his halter off in any stable. In spite of the caution, the groom did so, and before they could get Cruiser out again, they had to take the roof off the building and lasso him from above. As he grew older he got worse, and when Mr. Rarey took him in hand he was a perfect fiend in temper and fury. He was completely subdued by the system of Mr. Rarey, and his victory over this noted horse, in public, set the seal upon the merits of his method for the taming of the most ferocious animals of the equine order.

At the farewell exhibition given by Mr. Rarey at the Crystal Palace, on the 27th of last month, which was a great ovation, Cruiser was introduced. He was not only no longer a dangerous and ferocious savage, but playful and docile; and we predict that there will be great curiosity here to see this noted animal. The most furious subject at Mr. Rarey's last exhibition in England was an Irish mare, whose screams filled the transept before she was brought in. She was a powerful gray roan, and kicked, bit, reared and howled in the most ferocious manner. Watching his opportunity, however, Rarey got his strap on her fetlock and finally overthrew her, to the delight of the vast audience, who at one time feared that she might get the better of his cool courage and patience in her efforts to eat him up.

Mr. Rarey will soon, we understand, exhibit his extraordinary prowess in New York. His wide spread reputation will doubtless attract thousands, and we have no doubt that his exhibitions here and elsewhere will return him as rich a result, and effect as much good as did his public and private lessons in the old countries.

LORENZO SIBERT, INVENTOR OF THE GREAT VIRGINIA GUN.

Lorenzo Sibert, of Mount Solon, Augusta county, Virginia, the inventor of the great Virginia gun he calls the "Union Pacificator," is an iron manufacturer by education—a native of Shenandoah county, Virginia, and about fifty-six years of age. He possesses an inventive genius, and his name is already recorded several times in the archives of inventions at Washington. This gun, destined to supersede all others, is a self-loading one. The cartridge is bored out of solid iron or steel, and has nipper and all in one piece. The cartridges, when loaded, are placed in magazines made of tin or other light substance, that revolve around the barrel, and fall by gravity into a pair of iron cylinders, in a range with the barrel; the cock is pulled back—the hammer strikes the cap-end of cartridge—the empty cartridge slides down into the breech and a full one takes its place, and the process of shooting is as rapid as the cock and the trigger can be pulled, until the magazines, your pockets and cartridge box or shot pouch is empty. The gun is light—simple in construction—cannot get out of order in hands of the common soldier—never heats or fouls in the barrel, each cartridge carrying away its own heat and dirt. The cartridges last for years—can't burst—and if they did, the cylinders could not. One of these guns is equal to a company or small regiment. The Government ought to make a monopoly of this arm.

THE RETRIBUTION OF HISTORY.

The name of George III. will always have a certain interest with Americans, since, in some respects, he might be termed the Pontius Pilate of our freedom. In a recent work, many facts illustrating the miserable close of his life—for his reign ended long before—have been made public, and although Madame D'Arblay had given us many indications of the wretched condition into which the once great bigot of England had fallen, it is enough to make even the descendants of the victims of the Sugar-House and Prison Ships feel for their royal murderer when we read such a scene as the following, taken from a recent work published in England:

It would have been well if the errors of the physicians had been confined to ignorance. But their negligence was still more reprehensible. While the poor maniac was deprived of those tender offices which his wife and daughters might have rendered, he was abandoned to the care of low mercenaries; and so little discrimination was observed in the choice of his attendants that the charge of his person devolved chiefly on a German page, named Ernst, who was utterly unworthy to be trusted with the charge of the humblest of his fellow-creatures. This man, who had been raised by the patronage of His Majesty, repaid the kindness of his royal master with the most brutal ingratitude. He went so far as to strike the helpless King, and on one occasion, when His Majesty wished to protract his exercise in the gardens at Kew, Ernst seized him in his arms, carried him into a chamber, and, throwing him violently on a sofa, exclaimed, in an insolent manner to the attendants, "There is your king for you!"

These outrages were perpetrated in the seclusion of the palace at Kew, to which the king had been removed in the month of October, at the instance of the Prince of Wales. His Majesty had been persuaded to leave Windsor, to which he was much attached, by the promise that he should see his children at Kew. He entered the carriage cheerfully; but, on passing through the iron gates of the Little Park, he put his hands before his face and burst into tears. Recovering his composure, however, he talked to the equerries who accompanied him to the carriage in his ordinary, hurried manner, pointing out the objects in the road and anticipating the pleasure, long denied him, of seeing his wife and daughters. But on his arrival at Kew he found himself a prisoner. Proceeding towards the apartments he usually occupied, he was stopped, and conducted into a large room, where he found the pages who were to be his keepers waiting to receive him. The equerries, among whom was his faithful and valued servant, General Harcourt, according to the orders they had received, withdrew. The physicians also, who had accompanied the royal patient from Windsor, having consigned him to the charge of the pages, also thought proper to retire, and actually returned to London the same night. The king then impatiently demanded to see his family; and the promise under which he had been induced to leave his palace at Windsor was, in cruel mockery, fulfilled. The princesses were brought before the window; the king on seeing them rushed forward to lift the sash, but it was screwed down. A paroxysm was the immediate consequence of this cruel restraint; the princesses were hastily removed, and the king was dragged from the window, entreating to be allowed to speak to his children.

The late witty Samuel William Riley, author of the "Itinerant," seeing a proud and solemn man of sixty swelling down Lord street, Liverpool, accosted him, politely touching his hat, "Excuse me, sir, for stopping you in the street, but I just wish to inquire the rent of the house No. 10 Great George street?" "Sir," replied his haughtiness, "I have no house in Great George street." "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Mr. R., "I thought all the town belonged to you."

SHRINK'S ISLAND.

How many years ago is it since John Simmonds and I went fortune-hunting to New Zealand?—since John Simmonds died of fever in the passage out and I stepped on stranger's land with a heap of baffled hopes for luggage? A great many years ago—for my hair is gray now and the hand that pens these lines is wrinkled and unsteady. I was not a young man when I made that weary journey in a sailing vessel, neither was John Simmonds; we had both seen forty summers, were both men of the world—rolling stones, who, having gathered no moss in our native land, made sure of finding all the moss across the sea, and, with the restless fever on us, started off to "settle down."

John and I had been rolling stones all our lives—fellows who had never known what luck was and were drawing blanks from the great lottery whilst other men grew rich. We had shared cribs together at Ponder's Institution; we had worked together as carpenter's apprentices; we had knocked about town together and fallen in love with the same girl (who had jilted us both); we had parted once or twice in "huffs" and met again in manners the most odd—fate being resolved to cross our lives and keep John in sight of me and me of John.

Simmonds and I had been apart two years when we met in a dark little street near the docks. I had been seeking a situation at a wine-merchant's and John was returning from a sight of the Saucy Sarah, a sailing vessel, in which he had booked his passage to New Zealand. John and I, over our glasses of grog at the Hope and Anchor, forgot old grievances and remembered past associations, and were soon shaking hands and laughing till the tears ran down our cheeks into the gin and water.

Well, it ended after the old fashion—John and I became sworn friends again, and I was ready to try the new land with him and begin life afresh to-morrow. There were fortunes to be made across the sea, and in London only hard work, hard pay, hard masters. Both of us had fared ill in merry England and there were no claims strong enough to bind us to it. Educated at Ponder's Institution, where the want of father and mother at an early age had rendered us eligible as pupils, with a married sister or two, whose surly husbands did not care to see us very often, and with an old aunt on my side, out of her mind, and an old uncle of John's, out of luck and in the workhouse, things were not particularly conducive to our stay. So away we went, and in the crowd of faces that looked after the Saucy Sarah there was not one that John and I had any right to say, "God bless!"

Still we went not away low-spirited; there were great hopes that affairs would take a turn now and that we should be wealthy merchants some fine day. John had letters of recommendation in his pocket that were to work wonders. John knew a friend out there, who had started in life as poorly off as himself and had become an influential tradesman with more money than he knew what to do with—happy fellow!—and who was to give us work directly we reached him and launch us on strange waters bravely. All was as it should be to our sanguine natures, and it was our turn to be uppermost as the wheel went round.

Well, John Simmonds sickened on the passage out and died. So much for castle building and stray ventures, and looking forward to the day that never comes; and so an end to all John's hopes in the deep waters wherein they slowly let him sink!

Two years and a half ago I should have shaken my head, said poor Jack and set to work again, had any one met me with the news of John Simmonds's decease; but it was a different thing in that sailing vessel, wherein we had sworn fellowship again and been such friends. When they sank him into the sea I gave up like a child and cried as if my heart would break; and a month after I woke up to find myself still aboard ship and to the congratulations of my fellow-passengers on having slipped the clutch of death at last and beaten back the fever that settled poor John Simmonds.

Well, it was a long passage, and I thought New Zealand never would be reached. A dreadful passage, with storms that drove us back; and frightful calms, that kept us stationary for days; and winds that tore the sails away and blew one unhappy wretch overboard—to keep John company, perhaps. John was always fond of company; too much company in bar-parlors after his day's work had been the ruin of all John's prospects, people said; I can't believe it, even now.

There was plenty of time to collect John's scanty wardrobe and search for those letters of recommendation which never came across me; they had been ever myths in John's fecund imagination or been lost during his illness and my own, for no letters ever came to light, and the name and address of the friend who was to put us in the way of fortune-making I had utterly forgotten—they have slipped my memory to this day. What became of John's money, too—there were twelve pounds I could swear to—I was unable to ascertain; but it was missing also, and every one on board was innocent as heaven.

The Saucy Sarah reached New Zealand at last, and the new world lay before me where to choose. The passengers went east and west without so much as a good bye; and I, friendless and alone, with no hand to grasp my own after that long journey—how I yearned for only one!—looked round for work to put my hand to and save me from starvation. I did not find work difficult to procure, but it was rough work, and I had never been one of the strongest. Then there were old habits to stand in my way—a trick of never keeping time was one, and a knack of dozing at mid-day was another; and there was the climate too hot for me, and no John Simmonds to keep my spirits up when they dropped suddenly to zero. I found New Zealand harder to live in than England; men of energy might rise therein, but I had been inclined to give up, all my life. Energy was the one thing I had ever lacked—it has happened, so let it be; call it destiny, or fate, or preordination, and sit down by the wayside with crossed arms, and let the workers pass me by.

I was thinking of giving up for good and following John Simmonds, when a letter from my sister (my youngest sister, who had been my favorite at home, and had taken most kindly to me in after-life when her own troubles were not few, and her husband turned out a brute) brought me welcome news. Yes, there is no disguising the fact—welcome news it was to hear that my aunt, who had been out of her mind so long, had gone suddenly and will-less out of the world, and that her nephews and nieces were her next of kin. Forty pounds a-piece at least—money enough to open a little shop in London, and make my fortune after all!

On the strength of my sister's letter, I contrived to obtain a place in a little vessel bound Londonwards, and away I sailed one bright morning in the month of August. The ship which bore me from New Zealand was the smallest craft, I believe, that had ever made the journey; and the skipper, Abel Shrink, the smallest man that ever had command of a cockleshell on the high seas. Whether he had been made for the ship, or the ship for him, is a matter of uncertainty; but they matched each other admirably well—were both old and creaky in the joints, and black with tar. There was a very small crew—I don't think half-a dozen altogether—to the Naiad, as the ship was called, and I was the only passenger on board. The Naiad traded in a variety of goods, and made no boast of its accommodation for passengers, which was frank and open, and deceived nobody. Skipper Shrink did not lay himself out for passengers, but I was anxious to reach home, and Shrink never turned away a chance of sixpence.

I cannot say that I saved time by starting in the Naiad, or that we began the journey pleasantly. The skipper was a bad tempered man, and the Naiad was a bad tempered ship, which did not stand nice about answering to the helm. When it was fine weather there was no hope of making way; and when it was rough, there was every chance of going to the bottom. I began to wish I had waited for the next ship, and started homewards in a better fashion. I began to doubt getting home at all, and I grew particularly distrustful of skipper Shrink, himself.

Not having long enjoyed the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance, there was nothing remarkable in being puzzled with him; but when the crew began to grow doubtful of the skipper's movements, and the sailors to mutter "damnation" on their eyes and limbs if they could make him out, it was time to grow curious concerning him. Possessing no knowledge of navigation, I was perfectly content for a time with the consciousness of the ship's movement; but when, after four or five weeks' sail, one man swore we had been exactly in the same latitude three weeks since, my misgivings concerning skipper Shrink's sanity began to strengthen.

Yet he was always cool and collected enough, gave his orders briskly, and swore at those who did not attend to them in an easy, business kind of manner, that seemed seamanlike and sane. The mate alone made no remark, hinted that the captain knew perfectly well what he was about, and that if people only minded their own business, people would get on better—much!

Having more time on my hands than the small crew—though what they did to occupy their minds, save pulling a rope now and then, is doubtful—I set myself the task of keeping a quiet look-out on skipper Shrink. I accustomed myself to read a great deal on deck, and Shrink, who had long since set me down as a milksop, took little notice of me. I observed that he was always busy with a telescope; that every spare moment of his time he was standing on a coil of rope, or on a pail turned bottom upwards on deck, or else curled up in the rigging, looking out to sea with great intentness. Sometimes he would exchange a few words with the mate, a black-bearded, Blueskin kind of person I had never taken kindly to; but in most cases he prosecuted his studies alone, looking through his telescope, or drawing extraordinary diagrams on the palm of his hand with a lead pencil, and licking them carefully out again when they did not seem to please him. So weeks went on at this game, and the ship, as I learned afterwards, wandered about the high seas in a very eccentric fashion, and went every way but the right.

The secret came out at last in an odd manner. We had been two months away from New Zealand and I was still reflecting on the littleness of humanity, compared with that immensity of sea and sky which shut us in between them, a tiny speck to be blotted out at any instant, and nobody the wiser. It was mid-day, and I had been indulging in one of my old naps, when the harsh voice of skipper Shrink woke me with a start.

"By the Lud, there's one at last, Marks! By the Lud, we've got it! Take the bearings—hold the glass—look at the compass—by the Lud, our blessed fortune's made!"

"Hush!" cried Marks, looking quickly round.

I had presence of mind to shut my eyes again, and snore on peacefully.

"It's all right," said Shrink, in a husky whisper, "he's sound asleep; he always goes to sleep about this time, the fool. Bang in the sun, blister him!"

He ran to the compass, pored over it for some time, scrawled out some hieroglyphics in a dog's-eared note-book, sprang at Marks, snatched the telescope from his hands, danced frantically about the deck, ran to the hold and listened, and came back to Marks again.

"Sixty thousand pounds, Marks—nearly a hundred thousand, perhaps—you and I gentlemen for life, when we come back this way! A real seal island! I can see them flipping about like mad, hundreds of seals. And there they'll be till we fetch them, and weigh all the heavier and increase their blessed blubber, and their blessed families, and all for you and me, Marks."

"Ah!" said Marks, drawing a deep breath, and rubbing one hand over the other.

"Old Bones made his fortune this way, Marks; he tooked the latitude and longitude quietly as we might, did his voyage, and came back with everything suitable, and made heaps of money, and we're as lucky as Bones, and that's Shrink's Island, by ——."

"The less said about it the better, now," growled Marks, who was of a taciturn nature, and able to master his emotions.

"You're right, Marks; you're always right. Mum's the word."

Two of the men came on deck at this juncture; the skipper and the mate separated, and a few minutes afterwards Shrink was ordering all sail up, and taking advantage of a stiff breeze, away we went, and left the seal island many miles behind us.

Time passed on and there was no more idling it; Shrink cursed every slackness of wind, and every intensity of wind that blew us the wrong way, and prayed for fine weather and a quick journey, like an angel as he wasn't. Time upset one man's calculations too, very strangely. Marks was taken ill, and died. A queer illness, with lots of queer pains, that made me rather suspicious of foul play from Shrink. Still Shrink was very much cut up at his loss, and perhaps I am doing the man an injustice in that respect, remembering all that happened afterwards. So Marks was sewed up in canvas and pitched overboard, and the fate of him and his hopes strongly reminded me of John Simmonds, as he sank in the deep water, and Shrink read the burial service over him, and cursed all the hard words.

We had been three months at sea, and I had wearied and addled my brain by thinking of the skipper's luck, and how some men come to grief, and others to seal-islands. Pondering on the same topic one breezy morning, when the ship was suffering from staggers, I came upon the skipper fighting against the wind, and deep in calculation. Shrink had the advantage of me in the matter of sea legs and I was compelled to hang by ropes, and hold by the side of the vessel, to keep on my feet at all. Consequently, as I slowly made my way along the deck, I might have presented rather a skulking appearance, had the skipper glanced in my direction. But Shrink had his note book open, and his hands were full of papers, which the wind rustled and blew about, and his hat was wedged over his forehead, and the ship was lurching frightfully, and the salt water was splashing over the deck, and he had several things upon his mind that kept his thoughts distracted. Now and then I observed that he crumpled the papers in one hand, and scrawled on them as well as he could with a lead pencil, that he swore occasionally and stamped with his feet, and once burst into a screeching laugh of triumph, that curdled every drop of blood in my body. I might have been watching him, and yet I was thinking of my heritage and my sister in England, and had no felonious thoughts in my mind, when an oath of uncommon volume, followed by a madman's yell, made me execute a nervous leap in the air.

The wind had blown half a dozen papers out of Shrink's hands, and they were whisking about the deck in half a dozen different directions, with Shrink leaping and tumbling after them, and trying to catch them all at once. But the skipper was not ubiquitous, and one paper was blown behind him, another into the boat, one was stopped by my feet, and two whirled out to sea and were never heard of more. Instinctively I stooped and picked up a paper for the skipper, almost unconsciously glancing at the one line written on it—"Shrink's Island. Lat. 12 deg. 4 min. 17 sec. N., Long. 97 deg. 37 min. 30 sec. E." I mention these figures to make up my story. I am certain that they are incorrect, but they are as near the mark as my memory will allow. At the time of which I write, the true figures sank at once into my brain, and became fixed there as for some wise purpose. I had not time to take a second glance, before the skipper's hand had snatched the paper from me, and the skipper, with eyes like balls of fire, was dancing round me and gesticulating violently.

"What have you seen? What have you read? What did you touch the paper for? I'll murder you! I'll heave you overboard, by—!" And then followed a string of the fiercest expletives I had ever heard him indulge in; and his great, bony hands opened and shut, and came nearer my throat every moment.

"Keep back, Mr. Shrink," I cried. "I don't know what reason you have for this conduct; there's nothing I have seen in your papers that's comprehensible to me. I can't understand your conduct, sir."

This was not strictly the truth, but when a man's within an ace of being murdered, he's rather glad of an excuse. At least I was; for there was little of the hero in me.

"You've seen the figures!"

"I certainly saw some figures; a string of figures. What of that?"

"Nothing," he grunted, thrusting the paper into his trousers pocket, wheeling round, scuttling off after the rest, and threatening to split my fool's head open, if I moved. Recovering the majority of his papers, he returned to my side with quite a bland expression of countenance. "A man's a bit rough when he's riled," said he, half apologetically. "You mustn't mind a row in those times. The papers are worth nothing—only old washing bills, but they might have been bank notes for that matter. I didn't know at the moment, o'course. You couldn't ha' read the figures in the time, if they had been worth anything, eh?"

"Not very likely."

Shrink walked away relieved in mind, and I was left to mutter to myself, lat. 12 deg. 4 min. 17 sec. N., long. 97 deg. 37 min. 30 sec. E. Still the skipper had his suspicions of me; they could not be shaken off by a man who was born suspicious of his mother, and who would possibly die distrustful of the doctor. The way that man dogged me about, and harassed me to death with questions, and put one or two of the figures to me suddenly, in an attempt to throw me off my guard, was wearisome and trying to my nerves. I knew Shrink was doubtful of me, and knowing more myself than he perhaps gave me credit for, I felt rather insecure on the high seas beneath that man's murderous glances. I took the trouble to load an old pistol of mine; and sleep with it under my pillow, in the ragged old hammock, where every night I fought so hard for sleep. I felt I was in

danger, and that unawares some day or night, skipper Shrink might make an end of me.

I thought of Marks, and the sudden manner in which he took leave of society, and I was very careful in my food and drink, and made advances to the crew, and offered wondrous treats in rum when the journey was over, and my native land was under my feet. I only wanted to reach home; I did not care for seal islands or believe in their existence; I would be content with the little shop and the forty golden pounds that were to set me up in life. Shrink was a great visionary; let him be even the most practical of men, his business was not my business, and I had no right to interfere with it.

How well I remember the night I thought of this most, and lay in my hammock tossing from one side to another till I tossed my brains into confusion, and confounded things hopelessly! How the seal island mixed itself with home matters, and Shrink was married to my sister, and selling seal skins in Seven Dials, and how latitude 12 deg. 4 min. 17 sec. N., long. 97 deg 37 min 30 sec. E., was marked over his shop front, and lo, suddenly, was pricked into my flesh with red hot needles, and rubbed in with gunpowder by the skipper's sooty hand. Was it dreaming or waking, or losing one's senses that awful night, which has never slipped my memory like things of lesser moment or of later date?

Surely it was something more than chance that woke me with a start at three o'clock in the morning, and set me bolt upright in my hammock, staring into the darkness before me; set me listening for unusual noises too, and fancying I could detect them—strange, rustling noises to the right, where an old seaman's chest and some coils of rope were stowed. An odd dream, with the tingling sensation of the tattooing experienced therein so preternaturally acute, that I passed my hands to my side and then to my arm to make quite sure that the latitude and longitude of the seal island were not ingrained there. What a heat was I in to be sure! how strange that was also, for the night was cold, and I had gone shivering to bed three hours since. Then an awful thought made me fall back in my hammock, and clutch both hands to my heart to stay its leaping. My brain was disturbed by the dream, and this weakness was unaccountable, unless—I touched my side again, then my arm—good God, I was bleeding to death! I felt sure of that now by my faintness, by the slow current of life-blood from my side; some important vein, perhaps more than one had broken, or been opened!

Yes, opened, I felt sure, in a systematic manner, by one not wholly unskilled in surgery. I should be a dead man in a few minutes, perhaps, if I could only find the spot from which my life was ebbing! I tried to compose myself, to think I might live on some hours, or till some one came to my assistance. I called for help once, and shuddered with horror at the weak tones of my own voice. Then I sat up and listened once more to the creaking of the ship, the soughing of the wind amidst the rigging, and then I turned my eyes again towards the dark corner beneath me, where I feared some one was still lurking, waiting for my death to steal away and make no sign. Oh! for a light! my heritage of forty pounds for some half inch of a guttering candle. Oh! for the tread of the watch overhead, that I might be sure some one was near to help me. I called again, then listened. Was it fancy, or was there a rustling to the left where the seaman's chest stood?

"Who's there? Speak, or I shall fire."

I had drawn with difficulty my old pistol from beneath the pillow, and was looking over my hammock into the density beneath. It was a happy thought that pistol—if I could pull the trigger, and if the pistol would go off when the trigger *was* pulled, the report might bring the crew to my assistance. I would fire at the chest; if no one were there, there was no harm done, and if a person were concealed, he was my murderer.

"Speak, or I fire. Who's there?"

My hand trembled very much, and my life was drifting away so rapidly, that there was little time to lose. No answer. I pulled the trigger and the sharp click of the lock was the only result. What a struggle it was to cock the pistol again; I had never worked so hard in my life! Once again I would give a chance to my shadowy enemy in the corner.

"Who's there?"

No answer; and with my remaining strength I pulled the trigger again. A quick flash, a loud report, followed by a heavy fall across the chest, a scuffling of feet overhead, and then the little crew tumbling rapidly down the ladder, one holding aloft a lantern.

"What's the matter? Who fired? Who's hurt?"

"Something to stop this blood," I gasped, "I've been murdered—see to the man across the chest—who is he?"

"The skipper, by all that's holy!" exclaimed the man with the light.

"Is—he—dead?"

Before an answer was returned, I had fainted away.

When I recovered consciousness six hours afterwards, I found myself tightly bandaged, and a rough nurse of a sailor keeping watch.

"Belay there! we've stopped the bleed; ye'll do, if you keep quiet."

"And the skipper?"

"All about him arterwards; there's time enough."

And in good time I learned that skipper Shrink lived but half an hour after I shot at him from the hammock. They had picked him up with a lancet in his hand, and carried him to his little cabin. He was dying when they took him down his cabin stairs, but he made signs for water and then for brandy, and sent the men for a moment away on those errands when he was lying in his berth. When they came back he was dead. A note-book lay open at his side, and a piece of paper, on which several figures had been written, was torn in half a dozen pieces, and left upon the quilt that covered him.

And those figures I have not remembered correctly to this day. Once, in telling my story to the sailor who waited on me in my illness and served me well and kindly, I have sometimes fancied the true figures for a moment passed my lips, for I saw that man in his carriage three years since, and heard that he had become suddenly rich, and that no one knew much about the means. Did he find Shrink's Island, I wonder? Perhaps so. Some men step into fortunes strangely, and some men are always going down the hill, despite windfalls in shape of forty pounds, despite the friendly hands stretched out to help them on their journey. The journey has been long and hard with me, and I am old and gray. This is a tale of many years ago.

AMERICAN IMPROVEMENTS IN SURGERY. Probably no diseases have been so ineffectively and unsatisfactorily treated as those attacking the spine, the hip and the knee, the reason being found in the fact that but little has been accurately known of the real nature, progress and cause of these maladies. A recent discovery has, however, thrown considerable light on these subjects, and promises to be of considerable use in the treatment of a large class of sufferers. Dr. H. G. Davis, a physician of this city, is the author of this discovery. From researches and investigations prosecuted during many years, he has found that wherever any joint whatever is stiffened from any cause, and the ends of the bones are closely pressed together by muscular action, a very small area of each articular surface receives the whole pressure, and by the action of a well-known law, this pressure produces waste, first destroying the cartilage and then attacking the heads of the bone beneath. The area of pressure being thus gradually enlarged, the destruction of the bone spreads, until at length the case becomes desperate. The point originally decayed has extended and spread and deepened, and now an operation is indispensable, the limb being perhaps inevitably sacrificed, and the life of the patient placed in jeopardy. Now, it is evident that as, according to these statements, the whole mischief results from the continued muscular pressure on the joint, the first and chief object must be to remove this pressure, and to relax, for a considerable period, the muscles producing it. The simple apparatus which Dr. Davis has devised for this purpose has been exhibited before the New York Academy of Medicine and the Medico-Chirurgical College. We learn that it has also been adopted by Dr. Buck in the New York Hospital, and with more or less modification by Dr. Sayre and other eminent surgeons. Its results are stated to be very satisfactory.

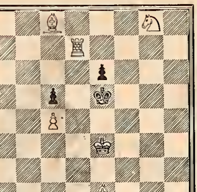
A CORRESPONDENT, who signs herself "Sophia," says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—W-o-m-a-n—double you, O man!

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frere, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM NO. 274.—By G. R. COWLE, Berlin, U. S. White to play and checkmate in two moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. S. P. He must take it if he can do so without exposing his King to check.—C. B., JR. The solutions were in our last issue. AMATEUR, N. Y. You are not obliged to move your King.—J. CAUFFMAN, Detroit. Your position is received and will soon be further reported upon.

MATCH BETWEEN M. KOLISCH AND MR. B. MEDLEY.

GAME I, PLAYED OCTOBER 3, 1866.

WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	21 P tks P	Q to K B 3
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	22 Q tks Q (c)	R tks Q
3 B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	23 Kt to K 3	R to Q 3
4 P to Q Kt 4	B to Q Kt 3	24 R to Q B sq	P to Q B 4 (d)
5 Castles	P to Q 3	25 P tks P	B tks P
6 P to Q R 4	P to Q R 3 (a)	26 R to Q B 3	R to Q B 6
7 P to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	27 R tks R	B tks R
8 P to Q 4	Castles	28 R tks P	B tks P
9 B to K Kt 5	B to K Kt 3	29 Kt to K Kt 3	B to Q B 4
10 P to Q B 5	B to Q R 3	30 P to K 3	R to R 8 (ch)
11 P to Q Kt 3	B P tks P	31 K to Kt 2	R to K 8
12 B tks Q Kt P	K P tks P	32 P to K B 4 (e)	P to K Kt 4
13 P to Q R 5	B to Q Kt 2	33 Kt to K B 3	R to K 7 (ch)
14 B tks Q Kt	P tks B	34 K to R 3	P tks B P
15 P tks P	P to K R 3	35 P tks P	B to Q Kt 3
16 B tks Kt	Q tks B	36 R to Q Kt 7	B to Q sq
17 R to Q R 4	B tks Kt	37 Kt tks P (ch)	K to R sq
18 P tks B	Q to K B 3 (b)	38 Kt to K B 7 (ch)	K to Kt 2
19 Q to Q 3	P to K B 4	39 Kt tks B, and wins.	
20 Kt to B 3	K B P tks P		

(a) P to Q R 4 is sometimes preferred.
(b) The Queen is well posted here, and renders White's game very difficult.
(c) White is, in a manner, compelled to exchange Queens, but he failed to do so he would have subjected himself to a very embarrassing attack.
(d) Had Black played R to Q 7, White would have replied with K to B sq, &c.
(e) An interesting variation arises from R tks B, but it would not have led to any satisfactory result. It appears to us, however, that White might have selected a more efficacious move, viz., P to K 6. Let us suppose:

32 P to K 6 — 32 P to Kt 3 (best)
(If 32 K to B sq — 33 Kt to B 3, and wins)
(Or if 32 B to Kt 3
33 R to B 8 (ch) — 35 K moves
34 Kt to B 3, and wins)
35 P to B 3, followed by Kt to K 4, winning with ease.

GAME II., BETWEEN THE SAME PLAYERS.

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	17 B tks Kt (b)	P tks B
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	18 Q to Q R 4	P to Q B 4
3 Kt tks P	P to Q 3	19 Q to R 5 (c)	B to Q 3
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt tks P	20 B tks B	P tks B
5 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	21 P tks P	P tks P
6 B to Q 3	B to K 2	22 P to Q Kt 4	P tks P
7 P to K B 3	Castles	23 R to Q B 7	Q to Q 3
8 Castles	Kt to Q B 3	24 R tks Q B P	Q to Q B 4
9 P to Q B 4	B to K 3	25 Q tks Q	Kt tks Q
10 P tks P	B tks Q P	26 R to Q B sq	B to Q 3
11 Kt to Q B 3	P to K B 4	27 R tks B	Kt tks B
12 B to K B 4	Q B to Q B sq	28 R to Q B 7	Kt to K B 3
13 Kt tks B	Q tks Kt	29 Q to Q Kt 7	R to Q B sq
14 Q R to Q B sq	K to R sq	30 R tks P	R tks P
15 B to Q B 4	Q to Q 2	31 R checks	Kt interposes
16 B to Q Kt 3 (a)	Q B to Q sq		Drawn game.

(a) White has now an excellent game.
(b) We believe that Q to Q B 4 would have obtained some advantage.
(c) Q tks Q would have been better play. Thus:

10 Q tks Q	R tks Q	13 P to K B 3	Kt to K B 3
11 Kt to K B	B tks P	14 Kt tks B, &c.	
12 Kt to B 6	B to Q 3		

END GAME—Played on steamer Teutonia, between Mr. Frebelling and Mr. Pohlman. White (Mr. Frebelling) announced mate in five moves. Position of the Pieces: White—Pawns at K R 6; K Kt 3; K B 3; Q B 4, Rook at K 8, Bishop at Q B 3, King at K R 2. Black—Pawn at Q R 7, Queen at her 6; Bishop at K 7; King at K B 6. From Mr. William Kind.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 273.—P two squares, check; K to Q B 3; Q to Q 1 (ch); K tks Q; P to Q Kt 8 calls on Kt checkmate.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

PARADOXICAL PUNS.—What is the greatest virtue in a skipper? Wrecklessness. Why is a French franc of no value compared with an English shilling? Because it is worth-less.

MAJOSSI, a French physician, was so fond of administering medicine, that, seeing all the phials and pillboxes of his patient completely emptied and ranged in order on the mantelpiece, he said, "Ah, sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you—you deserve to be ill!"

A PHRENOLOGIST has been examining Queen Victoria's head, says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness quite sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the Queen's head under examination was a postage stamp.

IT being hinted to a barrister, who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied, "I will speak as long as I please!" "You have spoken longer than you please already," said his antagonist.

MURAT one day complaining to Nansouty that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Nansouty replied, "The horses have no patriotism; the soldiers fight without bread, but the horses insist upon oats."

HORNE TOOKE being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, "No, your Majesty; the fact is I cannot tell a king from a knave."

THE proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

A SCOTCH parson in the Rump Parliament time said his prayer, "Laird, bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and grant that they may all hang together." A country fellow said "Amen!" very loudly, adding, "I'm sure it's the prayer of all good people." "Friends," said the minister, "I don't mean as that fellow means—my prayer is that they all hang together in accord and concord." "No matter what cord," replied the other, "so that it be but a strong one."

WE met Jones the other day on his way down town to pay a "little bill" of Mrs. Jones's. Jones clutched the occasion to confide to us his ideas on matrimony. Jones has tried matrimony and knows. Said Jones, "Before marriage billing and cooing is all very fine; but I tell you, sir, that after a man has entered into the bonds, the cooing loses its charm—and as for the billing, it becomes positively insufferable."

"PRAY, Dr. Skraitz, what on airth is a horrorscope?" asked Mrs. Partington.
"Why, ma'am," replied the doctor, "you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far procrastinated by a superabundant application of oleaginous, acidulous, piperine, mustardific, oviparious components of a crustaceo piscatory salad and its vinous and alcoholic accidents, an undue expansion of the stomachic integument ensues, which, in the progress of its constipating influences, stigmatises the cerebral functions, confuses the nervo-optic system, and gives a scope to the horrors!"
"La, me, how very strange!" said the old lady, "and what a wonderful thing it is to have larning!"

A RISING man at the bar, who was nicknamed "Jack Brag" by his friends, pretended that he was asked to dine with the Lord Chancellor, but that he could not accept the invitation on account of the illness of his wife. His friend, who said he was invited also, said that he would make it all right with the Chancellor. Our "Jack Brag" paused a moment, and then rushed after him.
"Stop, stop!" he cried, "I wish to say that you had better not mention me to his lordship."
"Oh, yes, I will. Be sure of it. Good-bye!"
Brag again rushed after him breathless. "The fact is," he said, "you must not say anything."
"Why not, my friend?"
"The fact is," he replied, "that a—in fact—a—I am not exactly going to dine with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow. I was putting a case, merely. I know he is going to invite me. Don't say a word, I implore of you."
"Not going to dine with the Lord Chancellor to-morrow?" said the other. "Did I understand you to say, after all this talk, that you are not going to dine with his lordship?"
"No, no, I tell you," cried poor Brag, in an agony.
"Nor—nor I either!" quoth his friend. "Good bye!"

"WELL, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading? Now tell me plainly, without any compliments."
"O, no, missa, but den me kinder tink——"
"Think what, Dinah? You're bashful."
"O, no, me no bashful, but den me kinder tinks as how missa don't retain her color quite so well as colored lady."

"WHY, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock."
"No, you dunderhead," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his wooden supporter; "I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?"

AN actor fell through a loose trap as he was leaving the stage. Emerging instantly afterwards, he was met with a hearty laugh, and the remark of a wag, "I am sorry to see you descend to such 'clap-trap' manœuvres as that." "Yes," was his quick reply; "but you'll admit I never undertake anything without going through."

DID the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

WHO is it that is in two situations at once? A lover, for when he is beside his fair one he is usually beside himself.

WHY is one-and-sixpence like an aversion to "small change?" Because it's "hating-pence" (eighteenpence! Ha! ha!)

A SOLDIER being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied, "That he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there."

A BRILLIANT young gentleman remarked to a lady with whom he was bowling, "I think, miss, that you would make a capital baker." Indeed, sir—why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

AN old count paid his addresses to a rich heiress. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Mademoiselle, I am very old, and you are very young; will you do me the honor to become my widow?"

OLD Mrs. Pilkins was reading the foreign news by a late arrival. "Cotton is declining," exclaimed the old lady. "Well, I thought as much—the last thread was remarkably feeble."

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where did you come from?" "An' sure I come from the North of Ireland, your honor!"

SMITH had quite a small nose, and was cross-eyed, while Jones had a very large nose. Meeting one day, Jones, after looking with a comical expression at Smith, remarked, "Lucky for you, Smith, that you're cross-eyed; for if you wa'n't, you never could see your nose." "Lucky for you, Jones," instantly retorted Smith, "that you're not cross-eyed; for if you were you never could see anything but your nose."

MRS. PARTINGTON says that "when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of declivities, the task of extorting them home revolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could appreciate the worth of the female sex. "Besides," she added, "so many men are murdered every day, that you gals must make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, or there won't be any left." "Why so, aunt?" "Why, I see by the paper that we must have got almost twelve thousand post-offices, and nearly all of 'em despatches a mail every day."

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Mathews.

CHAPTER III.—THE FARMER-FOLKS FROM THE WEST.

WITH the following day—which was calm, gentle and serene as its predecessors—a little after the dispatch of dinner, the attention of the household was summoned to the clatter of a hurrying wagon, which, unseen, resounded in the distant country. Old Sylvester was the first to hear it—faintly at first, then it rose on the wind far off, died away in the woods and the windings of the roads, then again was entirely lost for several minutes, and at last growing into a portentous rattle, brought to at the door of the homestead, and landed from its rickety and bespattered bosom Mr. Oliver Peabody, of Ohio, Jane, his wife, a buxom lady of fair complexion, in a Quaker bonnet, and Robert, their eldest son, a tall, flat-featured boy, some thirteen years of age.

The countryman in a working shirt, who had control of the wagon, and who had been beguiled by Oliver some five miles out of his road home—to which he was returning from the market town—under pretence of a wish to have his opinion of the crops, the poor fellow being withal a hired laborer and never having owned or entertained the remotest speculation of owning a rood of ground of his own, with a commendation from Oliver, delivered with a cheerful smile, that "his observations on timothy were very much to the purpose," drove clattering away again. Mr. Oliver Peabody, farmer, who had come all the way from Ohio to spend Thanksgiving with his old father—of a ruddy, youthful and twinkling countenance—who wore his heir at length and unshorn, and the chief peculiarity of whose dress was a gray cloth coat, with a row of great horn buttons on either breast, with enormous woollen mittens, brought his buxom wife forward under one arm with diligence, drawing his tall youth of a son after him by the other hand, threw himself into the bosom of the Peabody family, and was heartily welcomed all round. He didn't say a word of half-horses and half-alligators, nor of greased lightning, although he was from the West, but he did complain bitterly of the uncommon smoothness of the roads in these parts, the short grass, and the 'hominable want of elbow room all over the neighborhood. It was with difficulty he could be kept on the firm-ened stage of the balcony long enough to answer a few plain questions of children and other matters at home; and immediately expressed an ardent desire to take a look at the garden.

"We got somefin' to show thar, Mas'r Oliver," said Mopsey, who had stood by listening, with open mouth and eyes, to the strong statements of the western farmer; "we hain't to be beat right away no how!"

Old Sylvester rose with his staff, which he carried more for pleasure than necessity, and led the way. As they approached there was visible through all the plants, shrubs and other growths of the place, whatever they might be, a great yellow sphere or ball, so disposed on a little slope by itself, as to catch the eye from a distance, shining out in its golden hue from the garden, a sort of rival to the sun himself, rolling overhead.

"Dere, what d'ye tink of dat, Oliver?" Mopsey asked, forgetting in the grandeur of the moment all distinctions of class or color; "I guess dat's somefin."

"That's a pumpkin," said Mr. Oliver Peabody, calmly.

"Yes, I guess it is—de tanksgivin' punkin!"

She looked into the western farmer's face, no doubt expecting a spasm or convulsion, but it was calm—calm as night. Mopsey condescended not another word, but walking or rather shuffling disdainfully away, muttered to herself, "Dat is de very meanest man for a white man, I ever did see; he looked at dat 'ere punkin which has cost me so many anxious days and sleepless nights, which I have watched over as though it had been my own child, which I planted wid dis here hand of my own, and fought for agin the June bugs and the white frost, and dat mouse dat's been tryin' to eat it up for dis tree weeks and better, just as if it had been a small green cowcumber. I don't believe dat Oliver Peabody knows it is tanksgivin'. He's a great big fool."

"I see you still keep some of the old red breed, father," said Oliver, when they were left alone in the quiet of the garden, pointing to the red rooster, who stood on the wall in the sun.

"Yes," old Sylvester answered, "for old times' sake. We have had them with us now on the farm for better than a hundred years. I remember the day the great grandfather of this bird was brought among us. It was the day we got news that good David Brainard, the Indian missionary, died—that was some while before the Revolutionary war. He died in the arms of the great Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton; their souls are at peace."

"I recollect this fellow," Oliver continued, referring to the red rooster: "when I was here last he was called Elbridge's bird; it was the year before last."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"There is no Elhridge now," said the old grandfather.

"I know all," said Oliver; "I had a letter from Margaret, telling me the story and begging me to keep a watch for her boy."

"A wide watch to keep and little to be got by it, I fear," old Sylvester added.

"Not altogether idle, perhaps; we have sharp eyes in the West, and see many strange things. Jane is confident she saw our Elhridge making through Ohio, but two months after he left here; he was riding swiftly, and in her surprise and suddenness she could neither call nor send after him."

"You did not tell us of that," said the old man.

"No, I waited some further discovery."

"Be silent now; you may easily waken hopes to be darkened and dashed to the ground. Which way made the boy?"

"Southward."

During this discourse, as though he distinguished the sound of his young master's name and knew to what it related, Chanticleer walked slowly, and as if by accident or at leisure, up and down the garden-wall, keeping as near to the speakers as was at all seemly. When they stopped speaking he leaped gently to the ground and softly clapped his wings.

A moment after there came hurrying into the garden, in a wild excitement, and all struggling to speak first, little Sam Peabody in the lead, Robert, the flat-featured youth of thirteen, and Peabody Junior (who, it should be mentioned, having found his way into a pantry a couple of minutes after his arrival with the captain, and appropriated to his own personal use an entire bottle of cherry brandy, had been straightway put to bed, from which he had now been released not more than a couple of hours), and to announce as clamorously as they respectively could that Brundage's bull had just got into "our big meadow."

In consequence of the stringency of the money market, and the gloomy state of mind produced by reading the daily papers, the fashionable young ladies sell their horses and poodles and content themselves with wooden substitutes—immense saving in provender, stabling, noise and doctors.

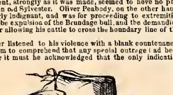
"Nobody hurt?" asked old Sylvester.

"Nobody hurt, grandfather; but he's ploughing up the meadow at a dreadful rate," said little Sam Peabody.

"Like wild," Peabody Junior added.

This statement, strongly as it was made, seemed to have no particular effect on old Sylvester. Oliver Peabody, on the other hand, was exceedingly indignant, and was for proceeding to extremities immediately, the expulsion of the Brundage bull, and the demanding of damages for allowing his cattle to cross the boundary line of the two farms.

Old Sylvester listened to his violence with a blank countenance; nor did he seem to comprehend that any special outrage had been committed, for it must be acknowledged that the only indication



Where new shoes are possible, they will have to be of the most serviceable make. Consumption cured at the expense of elegance.

that the grandfather had come to his second childhood was, that, with his advancing years, and as he approached the shadow of the other world, he seemed to have lost all idea of the customary distinctions of rank and property, and that, very much like an old apostle, he was disposed to regard all men as brethren, and boundary lines as of very little consequence.

He therefore promptly checked his son Oliver in his heat, and discountenanced any further proceedings in the matter.

"Brundage," he said, "would, if he cared about him, come and take his bull away when he was ready; we are all brethren, and have a common country, Oliver," he added: "I hope you feel that in the West as well as we do here."

"Thank God we have," Oliver rejoined with emphasis, "and we love it!"

"I thank God for that too," old Sylvester replied, striking his staff firmly on the ground. "I remember well, my son, when your great State was a wilderness of woods and savage men, and now this common sky—look at it, Oliver—which shines so clearly above us, is yours as well as ours."

"I fear me, father, one day—bright, beautiful and wide-arched as it is—the glorious Union may fall," said Oliver, laying his hand upon an aged tree which stood near them—"may fall, and the States drop one by one away, even as the fruit I shake to the ground."

As though he had been a tower standing on an elevation, old Sylvester Peabody rose aloft to his full height, as if he would clearly contemplate the far past, the distant and the broad-coming future.

"The Union fall!" he cried. "Look above, my son! The Union fall! as long as the constellations of evening live together in yonder sky; look down, as long as the great rivers of our land flow eastward and westward, north and south, the Union shall stand up, and stand majestical and bright, beheld by ages, as these shall be, an orb and living stream of glory unsurpassable."

The children were gathered about, and watched with eager eyes and glowing cheeks the countenance of the grandfather as he spoke.

"No, no, my son," he added, "there's many a true heart in brave Ohio, as in every State of ours, or they could not be the noble powers they are."

While old Sylvester spoke, Oliver Peabody wrenched with some violence, from the tree near which they stood, a stout limb, on the end of which he employed himself with a knife in shaping a substantial knob.

"What weapon is that you are busy with, Oliver?" old Sylvester asked.

"It's for that nasty bull," Oliver replied. "I would break every bone in his body rather than let him remain for a single minute on my land; the furtherance of law and order demands the instant enforcement of one's rights."

"You are a friend of law and order, my son."

"I think I am," Oliver answered, standing erect and planting his club, in the manner of Hercules in the pictures, head down on the ground.

"I hope you are, Oliver, but I fear you forget the story I used to tell of my old friend Bulkley, of Danbury, who, being written to by some neighboring Christians who were in sore dissension for advisement, gave them back word: Every man to look after his own fence, that it be built high and strong, and to have a special care of the old black bull; meaning thereby, no doubt, our own wicked passions; that is the true Christian way of securing peace and good order."

Oliver threw his great trespass-club upon the ground, and was on the point of asking after an old sycamore, the largest growth of all that country—which, standing in a remote field, had, in the perilous times, sheltered many of the Peabody family in its bosom—when he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Mopsey in a flutter of cap strings, shuffling shoes, and a flying color in her looks of at least double the usual depth of darkness. It was just discovered that the poultry-house had been broken into over night and four of the fattest hens taken off by the throat and legs, besides sundry of the inferior members of the domicile; as wicked a theft, Mopsey said, as ever was, and she hadn't the slightest hesitation in charging it on them niggers in the Hills (a neighboring settlement of colored people, who lived from hand to mouth and seemed to be fed, like the ravens, by some mystery of Providence).

Oliver Peabody watched closely the countenance of the patriarch, not a little curious to learn what effect this announcement would have upon his temper.

"This is all our own fault," said old Sylvester, promptly. "We should have remembered this was thanksgiving time, and sent them something to stay their stomachs. Poor creatures, I always wondered how they got along! Send 'em some bread, Mopsey, for they never can do anything with fowls without bread!"

"Send 'em some bread!" Mopsey rejoined, growing blacker and more ugly of look as she spoke; "send 'em whips, and an osifer of the law! The four fattest of the coop!"

"Never mind," said old Sylvester.

"Six of the tend'rest young'uns!"

"Never mind that," said old Sylvester.

"I'd have them all in the county jail before sundown," urged Mopsey.

"Oliver, we will go in to tea," continued the patriarch. "We have enough for tea, Mopsey?"

"Yes, quite enough, mas'r."

"Then," cried the old man, striking his staff on the ground with great violence, rising to his full height, and glowing like a furnace upon Mopsey, "then, I say, send 'em some bread!"

This speech, delivered in a voice of authority, sent Mopsey, shuffling and cowering, away, without a word, and brought the sweat of horror to the brow of Oliver, which he proceeded to remove with a great cotton pocket-handkerchief, produced from his coat behind, on which was displayed in glowing colors, by some cunning artist, the imposing scene of the signers of the Declaration of Independence getting ready to affix their names. Mr. Oliver Peabody was the politician of the family, and always had the immortal Declaration of Independence at his tongue's end, or in hand.

Aunt Tabitha disposes of her favorite parrot to a poultry dealer, and purchases one of wood—which saves the food. Pretty Poll only speaks when pressed.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FORTUNES OF THE FAMILY CONSIDERED.

When Oliver and old Sylvester entered the house they found all of the family gathered within, save the children, who loitered about the doors and windows, looking in, anxious eyed, on the preparations for tea going forward under the direction of the widow Margaret and Mopsey. The other women of the household were busy with discussion of the merits of Mrs. Carrack, of Boston, the fashionable lady of the family.

"I should like to see Mrs. Carrack above all things," said the captain's pretty little wife; "she must be a fine woman, from all I have heard of her."

"Thee will have small chance, I fear, child" said Mrs. Jane Peabody, sitting buxomly in an easy armchair, which she had quietly assumed; "she is too fine for the company of us plain folks, in every point of view."

"It's five years since she was here," the widow suggested, as she adjusted the chairs around the table; "she said she never would come inside the house again, because the best bedchamber was not given to her—I am sorry to say it."

"She's a heathen and wicked woman," Mopsey said, shuffling at the door, and turning back on her way to the kitchen—'your poor boy was lying low of a fever, and how could *she* expect it.'

"In one point of view, she may come. Her husband was living then," continued Mrs. Jane Peabody; "she has become a rich woman since, and may honor us with a visit—to show us how great a person she has got to be. Let her come—*it* needn't trouble thee, nor me, I'm sure." Mrs. Jane Peabody smoothed her Quaker vandyke, and sat stiffly in her easy chair.

Hoops entirely abrogated as involving expense; fewer deaths by crinoline taking fire.

Old Sylvester entering at that moment, laid aside his staff and broad-brimmed hat, which little Sam Peabody ran in to take charge of, and took his seat at the head of the table; the captain, who was busy at the back-door securing an old rusty fowling-piece for some enterprise he had in view in the morning, was called in by his little wife; the others were seated in their places about the board.

"Where's William?" old Sylvester asked.

He was at a window in the front room, where he had sat for several hours, with spectacles on his brow, poring over an old faded parchment deed, which related to some neighboring land he thought belonged to the Peabodys (although in possession of others), and which he had always made a close study of on his visits to the homestead. There was a dark passage, under which he made their title, which had been submitted to various men learned in the law; it was too dark and doubtful, in their opinion, to build a contest on, and yet William Peabody gave it every year a new examination, with the hope, perhaps, that the wisdom of advancing age might enable him to fathom and expound it, although it had been drawn up by the greatest lawyer of his day in all that country. His wife Hannah, grieving in spirit that her husband should be toiling for ever in the quest of gain, sat near him, pale, calm, and disheartened, but speaking not a word. He could not look at her with that fearful green shade on her face, but kept his eyes always fixed on the old parchment. When his aged father had taken his seat, and began his thanks to God for the bounties before them, as though the old patriarch had brought a better spirit from the calm day without, he thrust the paper into his bosom and glided to his place at the table. It would have done you good to hear that old man's prayer. He neither solicited forgiveness for his enemies nor favors for his friends; for schools, churches, presidents, or governments; neither for health, wealth, or worldly welfare, nor for any single other thing; all he said, bowing his white old head, was this—

"May we all be Christian people the day we die—God bless us."

That was all; and his kinsfolk lost no appetite in listening to it, for it was no sooner uttered than they all fell to; and not a word more was spoken for five minutes at least, nor then, per-

haps, had not little Sam Peabody cried out, with breathless animation, and delight of feature,

"The pigeons, grandfather!" at the same time pointing from the door to the evening sky, along which they were winging their calm and silent flight in a countless train—streaming on westward as though there was no end to them; which put old Sylvester upon recalling the cheerful sports of his younger days.

"I have taken a couple of hundred in a net on the hill before breakfast, many a time" he said. "You used to help me, William."

"Yes, I and old Ethan Barbary," said the merchant, "used to spring the net; you gave the word."

"Old Ethan has been dead many a day. Ethan," continued old Sylvester, in explanation, "was the father of our Mr. Barbary. He was a preacher too and carried a gun in the Revolution. I remember he was accounted a peculiar man. I never knew why. To be sure he used to spend the time he did not employ in prayers, preaching and tending the sick, in working on the farms about, for he had no wages for preaching. When there was none of that to be had, he took his basket, and sallying through the fields, gathered berries, which he bestowed on the needy families of the neighborhood. In winter he collected branches in the woods about, as firewood for the poor.'

"That was a capital idea," said Oliver the politician. "It must have made him very popular."

"Wasn't he always thought to be a little out of his head?" asked the merchant. "He might have sold the wood for a good price in the severe winters."

"I remember as if it were yesterday," old Sylvester went on in his own way, not heeding in the slightest the suggestions of his sons, "he and black Burling, who is buried in the woods by the great walnut-tree, near the pond, both fought in the American ranks, and had but one gun between them, which they used turn about."

"You saw rough times in those days, grandfather," said the captain.

"I did, Charley," old Sylvester answered, looking kindly on the captain, who had always been something of a favorite of his from the day he had married into the family; "and there are but few left to talk with me of them now. I am one of the living survivors of an almost extinguished race. The grave will soon be our only habitation. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field where the tempest passed. I have fought against the foreign foe for your sake; they have disappeared from the land, and you are free; the strength of my arm decays, and my feet fail me in the way; the hand which fought for your liberties is now open to bless you. In my youth I bled in battle that you might be independent—let not my heart, in my old age, bleed because you abandon the path I would have you follow."

The old patriarch leaned his head upon his hand, and the company was silent as though they had listened to a voice from the grave. He presently looked up and smiled—'Old Ethan, I call to mind now," he renewed, "had a quality which our poor Barbary inherited; and for which," he added, looking towards his son William, "and for which I greatly honor his memory. He counted the money of this world but as dross. From his manhood to the very moment of his entering on the ministry, he never would touch silver nor gold—partly, I think, because it was the true Scripture course, and partly because a dreadful murder had once happened in the Barbary family, growing out of a quarrel for the possession of a paltry sum of money."

The bread she was raising to her lips fell from the widow's hand, for she could not but help thinking of the history of her absent son; and the voice of Miriam, who did not present herself at the table, was heard from a distant chamber, not distinctly, but in that tone of chanting lament which had become habitual to her whether in house, garden or field. It was an inexpressibly mournful cadence, and for the time stilled all other sounds. They were only drawn away from it by descrying Mopsey the black servant, at a turn of the road, hurrying with great animation towards the homestead, but with a singularity in her progress which could not fail to be observed. She rushed along at great speed, for several paces, and suddenly came to a halt, during which her head disappeared, and then renewed her pace, repeating the peculiar manœuvre once at least in every ten yards. In a word, she was shuffling on in her loose shoes (which were on or off, one or the other of them every other minute), at as rapid a rate as that peculiar species of locomotion allowed. Bursting with impatience and the importance of her communication, her cap flaunting from her head, she stood in the doorway and announced, "We've beat Brundage—we've beat Brundage!"

A partial return to the habits of the Aborigines—foraging for a breakfast, to the increase of appetite and diminution of gout.

The fashionable young ladies learn some household arts and sciences, long since considered as lost to Japonicadom. Servant-galism in decline.

In consequence of the young ladies doing all the housework, the Biddies take a sudden and sorrowful departure for their native land. Requiescant in pace.

"What's this, Mopsey?" old Sylvester inquired.

"I've tried it, and I've spanned it. I can't span ours!"

On further questioning, it appeared that Mopsey had been on a pilgrimage to the next neighbor's, the Brandages, to inspect their Thanksgiving pumpkin, and institute a comparison with the Peabody growth of that kind, with a highly satisfactory and complacent result as regarded the home production. Nobody was otherwise than pleased at Mopsey's innocent rejoicing, and when she had been duly complimented on her success she went away with a broad black guffaw to set a trap in the garden for the brown mouse, the sole surviving enemy of the great Peabody Thanksgiving pumpkin which must be plucked next day for use.

With the dispatch of the evening meal, old Sylvester withdrew to the other room, with a little hand-lamp, to read a chapter by himself, the others remaining seated about the apartment. The captain and Oliver presently fell into a violent discussion on the true sources of national wealth, the captain giving it as his opinion that it solely depended on having a great number of ships at sea, as carriers between different countries. Oliver was equally clear and resolute that the real wealth of a nation lay in its wheat crops. When wheat was at ten shillings the bushel all went well; let it fall a quarter and you had a general bankruptcy staring you in the face. Mr. William Peabody wasn't at the pains to deliver his opinion, but he was satisfied, in his secret soul, that it lay in the increase of new houses, or the proper supply of calicoes—he hadn't made up his mind which. Presently Oliver was troubled again in reference to the supply of gold in the world—whether there was enough to do business with. He also had some things to say (which he had out of a great speech in Congress) about bullion and rates of exchange, but nobody understood him.

"By the way," he added, "Mrs. Carrack's son Tiffany has gone to the Gold Region. From what he writes to me, I think he'll cut a very great figure in that country."

"An exceedingly fine, talented young man," said the merchant, who had then sundry sums on loan from his mother.

"In any point of view in which you regard it," continued Oliver, "the gold country is an important acquisition."

"You haven't the letter Tiffany wrote with you?" interrupted the captain.

"I think I have," was the answer. "I brought it, supposing you might like to look at it. Shall I read it?"

There was no objection; the letter was read—in which Mr. Tiffany Carrack professed his weariness of civilized life—spoke keenly of misspent hours—a determination to rally and do something important, intimating that that was a great country for enterprising young men, and, in a familiar phrase, closed with a settled resolution to do or die.

"I have a letter to the same effect," said the captain.

"And so have I," said William Peabody, "word for word."

"He means to do something very grand," said the captain. Something very grand—the women all agreed—for Mr. Tiffany Carrack was a nice young man, and had a prospect of inheriting a hundred thousand dollars, to say nothing of the large sums he was to bring from the Gold Regions. It was evident to all that he was going into the business with a rush. They, of course, wouldn't see Mr. Tiffany Carrack at this Thanksgiving gathering—he had better business on hand—Mr. Tiffany Carrack was clearly the promising young man of the family, and was carrying the fortunes of the Peabodys into the remotest quarters of the land.

"In a word," said Mr. Oliver Peabody, developing the Declaration of Independence on his pocket-handkerchief, "he is going to do wonders in every point of view. He'll carry the principles of free government everywhere!"

The consideration of the extraordinary talents and enterprise of the son imparted a new interest to the question of the coming of Mrs. Carrack, which was discussed in all its bearings; and it was almost unanimously concluded that, one day now only intervening to Thanksgiving, it was too late to look for her. There had been a general disposition secretly opposed only by Mrs. Jane Peabody, to yield to that fashionable person the best bed-chamber, which was always accounted a great prize and distinguished honor among the family. But now there was scarcely any need of reserving it longer—and who was to have it? Alas! that is a question, often raised in rural households, often shakes them to the very base, and spreads through whole families a bitterness and strength and length of strife which frequently ends only with life itself.

To bring the matter to an issue, various whispered conversations were held in the small room,

lying next to the sitting-room, at first between Mrs. Margaret Peabody and Mopsey, to which one by one were summoned, Mrs. Jane Peabody, the captain's wife, and Miss Hannah Peabody. The more it was discussed the farther off seemed any reasonable conclusion. When one arrangement was proposed, various faces of the group grew dark and sour; when another, other faces blackened and elongated; tongues, too, wagged faster every minute, and at length grew to such a hubbub as to call old Sylvester away from his Bible, and bring him to the door, to learn what turmoil it was that at this quiet hour disturbed the peace of the Peabodys. He was not long in discovering the ground of battle, and even as in old pictures Adam is shown walking calmly in Eden among the raging beasts of all degrees and kinds, the old patriarch came forward among the women of the Peabody family. "My children," he said, "should dwell in peace for the short stay allotted them on earth. Why make a difference about so small a matter as a lodging-place—they are all good and healthful rooms. I have seen the day when, camping on the wet grounds and morasses, I would have held any one of them to be a palace chamber. The back chamber," my child," he continued, addressing the captain's wife, "looks out on the orchard, where you always love to walk; the white room, Hannah, towards your father's house; and, Jane, you cannot object to the front chamber, which is large, well furnished, and has the best of the sunrise. The Son of Man, my children, had not where to lay his head, and shall we who are but snails and worms, compared with his glory and goodness, presume to exalt ourselves, where he was abased."

The old patriarch wished them a good-night, and with the departure of his white locks gleaming as he walked away, as though it had been the gentle radiance of the moon stilling the tumult of the waters, they each quietly retired, and without a farther murmur, to the chambers assigned them.

(*To be continued.*)

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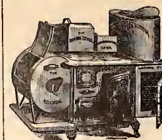

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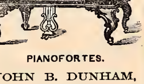

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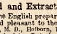

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Miscellaneous.

The Amalgamation of Languages.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own, thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecary's, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard?" says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'od 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ Headache is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anemia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

Bridget.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it; here's the quarther and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it aither.

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No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fevers, Abcesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

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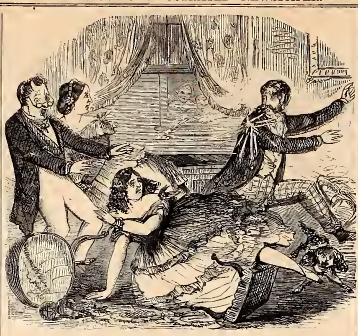

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Jinks (who has paid ten dollars for a window where his Louisa and her family can see the great torchlight procession)—"*Observe, my darling Loo, how much fireworks improve the affair—what a superb finish they give to* ——" (Jinks is here interrupted by the entrance of one of the objects of his admiration. Grand Tableau.)

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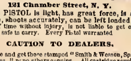

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 264—VOL. XI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1860. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT ELECT, AND SONS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. PUTNEY, OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—SEE PAGE 59.

MRS. LINCOLN AND HER SONS.

Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the President elect, is a Southerner by birth, the daughter of a planter, and brought up in all the traditions of conservatism. Mrs. Lincoln (née Mary Todd) is the daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky, and was educated with great care by her excellent parents, and is much respected and beloved by all who come within the sphere of her social influence. She was united in marriage with the President Elect in November, 1842, and the fruits of this marriage were four sons, three of whom are now living. The eldest, a lad of seventeen, is now studying at Harvard College, and is highly esteemed by his comrades and tutors. The two youngest are represented in the picture we this day present to our readers, and are fine specimens of our Western youth.

Our engraving is from a photograph by P. Butler, of Springfield, Ill.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

The foreign news is of considerable interest. England and France were agreed as to the propriety of acknowledging the new order of things in Italy, and were only waiting the departure of the King of Naples to accredit diplomatic agents to Victor Emanuel as King of Italy. The Empress Eugenie was in Edinburgh, and the Empress of Austria had arrived at Plymouth, where she had been received by the British fleet with a royal salute.

France is quiet. The only rumor being that Persigny and Walewski were to change places—the latter to be Ambassador to England, and the former to assume a ministerial capacity near the Emperor.

The siege of Gaeta still continued, but Bombino was making preparations to depart for Germany, where a castle was being prepared for him. It is Rottenstein, near Munich. His mother and some of the royal family had gone to Rome.

There was a rumor that Germany, backed by Russia, had guaranteed Venetia to Austria; and that France had demanded of Sardinia an explanation concerning Garibaldi's threat of attacking Venetia in the spring.

The Bank of England had advanced ten million dollars of gold to the Bank of France, upon the security of an equal value in silver.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President commences by observing that the past year has been one of great prosperity. The only cloud upon our country being the long continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States. This, he says, has thrown a degree of insecurity around the family altar, matrons retiring to their rest in the dread of servile insurrection. This agitation has been fanned by the public press, by the proceedings of State and County Conventions, and by Abolition sermons and lectures.

With regard to the rights of the South, let us quote the President's own words:

"All that is necessary to accomplish the object, and all for which the Slave States have ever contended, is to be let alone, and permitted to manage their domestic institutions in their own way. As sovereign States, they, and they alone are responsible before God and the world for the slavery existing among them. For this, the people of the North are not responsible, and have no more right to interfere than with similar institutions in Russia or in Brazil. Upon their good sense and patriotic forbearance, I confess I still greatly rely. Without their aid, it is beyond the power of any President, no matter what may be his own political proclivities, to restore peace and harmony among the States. Wisely limited and restrained as is his power, under our Constitution and laws, he alone can accomplish but little, for good or evil, on such a momentous question.

"And this brings me to observe that the election of any one of our fellow-citizens to the office of President does not of itself afford just cause for dissolving the Union. This is more especially true if his election has been effected by a mere plurality, and not a majority of the people, and has resulted from transient and temporary causes, which may probably never again occur. In order to justify a resort to revolutionary resistance, the Federal Government must be guilty of a 'deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of powers not granted by the Constitution.' The late Presidential election, however, has been held in strict conformity with its express provisions. How, then, can the result justify a revolution to destroy this very Constitution? Reason, justice, a regard for the Constitution, all require that we shall wait for some overt and dangerous act on the part of the President-elect before resorting to such a remedy."

The President then condemns the Personal Liberty Laws of some of the Northern States, which he says ought to be repealed. He also suggests that the Fugitive Slave Bill be incorporated in the Constitution, instead of being, as it now is, merely engrafted upon it. After denying that South Carolina has any right to secede, he admits, however, that he has no power to prevent her, and repudiates all idea of coercing her to remaining in the Union.

The President then says:

"It is not every wrong—nay, it is not every grievous wrong—which can justify a resort to such a fearful alternative. This ought to be the last desperate remedy of a despairing people, after every other constitutional means of conciliation had been exhausted. We should reflect that under this free Government there is incessant ebb and flow in public opinion. The Slavery question, like everything human, will have its day. I firmly believe that it has already reached and passed the culminating point. But if, in the midst of the existing excitement, the Union shall perish, the evil may then become irreparable. Congress can contribute much to avert it by proposing and recommending to the Legislatures of the several States the remedy for existing evils which the Constitution has itself provided for its own preservation. This has been tried at different critical periods of our history, and always with eminent success. It is to be found in the 5th article, providing for its own amendment. Under this article amendments have been proposed by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, and have been 'ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States,' and have consequently become parts of the Constitution. To this process the country is indebted for the clause prohibiting Congress from passing any law respecting an establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or of the right of petition. To this we are also indebted for the Bill of Rights, which secures the people against any abuse of power by the Federal Government. Such were the apprehensions justly entertained by the friends of State Rights at that period, as to have rendered it extremely doubtful whether the Constitution could have long survived without these amendments.

"Again, the Constitution was amended by the same process after the election of President Jefferson by the House of Representatives, in February, 1803. This amendment was rendered necessary to prevent a recurrence of the dangers which had seriously threatened the existence of the Government during the pendency of that election. The article for its own amendment was intended to secure the amicable adjustment of conflicting constitutional questions like the present, which might arise between the Governments of the States and that of the United States. This appears from contemporaneous history. In this connection I shall merely call attention to a few sentences in Mr. Madison's justly celebrated report in 1799, to the Legislature of Virginia. In this he ably and conclusively defended the resolutions of the preceding Legislature against the strictures of several other State Legislatures. These were mainly founded upon the protest of the Virginia Legislature against the 'Alien and Sedition acts,' as 'palpable and alarming infractions of the Constitution.' In pointing out the peaceful and constitutional remedies, and he referred to none other, to which the States were authorized to resort, on such occasions, he concludes by saying, 'that the Legislatures of the States might have made a direct representation to Congress, with a view to obtain a rescinding of the two offensive acts, or they might have represented to their respective Senators in Congress their wish that two-thirds thereof would propose an explanatory amendment to the Constitution; or two-thirds of themselves, if such had been their option, might, by an application to Congress, have obtained a Convention for the same object.'"

The parts which allude to our Foreign Relations with other States are eminently satisfactory, with the exception of Mexico. He recommends the adoption of the McLane Treaty. Strange to say, the President's Message contains no notice of our present dispute with Peru. The reports of the various Secretaries of State are able, and, with the exception of the Post Office and Navy, worthy our position as a great power.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

On Monday the Second Session of the Thirty-Sixth Congress met, under circumstances which give it an unusual solemnity. This impression seemed to hang over all, for from first to last there was an absence of noise and excitement very unusual at the initial gatherings of our great deliberative Assembly. As a somewhat unusual circumstance all the Foreign Ministers were present, a proof of the deep interest felt in the present juncture. The South Carolina Senators were absent, but the Members of the Lower House from that State were in their seats. The Senate appointed the usual Committee to notice the President and the House of Representatives that they were ready to proceed to business, and then adjourned.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, called up a motion made last session to reconsider the vote by which the Homestead Bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole, but the motion was postponed. The House then adjourned.

On Tuesday, the important message of President Buchanan was delivered. We refer to a brief synopsis in another column.

Mr. Boteler, of Virginia, then moved in the House of Representatives that so much of the Message as relates to the present perilous condition of the country be referred to a special Committee of one from each State, with leave to report at any time. Mr. McClernand, of Illinois, moved an amendment rehearsing the causes of difficulty, and proposing that the Committee be instructed to report by bill or by amendment to the Constitution, and more particularly as to whether any further legislation is necessary to insure a more prompt compliance with that provision of the Constitution relating to the delivery up of fugitive slaves. Mr. Boteler declined this amendment, but modified his motion so far as to leave out the words "with leave to report at any time." Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, then moved an addition, "pledging the members to sustain the Union at all hazards." This was declared as out of order. Mr Boteler's resolution then passed by 145 to 38.

In the Senate, after the reading of the Message, Mr. Clingman, of South Carolina, then made a strong secession speech, and Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, made an equally strong one in defence of the Union.

The Senate then adjourned.

On Wednesday, the 5th, the Senate met at the usual time, and Senator Powell (Ky.) moved that so much of the President's Message be referred to a select Committee. The motion was laid over. Senator Green (Miss.) introduced a resolution for the establishment of an armed police in the border Slave and Free States, for the efficient execution of the Fugitive Slave Law and for the general maintenance of order. It was made the special order of the 10th Dec. Senator Hale (New Hampshire), Iverson (Georgia), Wigfall (Texas), Saulsbury, (Del.), made speeches, all bearing upon the impending crisis.

In the House of Representatives, the Homestead Bill, the Military Academy and Invalid Pension Bill were passed without debate. After referring the various branches of the President's Message to appropriate standing Committees, the House adjourned.

American City Railways in France.

Michael Chevalier in 1835 declared that the American, if he could not have a railway on earth, would make one in the air. Since that time our national reputation for "fastness" has been widely extended, not only morally but literally. While railroads were as yet almost unknown in the heart of the civilization of Europe and among its teeming millions, thousands of miles of the iron track already wound through our wildernesses, and the scream of the locomotive terrified the bear and buffalo, and amazed the Indian. The steamboat is an American invention—in short, to perfect the means of transit seems almost our specialty.

The last step which we have made in advance of other nations in this particular has been the practical and general application of railroads to the streets of cities, a facilitation of passage which is as great an advance on the omnibus as the latter was on the old-fashioned sedan chair. There are few of our readers who are not aware of the benefit which "city passenger railways," as they are conveniently though inelegantly termed, have conferred on the communities where they are laid. No greater stimulus to building, no greater aid to health, no means so conducive to substitute separate homes for tenement dwellings have yet been discovered. The city railroad, when, as in Philadelphia, it is enabled by geographical facilities to completely network a town, becomes the strongest local element yet known in aiding comfort and morality.

Our readers are aware that these roads have been introduced into England by G. F. Train, and it may interest them to know that they are being made known to France in a form reflecting full credit on our country, thanks to the efforts of W. J. Valentine, as we learn from a volume recently published in Paris, bearing the title, "Chemins de Fer à Traction de Cheval; Considerations en Faveur de leur Application Generale." As translated in full, "Horse Railroads, commonly called American Roads; Considerations in favor of their General Application in France to Routes in Great Cities and the Suburbs. By W. Jones Valentine, President of American Commissioners at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, &c."

In this very interesting work Chevalier Valentine has presented the French people with a complete summary of facts relative to our American city passenger railways, their numerous advantages over other vehicles, and their immensely profitable influence on the value of property. There is not unfrequently something startling in the realization of the most familiar facts which have long surrounded us. The following are of this nature:

"In 1858, during certain hours of the day, it was dangerous to cross Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on account of the number of omnibuses and other vehicles. Now one can cross at ease at any hour in perfect security, while the noise of the street is very much diminished.

"In Philadelphia, since the city railroads have been active, the value of property in the suburbs has risen from thirty to fifty per cent, while there has been no change in the value of central real estate."

Could we realise at once the incalculable benefit which our New York railways—with all their enormously bad management—have been to the city, there is not a reader who would not be amazed. Of what avail would our Central Park have been if not more accessible than by omnibus? Is not full three-fourths in the value of real estate in the upper part of the island entirely due to railways? Would half the houses now built have been there, were they not brought "within thirty minutes of the store" by railway? When we reflect on the fact that something like one-fifth of our whole population averages a daily ride on the cars, we are amazed to think that the great cities of Europe have remained to this very day satisfied with omnibuses!

Thanks to Mr. Train and Chevalier Valentine, England and France have at length learned from this country—and we may say entirely from this country—all the facts relative to this very important element of modern life. It is amusing to trace in the volumes before us the same old-fashioned objections which we all heard urged so fiercely years ago against city roads, and to see our Yankee Chevalier transfering to another sod his triumphant refutations. In short, he shows that they do not diminish the value of property; it is not two years since many persons sold out their real estate in Philadelphia, urged by this apprehension, and subsequently bought it back at a higher price. He proves that they do not continually kill people, and finally that they can, they must, they shall—pay good round dividends.

We regret that our limits preclude a more detailed account of this extremely interesting volume. It is no exaggeration to state that nothing has ever been practically brought before the French people so certain to give them an elevated idea and a downright realization of American cultivation as this. When London shall have its thousand miles of "American railways," and Paris its five hundred, authors will find a place in history for those who introduced it to the Old World.

Royal Correspondence.

The *Revue de Paris* has just published a very curious letter written by Louis Philippe upon his elevation to the revolutionary throne of France. It was addressed to King Ferdinand, father to the present deposed King of Naples, and advises those reforms in the royal government which, perhaps, might have averted the revolution which has just swept the Bomba family from the land it curst by their misrule. Even in 1833 Louis Philippe thus expresses his alarm:

"Let your majesty imitate the system in France; you will be a gainer in every respect; for by sacrificing a little authority, you will insure peace to your kingdom and stability to your house. The symptoms of agitation are so strongly pronounced and so numerous in Italy, that an outbreak may be expected sooner or later, accordingly as the stern measures of Prince Metternich may hasten or adjourn it. Your majesty will be drawn into the current if you are not prepared to stem the tide, and your house will be burst in two either by the revolutionary stream, or by the measures of repression the Vienna cabinet may think fit to adopt.

"Your majesty may save everything by anticipating voluntarily and with prudence the wishes and wants of your people, for if the revolution breaks out in Italy, Austria will try to act as absolute mistress, and I shall be compelled to take steps I should wish to avoid at any price; and in this I am sure England, if she does not anticipate me, will not leave me alone, for neither of us can allow Austria to extend her influence still more over the Italian peninsula."

With a most amusing candor the real original Bomba thus flings back this excellent advice. It is so curious, and lets the Democratic mind so fully into royal reason, that we give it entire:

"To imitate France, if ever France can be imitated, I should have to precipitate myself into that policy of Jacobinism for which my people has proved feloniously guilty more than once against the house of its kings. Liberty is fatal to the house of Bourbon; and as regards myself I am resolved to avoid, at all price, the fate of Louis XVI. and of Charles X. My people obey force and bend their necks, but woe's me should they ever raise them under the impulse of those dreams which sound so fine in the sermons of philosophers, and which are impossible in practice. With God's blessing I will give prosperity to my people, and a government as honest as they have a right to; but I will be king, and always.

"My people do not want to think; I take upon myself the care of their welfare and their dignity. I have inherited many old grudges, many mad desires, arising from all the faults and weaknesses of the past. I must set this to rights, and I can only do so by drawing closer to Austria without subjecting myself to her will. We are not of this century. The Bourbons are ancient, and if they try to shape themselves according to the pattern of the new dynasties, they would be ridiculous. We will imitate the Hapsburgs. If fortune plays us false we shall at least be true to ourselves.

"Nevertheless, your majesty may rely upon my lively sympathy and my warmest wishes that you may succeed in mastering that ungovernable people who make France the curse of Europe."

It seems difficult for an American to realise that such besotted fools as kings like those of Europe exist, but they are rapidly becoming exterminated or educated by the stern process of revolution. In a few years they will have passed away altogether, or be made to harmonise with the spirit of the age.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Burch, like the man with the ass, has pleased nobody by his rash rush into public life. Judged by his letters, he has placed himself out of the pale of sympathy, for scarcely never did a man of feeling, conscience, even the commonest attributes of humanity, write in a more cold-blooded manner than has this Presbyterian saint and banker. In his first letter to Erastus Corning, he blasphemously assumes the divine attribute, and coolly "sends his wife's soul to hell for ever." In a letter to Mr. Pruyhn, of Albany, the following remarkable passage appears:

"This whole matter I have ferreted out by the most difficult of all processes, by cross-examination, affecting more knowledge than I possessed, and such other mental and moral influences as I was enabled to bring to bear. I deem her the smartest woman for mischief I ever saw, and wofully depraved at heart. I have felt the sustaining power of God in the prosecution of this wonderful task I have had to perform; and in all the devious ways in which I have arrived at the final disclosure, I felt God ever worked with and through me."

What a self-complacent bit of stupidity is the avowal that God has been working through a fellow who has been affecting more knowledge than he possessed. And then again, the blasphemy that Omniscience has been employed in ferreting out evidence like a Tombs shyster. Never before did a Burch so deserve the avenging rod of the world! Wordsworth must have had some such man in his mind when he wrote these words:

A soulless man—a godless knave,
One who would peer and botanise
Upon his mother's grave.

Some of the French newspapers are very facetious upon the English volunteers, and anticipate much fear from their contemplated visit, but we suspect the emphatic condemnation pronounced on that intention by the leading British journals will nip that puerile scheme on the head. The French,

as usual, seized the opportunity to show their appreciation of the American citizen soldiery, and we give the passage :

"The armed excursions, which a short time back seemed so ridiculous to the English at Boulogne, appear likely to be repeated on a larger scale, and we are menaced at Paris with the visit of several hundreds from London with arms and baggage, muskets, swords and the rest. These exhibitions are much in fashion in England and America, but they are not at all to the French taste. We fête with enthusiasm our brave army, returning from one of its great victories—from Malakoff or from Solferino; but we accord very little attention to citizen soldiers, who have never seen any other fire than that of the soup pot. In the United States, on the contrary and for all we know, in England, the militia of different towns visit each other; and these excursionists, not content with causing themselves to be admired in the streets, hire in the evening a theatre, on the stage of which they execute manœuvres, amidst the applause of the gaping vulgar who have paid to enjoy so fine a spectacle. That is one way of enabling the volunteers to make up their travelling expenses. The movement which has led to the reorganization of the volunteers in England is essentially anti-French."

There is one advantage our citizen soldiery have over the heroes of La Grande Nation, and that is, it has never run away from the British, a custom the French invariably practise, whenever they have the opportunity. Our Chicago Zouaves cannot fail to understand and solve the delicate allusion to their performances at the Academy of Music.

PERSONAL.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, the clever dramatist, like most Irishmen, has a small spice of humbug in his composition. The London papers report that having become a nonconformist preacher, he has now as great a horror of the drama as he before loved it. He therefore receives his copyright money which his dramatic works bring him in under protest. Why does he not bestow the proceeds upon the Society for the Suppression of Vice?

THE writers in *Punch* sent to Garibaldi a handsome telescope. He acknowledged the compliment in a very cordial and grateful letter.

COL. PEARD, better known as Garibaldi's Englishman, when introduced to Victor Emanuel, told him plumply that the continuance of English sympathy for Italy chiefly depended upon his Majesty's treatment of Garibaldi. He also expressed to the King his utmost contempt for the Italian people, and wound up by calling Count Cavour, Farini and Louis Napoleon a parcel of rascals.

EMPRESS EUGENIE is in Scotland on a visit to her husband's cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton, *née* Princess Marie de Baden. The health of the Empress is in a very depressed condition. The death of her sister and the forlorn condition of the Pope have deeply affected her mind.

THE invention which Lord Dundonald was desirous the British Government should apply in the Crimean war to the annihilation of the enemy, was the filling of hollow shells with a gas of so potent a nature, that when liberated from the bursting shell it would poison the atmosphere for many square yards, and kill those who breathed it.

EDWARD LODER's opera of the "Night Dancers," has been revived by Miss Pyne and Harrison with great success.

THE Australians are about to erect a statue to Shakespeare in the public market-place of Melbourne. Strange that a continent the great dramatist never dreamt of—never heard of—that wasn't (in point of fact) put into his "geography book," should get the start of his own land and erect a statue first! We suggest that Forrest, Wallack, Booth and their *confrères* should do something in the "brown stucco" line for the man who has made them rich and famous.

PARIS possesses at present 503 newspapers; forty-two of these, as treating of politics and national economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of Government; 460 are devoted to art, science, literature, industry, commerce and agriculture. The more ancient of the latter is the *Journal des Savans*, and dates from the year 1665.

THE Rev. J. M. Bellew, of London, has, with singular good taste and honesty, announced his attention of reading from the pulpit sermons written by the old divines. It will be a great treat to hear one of the finest theological orators reading the noble productions of Jeremy Taylor and other eminent men of the good old times.

IN "Shakespeare and his Birthplace," one of the forthcoming publications of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., the pen of Mr. J. R. Wise and the pencil of Mr. W. J. Linton will combine to trace the first steps of the poet, from boyhood to maturity, among the scenes of his native Stratford and its surrounding villages.

A MEMBER of Congress wrote to his wife, on his arrival in Washington, that he had "formed a connection with a very agreeable mess, and expected to spend the season very pleasantly." Unfortunately, to the surprise and mortification of the good lady to whom he was writing he dotted the e in the word mess. The Hon. Mr. Smith was rather surprised in the course of three days to see his wife walk into Willard's Hotel with a cowhide. The explanation he made is considered doubtful.

GOV. MOORE of Alabama, is certainly a gallant fellow, and we hope he will not secede. During his visit lately to the penitentiary, he found that Southern Institute so full that he discharged all the female prisoners!

AN English paper has this: "Two young ladies of Fairhaven, U.S., recently fell equally and deeply in love with a gentleman who visited them very frequently. Being mutually acquainted with each other's passion, and withal strong friends, they romantically resolved to 'draw lots,' to decide which should have him. The fortunate one lost no time in making known to him the result of the drawing, and he then informed her that he was already engaged to a third lady." It complacently adds, "American ladies can have no delicacy if these things are common."

EDMUND ABOUT thus sketches a Roman prima donna : "The prima donna is the good mother of a family; her six children have paid their mamma the delicate attention of not spoiling her voice. Her husband is a baritone, or, perhaps, a broken-down gentleman whom she supports. Do not fear that she will be unfaithful to him; she has too much to do. The performances, the rehearsals, the children, the *pot au feu*, absorb all her time. Her husband is to her a necessary piece of furniture; he takes her to the theatre and home again, he signs agreements, he leads the little boys to school, he buys provisions in the market." We opine that this is not a true sketch of an American prima donna. The dictum that a prima donna's husband should be either a baritone or a broken-down gentleman, or perhaps both, might do, is about as rich as Mrs. Southworth asserting that one of her heroines was originally a falsetto, which she had cultivated into a rich soprano.

THERE is a wealthy citizen in Berlin, Prussia, who has a most singular periodical desire to knock off hats. He afterward makes up the loss to the astonished victim by the payment of three thalers. During the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of two hundred and sixty-seven hats. At a recent musical festival fifty-three hats were sacrificed, and for the evening's entertainment he paid one hundred and fifty thalers.

JACKSON THORPE, of Cincinnati, died on the 20th. He was probably the heaviest man in the United States, weighing four hundred and ten pounds.

FRANCIS' INVISIBLE FRICTION MATCH BOX.—Dr. S. W. Francis, the youngest son of the venerable Dr. Francis, the ingenious inventor of the Francis printing or writing machine, has made an important improvement in the plan of constructing friction match boxes, which is likely to come into general use. The improvement has been patented, and an arrangement made for its immediate use by one of the largest match manufacturers in this city. The improvement consists in placing the friction surface on the inside of the box and igniting the match while withdrawing it, the matches being placed head down in the boxes instead of up, as in the ordinary boxes.

JOHN SAVAGE, the well-known rebel, dramatist, good-fellow and journalist, has written a comedy, which is soon to test public opinion. It is, we understand, founded upon Washington manners, and hits the foibles of society some hard raps.

MR. BACHMAN has published an excellent bird's-eye view of Hoboken. It is remarkable for its minute detail, as well as general accuracy.

MR. G. HARDING, the artist, gave a *soirée artistique* at his art studio, 32 Waverley place, on Monday evening, December 3, which was largely attended by a fashionable and distinguished company. The sister art of music added to the enjoyment of the evening, some beautiful selections being performed by Madame Clara M. Brinkerhoff, Mr. Mills, Mr. Millard and Mr. Coetemori.

THE Tuesday evening reception of Mrs. Meara Burkhardt, in Fifteenth street, on the 4th inst., attracted quite a distinguished company of the élite of the city. The conversation was animated and interesting, and the musical melange very pleasing.

We are compelled to omit our notices of New Books and Music this week. They will appear in our next.

MUSIC.

THE Ullman dynasty has ceased to exist; the "Jewess," notwithstanding her superb setting, did not attract. The music is utterly uninteresting to the multitude, and people will not pay a dollar and a half, merely to see a pageant, more than once. We shall have something to say on this subject in our next.

Fabbri, Stigelli and Formes continued the season, giving Auber's "Masaniello" on Friday, and Flotow's "Stradella" on Saturday. We hope that their experiment will succeed.

DRAMA.

Wallack's Theatre.—The management of this house treated us on Monday night to a real "sensation," all the more agreeable that it was thoroughly legitimate, consisting of a new comedy with a new actress in a leading *rôle*. The name of the comedy is "The Model Hypocrite," and it is a translation and adaptation of Madame de Girardin's "Lady Tartuffe;" the name of the fair debutante is Miss Henriques.

"The Model Hypocrite" (we wish the adapter had selected a better title for his work) is a most excellent comedy, life-like and interesting; the characters are all well defined and carefully but not tediously elaborated, and the plot works directly and smoothly towards its denouement undisturbed by counter plot. The story is simply this : Madame Eugenie de Blossac (the Model Hypocrite, Mrs. Hoey), is desperately in love with Hector de Renville (Mr. Reynolds), and to win his affection is willing to make any sacrifice. The gentleman, on the contrary, is enamored of Jeannette (Miss Henriques), and is quite as willing to go through any amount of hardship to win the object of his adoration. From this fruitful source proceeds a long train of incidents in which man's cunning and woman's will are constantly battling for the mastery. Madame de Blossac, as the surest means of accomplishing her ends, sets afloat slanderous stories concerning the reputation of Jeannette, which of course are readily caught up by "society" and magnified ; but fortunately, in the end, the crooked ways are made straight and the rough places smooth, the innocent vindicated, and the guilty frustrated in their designs. This is, of course, but a faint outline of the plot, which is skilfully evolved, and in the hands of such artists as Mr. Wallack's company can boast, most charmingly interpreted. Miss Henriques, the debutante, is very young and very beautiful. She has black hair and black eyes, a fresh and blooming complexion, musical voice and winning manner ; add to all this most decided dramatic ability and perfect self-possession and you can readily imagine the début to have been—what it actually was—a most flattering success. Mrs. Hoey, as Madame de Blossac, is entitled to most unqualified praise. Her impersonation of this bad but loving woman was marked by a degree of intensity for which we scarcely gave her credit, the last act being as finely rendered as the most exacting critic could desire. So great, in fact, was the effect produced upon the audience that they would not permit the play to proceed until the actress, after her exit, had responded to their enthusiastic call. This custom of recalling an artist after an especially fine scene is detestable, but upon the present occasion it seemed to be the spontaneous wish of the entire audience. Miss Morant, as the Countess de Clermont, was earnest and effective ; Mr. Blake's Marshal d'Estigey, both in make-up and acting, admirable ; Mr. Lester Wallack gave great prominence to the rather unimportant rôle of La Touche ; Mr. Reynolds was acceptable as De Renville, and Mr. Norton respectable as Leonard. The comedy is put upon the stage with every care, and was announced for repetition amid the applause of an audience that filled to overflowing every available portion of the house.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—"The Seven Sisters," as we predicted in our last, has turned out a real success. Nightly are crowds turned away from the doors, and it bids fair, not only to outlive the holidays, but push forward its triumphant career far into the winter.

Winter Garden.—Since our last Mr. Booth has appeared as Pescara ("Apostate"), Richelieu and Richard III., but we see no grounds for altering our previously expressed opinion of this gentleman's merits as an actor. His performances are crude and unequal, never rising to real excellence, but too frequently sinking into commonplaces. He is in the habit of slurring over important passages and elaborating others into undue prominence. Then, too, there is no attempt even at individuality in his performances, whether the name on the programme be Pescara, Hamlet, Richard or Richelieu, we see only Edwin Booth, a young man with a pleasant voice, good eye and somewhat pallid countenance, and black hair standing much in need of the attention of the hair-dresser. With every desire to see in this gentleman the elements that go to make the grand artist, we must confess that we have not as yet been successful in finding them.

Niblo's Theatre.—We had intended to write an extended article on Mr. Forrest's Macbeth for this issue of our paper, but we are so startled by the innovations, not only upon custom, but the text of the tragedy, indulged in by the management under the sanction, it is presumed, of the actor, that we prefer delaying our remarks for a day or two, that we may more carefully study what at first sight appears most unwarrantable and injudicious. We are inclined to acknowledge Mr. Forrest as high authority in Shakespearean affairs, but when he undertakes to transform the witches of Macbeth into Fates, adorned after the most approved manner of modern ballet, and in direct violation of the text of the play, we require time at least to think the matter over before accepting or rejecting this innovation.

GARIBALDI AT HOME.

GARIBALDI has arrived at Caprera. We learn from a Lombard correspondent, that he has ordered from France a corn windmill, as Caprera has no water course. So anxious was the Dictator to get to his farm, that he loosened the anchor with his own hands, and was like a boy home for his holidays when he set foot on the island.

He appears extremely happy, in the first place, because he has resigned the management of affairs at Naples into the hands of the King *Galantuomo* ; secondly, because he is finally free from the numberless petitions with which he was pestered. He speaks with enthusiasm of his regained freedom, and he has been anxious to extend it even to his three war-horses, which he with his own hands unsaddled and unbridled, and allowed freely to run about the country the moment he set foot on his own isle.

The thousand volunteers, or rather what are left of them, have come to the determination of offering a diamond star to their beloved chief, with this inscription, "The Gift of the Thousand." In Venetia and Rome, Societies are being formed, every one of which elects Garibaldi as its President. In the spring, the hero of Palermo may be at the head of the million of armed men he speaks of.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE "SPINNING JENNY."—Suddenly he (James Hargreaves) dropped upon his knees, and rolled on the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face towards the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. He rose and went to the fire to burn his stick. He took hold of his bristly hair with one hand, and rubbed his forehead and nose with the other and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor; then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife—who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger—by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his sturdy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh, with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel—that he would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the armchair, by laying her spinning-wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. "Our fortune is made when that is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor. "What will you call it?" asked his wife. "Call it? What an we call it after thysen, Jenny! They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. INGRAM, M.P.—The Quebec correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette* says: "I heard the other day that Mr. Ingram, the lamented late proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, was in the Crown Lands Office—(poor fellow! he was inquiring about half a township, which he proposed buying for his son), when, on looking through one of the collections of wood, he espied a bit of white thorn. 'What,' he exclaimed, 'is there white thorn of that size in Canada? I would buy almost as much as could be furnished me, for box in England is getting scarce, and white thorn is the best of substitutes for wood-engravers.' This just illustrates the way in which mines of riches exist among us, of whose existence we hardly dream until we find we have destroyed them. Basswood, buttonwood, white (or tulip-tree) wood, curly birch, and other kinds of timber which used to be thought valueless, are now beginning to form articles of considerable consumption and export."

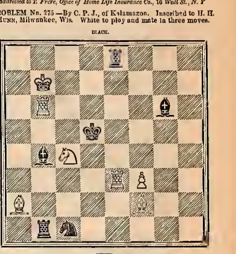
THE *Echo* of the Ardèche says that some years since a young girl was found living alone, and in a perfectly savage state, in a ravine in the mountains of the Drome; she fed on roots, climbed trees like an ape, and amused herself with the deer and other animals. Nothing could ever be discovered relative to her early history. When first reclaimed from the woods, she was placed in an hospital at Marseilles; here she was seen by a countess, who undertook the onerous task of educating the poor child. The effort has been successful; and we are told that the once savage creature is now a young lady, perfectly educated and highly accomplished. Her face is said to be very beautiful, but retains a curious air of originality in its expression.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 10 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 275.—By C. P. J., of Kalamazoo. Inscribed to H. H. HUNN, Milwaukee, Wis. White to play and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

"STANDARD" PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—Mr. John Gardner, of the Brooklyn *Standard*, offers the following prizes in his problem tournament : 1. For the best set of Problems, consisting of one three-move, one four-move and one five-move position, a handsome set of Staunton Chess men. 2. For the best three-move position, a copy of the English edition of Morphy's games ; and 3. For the best two-move Problem, a copy of Staunton's Chess Praxis. The three-move position for the second prize must be in addition to, and separate from, the one in three moves of the first set. No suicidal or conditional problems will be allowed to compete. Each set for each prize must be accompanied by a distinctive motto. For the second and third prizes each competitor may send in as many positions as he chooses. All positions must be sent in to the Chess Editor, box 253, Brooklyn, N. Y., by the first of January, 1861, after which date no problems will be received.

MATCH BETWEEN HORWITZ AND KOLISCH.

The conditions of the match are, that the player who wins the first three games will be declared the victor. The first game, which was won by Mr. Kolisch, we present below. It will be seen that Mr. Horwitz has not displayed the high order of play which he exhibited in former contests. Mr. Kolisch, on the other hand, played with his usual skill, and obtained an easy victory. We hope that in the remaining games Mr. Horwitz will give his opponent more trouble, and that the contest will afford features of more interest.

WHITE. *Mr. H.*	BLACK. *Mr. K.*	WHITE. *Mr. H.*	BLACK. *Mr. K.*
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 Kt tks B (a)	Q Kt to Kt 3 (b)
2 P to K B 4	P to Q 4	13 B to Kt 3	P to Q B 4
3 P tks Q P	P to K 5	14 P tks P	B tks P (ch)
4 B to Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3	15 K to R 2 (c)	Kt to Kt 5 (ch) (d)
5 P tks P	P tks P	16 K to Kt 3	B to B 7 (ch)
6 B to B 4	K Kt to B 3	17 R tks B (e)	Q tks Q
7 P to Q 4	B to Q 3	18 P tks Kt	P to K 6
8 K Kt to K 2	Castles	19 R to K B 4	Q to K 8 (ch)
9 Castles	B to K Kt 5	20 K to R 3	Q tks Kt
10 Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	21 Q B tks P	K R to K
11 P to K R 3	B tks Kt		

and after a few more moves Mr. Horwitz resigned.

(a) To take with Queen seems to us to be plainly a better mode.
(b) Instantly taking advantage of White's last move by attacking the now unsupported Bishop.
(c) Losing the game at once. Courting defeat thus shows that Mr. Horwitz is quite out of effective practice. By playing instead the King to Rook square, White's game would have been good enough.
(d) Mr. Kolisch is not the player to overlook the now certain forcing of the game. It is evident if White take this Kt he is mated on the move.
(e) White has no alternative, for if K tks Kt Black plays Q to B (ch), and then Q K to K sq, forcing mate directly.

(We shall give the remainder of the games in our next number.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. D., Concord, N. H.—Received.

F. P., Racket Club.—*Question :* If, in leading, my ball goes in the pocket, what is the penalty?

Answer : It is optional with your adversary to make you spot your ball on the foot spot, play it over again, or take the lead himself. No count or forfeiture can be made until each player has played one stroke. As, in leading, there is no possible chance for a player to score any points, it would not be just to make him lose any.

New York, 2d December, 1860.

M. PHELAN, ESQ.—Dear Sir—I witnessed a game at Lynch's Room, in Fourteenth street, the other evening, in which occurred the following incident: The red ball was on the edge of the pocket, the position of the cue ball obliged the player to use the rest; in playing, the cue slipped and struck the end of the rest, which struck the ball and propelled it, causing a miss. The player had three to go, the opponent but one. The former claimed that the shot was null, the latter claimed that the miss put him out. Who was right?

Yours, E.

Answer.—The latter.

Hanover House, Rondout, November 30, 1860.

MICHAEL PHELAN, ESQ.—Dear Sir—You will please answer the following questions in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, next issue, as there was a small bet made on them, and is to be decided by your decision. You will do me a great favor by answering.

1st.—If the deep or painted ball, when pocketed, cannot be placed upon its proper spot, what is to be done with either of them, providing there is a centre spot on the table? If no spot on the centre of the table, then what is to be done?

2d.—If you shoot your ball in the pocket when touching to another ball, does it count for your opponent?

Yours respectfully,
AUSTIN ROBERTS.

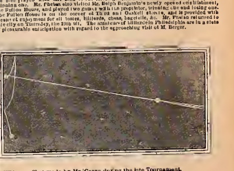
Answers.—1st. It is immaterial whether there be a centre spot on the table or not; the following is the rule. "If, when a red ball is holed or forced off the table, the striker, before playing, does not see that said red ball is replaced upon its proper spot, supposing such spot to be unoccupied, the stroke he may make while the red is not in its place is foul. But should the spot be covered by any other ball when the red is pocketed or forced off, the red must remain off the table until its proper position is vacant, and all the balls cease rolling."

2d.—Yes. The forfeitures are the same whether the cue ball be in contact with another ball or not.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

M. BERGER.—We have received a letter from M. Berger. He expresses himself gratified with his success in Boston, particularly with that of his exhibition for ladies, which was attended by the flower of Athenian society. On Monday M. Berger left Boston for Providence, where he intended to remain a day or two. He expects to commence his public exhibitions in Philadelphia on Monday, the 10th inst. A private exhibition for the gentlemen of the press will probably be given on Saturday, the 8th inst. Mr. Phelan will be present on this occasion.

BILLIARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Phelan visited Philadelphia during the past week on business. On the 28th ult. he played at the rooms of the Philadelphia Club, one of the most flourishing of our associations for the cultivation of the game of billiards. Mr. Phelan played with Mr. Bird, at the Club-room, a carom game, which was won by Mr. B. He also played with Mr. Bird at the latter gentleman's room two games, each player winning one. Mr. Phelan also visited Mr. Ralph Benjamin's newly opened establishment, the Fulton House, and played two games with the proprietor, winning one and losing one. The Fulton House is on the corner of Third and Gaskell streets, and is provided with means of enjoyment for all tastes, billiards, chess, bagatelle, &c. Mr. Phelan returned to this city on Thursday, the 29th ult. The amateurs of billiards in Philadelphia are in a state of pleasurable anticipation with regard to the approaching visit of M. Berger.



Shot made by Mr. Geary during the late Tournament.

THE VICTUALLING DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE PREPARATIO

(From the Home Journal.)

FRANK LESLIE A LIFE-LENGTHENER.

By N. P. Willis.

There are men who lengthen human life—those who shorten its industrial processes, or remove its hindrances or accelerate its compelled purposes and movements—enabling us to toke ease and enjoy, where, before, we only lost life by toiling and suffering. It is for more time to live worthily, in fact, that we thank all great inventors—Morse for relieving us of suspense and dependence on mail-bags; Fulton for faster conveyance than by sails and stage-coaches; Whitney for a machine by which one man can do the work of three hundred; Hahnemann for enabling us to omit emetics and purges; Daguerre and Brady for superseding expensive portrait-sitting and difficult friend-remembering. And to this list of public benefactors we now think should he added Frank Leslie, who has rendered comparatively needless two of life's most laborious processes, viz., the travelling and fancy-picturing which have been hitherto necessary to get "a realizing sense" of what is going on in the world.

But look for a moment at this Leslie-wonder of substitution and acceleration.

You buy for sixpence, at any corner in Broadway, or in any railroad car, a *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Two days previous there has been a stirring scene of public excitement, five hundred miles away—and here is a picture of it! In one second (after paying your sixpence) as complete a knowledge of the affair as you would get by travelling to the spot is conveyed to your brain, and this without the reading of an eleborate description, and without any effort of the imagination to locate the actors and their surroundings. The affair took place only twenty-four or forty-eight hours ago, and here is an exact copy of the scene, printed from an engraving on wood—a job of itself that used to take a month to execute. Think of all the other hindrances which there used to be—the tediousness of getting the artist to the spot, of his taking the view, and of long waiting for its return from the engraver—and now how is this miracle achieved?

It is by a skilful combination of the new facilities of the day, aided by ingenious contrivances and bold enterprise. In every part of the country there are now photographers and artists, with nearly all of whom Leslie is in correspondence. On the occurrence of any noteworthy event some one of these is immediately on the spot, as is also one of his equally numerous literary agents — the view and the written description being thus done at the moment, and transmitted by special messenger on an express train. The telegraph has meantime informed the office at New York, and the engravers are ready for the arrival of the drawings. A picture is made by skilful artists on a block of wood, which (a new invention) consists of many pieces, held together by bolts and nuts, so that the whole can be put into the hands of twenty engravers instead of one. By skilful arrangements of light and other conveniences these can work all night on a subject of urgent interest; and in twelve or eighteen hours from the time of the sketch's arrival it is admirably engraved and ready for the press. The description has been meantime rewritten or adapted by the resident editors and put in type. Thus far there has been the employment of photography, the electric telegraph, the railway express, division of labor among artists, mechanic invention as to blocks and combined literary talent—reducing a month's work to a day!

Then comes the printing-press. And here Mr. Leslie's own specific invention has done wonders. He found out a way so to overlay the cylinders by which certain effects of light and shade could be produced better and in one-tenth part of the time formerly consumed to produce the same results. The desired art of printing large and rapid editions of pictorial newspapers was thus rescued from final abandonment. There were also several minor difficulties which he has had to contend with, such as the warping of the blocks by change of temperature and the alteration in the character of the ink. And this latter article he is obliged (with the inferiority of the article in this country) to import from England and Germany.

But what a lesser world—(standing, indeed, in the world of New York like "a world within a world")—is this vast establishment of Frank Leslie's! And how unconsciously and carelessly we daily pass by such a hidden world, reading only the sign over the door! Such has been our own reflection, at least, after a chance visit we made to it yesterday—invited by a friend to look in for once, and see its wonders of industry and talent in operation. Let us tell one or two more of its statistics, thus gathered.

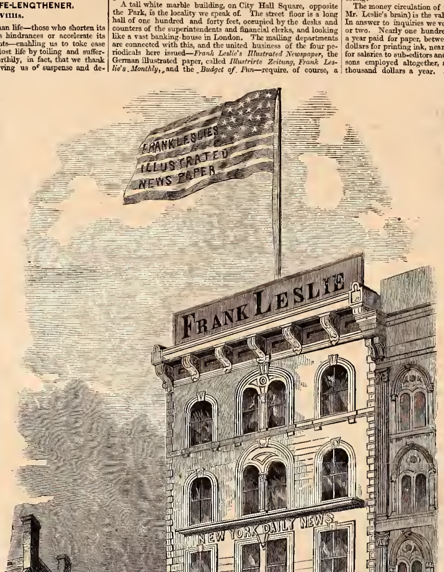
A tall white marble building, on City Hall Square, opposite the Park, is the locality we speak of. The street floor is a long hall of one hundred and forty feet, occupied by the desks and counters of the superintendents and financial clerks, and looking like a vast banking-house in London. The mailing departments are connected with this, and the united business of the four periodicals here issued—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the German illustrated paper, called *Illustrirte Zeitung*, *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, and the *Budget of Fun*—require, of course, a well-disciplined system of industry and management. Beneath is a cellar, and again another cellar beneath this, the first devoted to the printing-presses (which are worked by steam, and are perfect marvels of human ingenuity when seen in operation), and the second to the vast preparations of paper and ink.

The several upper stories of the building are divided quite as systematically—the rooms where the numerous artists work together, the "dens" of the different members of the editorial corps, the type-setters of the two languages—German and English—and (last and most curious) the apartment of the many engravers on wood. This is under the more particular superintendence of Frank Leslie himself (originally an engraver), and the process, as carried on by these talented and fine-looking men with their various delicate implements is exceedingly interesting.

The money circulation of which this single building (or rather Mr. Leslie's brain) is the valvular heart, is, of course very large. In answer to inquiries we ventured to make, we learned an item or two. Nearly one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars a year paid for paper, between six thousand and seven thousand dollars for printing ink, nearly six thousand dollars per month for salaries to sub-editors and artists, one hundred and thirty persons employed altogether, and the receipts about five hundred thousand dollars a year. *Frank Leslie's* is the oldest of the family of illustrated newspapers in America.

We really think such an establishment is a wonder—and not so much from any one feature, as from the mingled genius for combination and effectiveness which is at the bottom of it all! First, however, came the sagacity to detect a public want; and on the single certainty of a popularity for such knowledge as could go in to the eye at a glance—picture reading—it is securely established and sustained. And what a locust-swarm of pleasurable and instructive impressions issues perpetually from that one building, for the children of the country, the hurried and the uneducated, as well as for the intelligent and art-loving!

What will they do next, we wonder! With the discoveries we have above enumerated for this age, what will the next age do for its share of inventive miracles? Looking ahead it is dim enough, to be sure—for human ingenuity seems exhausted—but looking back, we are ready for anything! The *Frank Leslie* of the year A. D. 1900 will perhaps have token Vesuvius in hand, have looked into its brimstone and lava, and set up a private volcano in Broadway for the production of "monster editions" of earthquakes and Garibalditti! We shall do our best to look down and see how it all is.



FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATION OFFICE, 19 CITY HALL SQUARE, N. Y

A True Sister of Charity.—An elderly gentleman, being taken ill at an inn, in a seaport town, where he was quite unknown, was advised by the doctor to have a Sister of Charity as a nurse; and much comfort, attention and consolation he found from so doing. He lingered for two months and died, despite the sister's solicitude. The will of the old gentleman was made just before his death, and was to be opened by the doctor. To the surprise of all he left to the sister who had so carefully tended him twenty-three thousand pounds, while to his family and the expectant heir, his nephew, there fell but scanty legacies. When summoned, the youth, who should have been a wealthy man, was indignant, but still he could not accuse the girl of trickery. She was artless, and seemed very sorry for him, and he was struck with that *je ne sais quoi* which is the first symptom of matrimony; so he seized upon the idea which had faintly flashed through his mind. It was the only safety valve, and, despite her being a sister, he then and there popped the question, and was naively met with a "Yes; and I don't see any other alternative to return the property to its owner." This is a fact—romance as it appears.

Mr. Gleig relates the following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington: Referring to the advance from the Ebro to the Douro, the Duke stated that he "got famously taken in on that occasion. The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provost. The case against them was clear. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it much myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings, I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely, and next morning, sure enough, three men, in uniform, were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But you may guess what my astonishment was when some months afterwards, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and as three men had just died in the hospital, they hung them up, and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, Duke?" was the question. "Well, I suppose I was at first; but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,
Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
Until occasion like the linstock lights it;
Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.—*Old Play.*

Erle, chafing with ire as he quitted the prostrate form of Philip Avon, strode with swift steps to the chambers which he had occupied since his arrival at the manor-house. He found the sitting-room more grim, bleak and lonely than ever. No fire burned cheerily on the wide hearth, the few signs of life and animation which had in some degree lifted it out of the solemn gloom which previously overspread it were removed, and the dark old chamber looked more chill, silent and dreary than it had yet seemed to him.

He entered the bedroom, and the same change seemed to have come over that apartment. The large, antique, four-post bedstead, deprived of its curtains, looked ghastly and skeleton-like, the table was shorn of its ornaments, and the high backed chairs, unoccupied even by a stray garment, stood bolt-upright against the black oaken wainscoting with a kind of terrifying, prim formality.

He saw at a glance that his wardrobe had been removed, and he began to marvel wherefore, unless Lord Kingswood, over whom, with respect to himself, so agreeable a change appeared to have come, had ordered him to be removed to more cheerful quarters.

While this thought crossed him, his eye fell upon the portrait over the fireplace.

A strange and violent thrill ran through his frame, for it seemed as if the weird-like beauty whom he had met in Kingswood Chace was sitting there smiling down upon him.

Whether it was the effect of some peculiar refraction of the rays of light, admitted by the undraped window, whether the removal of the heavy, massive curtains from the bed, had enabled a more direct action of the daylight to take place he could not tell, nor did he seek to know. All he was conscious of was the startling, life-like appearance of the portrait.

The resemblance to the forest maiden was singularly striking, and, what was yet more strange, the features seemed to slowly change into those of the Lady Maud, and then to make a rapid transition back to those of the maiden he had met in the forest.

And suddenly, to his great and almost overpowering excitement, it seemed as though the clear blue eyes fixed upon him glittered and glistened, and that the lady moved forward as though she would approach him.

He gasped for breath, and clutched at the bedstead for support; and then it seemed to him that she pointed with her right hand to a particular spot on the side of the chamber near to him.

A deadly faintness seized him and benumbed his limbs; he covered his eyes with his hand, and remained for a few minutes struggling between consciousness and insensibility; at length calling reason to his aid, he became ashamed of his weakness, and tearing his hand from his eyes, he fixed his gaze once more upon the face which had so affected him. It was no longer vividly animated and life-like. It appeared a dull old portrait of one young and fair, time-worn and obscure.

Still the hand pointing to the wall caught his eye, and he turned his gaze in the direction which it indicated.

He saw nothing but the black oaken wainscot, with its gorgeously carved panelling, representing groups of flowers and fruits in high relief.

Impelled by an influence for which he could not account, he examined those flowers at the part where the finger yet pointed, and in among the wreathing leaves and blossoms he caught sight of a small object which had evidently been pushed in there for the purpose of concealment.

With no little patience and care he contrived to draw out an antique key, possessing a gothic handle, elaborately ornamented, and many wards to fit the lock to which it belonged. Again he looked at the portrait, but the hand still pointed as before, and if possible the painting itself looked dingier and less legible than ever.

After some little thought he placed the key in his pocket, and glided out of the room, resolved to take an opportunity to search for some lock within the precincts of those apartments, to which he felt sure that it belonged. And as he passed through into the sitting-room he cast his eyes round the apartment, and he noted the doors in them, apparently belonging to store closets; one only appeared to have a lock that small key would fit.

That door was situated in a remote corner of the room.

Influenced by an irresistible impulse, he hurried to it and tried it. The key fitted, and he was about to turn it and open the door, when he heard hasty footsteps approaching the room. He had barely time to remove the key and conceal it, when a man-servant entered in search of him.

The servant then informed him that by direction of Lord Kingswood his apartments had been changed, and that he was prepared to conduct him to the part of the building in which they were situated.

Erle could only reply with an assent, and promising himself at an early date to examine the contents of the closet, the key of which had been so mysteriously discovered by him, he followed the servant from the room in silence. The apartments selected for him were in front of the mansion, and overlooked the garden and other grounds, and part of the park beyond. They were as completely the opposite in their aspect and their appointments to those he had just quitted as it is possible to conceive—spacious, airy, lighted by large plate-glass windows, handsomely decorated, and filled with modern furniture of a luxurious and expensive character. They presented a contrast so striking and so remarkable it was impossible to escape from the conviction that the selection of the apartments he had just quitted to be appropriated to him was a studied and deliberate insult.

He was quite aware that he had to thank Lady Kingswood for it, and he found it difficult to reconcile her subsequent behavior to him with such an unmerited, and, therefore, so unworthy indignity.

He, however, knew nothing of the operating influences under which she acted, or he might have felt amazed had her insult been of a more decided and unequivocal character. The thought troubled a little at first, but he presently put it aside, as one of the singular events of his strange though young life.

He seated himself by the window, and his eye fell upon the detested form of Philip Avon, who was standing on one of the terraces in conversation with Cyril Kingswood, and was gesticulating in an excited manner.

Erle could even at that distance see that the face of Philip Avon was whiter than usual, and, by his movement, that he was speaking under the influence of passion. Cyril, on the contrary, stood calmly erect, and listened to him either with lofty dignity or contemptuous indifference.

Whatever the sentiment prompting his conduct, it moved Philip Avon to a paroxysm of passion, for Erle saw him suddenly raise his clenched fist in the air, and then hurry from the terrace on which they had been standing and make towards the avenue, among the trees of which he was soon hidden. Cyril Kingswood watched him for a few minutes, and, so far as Erle could judge, he turned and entered the house.

It was strange that similar expressions respecting the sensations his presence had created at Kingswood should have crossed his mind and Lord Kingswood's almost simultaneously.

He could only too well comprehend that the mystery which surrounded his birth, as well as his recent and present position, must have some connection with events which would not bear the light of day, or why was such secrecy respecting his history so carefully preserved and jealously guarded? He perceived how cautiously Lady Kingswood regarded him, and how strangely, and it seemed to him defiantly, she acted respecting him. Cyril eyed him, too, every now and then, with an aspect of marvel, while sweet young Lady Maud evidently indulged in much quiet wonder, as to who and what he was. The knowledge that he was a "family secret" only perhaps rendered her more anxious to become mistress of it, being quite sure that if it was entrusted to her keeping, she would never communicate it to a living being.

Then the guests stared at him so inquiringly. Good breeding kept most of them silent, but there were some individuals staying at the manor-house who were only waiting, he knew, to put certain questions to him it would be difficult for him to answer.

He felt, therefore, a conviction that he had attracted too much attention, that the morning's performance had rendered him too popular, and that in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, he ought to remain in a species of seclusion until the time arrived for him to take an active part in the affairs of life.

Acting under this impression, he sent the message to Lord Kingswood, requesting to be excused from appearing at dinner that day, and he formed a resolution to follow up this proceeding by appearing as little as possible in the presence of Lord Kingswood's guests.

He consoled himself for his absence from dinner with the belief that Lady Maud would not be present. He assured himself that she had undergone enough excitement and fatigue to confine her to her room for that day at least, and at table there would be no one else he could have the slightest wish to meet.

Sweet Lady Maud! What a delightful reverie he sank into when, going over mentally the exciting incidents of the morning, he dwelt upon that one in which Lady Maud, just saved from a terrible fate, clung to him in still terrified agitation, and laying her dear face on his panting bosom, relieved her overcharged heart in a flood of gushing tears.

"From the instant I beheld her, I yearned for her friendship," he murmured, with emotion, and added, in exultation, "I have won a claim to it. She will not repel if I prefer it now. Then, in this wide world, I can turn to one, if to one alone, who will be interested in my advancement, sympathise with me in my disappointments, and smile upon me in my conquests over fate. Dear, dear Lady Maud! how I wish you were my sister."

And with this aspiration, which by no means disclosed the real condition of his feelings, he proceeded to sketch out, as youth will do, gorgeous visions of the future. Scenes in sunny, flowery meads and moonlit glades, glidings on still lakes and wanderings in the green umbrageousness of leafy vistas. We will not be sure but that the visions did not include triumphant gatherings of joyous tenantry, in holiday clothing, shouting deliriously and casting flowers upon the velvet, grassy path, along which he conducted Lady Maud, in proud, self-gratulating triumph. What farther they might have included, it is needless to conjecture, for his reverie was brought to an abrupt close by the discovery that Cyril Kingswood, with a pleasant smile upon his handsome features, was standing before him, quietly watching him.

Erle sprang up, and a flush of scarlet illuminated his face, while an expression something like displeasure, passed over it.

Cyril laid his two hands upon his shoulders, and said,

"Sit down, Gower, I want to talk to you. Don't think I have rudely intruded upon your privacy, for I have behaved exceedingly well. I knocked twice at your door before I entered, coughed twice when I did venture inside, and I have called you by name four times. As you did not reply, I awaited the close of your ruminations, especially as I perceived they were of a pleasant character, or I am no judge of the human face divine."

Erle seated himself as requested, and could not help smiling at the frank and easy manner in which Cyril entered into his explanation, and then apologised for not being more attentive and ready to welcome him on his entrance.

Cyril abruptly stopped him.

"Our apartments are near to each other, and I assure you I shall frequently drop into your room without ceremony, as I hope you will drop into mine," he exclaimed; "and for certain reasons, too. Firstly, I have taken a liking to you because of your ready and brave assistance to me when in some peril from that pestilent ruffian, Tubal Kish, who haunts the Chace, like a wolf, whom nobody can catch, and who has more lives than a cat; and, secondly, because of your right noble rescue of my pretty little cousin Maud. Do you know, Gower, I am very much attached to cousin Maud. I could not easily have spared her, and therefore, again and again, with a full heart, I thank you for having pursued her, undaunted by any obstacle, and, rescuing, having restored her to those who love her with very genuine affection."

A bright tear glistened in his eye as he spoke, and at the same time he squeezed Erle's hand with a hearty pressure.

Erle, though pleased with this testimony of his gratitude, nevertheless felt a strange, acute pang pass through his heart when he heard him speak of Lady Maud in such warm terms. He sighed and said, "Lady Maud seems very gentle and amiable. I do not wonder that you should all be attached to her."

"If you did, you would wonder less as soon as you knew her better," replied Cyril, quickly. "Aye, and unless I am deceived in Maud's character, which I am sure I am not, she will, after what happened this morning, become as fond of you, Gower, as of me. I should say, fonder, because you—never mind, we shall see."

"Pray finish your sentence," observed Erle, rather eagerly.

Cyril, laughing good-humoredly, replied,

"The fact is, Maud knows more of me than she does of you; I have teased her far more than ever I caressed her, and then—then, you know, Gower, she is more like a sister to me than a cousin. So, as you are neither brother nor cousin, as you are better looking than I am, and have done her ladyship good service, why, you certainly possess a better claim to her gentle consideration than your humble servant."

Again Cyril broke out into a merry laugh, in which Erle joined—not that his mirth was at all sincere; the subject possessed an interest far too deep for him to treat slightly. He laughed, in fact, to hide the real state of his feelings.

Presently he said, pursuing the subject, a pleasant one to him,

"Lady Maud's home appears to be at Kingswood?"

"Oh, yes," replied Cyril, quickly, "Lady Maud is, you might almost say, a Kingswood. She is the daughter of Lady Kingswood's only sister, and, like her mother, is named after a remarkable ancestress, about whom strange tales are told. Poor cousin Maud! she is an orphan. Her mother was married to Lord St. Clair, and while Maud was yet a child, Lord and Lady St. Clair visited Italy. They were both drowned in a tempest while returning from thence to France. She has been reared under the guardianship of my father. There, you perceive, I have established another bond of sympathy between you and her, for you, too, are an orphan, you know."

This was precisely a fact, which Erle did not know, and he therefore felt the barb of the arrow, thus unintentionally launched at him, pierce his heart acutely. He made, however, no response, he only reddened.

Cyril became silent, his face suddenly assumed a more serious expression, and he said, in a grave tone,

"Let me now come to the object of my present visit. I have just parted with Philip Avon. He left me in a frenzy of vindictive passion concerning you."

Erle smiled scornfully.

"You have deeply offended him, Gower," continued Cyril.

"I care not!" exclaimed Erle, impatiently.

"He is an obstinate and a desperate fellow," rejoined Cyril.

"Still I care not," responded Erle, in a haughty tone.

"Well, the truth is, my dear friend," observed Cyril, in a kind of persuasive tone, "he is the scion of a very old house. The Avons, of Hawkesbury, trace to the Saxon Heptarchy——"

"Why not to Adam?" interposed Erle, in a yet more impatient tone.

Cyril shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but without further allusion to Philip's ancestry, he continued:

"He is heir to very extensive estates, will be very wealthy, and will possess great influence in the county."

Erle's brow lowered, and speaking abruptly, as if the subject was distasteful, he said,

"All this is nothing to me."

"But it is to Lord Kingswood," rejoined Cyril, quickly, "and, in one respect, to Lady Maud. Let me beg of you to hear me out patiently, Gower. The affair I wish to talk over with you is more serious than you can imagine."

"Philip Avon has been preferring a whining complaint to you," exclaimed Erle, with a sneer.

"Not a whining complaint, but a complaint," returned Cyril. "Philip Avon does not whine, he storms."

"The most worthless cur yelps the loudest," observed Erle, in the same scornful tone.

Cyril regarded him earnestly; he appeared surprised at the extreme bitterness with which Erle spoke.

"You have scarcely interchanged a word with Philip Avon," he remarked, "yet you speak of him as if he had put a mortal affront upon you, instead of the reverse being the case."

"He has insulted me," replied Erle, quickly.

"You—when?" asked Cyril, eagerly.

Erle related what had occurred between them when Lady Maud's horse took flight.

"And you have repaid him with a blow," returned Cyril, thoughtfully.

"He placed himself offensively in my path, with the intention of making some observations which would probably have added outrage to the insult already received," responded Erle, angrily. "I therefore removed him from my path."

"Philip Avon is certainly not an individual whose friendship I covet, or whose acquaintance even I care to retain," observed Cyril, thoughtfully; "yet I should be careful how I fastened an affront upon him."

"Why?" inquired Erle, sharply. He wished to have put the question in an indifferent tone, but his excitement was too great to be so easily controlled.

"I have said that the Avons of Hawkesbury are an ancient race," Cyril rejoined. "They possess extensive influence in the county, an influence Lord Kingswood is anxious to secure. Philip Avon is deeply smitten with Lady Maud; Lord Kingswood is very anxious that they should be united, because he thus secures the influence he is longing for. I don't think—in fact, I am sure—Lady Maud does not much like him; but then Lord Kingswood has set his heart upon the match and if it were to be broken off by some such *contretemps* as that of to-day, my father's fury would know no bounds. It would be launched not only upon you and I, but upon Maud likewise; I am, therefore, anxious to prevent an explosion if we can patch it up."

Erle echoed the last words, and added,

"I do not understand you. Explain."

"To be plain," replied Cyril, frankly. "You struck Philip a blow, he insists that he will not be satisfied without a most ample apology, or by washing out the stain with your blood. Such were his furious and vehement observations. But as he is certainly not free from blame, it has occurred to me that by some little dexterous management the turbulent son may be calmed down."

"I have explained to you the position in which we stand," rejoined Erle, with haughtiness. "Pray let me ask you what course you would pursue?"

"Pray, my dear fellow, do not put that question to me," responded Cyril, hastily. "At this moment I should not like to answer it. Besides, I wish to see you both reconciled, or at least not in open hostility, for the very special reasons I have given to you."

"I shall not apologise," replied Erle, peremptorily. "Let Mr. Avon solve the other half of the problem."

"Tut, tut, don't be obstinate, Gower," urged Cyril. "Think of Maud—your own position as a *protegé* of Lord Kingswood, a patron you would not wish to offend. Mind me, the ridiculous behavior of Philip Avon springs from nothing more than a stupid jealousy with regard to Maud. Why, he was at first jealous of me, the fool; but when he is satisfied that Lady Maud is not and cannot be anything to you but a friend, his rudeness will disappear, and you will be quickly on very good terms. He'll alter, be sure, after he has married dear little Maud."

Erle ground his teeth together as if he would reduce them to powder when the last suggestion reached his ears. If Cyril had cast about for some inducement which should render Erle inflexible, he could have hit on no one more powerful than the last.

Erle's eyes flashed fire.

"Mr. Kingswood," he said, sternly, "among the considerations you have brought forward with a view to settle the rupture which has taken place, you have omitted my honor. I am very anxious that no act of mine shall in the very lightest degree inflict pain or annoyance upon the Lady Maud. This is a consideration which would urge me to any step short of a sacrifice of my honor. I have also an anxious wish to retain the favor of Lord Kingswood as well as not to implicate you in a transaction which exclusively belongs to me and Philip Avon. But I will not, to save myself or others from any fate, surrender my honor. I must, therefore, repeat that I will offer no apology or present any other front to Mr. Philip Avon but one of inflexible defiance."

At this instant a long-drawn note, as if produced by a silver horn, rose in the air, swelling softly and sweetly. It seemed to come from afar, and yet was distinctly heard, and in some degree it resembled a prolonged moan of anguish.

Cyril started as it caught his ear, and he bent his eyes confusedly on Erle.

The latter stood in an attitude of intense attention, like the startled stag who winds the approach of the hunter from afar.

Suddenly he gripped Cyril's wrist.

"What is that?" he asked, in an almost inaudible whisper.

Cyril seemed strangely moved. He replied hastily and unguardedly—

"The wonder of Kingswood Chace."

Again the long, mournful note swelled in the air, and died gradually away.

A throng of words rushed to Erle's lips, and he was about to address a host of questions to Cyril, when a servant entered, bearing in his hand a letter.

He advanced to Erle, and placing it in his hand, said,

"From Mr. Philip Avon."

CHAPTER XI.

He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
Is slow, yet sure adhesive to the track.—*Thomson.*

Poor little spirit! naught but shame and woe
Nurse the sick heart whose life-blood nurses thine;
Yet not those only; love hath triumphed so,
As for thy sake makes sorrow more divine;
And yet though thou be pure, the world is fee
To purify it born in such a shrine;
And having trampled it for struggling thence,
Smiles to itself, and calls it Providence.—*Lowell.*

The name of Philip Avon had a marked effect both on Erle Gower and Cyril Kingswood.

Strangely excited as they had been by the plaintive single note of the horn which they had just heard issuing from some distant part of the Chace, they were scarcely less moved by the sudden presentation of a note from one of whom they had been speaking in hostile terms, and whose communication they were well aware must be of an unfriendly character.

Erle glanced at the superscription, and observed, written in one corner of the envelope, with a strong dash under it, the words, "Strictly private." He raised his eyes to the bearer of the note, who proved to be Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, and, in a cold tone, inquired whether an answer was required.

"Mr. Philip Avon's groom placed it in my hands, to be instantly delivered to you, Mr. Gower," returned Pharisee, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon him, as if to endeavor to elicit from the expression of his features whether he anticipated the contents of the note.

"Does he wait?" asked Erle.

"No," replied Pharisee; "but if——"

"You can leave us!" exclaimed Erle, with a peremptory gesture.

The lips of Pharisee compressed, but he made his habitual bow, and moved lightly and swiftly out of the chamber.

Cyril fixed his eyes eagerly and inquiringly on Erle's face.

A faint smile curled the lips of Erle, and he pointed to the words in the corner of the note.

Cyril read them hastily, and said instantly—

"Still Gower, as it no doubt contains——"

Erle interposed.

"Fear not for me," he said, with a smile, even though a shade of melancholy crossed his expressive features. "Let its contents prove what they will, I am prepared for them. I fear to face no breathing being. If I am to meet him, and I fall, I do not know that in my last moments my fate would cost me a sigh. I have not been known out of the small sphere in which I have moved. I shall not be missed even from that. I shall leave no gap to fill up, and in truth it seems to me it would have been well had I never been."

"Tush, Gower, you may have need of a friend, talk not thus," exclaimed Cyril, earnestly.

"If I should, I will seek one. As it is, I intend to rely upon myself," he rejoined.

Cyril would have further urged him, but he stopped him ere he uttered half a dozen words.

"Hear me," he exclaimed, in a firm and decided tone. "I am unacquainted with the contents of the communication forwarded to me by Mr. Philip Avon; whatever they may be, I repeat to you they will find me prepared. I may, and perhaps it is only just to myself as well as to you, that I should here mention that my education has been of a peculiar kind. Not alone has my mind been sub-

tivated in a manner calculated to develop my reasoning faculties at a somewhat precocious age, but I have been long trained in a very rigidly severe school to the use of weapons of all kinds, to pedestrian and horse exercise, and to undergo fatigue supposed to be beyond the physical strength of one of my age. I have been instructed to rely always upon myself, and to believe that if my own resources failed, there would be none to help me, as none to lament me, for I have no friend, save God. Let me entreat you, Mr. Kingswood, to leave me, and unless at my especial request, to attempt to take no part in the matter between myself and Mr. Philip Avon. If we should not meet again, make no inquiries concerning me. I shall do well when I am resting, and you can only do harm by seeking to interfere with the inevitable."

He pressed the hand of Cyril Kingswood as he concluded, and with a gentle violence forced him to the door of the apartment.

Cyril found himself in the corridor, and heard Erle turn the key in the lock, thus fastening himself within his chamber, before he was able to renew the arguments with which he wished to enforce the propriety of Erle's perusing the communication he had received in his presence.

For a moment Cyril felt offended, and with a quick step hurried to his own room, but soon his better feelings prevailed, and, as he had taken a liking to Erle, he resolved not to let the matter rest there, but to take an early opportunity that night again to visit him.

As he made this resolve, he donned a cap, took a double-barrelled gun out of its case, and quietly, descending a private staircase, made his way, at a leisurely pace out into the park, diverging in an oblique direction towards the Chace, and keeping himself beneath the shadow of the trees springing up almost everywhere in his path, until he was quite sure that he could not be observed from the house.

Then he quickened his step, pursuing his way now through darkened groves, and anon through open spaces studded with large patches of dark furze, occasionally pausing to listen or to turn a quick eye about him, carefully examining from time to time as he did so the lock of his gun.

But save a startled bird that flew up screaming before him, or a timid hare which dashed with a sudden plunge into the tangled furze, nothing met his gaze, and he continued his course even at a quickened pace until he reached a part of the Chace where many varieties of trees, thickly clustered, intertwined their branches above, while the stems, irregularly situated beneath, formed a kind of natural labyrinth.

Here Cyril paused, looked back on the route he had pursued, cast his eyes right and left, and, satisfied that he was neither followed nor watched, he threaded his way by a meandering path between the narrow trunks of the innumerable trees until he was checked by such a profusion of undergrowth that further progress appeared to be impossible.

Skirting this entangled mass for a short distance into a denser and yet deeper part of the hoary old forest, he, with a light and quick step, glided along a narrow winding path, which was barely perceptible to other than a practised eye, and pursued it until he turned abruptly into what proved to be an alcove.

In the leafy summer time it would have been undiscoverable to one unacquainted with its situation, and even now, with its network and tracery of thin boughs and shoots straggling from the parent stems in every imaginable direction, it would have been passed unobserved by those in search of it.

As he parted the obstructing shrubs aside a smile of pleasure lighted up his face, for his eager eye fell upon the form of a young, timid girl, who was standing motionless and phantomlike in the centre of this dimly lighted tree-formed recess.

It was the forest maiden rescued from Tobal Kish.

He hastened towards her, took her unresisting hand and raised it to his lips.

She hurriedly snatched it from him as if angry. Then she let it fall to her side and gazed in his face sorrowfully and earnestly.

With a look of surprise, he said in an anxious tone,

"Violet, what has happened? You alarm me by your looks, and even yet more by your manner"

She turned upon him a look of deep reproachfulness. She seemed about to utter some rapidly enunciated observations, but though she struggled to express the thoughts pressing on brain and heart, she seemed incapable of constructing the language in which she wished to convey them.

Her lips quivered, her bosom heaved and fell, and she burst into tears.

"Great Heavens! what can have occurred?" exclaimed Cyril, excitedly. "I entreat you to tell me, Violet. You distress me by your silence as much as by your sorrow. You know that you may confide in me, and you know that if I can aid you and restore your mind to its usual peace and cheerfulness, I will."

She shook her head, wrung her hands bitterly, and turned her humid eyes upon him with a look of inexpressible misery.

He grew yet more excited, and with much solicitude urged her to reveal to him the cause of her grief, repeating his determination to win back for her that serenity of which, through some yet unknown cause, she had been deprived.

"You cannot—you cannot—oh, Cyril you cannot!" she at length exclaimed, with another wild ebullition of grief.

He stared at her aghast. He clenched both hands and knitted his brows.

"Has Tubal Kish again pursued you?" he asked, between his teeth.

"No—oh, no—it is you alone, Cyril. You who have caused me this sorrow—you, oh you!"

"I!" he faltered, in increased amazement. "What have I done, Violet, that you should thus suddenly shrink from me in tears and reproachful anger?"

She drew a step nearer to him, and clasped her hands together.

"Not reproachful anger, Cyril," she cried, with trembling lip. "Yet you have caused my heart this terrible sorrow, for we must part—part, Cyril, part—for ever. Oh, bitterness! oh, misery!"

"In the name of mercy, explain what all this means!" rejoined Cyril, in a state of bewilderment. "I cause you sorrow? I, Violet? I the occasion of our parting? I am at a loss even for a clue to your meaning."

She shook her head sorrowfully, and with a deep sigh, said,

"Perhaps it would be better that there should be no explanation. Perhaps it would be wiser for you to say farewell, and leave me now and for ever, and forget that I ever lived"

Cyril, with a frantic and passionate gesture, cried,

"You will drive me to frenzy, Violet. Of what have I been guilty? what unintentional crime have I committed to bring about in you a change at once so remarkable and so distressing?"

"No crime! oh, no crime! And yet——" hesitatingly exclaimed the young girl, who appeared to be in a state of distracting perplexity as well as grief.

"And yet—what?" inquired Cyril, impetuously, as she checked herself.

She gazed in his face with a strange earnestness. She looked stedfastly into his eyes, as if searching down into their depths to pluck out truth from his soul. As his unwavering eyes returned her solicitous scrutiny with an expression fully as searching as her own, unmixed with a trace of untruth or deception, she again wrung her hands and paced up and down with disordered steps, saying,

"I do not know. I cannot tell. I am at a loss to comprehend or conceive."

Cyril watched her for a few moments, perfectly overwhelmed and confounded by astonishment.

She had, up to the present moment, always met him with a glad smile radiating her sweet face, innocent words of joy trembling on her lips, and a charming frankness of manner wholly free from guile, which rendered her singular beauty even yet more prepossessing. Her changed mien and deep distress of mind, unconscious as he was of having acted in any way calculated to occasion it, absolutely electrified him—especially, too, when she displayed such reluctance to afford him an explanation.

He at length, though not without difficulty, succeeded in restoring her to something like a degree of calmness, save that she appeared to tremble and shrink if he offered to take her hand or approach her closely, as he had been wont to do. Beyond this her terror rather than her timidity most affected him. Her artless confiding had hitherto been to him an inexpressible charm. Its sudden withdrawal enraged as well as wounded him, but he subdued his emotion in his efforts to draw from her an explanation of the extraordinary change which had taken place in her conduct towards him.

Ultimately, at his earnest request, she seated herself, and in a low, sorrowful tone, in compliance with his urgings, she said—

"You will remember that years ago we met in one of the forest glades. At first I turned from you and fled, but yet I looked back, because you did not appear to be older than myself, and your face was fair to look upon, and did not seem like that of one of whom I should be afraid. It was not cold and stern like Ishmael's; it was not ugly, dark and ferocious, like Tubal Kish's; but it seemed kind and good, and I stopped, for you had not offered to pursue me, and I wondered who you were, and whether, like me, you lived in the forest. Then you drew near to me, and spoke gentle words, and you smiled and seemed glad to speak to me and to gaze upon me."

"Indeed, indeed, I was!" breathed Cyril, softly.

"Then we met again and again, and we have wandered together through all the prettiest places in the old Chace, in the copse and the thicket, in the glade and over the heath, and your looks were always pleasant, and your words gentle, and your conduct tender and loving, like as though you were a brother that had been revealed to me after a separation since infancy. And you told me that you lived beyond the trees, yonder even where the great old hall stands, and I told you that my name was Violet, and that I lived with Ishmael, a grave, quiet man, down in a dell where nobody but Tubal Kish came to visit"

"Aye, in the ancient hunting-lodge, which everybody supposed to be deserted except by spirits of the old hunters of the Chace," observed Cyril, quietly, with a view of inspiring her with confidence to proceed. "It is said that the lodge was the favorite haunt of a bad baron of Kingswood——"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" interposed the maiden, with a sudden renewal of her affrighted mien. "Do not speak of it! do not you speak of it!"

He looked with surprise at her, and she waved her hand rapidly and deprecatingly at him.

"Look not at me in that way," she cried entreatingly, "but listen to me; I will not extend our interview longer than I can help. I have told you often that I never beheld any living creature like unto you. I have seen the gamekeepers belonging to the manor, and the beaters, and Ishmael and Tubal Kish, but I have never seen one so fair and noble as you, until to-day."

"To-day!" cried Cyril, quickly, a pang of jealously darting through his heart.

"Hush, Cyril!" she exclaimed, again waving her head. "I say that I have not, from the hour we met until now, seen any face like to yours. Well, we have met many times in joy and happiness, and have parted sadly because of the time that must pass before we could meet again; and I have thought of you in the early dawn, as the joyous sun rose up to gladden the sky and brake, to make the birds sing, and cause the budding flowers to blossom with his shining smiling face, and I have thought of you the long day through, when your presence made my eyes happy; and I thought of you at eventide to name you in my prayers, and implore a blessing upon you; and I saw your face in my dreams, only to welcome it more gladly when in bright reality it shone before me. Was this wrong, Cyril? was this very wrong?"

"Very wrong," he iterated, as if he hardly believed his ears. "Ah, dear Violet, if you only knew how that sweet confession overjoys me, you would not believe that it was wrong," he subjoined with fervor.

She turned her eyes upon his with an eager searching gaze and said:

"Was it thus you thought of me?"

"Even thus, my sweet Violet," he returned, in a tone of passionate fondness. "I have thought of you in the dawn, in the day, in the still night, and in my slumbers your dear face has smiled down upon me like that of an angel. Far away or near, in the dull loneliness of my college rooms, or in the gay, brilliant festivity of my father's mansion, my first, only, dearest thought, has been of you"

An expression of inexpressible felicity passed over her features as she heard this, and instinctively she stretched out her small white hand towards him, he seized it and kissed it with ardor.

Then she uttered a low cry of anguish, turned deathly pale, and withdrew her hand hastily.

"It was wrong, Cyril, for you to have done this. It was wrong for me to think of you, and to pray for you," she exclaimed hurriedly. "It was a sin and wickedness of both, but, oh! most of all a crime in you!"

"Violet, in the name of Heaven, tell me who has been speaking with you, and what has been said of me; give me, I implore you, the opportunity of meeting the accusations, so that I may be enabled to disabuse your innocent mind of unkind thoughts, raised by false assertions made concerning me. At least, in fairness, I claim this!" he said, energetically.

"Cyril," she rejoined, earnestly, "tell me, in all sincerity and honor, have you sought me here in this lonely forest, and wandered with me in silent places, with other motive than that you have found some pleasure in my society—as I confess I had in yours?"

"What motive other than that could I possibly have?" he answered, quickly. "Have we not been happy in our ramblings, our interchange of thought, and those sweet communings which assured us our tastes, our preferences, our impressions—even our aspirations—were similar? What object, dear Violet, could I have than to be as often as I might near to you, and always dear to you."

"I do not know," she returned, with a perplexed, almost irritated aspect. "Yet I learn that you are the son of a lord, with many high and powerful friends, and noble acquaintances, while I am but a poor forest maiden, dwelling beneath a humble roof in the wilds of an old forest, and that it is not in the nature of human institutions for the lofty and the mean to consort for other than the destruction of the weakest and most helpless."

"Who has dared to say this to you, Violet?" he cried, with an indignant air.

"Oh, Cyril, Cyril! I begin now to see there is truth and reason in the assertion, though at first it appeared incredible to me," she returned, an increasing sadness stealing over her expressive features. "I will tell you all that has occurred, and why I am so suddenly changed in my manner and conduct to you. In spite of what has been urged upon me, I have faith in your truth, and in the sincerity of your affection, for were you in reality the demon you have been painted to me, nature, Heaven itself, would have provided me with an instinct to discover it, and to fly from you with horror."

The tears sprang into his eyes. He took her now unreluctant hand and laid it on his heart.

"Before God, Violet," he exclaimed, solemnly, though his voice slightly trembled under the deep emotion he felt, "since I have known you, no thought of wrong to you has obtruded its base presence upon the, I trust, spotless surface of my honor."

She raised her fond, weeping eyes, and as she upturned her sweet, innocent face to his, she sunk gently on his breast, and murmured,

"I do, in the fulness of a grateful heart, believe you, Cyril."

There was a very expressive silence for a minute.

Cyril pressed her to his breast, unable to utter a word.

Suddenly he started, and gently removed her from his shoulder, as a suggestion flashed through his brain.

"No," he thought, "bliss though it be to press you to my heart, I will sacrifice even that rather than a suspicion shall be allowed to vex your innocent mind or give to infamous calumniators the smallest ground on which to found an accusation."

"Let me know, Violet," he observed, aloud, "the name of the scoundrel who has defamed me in your hearing, and I will cram his lying words down his throat."

She shuddered and looked round, and then drawing close to him as if for protection, she said, in an under tone,

"No, no Cyril, you must not harm him. He is severe, stern, cold, but yet he has been ever gentle and kind to me. Him alone have I known from infancy. He has reared me, taught me all I know from books, borne with me patiently, and though he spoke in severe language respecting you, he did so, as he said, for my safety and my honor, and oh, Cyril, because he did not know you as I do, believe me."

"But who is this?" he asked, a little impatiently.

"Ishmael," she answered.

(To be continued.)

A NOVEL RACE BETWEEN A RAILROAD TRAIN AND A BALLOON.

Prof. Simmons, the aeronaut, who recently ascended from Baltimore, Md., found the evening passenger train of the Northern Central Railroad leaving the city at the same time he ascended; he kept vertically over the train for a distance of five or six miles, when, on rising to a greater altitude, and taking another course, he lost sight of the cars, and landing a short distance from Rider's Switch station, he had nearly completed the packing up of the balloon before the train (which he had outrun) arrived at the same station.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

"So there's another corruption of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down her specs. "The paper tells us about burning leather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got afire."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Shure an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

The following epitaph conveys a back-handed compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master. "Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to a green Irishman whom he had taken on trial.

"Arrah, be aisy now," said Pat. "How the deuce can I hold it and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and be jabers, I'll hould it with anybody!"

A good many years ago, a Massachusetts man was elected to the office of Lieutenant-Governor. When the fact of his election was announced he was called upon for a speech. He proceeded to acknowledge the honor in very handsome terms, and added that he had no doubt he should make a good Lieutenant-Governor, as that was the office he had always held in his own house.

The charitable festivals out West must be particularly attractive. The young ladies there have adopted the delicious custom of forming a line, and for a given price permitting the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot. Who wouldn't be benevolent under such circumstances? The only thing open to objection is the "running." One would like to linger over such a work of charity.

If there is any better advertisement extant than this, in the Cairo *Gazette*, let us hear of it:

"Lorst! A smort slurt purp, about the size and age of a young dorg, of black and tan complecksthun, and altirat proclivnes. Had on when sho left a pair of sassy bobbed ears, a long tail and a lame streak on the off fore leg. Five dollars reward will be paid for the recovery of this interesting animile, by Jon Absll."

The wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along, and the errors were somewhat numerous.

"Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar, or else you are very negligent."

"Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "what's the matter, now?"

"Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural and write it in the singular number."

"I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being!"

"Stanly," said widower Brown to his hopeful of fifteen summers, "I want you to remain at home this evening"

"What for, pop? Where are you going?"

"That's a very impertinent question for a son to propound to his father, but I suppose I must answer it. I am going to pay my best respects to Miss Sally Patterson this evening."

"No you don't, pop. I am going to see her myself this evening, and 'taint no use of us both going to see the same gal at the same time!"

So saying, young Stanly took up his hat and walked off, leaving his father perfectly confounded.

Dr. Cadogan, of Charles II.'s time, secured as his wife a wealthy lady, over whose property he had unfettered control. Against the money, however, there were two important points figuring under the head of "set-off"—the bride was old and querulous. After spending a few months in alternate fits of jealous hate and jealous fondness, the poor creature conceived the terrible fancy that her husband was bent on destroying her with poison, and so ridding his life of her execrable temper. One day, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming,

"Ah, he has killed me at last—I am poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" cried the lady friends, turning up the whites of their eyes. "O, gracious goodness! you have done it, doctor!"

"What do you accuse me of?" asked the doctor, with surprise.

"I accuse you—of—killing me—e—e," responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death-struggle.

"Ladies," answered the doctor, with admirable *nonchalance*, bowing to Mrs. Cadogan's bosom associates, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you'll discover the calumny."

Wanted to Know.—If a man "pursues a path," is the path supposed to run away from him? Of what thickness is a "line of conduct?" When a clock "runs down," does it ever capsize itself?

An Undesirable Office.—In the law regulating the sale of ardent spirits in Nebraska is the following punishment for violation: "The justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs, and be committed to the common jail until all is paid."

An Agreement of Opinion.—An old Connecticut parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it. I don't like 'em myself."

Elbow-Room Scarce.—Elbow-room has been quite scarce in Nashville during the past week. Such "scrouging" has seldom before been witnessed. Instance the following:

Traveller (dismounts at a tavern): "Halloo, landlord, can I get lodgings here to-night?"

Landlord: "No, sir; every room in the house is engaged."

Traveller: "Can't you even give me a blanket and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?"

Landlord: "No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house."

Traveller: "Then I'll thank you, sir, to shove a pole out of your second floor window, and I'll roost on that"

Mat and his Hurryback.—Old Mr. Simms had in his employ a man named Matthew—called Mat for short. When told to do anything, he always made some blunder, more or less egregious; and it was only his perfect willingness to do anything required of him that kept him in his situation. One morning Mr. Simms summoned him into his presence.

"Well, Mat," said he, "I want you to take the barrow and go down to the ironmonger's and get my new grindstone, and hurry back."

On arriving at the shop, Mat walked in, and addressed the shopman with,

"Mr. Simms sent me after his grindstone and hurryback, sur."

"There's the stone alongside of that plough. What else did you say he wanted?"

"His hurryback, sur."

"His hurryback?"

"Yes, sur."

"I'd like to know what sort of a thing that is—are you sure he said hurryback?"

"Av coorse I am. Sez he to me, 'Mat,' sez he, 'go you down to the ironmonger's, and ax him for my new grindstone and hurryback;' and sez I to meself, 'what the deuce do he mane?'"

A smile lit up the countenance of the shopman, he saw the man's mistake, and, being desirous of running the joke further, said,

"I'll see if I can see anything about it in the book."

He opened the one nearest to him, and ran his eyes over half a dozen pages.

"Ah, here it is!" said he; "tell Mr. Simms that it is not finished yet, but will be ready in two or three days."

"Well, Mat," said Simms, "I see you have got the stone; now tell me how many blunders you have made."

"Niver a wun, sur. I couldn't bring the h[illegible] me, sur, because wasn't done"

"I didn't tell you to bring any hurryback with you."

"Faith, but you did, sur!"

"I told you to hurry back—meaning to make haste back; and you've made a blunder as usual, and the shopman has made a fool of you."

An old lady from a temperance village lately attended a party in town, where champagne was served, and was prevailed upon to take a glass. She drank two, when, smacking her lips, she exclaimed:

"Well, it may be a wicked drink, but it's good!"

Miss Mary—"Now, Harry, if you are a doctor, you must prescribe for me. I've a very bad pain about my heart. What can I take?"

Dr. Harry (thinking this the best opportunity he has had): "I've no doubt as to what is the best remedy to take—you'd better take me!"

My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure, he said:

"I am going *at* the country."

I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "Going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock *into* your door on my return!"

"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so."

"Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted, and the money I have spent, to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now, all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

What's in a Name?—De Honorable Spencer de Horsey," murmured Mrs. Needle's French groom of the chamber, as he entered the drawing-room, when she was engaged.

"Well, sir," quoth Mrs. N., "show him into the stables directly."

"Into the stable, mi ladi?" shrieked the groom.

"Yes, to be sure; where the deuce would you ask him?"

"Pardonnez moi, I think he should be introduced into the drawing room."

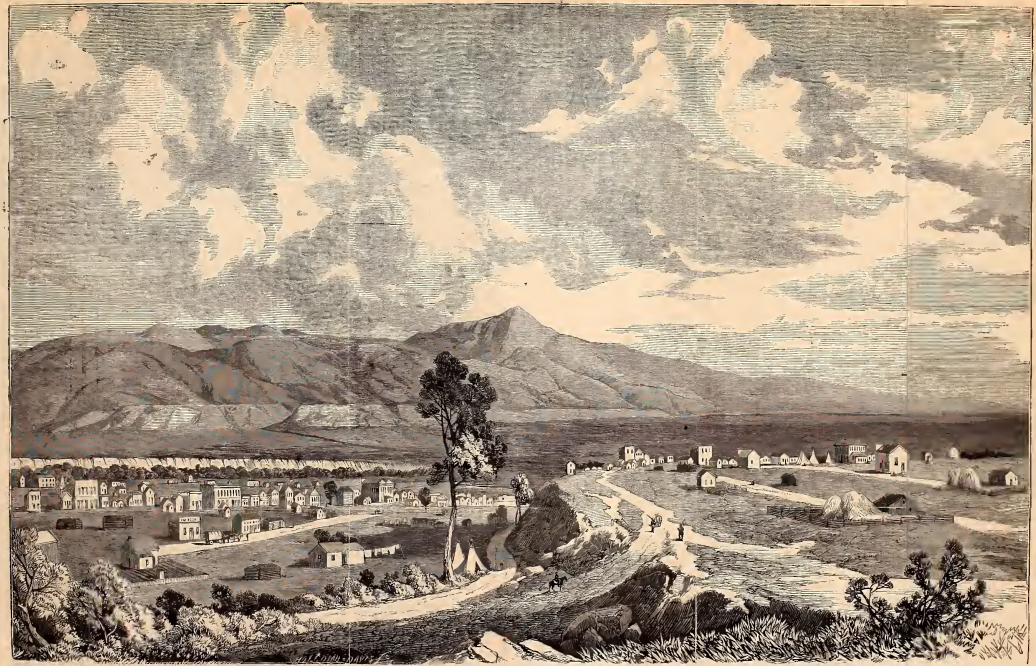
"Into the drawing-room!" cried Mrs. N. "Show a horse into a drawing room!"

"Morbleu! I did not say a horse."

"What did you say then?"

"I say, mi ladi, Monsieur de Honorable Spensaire de Horsey is below."

"Oh," rejoined Mrs. N., "show him up, the fellow's name had nearly got him into the stable."



THE KANSAS GOLD REGION—VIEW OF AURARIA AND DENVER CITY, CHERRY CREEK, NEAR LONG'S PEAK.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY COL. H. HUTTT, EXPRESSLY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

STREET IN GREGORY'S GULCH, PIKE'S PEAK.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT, EXPRESSLY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, BY COL. D. H. HUNTT.

THE GOLD REGIONS OF KANSAS

Pike's Peak and Long's Peak.

THAT part of the Rocky Mountains which is called Pike's Peak was discovered, or rather named by Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, who made an exploring expedition under the authority of the United States Government in 1807. According to his measurement, its altitude is ten thousand five hundred and eighty-one feet above the level of the prairie, or eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was then renowned among the savage tribes for its wonderful altitude, and regarded with almost a species of veneration by their untutored minds.

The gold regions, according to some accounts, extend about two hundred to three hundred miles north and south, and from fifty to one hundred east and west, and are situated to the south-west of Nebraska, the west of Kansas and the north of New Mexico. Lieutenant Pike states that in his wanderings, from the 14th November to 27th January, the Peak towered into the skies, the great object of vision, and was never out of sight except when they were in some deep valley. The summit of this remarkable mountain is bare of vegetation, and is constantly covered with snow. The snow line is above one thousand eight hundred feet above the three small mountain lakes described by Fremont. Standing upon this peak, you behold innumerable streams and lakes, and a vast stretch of prairie to the south-east, east and north-west, dotted here and there with immense herds of buffalo. Immediately, on either hand, the ridge is split into chasms and ravines, between which rise their lofty walls, terminating with slender minarets and columns, which impress one with the conviction that this chain of mountains was thrown up by some terrific convulsion of Nature. The summit

SKETCH OF GREGORY'S QUARTZ MILL, PIKE'S PEAK, MADE ON THE SPOT BY COL. D. H. HUNTT, EXPRESSLY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

rock is gneiss, succeeded by sienite, and feldspar continues to the snow line, where is found the feldspathic granite.

Mrs. Holmes, of Lawrence, Kansas, who was the first woman to ascend Pike's Peak, gives a very glowing description of the magnificent view from its summit. She says, "Think of the huge rocks projecting out in all imaginable shapes, with the beautiful evergreens, the pines, the firs, the spruces interspersed among them, and then the clear, cold mountain stream, which appears as though it started right out from under some great rock, and on it goes, rushing, rumbling and hissing down over the rough mountain side, now sparkling in the sunbeams, and hiding behind some huge rock. Extending, as far as the eye can reach, lie the great level plains, stretched out in all their verdure, while the winding of the Arkansas River is visible for many miles."

The reader will perceive that the mountain sides are covered with creeks or rills, which stream down, and at certain places rest and form small lakes. The washings of the eastern slopes are particularly rich. Along the banks of Cherry Creek, the Fontaine que Bouille, the South Platte, and smaller affluents in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, surface explorations have shown an abundance of precious metals. Farther along there are equally promising appearances in the Three Parks, and southward, among the huge formations that skirt the Rio Bravo del Norte.

Pine trees of immense size and in large tracts grow along the base of the mountains, and the spruce is scattered along the mountain side. Some of the streams are skirted by timber, and upon the plains are large groves of noble great pines that shoot up a hundred feet high, clear of limbs and straight as an arrow. The sides of the mountains are indurated with gullets, as they are termed, caused by the melting of the snows, and these are made serviceable by being converted, as it were, into natural washers.

The towns of Auraria and Denver, of which we give faithful and graphic pictures, are situated near the mouth of Cherry Creek, where the roads from Bent's Fort and Taos meet. They are remarkable proofs of the agency of gold in the creation of towns, and are doubtless destined to become great cities, even when the present gold excitement has passed away. The climate of these regions is so delightful and invigorating, that no more favorable spots can be found for health and longevity. Auraria and Denver cities are situated at the base of Long's Peak, a mountain summit of the Rocky Mountains. Pike's Peak is situated 38 25 north latitude, and 105 west longitude. Long's Peak is in 40.10 north latitude, and 106 west longitude.

Mr. Greeley in his amusing work thus describes Auraria and Denver cities, as they appeared to him in June, 1859:

"The rival cities of Denver and Auraria front on each other from either bank of Cherry Creek, just before it is lost in the South Platte. The Platte has its sources in and around the South Park of the Rocky Mountains, a hundred miles south-west of this point; but Cherry Creek is headed off from them by that river, and, winding in its northward course of forty or fifty miles over the plains, with its sources barely touching the mountains, is a capricious stream, running quite smartly when we came here, but whose broad and thirsty sands have since drank it all up at this point, leaving the log foot-bridges which connect the two cities as useless as an ice-house in November.

"Of these rival cities Auraria is by far the more venerable—some of its structures being, I think, fully a year old, if not more. Denver, on the other hand, can boast of no antiquity beyond September or October last. In the architecture of the two cities there is, notwithstanding, a striking similarity—cotton-wood logs, cut from the adjacent bottom of the Platte, roughly hewed on the upper and under sides and chinked with billets of split cotton-wood on the inner, and with mud on the outer side, forming the walls of nearly or quite every edifice which adorns either city. Across the centre of the interior, from shorter wall to wall, stretches a sturdy ridge pole, usually in a state of nature, from which "shooks" or split saplings of cotton-wood, their split sides down, incline gently to the transverse or longer sides; on these (in the more finished structures) a coating of earth is laid; and, with a chimney of mud-daubed sticks in one corner, a door nearly opposite and a hole beside it representing or prefiguring a window, the edifice is complete. Of course, many have no earth on their covering of shooks, and so are liable to gentle inundation in the rainy season; but, though we have had thunder and lightning almost daily, with a brisk gale in most instances, there has been no rain worth naming such here for weeks, and the unchinked, barely shook-covered houses, through whose sides and roofs you may see the stars as you lie awake nights, are decidedly the cooler and the airier. There is a new hotel nearly finished in Auraria, which has a second story (but no first story) floor; beside this, mine eyes have never yet been blessed with the sight of any floor whatever in either Denver or Auraria. The last time I slept or ate with a floor under me (our wagon-box and mother earth excepted) was at Junction City, nearly four weeks ago. The Denver House, which is the Astor House of the gold region, has walls of logs, a floor of earth, with windows and roof of rather flimsy cotton-sheeting; while every guest is allowed as good a bed as his blankets will make."

THE PUEBLA INDIANS—TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

In our last (page 37) we gave a graphic sketch of a village of the Puebla Indians. The habits and manners of this people are singularly interesting. They live always isolated in their villages, cultivate the soil, raise from stock, and are generally poor, frugal and sober. These various tribes, of which a large number still exist, are reduced probably to about seven thousand souls. They speak various dialects, and sometimes broken Spanish. For the government of their communities they select a Cacique and a council, and in war are led by a Capiton. In religious rites they mingle Catholicism and Paganism. Their villages are very regularly built, though sometimes there is but one large house of several stories, with a vast number of small rooms, in which all the inhabitants of the puebla are quartered. Instead of doors in front, traps are made on the roofs of their dwellings, to which they ascend by a ladder that is withdrawn during the night, so as to secure them from surprise or attack. Their dress consists of moccasins, short breeches and a woollen jacket or blanket. Their black hair is usually worn long; while bows and arrows, together with a lance, and sometimes a gun, compose their weapons.

The Puebla region lies in the torrid zone, occupying a portion of the table land, and stretching westwardly down the slopes of the Sierra Madre to the Pacific Ocean, between the parallels of 16.17 and 20.40 north latitude.

Too Ripe.—It is the custom for planters at the South to purchase clothing for their slaves by wholesale; and as of course they have not the opportunity to examine closely each article, they are swindled sometimes by a few bad ones being thrown in among the good. An acquaintance of ours tells us that on one occasion he had laid in a box of shoes, and distributed the most of them among the negroes. A few days afterwards, "Old Bob," a favorite servant, found that the shoes that had fallen to his lot were bursting out. So going to his master he said:

"Massa, where you buy dose shoes?"

"I bought them in New Orleans, Bob," responded our friend.

"Well, where did de New Orleans people buy 'em?"

"They bought them from the people up North—they bought them from the Yankees."

"Well, where do de Yankees get 'em?" persisted the negro.

"The Yankees, why they pick them off trees, Bob."

"W-w-well," responded the darkey, holding up his shoes. "I reck'n dat de Yankees didn't pick dose pair soon enough, massa; I reck'n dat dey waited till—till—till dey was a little too ripe!"

How I was made an M.D.—During two weeks last spring, I and another clerk of "our house" were engaged in getting orders for muslin goods in Boston. We put up at one of the best hotels, and succeeded in doing a large amount of business. On the third morning of our stay at the hotel, I was carelessly turning over the leaves of the book in which we had entered our names, and on glancing at my name found the letters M. D. attached to it. I instantly recognized the handwriting as being that of my fellow-worker, Andy B——.

"How's this?" said I, on meeting him; "I didn't know that I was a medical doctor!"

"Nobody said you were," answered he; "but you're a *muslin dispenser*, ain't you?"

A light broke over me, and I felt inclined to break something over him, but he made for the door and got away.

"Dora, what did you do with that tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?"

"Please, marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it."

"You did, eh? Confound you, I thought you had wasted it!"

Hotel Life—How the Guests are Fed.

THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

The Lelands—The Administrative Labors of a great Establishment.

Out of the many thousands who daily sit down to the bounteously-spread tables of our great hotels, how few know anything about the means by which the necessarily vast amount of comestibles is supplied with regularity and without waste or extravagance. It is a curious matter to pass an hour at the breakfast table of the Metropolitan, to watch the hundreds of guests as they lounge in, and ordering from the carte half a dozen different luxuries for their matutinal meal. One naturally wonders how the calculation can be made to satisfy these multitudinous appetites with any exactitude as to economy and plenty; but the question is speedily settled when inquiry brings to light the admirable division of labor which a system of perfect order has established as the rule of action in the Metropolitan Hotel, and which produces such excellent results.

The Lelands have been identified with the best hotel system in New York for twenty years past. They studied hotel management as an art, each of the several brothers taking up a separate branch which he mastered thoroughly in all its details as a student masters the formula of a science. Their earliest New York experience was in the old Clinton Hotel, which was a model for cleanliness, comfort, gentlemanly and genial politeness, and for substantial and excellent living.

When that magnificent structure, the Metropolitan Hotel, was designed, in proportions so vastly ahead of all existing hotels in the city, it was very natural that it should fall into the hands of these young, enterprising, responsible and thoroughly competent hands. To conduct the affairs of so vast a concern needed energy, dash and personal popularity, based upon public confidence of tried capacity and integrity. In the case of the Leland Brothers these conditions were all fulfilled, and they commenced their enterprise under auspices the most favorable. Their success is a matter of everyday history, for, during the eight years of their administration, they have sustained the reputation of their house, which took at once a first-class position, and through all the fluctuations of commerce and finance, and they have not been few, they have sustained their credit and retained the host of friends and patrons who throng the Metropolitan from year to year, and thus perpetuate its success.

The administration of a hotel comprises three distinct departments, namely, *Finance*, *Household* and *Provision*. Each is itself separate and independent, but all responsible to the one interest—the comfort of the guests, and in that the welfare of the house.

In most hotels there is one head, the proprietor; the other departments are necessarily confided to parties competent, but not personally or pecuniarily interested in the business beyond their salaries. In the Metropolitan, each department is controlled and supervised by the proprietors. *Simeon Leland* controls the Finance department, and his sagacity and ability, combined with great personal popularity, have enabled him to weather all the financial storms which have swept over our country; *Charles Leland*, the Household department, and how competent he is to fill the duties assigned to him, the splendid condition of the hotel sufficiently attests; and *Warren Leland*, of whose capacity this article discourses, the Provision department. Besides these gentlemen, there are four nephews, George and Jerome Leland, who are graduating (in the best school, too) through the various branches of hotel-keeping, and Lewis and Horace Leland, who are now perfect masters of the business, and are to be the future conductors of the great Lindell Hotel, now building at St. Louis, three hundred feet front by two hundred and fifty feet deep, fifteen years' lease of which they have obtained through the widely known reputation, influence and good will of their uncles, the Lelands, of New York.

But—"How the guests are fed" is the question propounded, and we will forthwith proceed to answer it.

The Metropolitan Hotel accommodates six hundred guests when it is only full—there are times when it is overflowing, and some hundreds more must be added to that number. Besides the guests, there are two hundred and fifty servants, and all these have to be fed amply every day.

The marketing is not supplied every day by order, but selection is made daily from the best of the necessaries of the table, and from the most *recherché* and tempting luxuries which each season produces and the markets afford. Warren Leland, the Commissary-General, is an early man, that is, he is early to bed and early to rise, but whether he is the father of a large family or not we are unable to say, but let us hope so. As the clock strikes four, whether the morning be cloudy or bright, he turns out from the luxurious spring bed (all the rooms have spring beds), and, accompanied by George Leland, takes his way down to Fulton Market, reflecting all the way along upon the labor before him. Arrived at the market, running the gauntlet of "Good mornings!" "How are yous?" from a hundred strange characters peculiar to the location, he seeks out his men of beef, the famous C. G. Cornell, who deals in lordly steers and giant rounds and sirloins, grained and bordered with rich yellow fat, which make the mouth water even at that early hour of the morning. Here selection is hardly necessary, the *quantity* is the only question, the *quality* being all of the very best. Amount bought of

C. G. Cornell.

584lb Beef Loins and Ribs—164lb Corn Beef.
10 Beef Kidneys—40 Ox Tails.

He then seeks the stall of A. & E. Robbins, the poulterer, where every kind of fowl and game is displayed in boundless profusion. Here, perhaps, a little ripe judgment is necessary, for an old turkey may wear a very young look, and a seemingly tender chicken may prove a very tough old rooster. Here Warren & Robbins also have to be judgmatical. Of the game the choice can only be of what is in season; it may be perhaps that some game which is *not* in season, but a very great luxury, may be found in the hotel basket when it arrives at the house, but that is an accident and cannot be accounted for either by the buyer or seller, the name of the bird not being in the account. Amount bought of

A. & E. Robbins.

144lb Capon—372lb Turkeys.
38lb Tame Ducks—24 pair Canvas Back Ducks.
24 pair Partridges—22 doz. Quail.
20 doz. Small Birds—107lb Venison.

The vegetables are found at Barker & Co.'s, and they are a pleasant sight to behold. All fresh from the ground within a few hours. Big headed cauliflowers, portly cabbages, crisp nutty celery, rosy cheeked tomatoes, luscious asparagus, melting peas, potatoes which burst their skins from flowery joy, and a hundred other nutritious and delicious products of mother earth. Amount bought of

Wm. Barker & Co.

5 bbl. Peach Blow Potatoes—4 bbl. Sweet Potatoes.
2 bbl. Russian Turnips—2 bbl. White Onions.
2 bbl. Carrots—26 Cabbages.
10 bunches Leeks—10 bunches Parsley.
6 doz. Lettuce—12 doz. Celery.

From thence to the fish dealers, D. Manwaring & Co., where the finny denizens of lake, river, brook and sea are displayed in all the varieties which the seasons afford. The great sea bass from the eastern shores, the speckled trout from the streams of Vermont and along the Erie railroad, the lake trout, the muscalonge and the ravenous pike from the great lakes, not to mention of other rare and delicious and seasonable fish, the choicest of which fulfil their glorious destiny on the luxurious tables of the Metropolitan. Amount bought of

D. Manwaring & Co.

30lb Salt Mackerel—60lb Salt Cod.
38lb Smoked Salmon—35lb Smelts.
34lb Bass, Striped—30lb Salmon Trout.
200 Crabs—60lb Lobsters—213lb Green Turtle.

Then comes the important item in the day's marketing, the smoked meats, of which the largest and finest assortment is to be found at Cape & Floyd's in Fulton Market, where Warren Leland deals exclusively. Amount bought of

Cape & Floyd.

30 Hams—30 Beef Tongues.
10 pieces Smoked Bacon—6 pieces Dried Beef.
12 Smoked Pigs Jowls.

Having concluded his purchases here, the Commissary-General works his way over to Washington Market, exchanging pleasant greetings with the busy crowds, for every one knows the Commissary, and seeks out the celebrated stall of Starrett & Madden, who, upon the subject of mutton are hard to beat; indeed so pleasant is their reputation with connoisseurs, that the best quality of sheep offer themselves willing sacrifices for the cultivated palates of appreciative gourmands. In short their muttons are right proper muttons; whether they be South Downs, or Welsh, or what not, they are unequalled in the market, and the Commissary takes his choice of the lot, and his choice is always the best. Amount bought of

Starrett & Madden.

205lb Racks of Mutton—8 Saddles Mutton.
39lb Breast of Mutton—20 doz. Sweetbreads—6 Calves' Livers.
8 Calves' Head and Feet—2 Quarters Veal.

We would take off our chapeau when we speak of the succulent, slippery, appetising bivalves, for we do love oysters, as the restaurant signs say, "in every style." And in connection with them we must speak respectfully of M. A. Williams, of Washington Market, who has intimate personal acquaintance with all the best bred oysters to be found in and about New York. We will not mention names, but a grateful memory will suggest Shrewsbury, Mill Pond, East River, Harlem Creek, Prince's Bay and linger upon a long list unmentioned, with unceasing affection and yearning desire. The Commissary considers the oysters supplied by M. A. Williams as beyond reproach, and that endorsement is all sufficient. Amount bought of

M. A. Williams.

3,000 Stewing Oysters—1,600 Frying.
400 Pickled—2,000 Soft Clams.

Having supplied the wants of the ever yawning larder, the Commissary-General and George return to the hotel, "to sleep, perchance to dream," but much more likely to eat a hearty and substantial breakfast off edibles which they know to be good, for they bought them.

Having given our readers an insight into the mysteries of the marketing, we will now conduct them to the basement of the Metropolitan Hotel, where the said marketing is received and prepared for the use of the guests. We will take the several departments in order, and in so doing we arrive at

The Receiving-Room.—Here all the marketing is received as it arrives, and Warren compares the quantities with the order-book, sees that weighed which should be weighed upon the best adjusted of Frank Howes's scales, and delivers the various articles to the heads of the culinary departments, to be disposed of as the law (of the chief cook) directs.

The Bakery.—We need hardly say that this department is chiefly devoted to baking. But it is not ordinary baking that is done here, for the bread and the rolls, especially the rolls, and more especially the Grahame rolls of the Metropolitan Hotel, are famous all over the country, and are counted as luxuries even among the many luxuries of its abundant table. The finest brands of flour are used, and of these over four barrels per day are consumed. It may be truly said that the fire never goes out in the remorseless ovens of the Metropolitan bakery.

The Meat-Room.—In this room are deposited the venison, game and smoked meats, also the fowls and birds stuffed and prepared for cooking that day, the larded meats, boned turkeys, and a hundred other delicacies of the most *recherché* description. A keen sportsman would rejoice over the hordes of game in this room, and sigh to think that he had not a hand in the killing—reconciling himself, however, with the thought he will eat some of it any how.

The Confectionery Room.—Here are made a thousand forms of pastry, from the small fruit tart to the most exquisitely modelled pyramids and costly set pieces. Ice cream, jelly, Charlotte Russe, not forgetting the celebrated and much-sought-for Metropolitan pudding—a dish the receipt of which is said to be an heir-loom in the Leland family for several generations, and known to none save the family and the confectioner, who is sworn to secrecy. It may be well believed that this is a busy department, where six hundred people, notoriously fond of sweet things, are to be supplied, and where everything is not only made but baked.

The Larder.—This room is built out under the sidewalk in Prince street. A series of bins occupy the entire length; these are filled to the depth of two feet with ice, and upon the ice is placed the stocks of soups, among these the costly and luxurious green turtle, the beloved of the London Alderman and the American epicure; the larded tenderloins, the more delicate birds and perishable food, together with countless steaks, tenderloins and others, and chops which are numbered by the hundreds. The gastronomic connoisseur would linger over this apartment with profound interest, and hold it in especial reverence.

The Kitchen.—To this the essence of all the previous departments is centred. It is the capital of the culinary kingdom, and here Charles Roux, familiarly Charley, the chief cook, reigns supreme. At his exclusive dresser are concocted those wonderful entrées, compotes, salmis, &c., which puzzle and delight connoisseurs of good living, and render it so difficult for one to know where to stop. Here he arranges his cartes, gives his orders to his aids, looks to his flavorings, and oversees the whole progress of the cooking. Charley is a graduate from the kitchen of the Royal Palace in Paris, and is himself an artist with grand original ideas. George is a very able assistant; he keeps his eyes wide open, and makes a point to understand what he sees. He is great upon facts, but has a pretty lively imagination upon a pinch. The kitchen, although replete with every modern convenience, boasts of a fine old fashioned roasting grate of the most monstrous proportions—large enough to roast thirty full grown turkeys at once. There are no baked meats here; all the joints are roasted, and we can hardly add any greater praise. The gridiron is about five feet square, and over the fierce shallow fire myriads of steaks, chops, cutlets, birds, &c., are cooked to a turn in less than no time. The chief charm of this vast subterranean region is its scrupulous and perfect cleanliness—one could, without straining, eat off the boards. Cleanliness is next to godliness—for the cleanliness we can vouch. This department is indeed well worth inspection.

The Store-Room.—This is a museum of all the curiosities of food; it is the magazine of the etceteras, which means, in plain English, every possible thing but meat, vegetables and bread. Truffles, paté de foies gras, &c., from France; figs and pastes from Turkey; grapes and dried fruits from Italy; pickles and rare sauces from England; the choicest teas from China; besides the countless productions of our own country; in short, contributions from all parts of the globe are to be found in mysterious boxes and innumerable drawers, which range from the floor to the ceiling around the room. The Commissary-General, Warren Leland, reigns here supreme, makes his calculations and audits his accounts. The general dispenser of the store-room is "Jimmy," who metes out and enters every item, from a drawing of tea or a pound of crackers up to a box of sardines or a barrel of apples. He is very proud of the whole of the lower region, and always knows when Mr. Warren is coming by his hat and overcoat arriving in advance. In this room are many baskets of eggs, one hundred and fifty dozen of the product of hens being consumed in the hotel per diem, for pastry, omelettes, cream, &c., &c.

We have gone thus minutely into the provision and culinary details of the Metropolitan Hotel, in order to answer fully the question, "How the guests of a great hotel are fed." In fitting ourselves to answer this question, we have seen more of the internal management of such establishments than we ever dreamed of before; we have seen a generous profusion in supplies combined with economy and order and scrupulous delicacy and cleanliness in the culinary department, which we before believed were conducted with but little

regard to either the one or the other. If other great hotels are conducted on the principle laid down and carried out by the Landlords in the Metropolitan Hotel (and we hope they are), we shall take our meals therein with much more real enjoyment than heretofore, and our readers will, we are sure, be gratified at the information we have gathered, in order to show "How the guests of a great hotel are fed."

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving ry of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Mathews.

CHAPTER V.—THE CHILDR

There was no question wh re the children were to lodge, for ro had been allotted to them from time immemorial, even since children were known to the Peabody family, a gre t rambling upper chamber, with beds in the corners, where they were al ways bestowed as soon after dark as they could be conveyed thither under the direction of Mopsey and the mistress of the household. This was not always—in truth, it was rarely—easy of achievement, and cost the shuffling black servant at least half an hour of diligent search and struggling persuasion to bring them in from the various straylogs, escapes and lurking-places where they shirked to gain an extra half hour of freedom.

To the children, however, darker humors might work and sadden among the grown people (for whatever hue rose-favored writers may choose to throw over scenes and times of festivity, the passions of character are always busy, in holiday and hall, as well as in the strifes of the world), to the Peabody children this was thanksgiving time indeed—it was thanksgiving in the house, it was thanksgiving in the orchard cl m ng trees; it was thanksgiving in the barn, tumbling in the hay, in the lane. It was thanksgiving, too, with the jovial captain, a grown-up boy—leading their sports, and allowing the country, as he did, little rest or peace of mind wherever he led the revel: it was not four-and-twenty hours that he had been at the quiet homestead before the mill was set a-running, the chestnut-trees shaken, the pigeons fired into, a new bell of greater compass put upon the brindle cow, the blacksmith's anvil at the corner of the road set a-dinging, fresh weathercocks clapped upon the barn, corn crib, stable and outhouse, the sheep let out of the little barn, all the boats of the neighborhood launched upon the pond. With night, darkness closed upon wild frolic: bedtime came, and thanksgiving had a pause; a pause only, for Mopsey's dark head, with its broad-bordered white cap, was no sooner withdrawn and the door firmly shut than thanksgiving began afresh, as though there had been no such thing all day long, and they were now just setting out. For half a minute after Mopsey's disappearance they were all nicely tucked in as she had left them—straight out—with their heads each square on its pillow; then as if by a silent understanding, all heads popped up like so many frisking fish. They darted from bed, and commenced, in the middle of the chamber, a great pillow-fight, amicable and hurtless, but furiously waged, till the approach of a broad footstep sent them scampering back to their couches, mum as mice. Mopsey, well aware of these frisks, tarried till they were blown over, in her own chamber hard by—a dark room, mysterious to the fancy of the children, with spinning-wheels, dried gourd-shells hung against the wall, a lady's riding-saddle, now out of use this many a day, and all the odds and ends of an ancient farm house stored in heaps and strings about.

It was only at last by going aloft and moving a rap in the ceiling, which was connected in tradition with the appearance of a ghost, that they were at length fairly sobered down and kept in bed, when Mopsey, looking in for the last time, knew that it was safe to go below. They had something left even then, and kept up a talk from bed to bed for a good long hour more at least.

"What do you think of the turkey, Bill?" began Master Robert Peabody, the flat featured, rising from his pillow like a homely porpoise.

"I don't know," Peabody Junior answered; "I don't care for turkeys."

Little Sam Peabody, the master of the turkey, took this very much to heart.

"I think he's a very fine one," continued Master Robert, "twice as big as last year's."

"I'm very glad to hear you say that, cousin Robert," said little Sam Peabody, turning over towards the quarter whence the voice of encouragement came.

"As fine a turkey as I've ever seen," Robert went on. "When do they kill him?"

Little Sam struggled a little with himself, and answered feebly, "To-morrow."

There was silence for several minutes, broken presently by Peabody Junior, fixing his pillow, and saying, "Boys, I'm going to sleep."

Allowing some few minutes for this to take effect, Master Robert called across the chamber to little Sam, "I wonder why Aunt Hannah wears that old green shade on her face?"

"Pray don't say anything about that," little Sam answered, "Cousin don't like to hear about that."

Master Robert—rather a blunt young gentleman—is not to be baffled so easily.

"I say, Bill, why does your mother wear that green patch over her eye?" he called out.

There was no answer. He called again in a louder key.

"Hush!" whispered Peabody Junior, who was not asleep, but only thinking of it, in a tone of fear, "I don't know."

"Is the eye gone?" Robert asked again, bent on satisfaction of some kind.

"I don't know," was the whispered answer again. "Don't ask me anything about it."

"I'm afraid Aunt Hannah's not happy," suggested little Sam, timidly.

"Pr'aps she isn't, Sam," Peabody Junior answered.

"What is the reason?" continued little Sam: "I always liked her."

"Don't know," was all Peabody Junior had to reply.

"Did you ever see that other eye, Bill?" asked the blunt young gentleman, whose head was still running on the green shade.

"Oh, go to sleep, will you, Nosey!" cried Peabody Junior. "If you don't leave me alone, I'll get up and wallop you."

The flat featured disappeared with his porpoise face under the bedclothes, and breathed hard, but kept close; and when he fell asleep he dreamed of dragons and green umbrellas all night, at a fearful rate.

"I wouldn't be angry, cousin," said little Sam, when the porpoise gave token that he was hard-bound in slumber. "He don't mean to hurt your feelings, I don't believe."

"P'r'aps he don't," Peabody Junior rejoined. "What could I tell him, if I wanted to? All I know is, mother has worn the shade ever since I can recollect anything. I think, sometimes, I can remember she used to have it on so far back as when I was at the breast, a very little child, and that I used to try and snatch it away, which always made her very sad."

"Don't she ever take it away?" asked little Sam.

"I never saw it off in all my life; nor can I tell you whether my dear mother has one eye or two. I know she never likes to have any one look at it. It makes her melancholy at once. Nurse used to tell me there was a mystery about it—but she would never tell me any more. It always scares father when she turns that side of her face on him, that I've noticed; and he always at home sits on the other side of the table from it."

"I wouldn't think any more about it to-night, cousin," said little Sam. "I know it makes you unhappy from your voice. Don't you miss some one to-night that used to keep us awake with telling pleasant stories?"

"I do," answered Peabody Junior. "I'm thinking of him now. I wish cousin Elbridge was back again."

"You know why he isn't?"

"Father says it's because he's a bad young man."

"And do you believe it, William?"

"I'm afraid he is—for father always says so."

A gentle figure had quietly opened the chamber door, and stood listening with breathless attention to the discourse of the two children.

"You wait and see," continued little Sam, firmly: "I'm sure he'll come back—and before long."

"What makes you think so?" William asked. "I'm sure I hope he will."

"Because the red rooster," answered little Sam, "crowed yesterday morning for the first time since he went away, and the red rooster knows more than anybody about this farm, except old grandfather."

Thinking how that could be, Peabody Junior fell asleep; and little Sam, sure to dream of his absent brother, shortly followed after. The gentle figure of Miriam Haven glided into the chamber, to the bedside of little Sam, and watching his calm, innocent features—which were held to greatly resemble those of the absent Elbridge—with tears in her eyes, she breathed a blessing from her very heart on the dear child who had faith in the absent one. "A blessing," such was her humble wish as she returned to her chamber and laid her fair head on the pillow, "a blessing on such as believe in us when we are in trouble and poverty, out of favor with the world, when our good name is doubted, and when the current, running sharply against, might overwhelm us, were not one or two kind hands put forth to save us from utter ruin and abandonment!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE FASHIONABLE LADY AND HER SON.

All the next day, being the Wednesday before thanksgiving, was alive and busy with the various preparations for the great festival, now held to be a sacred holiday throughout this wide-spread Union. The lark had no sooner called morning in the meadow, than Mopsey, who seemed to regard herself as having the entire weight of the occasion on her single shoulders, slipped from bed, hurried to the garden, and taking a last look at the great pumpkin as it lay in all its golden glory, severed the vine at a stroke, and trundled it with her own arms—she saw, with a smile of pity, the poor brown mouse skulking off, like a little pirate as he was, disappointed of his prize—in at the back door. The Peabodys were gathering for breakfast, and, coming forward, stood at either side of the one range, regarding the pumpkin with profound interest. It fairly shook the house as it rolled in upon the floor.

When little Sam, who had lingered in bed beyond the others with pleasant dreams, came down stairs, he was met by young William Peabody.

"What do you think, Sam?" said Peabody, junior, smiling.

"I suppose Aunt Carrack has come," Sam answered; "it's nothing to me if she has."

"No, that isn't it—turkey's dead."

Little Sam dropped a tear, and went away by himself to walk in the garden. Little Sam took no breakfast that morning.

Every window in the house was thrown wide open to begin with, every chair walked out of its place; the new broom, which Miriam had gathered with a song, was used, for the first time, freely on every floor, in every nook and corner; then the new broom was carried away and locked in a closet, like a conjurer who had wrought his spell and need not appear again till some other magic was to be performed. All the chairs were set soberly and steadily against the wall, the windows were closed, and a sacred shade thrown over the house against the approaching festival. The key was turned in the lock of the old parlor, which was to have no company (save the tall old clock talking, all alone, in the corner to himself) till to-morrow.

And so the day sailed on, like a dainty boat with silent oar on a calm-flowing stream, to evening, when, as though it had been a newborn meteor or great will-o'-the-wisp, there appeared on the edge of the twilight, along the distant horizon, a silvery glitter, which, drawing nearer and nearer, presently disclosed a servant in a shining band, mounted on a coach, with horses in burnished harness. With champing speed, which it seemed must have borne it far beyond, it came to in a moment at the very gate of the homestead as at the striking of a clock. A gentleman in bearded lip, in high polish of hat, chains and boots emerged (the door being opened by a stripling also in a banded hat, who leaped from behind), followed by a lady in a gown of glossy silk and a yellow feather waving, in the partial darkness, from her hat. Such wonder and astonishment as seized on the Peabodys, who looked on it from the balcony, no man can describe.

Angels have descended before now and walked upon the earth, giants have been at some time or other seen strutting about, ghosts appear occasionally in the neighborhood of old farm-houses, but neither ghost, giant nor angel had such a welcome of uplifted hands and staring eyes as encountered Mrs. Carrack and her son Tiffany when they, in the body, entered in at the gate of the old Peabody mansion. There was but one person in the company, old Sylvester, perhaps, excepted, who seemed to have his wits about him, and that was the red rooster, who, sitting on the wall near the gate when Mr. Tiffany Carrack pushed it open, cocked his eye smartly on him, and darted sharply at his white band, with its glittering jewel, as he laid it on the gate.

"Nancy," said old Sylvester, addressing her with extended grasp, and a pleasant smile of welcome on his brow, "we had given up looking for you."

Was there ever such a rash man! "Nancy!" as though she had been a common person he was speaking to!

Mrs. Carrack, who was a short woman, stiff and stern, tossing her feather, gave the tips of her fingers to the patriarch, and, ordering in a huge leathern trunk all over brass nails and capital C's, condescended to enter the house. In spite of all resolutions and persuasions to the contrary, the door of the best parlor unlocked before her grandeur of demeanor, and she took possession as though she had not the slightest connection with the other members of the Peabody family, nor the remotest interest in the common sitting-room without. Mr. Tiffany Carrack, with patent shanks to his boots, which sprang him into the air as he walked, corsets to brace his body, new-fangled straps to keep him down, a patent collar of peculiar invention to hold his head aloft, moving, as it were, under the convoy of invisible influences, deriving all his motions from the shoemaker, staymaker, tailor and linen-draper, who originally wound him up and set him a-going, for whose sole convenience he lives, having withal, by way of point to his sappy countenance, a couple of little cockle-shell tufts, tawny-yellow—that being the latest to be had at the perfumer's—on his upper lip; the representative and embodiment of all the latest new improvements, patents and contrivances in apparel, Mr. Tiffany Carrack, followed his excellent mother.

"Why, Tiffany," said old Sylvester, who, notwithstanding the immensity of these people, calmly pursued his old course, "we all thought you were in California."

The family were gathered around and awaited Mr. Tiffany Carrack's answer with a good deal of curiosity.

"That was all a delusion, sir," he replied, plucking at his little crop of yellow tufts—"a horrible delusion. I had some thought of that kind in my mind, in fact I had got as far South as New Orleans, when I met a seedy fellow, who told me the natives had rebelled, and wouldn't work any more; so I found, if I would get any of the precious, I must dig with a shovel with my own dear digits. Of course I turned back in disgust, and here I am as good as new. Jehosaphat!"

It was well that Mr. Tiffany had a fashion of emphasizing his discourse with a reference to this ancient person, whom he supposed to have been an exquisite of the first water, which happily furnished a cover under which the entire Peabody family exploded with laughter at Mr. Carrack's announcement of the sudden termination of his grand expedition to the Gold Region. Without one exception they all went off in an enormous burst, the captain, little Sam and Mopsey leading.

"Every word true, 'pon my honor," repeated Mr. Carrack.

The great burst was renewed.

"It was a capital idea, wasn't it?" supposing he had made a great hit.

The explosion for the third time, but softened a little by pity in the female section of the chorus.

Mrs. Carrack had sat stately and aloof, with an inkling in her brain that all this mirthful tumult was not entirely in the nature of a complimentary tribute to her son.

"I think," she said, with haughty severity of aspect, "my son was perfectly right. It was a sinful and wicked adventure at the best, as the Rev. Strawberry Hyson clearly showed from the fourth Revelations, in his last annual discourse to the young ladies of the church."

"He did, so he did," said Mr. Tiffany, stroking his chin; "I remember perfectly. It was very prettily stated by Hyson."

"The Reverend Strawberry Hyson," said Mrs. Carrack. "Always give that excellent man his full title. What would you say, my son, if he should appear in the streets without his black coat and white cravat? Would you have any confidence in his preaching after that?"

"Next to myself," answered Mr. Tiffany, "I think our parson's the best dressed man in Boston."

"He should be, as an example," said Mrs. Carrack. "He has a very genteel congregation."

Old Sylvester, who had on at that moment an old brown coat and a frayed black ribbon for a neckcloth, ordered Mopsey to send the two best pies in the house to the negroes in the hills. Mrs. Carrack smiled loftily, and drew from her pocket an elegant small silver vial of the pure otto of roses, and applied it to her nostrils, as though some thing disagreeable had just struck upon the air and tainted it.

"By the way," said Mr. Tiffany Carrack, adjusting his shirt-collar, "how is my little friend, Miriam?"

"Melancholy!" was the only answer any one had to make.

"So I thought," pursued Mr. Carrack, rolling his eyes and heaving an infant sigh from his bosom. "Poor thing, no wonder, if she thought I was gone away so far. She shall be comforted."

Mopsey looking in at this moment, gave the summons to tea, which was answered by Mr. Tiffany Carrack's offering his arm impressively to his excellent mother, and leading the way to the table.

It was observed that in his progress to the tea-table, Mr. Tiffany adopted a tottering and uncertain step indicating a dilapidated old age, only kept together by the clothes he wore, which was altogether unintelligible to the Peabody family, seeing that Mr. Carrack was in the very prime of youth, till Mrs. Carrack remarked, with an affectionate smile of motherly pride,

"You remind me more and more every day, Tiff, of that dear delightful old Baden-Baden."

"I wish the glorious old fellow would come over to me for a short lark," rejoined Mr. Tiffany. "But he couldn't live here long—there's nothing old here."

"Who's Baden-Baden?" asked Sylvester.

"Only a prince of my acquaintance on the other side of the water, and a devilish clever fellow. But he couldn't stand it here, I'm afraid—everything's so new."

"I'm rather old," suggested Sylvester, smiling on the young man.

"So you are, by Jove. But that ain't the thing I want exactly; I want an old castle or two, and a donjon keep, and that sort of thing. You understand?"

"Something," suggested the grandfather, "in the style of the old revolutionary fort on Fort Hill?"

"No—no—you don't take exactly. I mean something more in the antique—something or other, you see—" here he began twirling his forefinger in the air and sketching an amorphous phantom of some sort of an altogether unutterable character—"in a word—Jehosaphat!"

The moment the eye of Mrs. Carrack fell upon the blue and white crockery, the pewter plates which had been in use time out of mind in the family, and the plain knives and forks of steel, she cast on her son a significant glance of mingled surprise and contempt.

"Thomas," she said, standing before the place assigned to her, her son doing the same, "the napkins!"

The napkins were brought from a great basket which had accompanied the leathern trunk.

"The other things!"

The other things, consisting of china plates, cups and saucers, and knives and forks of silver for two, were duly laid. Mrs. Carrack and her son, having kept the rest of the family waiting the saying of grace by old Sylvester, were good enough to be seated at the old farmer's (Mrs. Carrack's father's) board.

When old Sylvester unclosed his eyes from the delivery of thanks, he discovered at the back of Mrs. Carrack and her son's chairs, the two city servants in livery, with their short-cut hats and embroidered coats of the fashion of those worn in English farces on the stage, standing erect and without the motion of a muscle. There is not a doubt but that old Sylvester Peabody was a good deal astonished, although he gave no utterance to his feeling. But when the two young men in livery began to dive in here and there about the table, snapping up the dishes in exclusive service on Mrs. Carrack and Mr. Tiffany Carrack, he could remain silent no longer.

"Boys," he said, addressing himself to the fine personages in question, "you will oblige me by going into the yard, and chopping wood till we have done supper. We shall need all you can split in an hour to bake the pies with."

Thunderstruck, as though a bolt had smitten them individually in the head, this direction, delivered in a quiet voice of command not to be resisted, sent the two servants forth at the backdoor. They were no sooner out of view than they addressed each other almost at the same moment,

"My eyes! did you ever hear such a queer old fellow as that?"

When Mrs. Carrack and her son turned and found that the two young men in livery had actually vanished, the lady smiled a delicate smile of scorn; and Mr. Tiffany, regarding his aged grandfather steadily, merely remarked, in a tone of most friendly and familiar condescension,

"Baden-Baden wouldn't have done such a thing!"

The overpowering grandeur of the fashionable lady chilled the household, and there was little conversation till she addressed the widow Margaret.

"Hadn't you a grown-up son, Mrs. Peabody?"

The widow was silent. Presently Mr. Carrack renewed the discourse.

"By-the-bye," he said, "I thought I saw that son of yours—wasn't his name Elbridge, or something of that sort?—in New Orleans."

"Did you speak to him?" asked the captain, flushing a little in the face.

"I observed he was a good deal out at elbows," Mr. Carrack answered; "and it was broad daylight, in one of the fashionable streets."

"Is that all you have to tell us of your cousin?" old Sylvester inquired.

"He is my cousin—much obliged for the information. I had almost forgotten that! Why, yes—es, I couldn't help seeing that he went into a miserable broken-down house in a by-street; but had to get my moustache oiled for a Creole ball that evening, and couldn't be reasonably expected to follow him could I? Jehosaphat!"

If the human countenance, by reason of its clouding up in gusts of pitchy blackness, acquired the power, like darkening skies, of discharging thunderbolts, it would have been, I am sure, a hot and heavy one which Mopsey, blackening and blazing, had delivered, as she departed to the kitchen, lowering upon Mr. Tiffany Carrack.

"He thought he saw her son Elbridge! The vagabone has no more feeling nor de bottom of a stone jug."

The meal over, the evening wore on in friendly chat of old Thanksgiving times—of neighbors and early family histories, each one in turn launching, so to speak, a little boat upon the current, freighted deep with many precious stores of old time remembrance, Mrs. Carrack sitting alone, as an iceberg in the very midst of the waters, melting not once, nor contributing a drop or trickle to the friendly flow. And when bedtime came again, how clearly was it shown that there is nothing certain in this changeful world. By some sudden and unforeseen interruption, nations lose power, communities are shattered, households well constructed fall in pieces at a breath.

Her sudden appearance in their midst compelled another consultation to be taken as to the disposal of the great Mrs. Carrack for the night. It would never answer to put that grand person in any secondary lodging, so all the old arrangements were of necessity broken up; the best bedroom allotted to her, and, that her gentle nerves might not be afflicted, the old clock, which adjoined her sleeping-chamber, and which had occupied his corner and told the time for the Peabodys for better than a hundred years from the same spot, was instantly silenced as impertinent. The captain's high-mettled white horse, which had enjoyed the privilege of roaming unrestricted about the house, was led away, like an unhappy convict, and stabled in the barn; and, to complete the arrangements, the two servants in livery were put on guard near her window to drive off the geese, turkeys and other talkative birds of the night, that she might sleep without the slightest disturbance from that noisy old creature, Nature.

Mr. Tiffany Carrack, while these delicate preparations were in progress, was evidently agitated with some extraordinary design, in which Miriam was bearing a part; for, although he did not address a word to that maiden, he was as busy as his imitation of antiquity of Baden-Baden would allow in ogling, grimacing and plucking his tawny beard at her every minute, in the most astonishing manner, closely watched by Mopsey, the captain and old Sylvester, who strongly suspected the young man of being afflicted in his wits.

It was very clear that it was this same Mr. Tiffany Carrack who had entered in at the door of the sleeping-chamber assigned to that gentleman, but who would have ventured to assert that the figure which, somewhere about the middle of the night, emerged from the window of the chamber in question, in yellow slippers, red silk cloak trimmed with gold, fez cap and white muslin turban, and, with folded arms, began pacing up and down beneath the casement of Miriam Haven, after the manner of singers at the opera preparatory to beginning, was the same Tiffany! And yet, when he returned again, and holding his face up to the moon, which was shining at a convenient angle over the edge of the house, the tawny tuft clearly identified it as Tiffany, and no one else. And yet, as if to further confuse all recognition, what sound is that which breaks from his throat, articulating,

"Dearest, awake! you need not fear,
For he—for he—your Troubadour is here?"

The summons passed for some time unanswered, till Mopsey, from the little end window of her lodgment, presented her head in a flaming red and yellow handkerchief, and rolled her eyes about to discover the source of tumult, showing in the belief that it must be no other than "one of dem Brundages come to carry off in de dead ob night de Peabody punkin!"

A gentle conviction was dawning in the brain of Mr. Carrack that this was the fair Miriam happily responding to his challenge in the appropriate character and costume of a Moorish princess, when, as he began to roar again, still more violent and furious in his chanting, the black head opened and demanded, "What you want care?" followed by an extraordinary shower of gourd shells, which, crashing upon his sconce, with a distinct shatter for each shell, could not for a moment be mistaken for flowers, signet-rings or other ordinarily love-tokens.

It immediately occurred to Mr. Carrack, with the suddenness of inspiration, that he had better return to his chamber and go to bed, a design which was checked as he proceeded in that direction by the alarming apparition of a great body with a firelock thrust out of the window of the apartment next to his own, occupied by the captain, presented directly at his head, with a cry, "Avast there!" and a movement on the part of the body to follow the gun out at the window. Fearfully harassed in that quarter, Mr. Carrack wheeled rapidly about, encountering, as he turned, the two servants in livery, still making the circuit of the homestead, who, in alarm for their lives at this singular figure in the red cloak, fled into the fields and lurked in an outhouse till daylight. As these scampered away before him, Mr. Tiffany, to relieve himself of the apparition of the gun, would have turned the corner of the house, when Mopsey appeared, wildly gesticulating, with a great brush-broom reared aloft, and threatening instant ruin to his person.

From this double peril what but the happiest genius could have suggested to Mr. Tiffany an instant and straightforward flight from the house, in which he immediately engaged, making up the road—the captain with his musket, and Mopsey with her hearth broom, close at his heels. If Mr. Tiffany Carrack had promptly employed his undoubted resources of youth and activity, his escape from the necessity of disclosure or surrender had been perhaps easy; but it so happened that his progress was a good deal baffled by the conflict constantly kept up in his brain, between the desire to use his legs in the natural manner, and to preserve that antique pace of tottering gentility which he had acquired from that devilish fine old fellow, the Prince of Baden-Baden, so that at one moment he was in the very hands of the enemy, and at the next flying like an antelope in the distance. The gun, constantly following him with a loud threat from the captain, seemed in the moonlight like a great finger perpetually pointing at his head; till at last it became altogether too dreadful to bear, and making up the road towards Brundage's, which still further inflamed the pursuit, in sheer exhaustion he rushed through an open gate into a neighboring tan-yard, and took refuge in the old bark-mill. There was but a moment's rest allowed him even here, for Mopsey and the captain, furiously threatening all sorts of death and destruction, presently rushed in at the door, and sent him scampering about the ring like a distracted colt in his first day's service; a game of short duration, for the captain and Mopsey, closing in upon him from opposite directions, compelled him to retreat again into the open air. How much longer the chase might have continued it were hard to tell, for as his pursuers made after him Mr. Tiffany Carrack suddenly disappeared, like a melted snow flake, from the surface of the earth. In his confusion and haste he had tumbled into a vat, fortunately without the observation of the inexorable enemy, although as he clung to the side the captain discharged his musket directly over his head.

"I guess that's done his business," said the captain. "We'll come and look for the body in the morning."

Now it is strongly suspected that both Mopsey and the captain knew well enough all along that this was Mr. Tiffany Carrack they had been pursuing, and that as they watched him from the distance emerge from the vat, return to the homestead, and skulk, dripping in, like a rat of outlandish breed, at his chamber-window, they were amply avenged: the captain for the freedom with which the city exquisite had treated the Peabody family, especially the good old grandfather; and Mopsey for the slighting manner in which he had referred to the absent young Massa Elbridge.

When all was peace again within the homestead, there was one who still watched the night, and ignorant of the nature of this strange tumult, trembled as at the approach of a long-wished for happiness. It was Miriam, the orphan dependent, who now sat by the midnight casement. Oh, who of living men can tell how that young heart yearned at the thought—the hope—the thrilling momentary belief—that this was her absent lover happily returning?

In the wide darkness of the lonesome night, which was it shone brightest and with purest lustre, in view of the all-seeing Mover of the Heavens—the stars glittering far away in space, in all their lofty glory, or the timid eyes of that simple maiden, wet with the dew of youth, and bright with the pure hope of honest love? When all was still again, and no Elbridge's voice was heard, no form of absent Elbridge there to cheer her, oh, who can tell how near to breaking, in its silent agony, was that young heart, and with what tremblings of solicitude and fear the patient Miriam waited for the friendly light to open the golden gate of dawn upon another morrow!

(To be continued.)

A Too Communicative Child.—"Sonny, do you love me any?"

"Oh, don't I."

"What for?"

"Because you always bring me candy when you come to see Sissy Jane. Give me some more."

"And what does Sissy Jane love me for?"

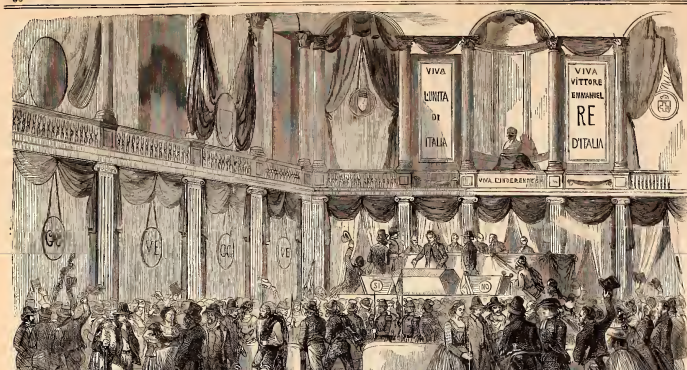
"Oh, 'cause you take her to concerts and give her so many things. She says, so long as you are fool enough to bring her shawls and bonnets, she won't sack you nohow. Now gi' me some more candy."

At Boulogne, during the reception of her Majesty, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with so much force against the soldiers who were keeping the line, that the latter were in some instances obliged to give way, and generally were—to use the expression of our policeman—"impeded in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, noticing the state of affairs, shouted out:

"One roll of the drum, then if they don't keep back, kiss them all."

At the first sound from the parchment the English ladies took to flight.

"If they had been French," says a Parisian journalist, "they would have remained to a woman."



TAKING THE VOTE ON ANNEXATION IN THE UNIVERSITY HALL, AT NAPLES.

THE NEAPOLITAN VOTE FOR ANNEXATION.

NAPLES has voted on annexation to the rest of Italy, and an almost unanimous vote declared in favor of it. It is very evident, however, from the manner of voting adopted, that the Neapolitan leaders have much to learn in the art of ballot-boxing.

Five delegates were seated on an elevated platform as Inspectors. A little below was a table on which was placed a box somewhat resembling a coffin, white right and left were two urns marked *si* and *no* ("yes" and "no"). To vote, one took his ticket from either of these and placed it in the coffin in the middle. It will be thus seen that no little courage was required to vote the negative and unpopular ticket.

At Monte Calvario, an officer of the royal army wishing to vote, drew a revolver as he took his "no" from the urn, so menacing was the appearance of many around. It will be seen that, at the very beginning, Naples has learned to rival some of our New York wards. It is needless to say that the voting was in fact a mere ceremony and a foregone conclusion, which rendered the forcing system adopted to lessen the number of aces quite improper.

The result of the election was—with the exception of two provinces not as yet heard from—in the kingdom of Naples, one million one hundred and two thousand four hundred and ninety-nine for annexation, and nine thousand three hundred and seventy-one against it.

THE OHIO HEBREW STONE.

SOME time ago there interested in antiquarian zeal were amazed or amused, as the case may have been, by the alleged discovery in Ohio of a stone shaped very much like an old-fashioned square gin bottle, on each side of which was a Hebrew inscription, three of which, translated, signify Holy of Holies, The Word of the Law, and The Word of the Lord. The stone was discovered by a man named Wyrick, while digging in the vicinity of Indian mounds in Newark, Ohio.

The absurdity of claiming any great degree of antiquity for the stone in question was promptly shown by more than one antiquarian. The material of the relic is *soapstone*, or lime-stone, and its shape renders it extremely probable that it was made from a common bone. If it had lain only a century in the ground it would have been dissolved or otherwise affected, whereas it is perfectly fresh and unchanged, as if fresh from the manufacturer's hands. Again, the characters are modern Hebrew or old Chaldaic, and are evidently copied from some printed Hebrew Bible.

Finally, we may observe that while tens of thousands of objects have been found which identify the old dwellers in America with the ancient worshippers of the Serpent and the Sun, of High Places and of the Generative Principle, there has never been a single trifle found which had in any way the slightest possible affinity with the Hebrew race or Hebrew devotion.

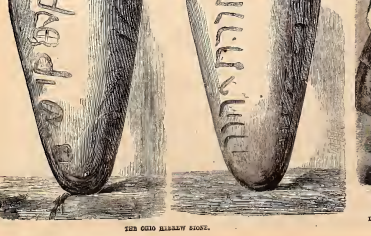
The old American religion was probably identical, in most respects, with that of the Druids, the Phœnicians—in short, with all the primitive races who adored the forces of Nature under the forms of Baal—of the Serpent and Fire, of the Sun and New Moon, of Adonis in Spring, and of similar types. But all this supposes antagonism to the Hebrew and his monotheism, and his every point of social and religious development. Some years ago a "prophet" in the West exhibited a sword which he declared an angel had brought him from paradise. Unfortunately, a close examination discovered on the blade Uncle Sam's stamp, with the locality, we believe, of "Springfield, Massachusetts." The inventor of an orthodox Hebrew inscription being discovered among Western remains is quite as absurd as that of the celestial sword being made down East. Whoever manufactured the article had evidently never read the works of Squier or of Foltor.

LIVING CURIOSITIES AT BARNUM'S.

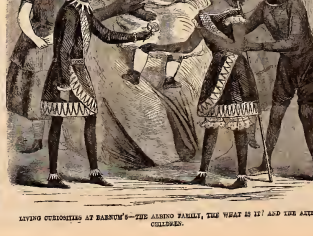
THERE is one lively place around town at least, and that is Barnum's. Sons of our citizens expect grass to grow on Broadway, but none will grow there in front of the Museum while Barnum is captain. He bought back the establishment last spring, and soon the old crowds began to throng its halls to see the novelties and oddities which this ever scheming showman is constantly getting up. Barnum's long vacation seems to have freshened his faculties, for there has not been for years such a deluge of attractions as the Museum now holds, and yet the noted showman is seeking more. We presume he will not be content until he has a few sperm whales swimming in his aquaria, the great sea serpent wriggling at the bottom of a tank, or one half the falls of Niagara boxed up and shown in the Museum.

We have selected a group of the living curiosities of the Museum, which have excited equally the wonder of the learned and the unlearned. They are freaks of nature, and also originals as far as we can guess. In the foreground are the Aztec children. They are odd creatures, and come to this country in an odd way. A pamphlet describing them says: "They were picked up in the city of Izcuzar, Central America, where they were kept for idol worship, and ways, Central America, where they were kept for idol worship, and where they constitute a sacred race of beings. It is likely they have been serving idols, for they are dumb as idols in the matter of

(Continued on page 63.)



THE OHIO HEBREW STONE.



LIVING CURIOSITIES AT BARNUM'S.—THE AZTEC FAMILY, THE WHAT IS IT? AND THE AZTEC CHILDREN.

OF FOOD FOR THE GUESTS OF THAT ESTABLISHMENT, FROM THE MARKET TO THE DINING-ROOM.—See Page 58.

LIVING CURIOSITIES AT BARNUM'S.

(*Continued from page 60.*)

speech, though every other way highly intelligent and amusing. They understand all that is said to them, and are remarkably good-natured and playful, but not a word of account can they give of themselves, or where they came from. Their heads are small and curiously shaped, and bear a striking resemblance to the old priestly hieroglyphics which are found on all the ruins of Central America, and this seems to corroborate their history. They are strange creatures, unlike anything we ever saw, or ever expect to see; and if the tale of their discovery which is told cannot be relied upon, we do not know of any other account that can. At all events, of whatever nation they may be, the medical and physiological connoisseurs say they are the greatest anatomical wonders which have yet appeared."

On the right is another of Barnum's oddities, jolly and playful enough to be a child, tricky enough for a monkey, but always assuming the bent over position in which the engraving represents him, and apparently accustomed to lean upon a staff for support, and to search upon the ground for his subsistence. In a wild state he must have lived upon nuts, for his teeth are strong enough to crack paving stones, but at the Museum he doubtless gets good beefsteaks and potatoes. He came from Africa, and is rather appropriately called the "What Is It?" for he is a strange mixture of the wild native African and Orang Outang, and really one of the most curious and interesting creatures in existence.

In the centre is an African mother, who has a good-natured, jolly fat negro for a husband, of the real African race. Both are full blooded negroes, and every alternative child has been black as it ought to be, but two of them, seen in the picture on the right and left of the mother are white as the fairest belles of Upper Tendom. Their eyes are pink, the hair perfectly white and woolly, and the complexion whitest of all. In short they are *white black* people, and cannot fail to go down to posterity as New York negroes of an entirely original and curious race. These children care but little about the oddity of their appearance, and are constantly frolicking around the Museum with a light-hearted merriment and joyousness which wins upon all beholders.

As every one knows the Museum, it is almost needless to refer to its other furniture of curiosities, in which respect it is, perhaps, the best furnished house of the class in the world; but we could hardly get away without a look at the whole colony of boa constrictor snakes which Barnum has founded there, and which depopulate quite a settlement of fowls every morning. We left their cage as soon as the appetites of the snakes were appeased, passed through the aquaria saloon, where the many fishes are kept just in time to see a sharp battle between a young shark and a Cuba snapper fish. At the entrance we saw Barnum in his office, just as smiling and attentive to visitors as the showman was twenty years ago, and about whom quite as large a crowd was gathered as if he himself were the greatest curiosity of all the strange objects which he has gathered around him.

Resisting the polite invitation of the manager to witness the performance of "Joseph and his Brethren," which was just then crowding the lecture-room, declining to inspect that mummy which came from the mammoth Kentucky cave so many years since, but which is now just as good as new, and refusing to have a frolic with the monkeys of the Happy Family, we made out, promising to call again another day.

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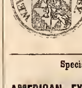

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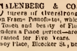

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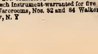

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 265—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1860. [Price 6 Cents.

JOHN LETCHER, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

JOHN LETCHER, the Governor of Virginia, whose portrait we give in our paper this week, is a native of the State of which he is the Chief Magistrate. He was born at Lexington, Rockbridge county, March 29, 1813. His parents are still living. They are plain, respectable people, and pious members of the Methodist Church. He received his early education at the private schools of his native town, and afterwards attended Washington College at Lexington, though he did not graduate. From the time he was fifteen years of age he worked mornings, evenings and Saturdays with his father at the carpenter's trade. This was for relaxation from books, and physical exercise. It was his favorite mode of exercise, and at the age of twenty-one he had a remarkably vigorous frame and was a pretty fair mechanic. He could easily have made his living at the carpenter's bench had not his superior intellect invited him to other pursuits.

In 1836 he commenced the study of law with the Hon. William Taylor, of Lexington. He obtained license to practice in 1839. While engaged in his legal studies he took an active part in politics, both as a speaker and as a writer for the political press. He contributed frequently to the columns of the Richmond *Enquirer*, then conducted by the veteran journalist, Thomas Ritchie. He also wrote for the Fincastle *Democrat* and other papers. The depth of his political convictions and the ardor of his nature made him a zealous and active party man. His political creed was based upon the famous Resolutions of 1798, as expounded and carried out by the strict construction Democratic statesmen of the Old Dominion. In 1839 he established the *Valley Star*, which he edited until December, 1840. During the exciting Presidential canvas of 1840 the paper teemed with able and effective editorials. It wielded great influence with the party in the Valley of Virginia, and contributed materially in imparting that solid strength to the Democracy of the "Tenth Legion" which has ever since enabled it to bid defiance to any and all opposition. It was not alone in the columns of his journal that he fought in that memorable campaign.

GOVERNOR LETCHER, OF VIRGINIA.

He took the stump. He addressed the people at numerous mass meetings, and wherever he appeared he excited great enthusiasm.

This battle being over, Mr. Letcher resumed the practice of law, and for three years he would not suffer himself to be drawn into politics. But as another Presidential canvas approached his party zeal would not permit him to remain inactive. Early in the spring of 1844 he again assumed the editorial control of the *Valley Star*, and threw his whole soul into the contest. The spirit with which he labored may be understood from the following extract from an editorial which he published upon learning of the nomination of Polk and Dallas:

"We call upon our Democratic associates to come up to an energetic and firm discharge of their duty. There must be no lukewarmness—no keeping back—but all must come forward with a spirit and decision that will be satisfied with nothing short of success—the most brilliant success. Let all feel that they have a great work to accomplish, and let them set about it at once and in earnest. Our principles are sound, and our nominees are eminently worthy of our individual support.

"So far as we are individually concerned, we feel that we have a high duty to discharge towards our party and our country, and if God spares us life and health it shall be faithfully discharged. Neither our pen nor our tongue shall be idle in this contest. All the time that we can command from our professional engagements shall be devoted to the dissemination of our principles. * * * We throw all our flag, encircled with the names of Polk and Dallas, to the wind—hand, and vow our determination to fight while there is a shot in the locker or a man left to tread the deck."

Mr. Letcher's exertions in this campaign not only equalled, but excelled his promises. The election over, he again vacated the editorial chair, and devoted himself to the law. In 1846 he served as Democratic Presidential Elector. In 1850 he was elected to the Convention which was called to revise the Constitution of Virginia. He took a leading part in the de-

SCENE AT THE CITY HALL PEACE PUMP NEAR THE FIVE POINTS, DURING THE STOPPAGE OF THE CROTON WATER.—SEE PAGE 74.

liberations of that body. During the session of the Convention he acquired a high character as a debater and practical legislator. In 1851 he was elected to Congress, where by successive elections he served for eight years. In May, 1859, he was elected Governor of Virginia for four years. He was inaugurated at Richmond on the 1st of January, 1860.

As a debater Mr. Letcher ranked high in Congress. He speaks with great fluency and readiness. He is always clear in his statements. His sentences are short and terse. His style is plain and simple. It is adapted to the comprehension of everybody who hears him. He never attempts rhetorical display, though his language is duly measured and strictly correct. His prepared speeches are elegant and scholarly. Altogether, he possesses superior powers of oratory. When he spoke in the House he commanded marked attention. In controversy he is noted for frankness and candor towards his adversary. He scorns petty quibbles, and never avails himself of anything little or trivial for the mere purpose of gaining an advantage in debate. In discussion he deals in facts and principles, and is willing to either stand or fall by them. His oratory is equally adapted to the bar, the legislative hall or the stump.

Mr. Letcher was chosen to succeed Governor Wise as Governor of Virginia, and was inaugurated in January of this year. His term expires on the 1st of January, 1863. His noble and constitutional conduct in the present juncture entitles him to the admiration of every lover of our glorious Union.

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which take place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two Living Aztec Children, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has every produced; the Living What Is It? or Man Monkey; the two Albino Children; the Grand Aquaria; Monster Snakes; Living Happy Family, &c, &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in *all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

The news by the Europa is very unimportant. Gaeta still holds out, although the Sardinians had driven back a sortie the garrison made with great slaughter.

Count Flahaut had been appointed Ambassador to London in place of Persigny, who was to receive an appointment near the Emperor. Much interest had been excited in Paris by the appearance of an Imperial decree granting certain concessions to the Legislative Assembly. They are more important than at first blush they appear:

"Desiring to afford to the great bodies of the State a more direct participation in the general policy of our Government, and a marked proof of our confidence, we decree that the Senate and the Corps Legislatif shall annually vote an address in reply to our speech at the opening of the Chambers. This address will be discussed in the presence of the Government Commissioners, who will give the necessary explanations on the interior and exterior policy of the empire. Regulatory measures will be taken in order to facilitate to the Corps Legislatif the expression of its opinions, and the publicity of its debates. During the session the Emperor will nominate Ministers without portfolios, in order to defend, conjointly with the Counsellors of State, the Government projects of law before the Chambers. This Ministry of the Emperor's household will be repressed, and its functions united with those of the Marshal of the Palace."

The King of the Belgians is seriously ill.

The King of Prussia is said to be dying.

Victor Emanuel has refused taking the title of King of Italy until proclaimed so by the Italian Parliament, which is to be immediately convoked.

From China we learn that the Allied forces of France and England are within eight miles of Pekin.

Mr. Bowlby, the *Times* correspondent; Mr. Luck, Secretary to Lord Elgin; Mr. Parkes, Messrs. De Norman and Anderson, of Fane's Horse, and Captain Brabazon, have been made prisoners whilst engaged in choosing camping grounds. They have been taken to Pekin, where they are well treated.

Engagements were fought on the 18th and 21st of September, at Chang-Kia-Waw and Jang Chan. On both occasions 30,000 Tartar cavalry advanced and were completely routed by the Allies. Two thousand Tartars were killed and fifty guns taken. The Allies had only eighteen wounded.

The Chinese have sent in a flag of truce, with the provisions for a treaty. Lord Elgin demands the release of the prisoners before negotiating.

The Emperor's brother has been appointed Chief Commissioner to make peace.

Fould, the French Minister of Finance, has resigned, and Walewski appointed in his place.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

On the 11th the Senate debated the Treasury Loan bill, and the resolutions moved by Mr. Powell of Kentucky.

In the House the plea of Mr. Hawkins to be excused on the committee was debated, but he was finally compelled to serve by a vote of 101 to 95. It also refused to excuse Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, by a tie vote. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, was also denied his application to be excused. On the 12th in the Senate the Treasury Loan bill was debated, and speeches were made by Hunter, Virginia, Anthony, Rhode Island, Hale, New Hampshire, Cameron, Pennsylvania, Fessenden, Maine, Seward, New York, Collamer, Vermont, and others. It was reduced to three millions and passed. Mr. Powell's resolutions were then taken up, and Mr. Wigfall made a very peculiar speech, which created so much merriment in the gallery that the chairman threatened to have it cleared if it occurred again.

In the House the various States were called upon for propositions relating to the present condition of the country, and the best means of averting the threatening calamity of disunion. Resolutions were submitted by Messrs. Thayer of Massachusetts, John Cochrane of New York, Adrain of New Jersey, Morris of Pennsylvania, Stewart of Maryland, Leake, Smith and Jenkins of Virginia, Cox, Hutchins, Sherman and Bingham of Ohio, Mallory and Stevenson of Kentucky, English, Kilgore, Holman and Davis of Indiana, McClernand of Illinois, Noell of Missouri, Hindman of Arkansas, and Larrabee of Wisconsin. The propositions were severally read and referred to the Union Committee. Mr. Bonham, of South Carolina, as he did not expect to remain long a member of Congress, asked to be excused from serving on the Military Committee. The request was complied with. A bill was reported from the Committee on Public Lands by Mr. Thayer, which creates the land district of Dacotah, and provides for the admission of a delegate in Congress from that Territory. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and after some other unimportant business the House adjourned.

Borrioboola Gha.

We have more than once had occasion to revert severely to the carelessness in execution of the details of the law of our principal cities, and the lack of interest manifested by our Reformers in very important matters, while smaller issues absorb their attention. Reduced to plain facts, there are very few persons who would deny that a very great proportion of our public and private calamities are actually the result of what has been characterized as a case of—Borrioboola Gha.

Very lately a young epileptic lunatic, a very dangerous one, and one whose frequently repeated acts of offence should have apparently have subjected him to close supervision in some comfortable public institution, committed, as is alleged, a most atrocious murder. It would require but a limited perusal of any paper ostensibly devoted to the furtherance of the good cause, to learn that a small proportion of the benevolence applied to strangers would very soon alleviate and provide for such home objects of charity. Here was something very like—Borrioboola Gha.

During the past week a poor sailor, who had been assaulted and was at the time suffering under a cruel wound in the head, was picked up and thrust into a cell (under suspicion of intoxication), where he died. The carelessness implied in this account is horrible. Our readers will bear witness that we have more than once insisted, and that with no little earnestness, that a physician should continually be in attendance at every station-house, to examine all prisoners brought in in a state of insensibility. Deaths in cells under the most dreadful agony are continually occurring for want of such care. A small proportion of the effort annually applied to suffering which is as nothing when compared to this, would soon stop these deaths. Another case of—Borrioboola Gha.

We may venture to rise above such instances, and then taking a calm cosmopolite view of the troubles which now afflict our country, are impelled to the irresistible conclusion that if every county and every State in our Union had from the beginning simply attended to its own business, and done its utmost to relieve its own afflicted, and elevate its own sufferers, the discords which now rend us would not exist. If we had strictly attended to practical issues, and not delegated our whole business to professional polititicians, who thrive by public suffering, we should be doing well enough. But we must needs become fearfully and sensationally interested in matters of secondary importance, and—in short, we are suffering from a very agonizing and protracted case of—Borrioboola Gha.

Finally, we beg all our readers in this city and all in other cities, with regard to their own localities, to remember that winter is coming on, and that there will probably be more suffering among the poor than was ever before known. There are few localities at present where there is likely to be much poverty where there are not societies or individuals able to relieve the poor and deserving judiciously, and these Samaritans should be aided to the utmost. Reader, this is no hackneyed appeal—it is issued in the face of great coming misery, and of a knowledge of many terrible facts which are every day becoming more terrible. Suspend for the moment all exertion directed to merely extraneous objects, and devote your whole mind to charity at home. Had you been doing this years ago it would have been better for you. For this winter remember your own poor neighbors and forget—Borrioboola Gha.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Brutal Indifference which wealthy companies show towards those who unfortunately have claims upon them, more especially of an unpleasant nature, has long been a great reproach to the age. We have had recently a case brought to our notice, in which the Consolidated Stage Company are acting more like fiends than human beings. It appears that in October, 1858, Mr. Andrew Stevens was so seriously injured by the carelessness of one of the drivers of that company that he has been an invalid ever since, and quite unable to pursue his usual avocation. Unable to get any redress by a temperate appeal to their sense of justice, he was compelled to call upon the law to right him, but their wealth has enabled them to set him at defiance, and after more than two years he finds himself as far off as ever from obtaining any compensation for his injuries. If there is one thing more calculated than another to bring discredit upon that able, and, generally speaking, honorable body of men, the legal profession, it is lending their talents to such cruel proceedings as those which have been adopted by the Consolidated Stage Company towards Mr. Stevens. We trust that some of the honest shareholders will take the matter up, and compel the directors to act with some degree of decency.

We had last Week a practical proof of how sensitive luxury makes us, for a couple of days we were deprived of our Croton, and all New York went about like Rachel, refusing to be comforted! The Croton pipe was out of joint, and even the temperance men were obliged to make their tea with that apparent resemblance to their favorite liquid—whiskey. We had also a pleasant exemplification of how dependent upon water science makes us, since last week the steam engines refused to move a piston till they had their "staff of life," and the result was that we had to import a far inferior and drier water from Brooklyn to satisfy the craving demands of our thirsty boilors. Truly Pindar was right when he said, "Water is the first of elements." Apropos, it is somewhat remarkable that the opening word of the first Olympiad invents the steam engine—*Ariston*. James Watt has strutted in borrowed plumes too long—let him now resign them to the great Bard of Horse Jockeys.

Our Disposition to overdo everything is a great drawback. It is the natural effect of our inexperience. We have not yet settled down into *nonchalance*. The *nil admirari* is the balance wheel of the world. Directly a man admires he loses his self-respect. Judging from a letter dated Kanawaga, September 3, our reception of the Japanese officials was a diplomatic blunder. We quote *verbatim* from a letter written upon the interview our Consul Harris had with the Emperor of Japan:

"There was one feature of this audience worthy of note. Our Minister very properly alluded to the Embassy then in the States in a manner calculated to draw forth a response; but no, His Majesty deigned no allusion in reply, and at all times the Government maintain a marked reticence on this subject. What is this Embassy, made up of men bearing a bome rank about coequal with a New Jersey Governor, to the august Tycoon and the illustrious line of Kamis by birth and royal descent! The feeling is universal among Americans who have been in Japan the longest, and may be supposed to know something of the Japanese character, that Brother Jonathan, as usual, has overdone the matter. The Japanese, who love order and quiet in the first place, will be disgusted with the public show made of them, and being proud and arrogant as well, will consider the adulation bestowed upon them as so much tribute money paid to their great and powerful realm."

It is all very well for our Minister Ward to ride in a bandbox to Pekin, but an Armstrong gun is the only vocal instrument the Chinese or Japanese will listen to. We leave the *Tribune* and its correspondent to settle with New Jersey for comparing a No-Kami to a New Jersey Governor.

Gibbon says that a nation is lost when its statesmen quarrel openly for the national plunder. What would Gibbon say if he could read such papers as the *Tribune*, where official corruption is treated in this ingenuous manner:

"Ford, says the *Tribune*, has made only $12,000 on the House Printing, at 40 per cent reduction, while the *Times'* letter puts his profits in six months or so at $70,000, and Bowman's in the Senate at $40,000. One report mentions the purchase of Wendell's printing office at an expense of $130,000."

The Great Evil of this country is the existence of journals which live by pandering to a diseased vanity. Scrub, in the play, who believed every woman lived upon his winking at them when he went for his master's beer, is but a faint type to the writer of this very precious paragraph:

"John Bull thus far bears up courageously under the bad news from this side. The week's later advices by the Europa in our columns to-day scarcely realize the anticipation that his commercial and financial system would be struck with paralysis the moment the effect of the American distemper came in contact with it. On the contrary the bullion in the Bank, we are told, shows a handsome increase, and though money was very active, the old lady of Threadneedle street felt so comfortable that the rate of discount was reduced to 5½ per cent."

Poor little Gray, the poet, hoped that the sun would rise the day after his decease, and it probably did, but the idea that Europe was to have delirium tremens, paralysis, etcetera, because a few venal penny-a-liners wrote in a state of plenum Bacchi, or whiskey and water, is funny enough for the *Budget of Fun*.

Jobbery all round is the order of the day. It is officially announced that the Postmaster-General has commenced the distribution of the new ruled one cent stamped envelope, and that their price is $1 50 per hundred. Only half a cent a piece for the blank envelope! And as a consolation we have this impudent announcement: "The cheap edition of this envelope intended for general circulation will not be ready for several weeks!" Now, is not the Post Office intended for the general circulation?

PERSONAL.

Madame Dudevant, *alias* George Sand, is very ill.

Garibaldi's income, as a farmer, is about three hundred dollars a year—not enough to find an American in rum and tobacco.

Mr. Hope Scott, the last of the Abbotsford family, is about to marry the eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. His first wife was Miss Lockhart, granddaughter to Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Hudson, the Shakespeare lecturer, is about to give a series on the great poet, in New York, very shortly.

Cardinal Antonelli has advertised his palaces in Rome for sale. This looks like the well-bred dog who prepared to leave when he was about being kicked out.

It is beginning now to be the fashion to toast popular authors before they are dead. At the St. Nicholas Society, lately, the health of "The Dutch Republic and its Yankee Chronicler," was drank with great applause. Mr. Motley well deserves the compliment.

Professor Mason, of London, the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, has won the chief prize—a splendid silver cup, as the best shot in the London Scottish Volunteer Rifles.

Strakosch, with Patti, is at New Orleans, where the company will give concerts in costume.

Gazzaniga is in Lisbon.

Thalberg is in Vienna, but doing nothing professional.

Vestvali is making the tour of France, Holland and Belgium.

Clara Novello has taken her farewell of public life in a concert at St James's Hall, London.

Mr. Bachman, whose bird's-eye view of Hoboken was noticed in our last paper, has nearly completed a large and splendid view of the City of New York, from the Narrows. It gives as perfect an idea of our Empire City as though the spectator were in a balloon. The minute detail and general effect are really wonderful. We understand that it is Mr. Bachman's intention to daguerreotype several of our great cities in a similar manner.

On Wednesday last, the 12th inst., at Bridgeport, Conn., William Herral, Esq., son of the late Hon. H. K. Harral, of Conn., and nephew of the Hon. W. Wright, U. S. Senator of New Jersey, was married to Miss Jennie A. Wells, daughter of George Wells, Esq. The marriage ceremony was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Bancroft, at the house of the bride's father at Bridgeport, and was attended by nearly three hundred of the first citizens of the place, including a great number of beautiful young ladies, the former companions of the charming young bride. The light of day was entirely excluded from every room in the house, and gas—a recent introduction in that section of the country—was substituted. The flashing lights, the gay dresses and the animated faces of the happy guests made up a scene of exceeding brilliancy not soon to be forgotten. The marriage ceremony took place at 12 A. M., immediately after which dancing commenced and was kept up with great spirit until the time approached when the happy couple were to take their departure for the South, where they purpose to spend their honeymoon.

A splendid *dejeuner à la fourchette*, prepared by William Hall, was partaken of and duly appreciated by the guests, and a rare spirit of harmony and happiness prevailed. The numerous friends of the bride, not content with bidding her good-bye at her residence, followed her to the depot, determined to have the last look, the last kiss, and the last grasp of the hand. So the bride and bridegroom left amid regretful adieus, but cheered by fervent wishes for their continued happiness and prosperity through the voyage of life which had so auspiciously commenced that day. To all of which we say—amen.

William Vincent Wallace, the eminent composer, has been very unwell in Germany, but was convalescent by the last accounts.

The star of Edward Lodor, one of the finest of English composers, is in the ascendant. His opera of "The Night Dancers" is quite the rage of the season.

Tuesday evening witnessed the reunion of a number of lovers of art at the old Dusseldorf Gallery, No. 548 Broadway, where a number of exquisite works of American art has been assembled. When we say that this collection embraces Page's "Moses on Mount Horeb," a five years' work and his greatest; Aker's "Dead Pearl Diver;" Colonel Thorpe's "Niagara as it is;" Barbee's "Fisher Girl," and Rossiter's three great paintings of "Miriam," "Noah," and "Jeremiah," we have said enough to show that not only critics and connoisseurs, but also the public will find this one of the most attractive exhibitions ever opened in New York.

LITERATURE.

Ticknor & Fields have issued, in very admirable style, a most interesting book called *The Heroes of Europe*, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700, by Henry G. Hewlett. The idea of the book was evidently suggested by a line from Emerson's Essays on Self-Reliance, "All history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." In carrying out that remark Mr. Hewlett has selected the leading spirits, the representative men, the mainsprings of the great results of the times in which they lived, and has sketched them with a graphic and forcible pen. The book is finely illustrated.

Tom Brown at Oxford, one of the most charming and natural stories of the day, which Ticknor & Fields are publishing in monthly parts, has reached the end of the first volume, and can now be had in collected form. It is a sequel to "School Days at Rugby," which met with a remarkable and well-deserved success, and promises to be as vividly life-like and fully as popular.

Charles Scribner's beautiful blue and gold edition of the collected *Poems of General George P. Morris* has proved one of the most remarkable literary successes of the age. It has been issued barely three months, and *sixteen* editions have already been sold out. The seventeenth edition is now ready, and like the others will

most probably be speedily exhausted. For a Christmas and New Year's present there is no volume more elegant and appropriate.

Rudd & Carleton have just published another charming novel by Ruffini, the author of "Doctor Antonio," one of the most natural and deeply interesting works of fiction of the present day. It is called *Lavinia*. The scene is laid chiefly in Rome, the hero being a young Italian artist, and the heroine a beautiful English girl. The plot is ingeniously contrived and the interest is sustained with rare tact until the concluding chapter. It is not only replete with deep human interest, but its views of art, which are incidental and never obtruded, are thorough and valuable, and raise it high above the standard of the ordinary novel. Such works as *Lavinia* are of the very best class of light literature; they aim to elevate and amuse while they instruct, and may be placed with safety and advantage in the hands of every one. We ourselves look forward with pleasure to the appearance of a new work by Ruffini.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera—Fourteenth Street.—The united artists (our readers will forgive the paradox suggested by "united" and "artists"); the combined artists, then, who have assumed the management of that ruinous concern, the Academy of Music, have met with fair success the past week. On Monday evening, the opera of "Stradella" was given, with Fabbri, Stigelli, Quinto and Formes. The house, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, was rather poor, but the performance was highly satisfactory.

On Wednesday evening the opera of "La Fille du Regiment" was given, the same artists fulfilling the leading characters most excellently to a large and paying audience.

"Le Prophète" is to be the next opera, and if the weather only holds good, we have no doubt but that fine opera will attract several crowded audiences. The public should give a cordial support to the present organization, for a very moderate patronage will insure us two or three months of very excellent operatic performances. Let the lovers of music turn out in their strength.

Madame Anna Bishop performed "Lucrezia Borgia," in Philadelphia, last Monday evening. The weather was wretched, but quite a large and enthusiastic audience attended to greet their popular favorite. She made a great hit, the Philadelphia press was unanimous in cordial praise of her performance, and but for the disorganization of the company, which has met with indifferent success, she would have had a brilliant though brief season, and a renewal of her old triumphs.

It is rumored that offers have been made to Madame Bishop to sustain the leading characters in an English opera about to be organized for Niblo's Garden. If operas can be well produced, with Madame Bishop as leading artist, we believe that the enterprise would meet with great favor, and prove a success.

DRAMA.

Mr. Forrest as Macbeth.—Want of time prevented us in our last issue giving due consideration to Mr. Forrest's delineation of Macbeth. We desired, also, to satisfy ourself of the propriety or impropriety of the innovations introduced into the tragedy by the great tragedian. On this latter subject we candidly confess that we are directly at issue with Mr. Forrest, and we are utterly at a loss to conceive why he should so needlessly and unwarrantably tamper with the master's text as he has done, in substituting Fates for the original witches. Not only does this alteration directly conflict with many portions of the text, but destroys, likewise, the weird character of the play. The appearance of the three grim and hideous witches on the blasted heath is not only in keeping with the old Scotch traditions, but lends a terror to the scene, wholly wanting, when, instead of them, are presented three pleasant-looking ladies, gotten up as if for a masquerade. We miss, indeed, the "choppy fingers and skinny lips," the bearded faces, gray locks and misshapen forms, clothed in withered and wild attire, and cannot consent to accept, instead, the three fair-faced ladies, gorgeous in garments of blue and white, and covered with cabalistic signs. We are well aware that this is the idea of the great German critics concerning Shakespeare's witches, but by what right does Mr. Forrest elevate Schiller above the greatest poet the world ever heard? Apart from this unfortunate innovation, "Macbeth" has been most satisfactorily produced, not, perhaps, with that lavish care that was bestowed upon it some years since at the Broadway Theatre, but still most creditably to all concerned. Touching Mr. Forrest's impersonation of the weak-minded Thane of Glamis, criticism is at a standstill—as, in fact, it is, as regards every character represented by this great man. All the resources of a powerful intellect, guided by unremitting study and nearly faultless judgment, have been brought to bear upon his conception and delineation of Macbeth. You read in his face, as in a glass, the workings of the weak mind and weaker heart in their vain struggle with the little good his soul contains; and when, the murder accomplished, the guilty Thane rushes from the awful sight, an impression is produced upon the audience such as no actor that ever lived, save Mr. Forrest, could evoke. Truly his Macbeth may be considered the very crowning triumph of art. Here is a part with which the actor can have no sympathy, a weak-minded, bad hearted, purposeless tyrant, and yet Mr Forrest makes him stand before us a vivid and startling reality. From the first scene to the last a picture is presented perfect to the most minute detail, broad, grand, sublime in its conception, yet presented with pre-Raphaelite minuteness. The tragedy is generally well acted; Mr Conway making an excellent Macduff, and Mr. Fisher a good Banquo; while Mrs. Pouisi, as Lady Macbeth, is entitled to the praise of being the very best representative of the part on the American stage.

Barnum's Museum.—The greatest of all attractions is now starring at the American Museum, for Mr. Barnum is himself reciting the history of that renowned institution. Apart from the interest attaching to Mr. Barnum personally, his discourse is of the most amusing character—indeed, it is special of its kind and full of instruction. The opera of "Masaniello" is also given every evening with excellent effect. Barnum is not only the irrepressible, but the inimitable.

AVERSIONS.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting. There was an account of another who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp. A lady of France always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. There are many who faint from the smell of roses, though other flowers are agreeable.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If an apple was shown to Chesno, secretary to Francis I., he bled at the nose. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him. Henry III., of France, could never sit in a room with a cat. The Duke of Schomburg had the same aversion.

M. Vangheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roasted pig. John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana*, wool, although his cloak was woollen. The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered.

The famous crystal throne which Shah Jehan counted amongst the most valuable of the splendid trophies which adorned his palace, has been sent to England in the Saladin. But little is known of its history prior to its having come into his possession. Subsequently, on the taking of Delhi by the Mahrattas, they made a great effort to destroy it by fire, but succeeded only in injuring its appearance, the heat to which it was subjected having caused it to crack and open out in seams. It consists of a single mass of rock crystal, two feet in height by four in diameter, and is shaped like a sofa cushion, with tassels at the corner.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Zouaves of Bridgetown, N. J., have thrown the Zouaves of Chicago and New York into the shade. The Bridgetown Zouaves have formed themselves into a company for the purpose of sawing and splitting wood for destitute families the ensuing winter. With wood-saw, astride of horse, and axe in hand, they proceed to a wood, chop down and saw up a tree in an incredible short time, and make the heart of the widow and fatherless rejoice by filling the cellar with logs. We advise Mr. Parisen to train his New York Zouaves in a like fashion. Such men as the Bridgetown Zouaves are Christian soldiers, and are entitled to smoke their pipes, since they enable the poor widow to make her chimney.

One of the greatest and most beneficent inventions we have heard of is the brick and mortar elevator. It is intended to supersede the labors of hod-carriers, a class of men who are often worked to death in a broiling sun. The machinery is this: An endless chain, formed of iron hooks, passes around two pulleys, one on the ground and the other on the top of the wall. The pulleys have spurs, which take into holes in the belt to prevent slipping, and the upper pulley is furnished with a crank for turning it. Hoppers are secured on the upper side of the belt for receiving the brick and as the wall rises the belt is lengthened by the insertion of additional links, which are furnished with hooks, so that this may be readily done. We consider this a decided advance on the age, although we doubt not some stupid Paddy will consider it an invasion of his time-honored right of breaking his neck from the scaffold.

Hoffman, the murderer of Mrs. Shumaker and her child, has been pronounced insane by two medical men. He will therefore be confined in a lunatic asylum the remainder of his life, instead of being hanged.

The Burch divorce case has come to an end for the present by the jury finding a verdict for Mrs. Burch. Seldom has a man more completely absorbed public contempt than this pious banker. When the verdict was announced the spectators expressed great approbation. Next to Burch the public indignation rests heaviest on the pastor, who played the part of Judas Iscariot, and betrayed Mrs. Burch's confidential communication. Let us hope he got his thirty pieces of silver. Miss Fannie Burch and the aunt to the pious banker are not remarkable for their nobility of character. Altogether the trial is not a cheering instance of domestic life.

The chief events of the past week have been the bursting of the Croton pipes and the appalling murder in Twelfth street. These we have described and illustrated in another part of our paper.

Divorces are so plentiful that it would appear as though marriage was becoming a fixed failure as well as a fact. Seventy-three now stand on the docket of the court in Middlesex county, Mass.

A servant to Mr. Martin, Springfield, named Maria Marton, has been detected in stealing from her master's house in the evening, when all were in bed, and breaking the windows with large stones. She says she was tempted to this wholesale destruction of glass by the devil.

Ramon Pico, of San Francisco, recently made a wager that he would ride one hundred and fifty miles in six hours and thirty minutes. He accomplished this remarkable feat with twenty-two minutes to spare. He used thirty-three horses.

Three years ago a most valuable officer, named Sawyer, was killed in a low groggery near Carmine and Bleecker streets, while endeavoring to quell a disturbance. A man named Martin Connor was arrested at the time on suspicion, but the evidence being insufficient he was acquitted, although no reasonable doubt was entertained that he was the murderer. Last week this said Connor was arrested for brutally beating his wife, and died of delirium tremens while in the station-house awaiting his examination. The rum-holes of New York have much to answer for. The poet's line to the Tower of London, "By many a foul and midnight murder fed," well applies to the groggeries of Gotham.

The police of New Orleans are very particular. A respectable young man, named Sherman, who had only just arrived in the Crescent City, was arrested the other day for asking his way to a certain hotel. It appears that he was speaking to a notorious thief. How strange they did not arrest the notorious thief!

Mr. Graham, a lively young painter, possibly an artist, went the other night to pass a social hour with a Mr. Jameson, of Forty-second street and Second avenue. The painter grew so facetious at last that, watching a jocular opportunity, he took his host's watch, chain and seals. When arrested for his comicality he declared it was his way of joking. The magistrate made him find bail for $1,000, which he said was his way of joking. Jameson had better read the comic papers than invite their contributors.

Professor Blake is a showman in a small way of business, and keeps his anacondas and "other animals," amphibious, cephalic and hydrocephalous, at No. 9 Chatham square. He has a fife and drum to play "Jordan's a hard Road to Travel," "Dixie's Land" and "Yankee Doodle." Now and then he pokes up the lion, who roars, and the bear, who growls. Now, Mr. Utler, editor of the *Seventh Day Snarler*, has an utter abomination of any noise but what he makes, and therefore had the poor showman arrested. The Mayor ordered the professor to seek a home elsewhere for his motherless boa constrictors and fatherless anacondas.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Mr. Jacobson, a wealthy Jew of London, has lately been trying to avoid the toll near his country residence, and suffered in consequence, for instead of having to pay six cents, the legal fare, he was adjudged to pay thirty shillings, or equal to about seven dollars. His manner was very ingenious, but as it proved highly unsuccessful. He had taken a wagon to be repaired, and had been to fetch it, bringing it at the tail of another carriage. When he got near the toll-gate he got down, unfastened the other vehicle, and then drove through the gate. He then returned, drew the mended wagon through himself, and having hitched it on drove off. For this he was sued, and had to pay. With true Hebrew cunning, he thought that, as the Act of Parliament read, "For every vehicle drawn by a horse, ass, mule, &c., sixpence," he would escape. He evidently forgot that he was an ass for the nonce, and therefore had to pay.

It is very seldom that golden weddings happen in royal circles, but there are now and then exceptions. The Prince of Hesse and the Princess Charlotte, aunt to the King of Denmark, have just celebrated their fiftieth wedding day. There was a very happy gathering at Copenhagen.

Mullins, the presumed murderer of Mrs. Emsley, was executed on the 15th at Newgate. It will be recollected that he falsely accused a man named Emms of the deed, and placed some of the stolen property in a brickfield near his house; but as old Chaucer says, murder will out, and Mullins was detected. He made a long rambling confession the night before his execution, in which he denied that he was the actual murderer, but at the same time he expressed his firm belief that Emms was innocent of the crime. This is tantamount to an acknowledgment that he committed it. Even this tardy act of justice to the poor man he had so infamously accused was only wrung out of him by the interference of the Catholic priest to whom he confessed, and of course to which faith he belonged.

The Road murder is still agitating the public mind of England from the Queen to the costermonger. This is a very praiseworthy feature in the British character. A murder is not with them as it is with us a nine days' wonder, but a problem to be solved, and with a few exceptions it is solved. Eliza Grimwood is an exception to the rule there—here the rule is the exception. There seems to be a settled conviction in the public mind that the poor child was murdered by the nurse, Eliza Gough, because he had told his mother that he had seen familiarities between Eliza and Mr. Kent, but this seems improbable, as the child was only four years old, and not likely to be struck with events that would strike an older child. There is no doubt the mystery is a great provocative to the public appetite. It was so cruel—so heartless—indeed, so unnatural a murder, that, whoever is the culprit, every one must pray for the discovery and severe punishment. As it rests now, there is a vague suspicion resting on the entire household, but which of them it is remains to be discovered.

Our enterprising countryman, G. F. Train, is carrying on with his usual vigor the horse railroads in England. The Town Commissioners of Birkenhead have granted him permission to carry his railroad from Birkenhead to Palm Grove and Axton.

The Empress of Austria embarked at Antwerp on board the Queen of England's steam yacht the Victoria and Albert, and her suite on board the Osborne. They then steamed for Plymouth, where they were received with royal honors. They immediately steamed thence for Madeira, where the Empress will remain till April. It is said that she is wasting away.

The Paris and London journals report that negotiations, under the auspices of France and England, are actually progressing for the sale of Venetia to Victor Emanuel. Count Kisselef, Russian Minister, Thouvenel, French Minister, and the Austrian Ambassador, Metternich, have already had one or two meetings on the subject. England and France have offered to guarantee the amount to Austria.

The Empress Eugenie has received a kind of semi ovation from the Scotch. She has been waylaid by Provosts, who have inflicted short addresses upon her, most of them reminding her that she was a Kirkpatrick. Blood is certainly thicker than water, but with the Celts it is a disease. What can be more absurd than for the Irish to claim the Duke of Magenta as an Irishman, because his great great great great-grandfather had a Mac before his name? The Empress, however, has borne the *cacoethes* with exemplary patience. It is rumored that after her tour in Scotland she will meet her august lord and master, L. N., at Windsor Castle.

Highland Haymaking.—Rory More M'Kerrall was a bit of a wag, and altogether a screw in the charging department. He was landlord of the Argyle Hotel, Inverary, and once upon a time he was bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition, he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London; to which Rory, with unwonted nonchalance, replied:

"O, nae doot, sir, nae doot ava. But do you ken the reason?"

"No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily.

"Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gay, sensible callant, I'll tell ye. There's three hundred and sixty-five days in the London hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three months in ours. Do ye understand me noo, frien'? We maun make hay in the Highlands when the sun shines, for it's unco seldom she dis't."

MICROSCOPES FOR THE MILLION.

There is a man who sometimes stands in Leicester Square, London, who sells microscopes at a penny each. They are made of a common pill box, the bottom taken out and a piece of window glass substituted. A small eye-hole is bored in the lid, and therein is placed the lens, the whole apparatus being painted black. Upon looking through one of these microscopes, I was surprised to find hundreds of creatures apparently the size of earth worms swimming about in all directions; yet on the object glass nothing could be seen but a speck of flour and water, conveyed there on the end of a lucifer match from a common inkstand, which was nearly full of this vivified paste.

Another microscope exhibited a single representative of the animal kingdom, showing his impatience of imprisonment by kicking vigorously. Though I must confess to a shudder, I could not help admiring the beauties of construction in this little monster, which if at liberty would have excited murderous feelings unfavorable to the prolongation of his existence. The sharp pointed mouth with which he works his diggings, his side claws wherewith to hold on while at work, and his little heart pulsating slowly but forcibly, and sending a stream of blood down the large vessel in the centre of his white and transparent body, could also be seen and wondered at.

When the stock of this sort of game runs out, a common carrot seed is substituted, which when looked at through a magnifier is marvellously like an animal having a thick body and numerous legs projecting from the sides, so like an animal that it has been mistaken by an enthusiastic philosopher for an animal created in or by a chemical mixture in conjunction with electricity.

I bought several of these microscopes, determined to find out how all this could be done for a penny. An eminent microscopist examined them, and found that the magnifying power was twenty diameters. The cost of the lens made of glass of such a power would be from three to four shillings. How then could the apparatus be made for a single penny?

A penknife revealed the mystery. The pillbox was cut in two, and then it appeared that the lens was made of Canada balsam, a transparent gum. The balsam had been heated and carefully dropped into the eye-hole of the pillbox. It then assumed the proper size, shape, transparency and polish of a very well ground glass lens. Our ingenious lens maker informed me that he had been selling these microscopes for fifteen years, and he and his family conjointly made them. One child cut out the pillboxes, another the gap, another put them together, his wife painted them black and he made the lenses.

GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

Garibaldi is not only romantic in all his acts, but he makes even Kings romantic. The Turin papers relate a little incident, which is so very pleasant that we cannot forbear recording it. As it appears in the Sardinian official journal, there is no reason to doubt its truth.

When Garibaldi arrived at his island home, Caprera (so called for the number of its goats), he was surprised at the altered appearance of all things around him. His rude farm house, hardly better than a log hut, or a Dutch hill shanty, was converted into an elegant villa. Trees and shrubs had been planted, and the farm placed in excellent order. Fences had been repaired, and walls built. Indeed, had the wand of an enchanter been waved over it, the change could not have been more startling.

When he entered his home he was equally astonished. Every room was appropriately furnished, and in the chief apartment was an excellent portrait of the King, suspended to the wall, with this gratifying inscription under it: "From Victor Emanuel to his friend Garibaldi." The Isle of Caprera, now of historical interest, is on the north-eastern coast of Sardinia, in the straits of Bonifacio, and is about eleven miles long, and two to three miles broad. It is somewhat shaped like the island on which the city of New York stands. It is very fertile.

Garibaldi, in his parting address, announced his intention of returning in March, to Italy, when he should want a million of men to complete the work he had commenced; but if diplomacy induces the Austrian Government to sell Venetia, there will be no occasion for his intended campaign.

The Two Maps.—I will relate an anecdote connected with this projected edifice (the residence of Hyderabad) that will satisfy you that the Princes of the East do not lose much of their valuable time in the study of geography. Major Kirkpatrick, the Resident at this country, wished to obtain a grant of two or three fields to erect a structure upon. He requested the engineer of the English force stationed at Hyderabad to make an exact survey of the spot, and when this was finished upon a large sheet he carried it to the Durbar, and showing it to the Nizam, requested he would give the English Government a grant of the ground. The Prince, after gravely examining the survey, said he was sorry he could not comply with the request. When the Resident was retiring, not a little disconcerted at the refusal of a favor which he deemed so trifling, Meer Allum (the Minister) said to him with a smile, "Do not be annoyed. You frightened the Nizam with the size of the plan you showed him. Your fields were almost as large any of the maps of the kingdom he had yet seen. No wonder," said the Meer, laughing, "he did not like to make such a cession. Make a survey upon a reduced scale, and the difficulty will vanish." The Resident could hardly believe this would be the case. But when, at his interview, he presented the same survey upon a small card, the ready and cheerful assent of the Prince satisfied him that the Meer had been quite correct in his guess at the cause of his former failure.

The conviction expressed by the Emperor of the French, of the re-establishment of the Empress after the departure of her mother, has proved correct. Her Majesty is regaining strength and spirits every day. The only trace of the immense grief she has experienced is visible in the loss of her hair, which it has been found necessary to cut, in order to save its length and color. Her Majesty will henceforward adopt the *coiffure* so much worn in Paris for the last few months, and called *a la chien*, from its resemblance to poodle curls, which come down over the eyes and high up over the ears. Although this *coiffure* has not taken with the aristocracy, the patronage of Her Majesty will, of course, give it distinction.

Shocking Occurrence.—The trip of the Stourport volunteers to the Gloucester review was initiated by a shocking accident, which caused the death of a man named Felton. A small cannon on board the barge containing the volunteers was fired at the moment of starting. The vessel rocked a little as it was tugged off from the bank of the river, and this motion of the vessel raised the mouth of the gun in such a way that, instead of the hard wadding with which it was rammed being stopped by the side of the river, it unfortunately passed above where a large concourse of people were assembled. The charge caught a man named Felton, and took off the upper part of his head, bespattering his brains and blood over the horrified spectators of this unexpected disaster. Felton leaves a wife and two children.

A Royal Anecdote.—A certain royal lady is blest with one child of more wonderful seriousness and solidity of mind than all the other little princes and princesses put together. This scion of the House of Brunswick once asked Prince Albert what was the meaning of the words Cherubim and Seraphim, which occur in the Holy Scriptures and the Service of the Church. The answer returned was, Cherubim is a Hebrew word signifying "Knowledge;" Seraphim is another word of the same language, signifying "Flame," from whence it is inferred that Cherubim are orders of celestial beings excelling in knowledge; the Seraphim are celestial likewise, excelling in Divine affection. The child replied, "I hope that when I die, sire, I shall be one of the Seraphim, for I had rather love God than know all things."

A Gentleman in Paris is stated to have discovered a method not only of producing gold, but a metal even more valuable than that precious substance. A committee has been appointed by the Academy, and another by the Government, to ascertain whether the inventor is a savant or a lunatic.

VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, NORTH SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

THIS rising and prosperous city is naturally the centre of the greatest agricultural country in the world, and year after year the earth is pouring into the lap of the farmer its rich and abundant treasures, and from the force of present circumstances, the great political interests, not only of the State but of the Union, now concentrate here, and give it a position of extraordinary importance. The climate is singularly healthful, and the location very beautiful.

The city of Springfield was originally called "Calhoun." The first "plat" of the city was recorded under that name in 1823, and it received its present name on further additions being recorded in December, 1825. Its first organization as a town took place on the 2d of April, 1832, and this event seemed to give a concentration to business thought, for the town grew rapidly in size, population and commercial activity.

On the 20th of April, 1840, the inhabitants adopted a charter, granted by the Legislature, and Springfield became a city. In 1850 the number of inhabitants numbered five thousand one hundred and six; at the present moment, it numbers between ten and twelve thousand, so that Springfield has doubled its population in the term of ten years.

Its first settlement was some time previous to 1820 (the exact date not known), by a family of the name of Kelly, which settled in what is now the west part of the city. They were the first white inhabitants that disturbed the Indian in his peaceful possession. The first house was built by John Kelly, and was situated on the same spot where now stands the old frame dwelling, known as the Garret House. Another one of the Kellys built close to the spot where now stands the residence of Mrs. Trotter, and the third reared his humble cabin close to, if not upon, the identical place where Archer G. Herndon, Esq., now resides. The second family, if we are correctly informed, came here in the spring of 1820, and settled in that part of the city known by the old inhabitants as Newsomville, situated a little south and east of Hutchison's Burying Ground. Their names were Duggett. No other settlements were made in, or immediately around, what is now Springfield, until the spring of 1821, when several families were added to the infant colony.

All the original houses were simply log cabins, and years went by before such a thing was known as a frame house. The first brick house built still stands. It was built by John Taylor as a store-house. It is the little brick situated at the south side of Jefferson street, a little west of the residence of William Carpenter, Esq.

Springfield originally consisted of a little cluster of log cabins, situated in the neighborhood of the gas works. It was a long time before the town made any progress in the direction where the principal part of the city now is.

It may seem strange that Springfield ever had a rival for the county seat; yet, nevertheless, she had a very formidable opponent—one that contested the matter with her most bravely—one who, for a long time, counted sure upon victory; but, alas, for that rival now!—there is nothing left but its name, and that name is Sangamon. If we are correctly informed, not a single house is left in Sangamon town to tell the sad history of its disappointed hopes—its desolation and decay.

The first tavern that Springfield could boast was kept by a person named Price. It was situated on the place where now stands the residence of Charles Lorch. It was an old-fashioned, two-story log house. We sometimes hear the over-fastidious complaining of the present hotel accommodations. All such

VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, WEST SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, EAST SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

should have spent a week at Price's Tavern, and we predict that they would grumble never again.

The first tavern of any pretension was the old Indian Queen Hotel built by a prominent citizen, A. G. Herndon. It was the same house subsequently enlarged and improved by Joel Johnson, and was burnt to the ground several year, ago.

The first store for the sale of dry goods in Springfield was opend and kept by Elijo Iales. It was situated upon the same ground now occupied by the residence of the well-known citizen, John Hay.

In 1837 the seat of Government for the State was removed from Vandalia to Springfield, and the first session of the Legislature here was in the winter of 1839 and 1840. The Senate held its session in the Old Methodist Church, and the House of Representatives met in the Second Presbyterian Church.

The city of Springfield, at the present day, presents a handsome appearance. The streets are well planned and wide and straight: and the public square called State Square, which we illustrate, in the middle of which is situated the State House is e noble expense and e great business centre. Springfield contains many fine buildings—banks churches, hotels, &c., all giving unquestionable evidence of commercial prosperity and substantial wealth. The completion of the Chicago Alton and St. Louis Railroad was of great importance to Springfield, developing its resources and opening up to it the thousand beneficent influences which always follow the course of the great civilizing agent of the age—the railway. Other railways are contemplated and seem to be demanded by the rapidly increasing importance of Springfield, the capital of the great State of Illinois.

YANKEE GREEN "Um.—" Sonny, where's your father?"
" Father's dead, sir."
" Have you got any mother?"
" Yes, I had one, but she got married to Joe Dunkin, and don't be wot
mother any more, cause she says she's got enough to do to tend to his own
young 'uns."
" Smart boy! here's a penny for you.
" That's yo sir; it's the way I got my start.'
" How?
" Why by sellin' big yarns to green 'uns like you, at a penny a piece."

ERLE GOWER;

OR THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Santa in the Grass, &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"I am no wiser," he replied. "It is true I have heard you speak of him at times though always in an indicate, obscure sort of a way, as though you knew nor in what relation he stood to you."

"I do not possess his confidence respecting his earlier history, nor my own origin," she rejoined, in a melancholy tone. "I have often wished to learn what friends I have in the great living, moving world beyond the forest, but when I have asked him, then he has always answered me emphatically, 'None! But then, Cyril he knew not you."

VIEW IN STATE SQUARE, SOUTH SIDE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. BUTLER, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

"You never mentioned to him our meeting in the forest?" he said, gazing earnestly at her.

A rosy blush flushed her cheek. She knew not why; but she turned her clear, lustrous eyes fondly upon him and said,

"No, Cyril, you were my treasure kept within the secret recesses of my own heart. I wished no other tongue to breathe your name to my ear; no other eyes than mine to gaze upon you. I, in secret, rejoiced that I alone had the luxury of longing to meet you; of dwelling in rich, excelling happiness, on the felicity of those meetings when they were past. No, Cyril, I treasured you in my mind, my heart; but I did not reveal your existence to the only other being with whom I held communion."

"Dear Violet," he ejaculated, fondly; and then added, with a slightly perplexed air, "yet tell me, Violet, how came he to utter such harsh, unkind truths of me, if he know not that we had met."

"You remember yesterday how Tubal Kish rushed suddenly upon us from a thicket," she answered, quickly, "how he frightened me into a swoon, and that you bore me hither, while one, who seemed young and noble, like you, kept Tubal at bay?"

"I shall not lightly forget the occurrence, nor the brute who occasioned it," responded Cyril.

"On the appearance of the gamekeepers, who were in search of you, Tubal fled," she continued. "To-day he sought Ishmael, and he told him that he had seen me wandering with you through the secluded parts of the Chace, and that he had tried to separate us, but that he had been driven off. I have never seen Ishmael so fearfully convulsed or excited as when, having heard this, he taxed me with knowing you, and with secretly meeting you. In a very whirlwind of frenzy he questioned me, menaced me, terrified me, until he had extorted from me all my long-treasured secret, and then he lavished on you such bitter words; he spoke of you as one who designed to destroy me, and wished me to offer up, there, in his presence, a vow to the Almighty that I would never meet you more, in order that I might not live to curse you. He bewildered and frightened me; he declared you to be a cool, designing villain, whose love for me was a mockery, who regarded me as a toy to be trifled with for a moment, and then to be cast away, broken, shattered, destroyed. Oh, Cyril, those were cruel things to say of you, and I, at last, put my fingers in my ears, and fled from him, here—even here to summon you—that you might, as you have done, assure me that your heart was really as true and noble as it has always seemed to be."

Cyril, who had listened in silence and with deep, pained attention, now raised his eyes and gazed upon her young and lovely face, so trusting and confiding in its expression.

"I will be ever loyal to you, Violet, whatever the cost or the sacrifice, believe that," he said, with emphatic earnestness, and then added, "I must see this Ishmael, of whom you speak, Violet. Where is he to be found?"

"Here!" cried a loud voice, at the entrance of the alcove.

Violet uttered a shriek, and clung to the arm of Cyril.

"Ishmael!" she ejaculated, in a tone of affright.

"Fear not," exclaimed Cyril, reassuringly. Taking her by the hand, he led her up to where the tall, dark figure threw its shadow on the floor of dead leaves. Confronting the intruder with a firm and dignified aspect, he said,

"I would speak with you."

"Violet," exclaimed the intruder, in a loud, harsh, stern voice, "fling away with scorn that hand which dishonors you by its touch, and return to me while yet my arms may open to receive you within them and shelter you."

"Ishmael, indeed you wrong Cyril," she murmured, in a trembling voice.

"Silence, and obey me," he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder.

"She shall not need to obey a behest uttered in terms so unjustly and wickedly false," responded Cyril, releasing her hand. "I resign her to your charge, sir, because it is you, so she has told me, who has reared her, and that you have been kind to her, even though stern. But, man, remember too, that I resign her as spotless, as innocent, as pure as when you first beheld her an infant."

"And as free-hearted," bitterly subjoined Ishmael, for here stood the man who had introduced Erle Gower to Lord Kingswood.

Cyril started, but almost immediately replied,

"I think—I hope not."

Ishmael bent his brow and grated his teeth.

"Do you think, boy!" he cried, fiercely; "have you thought, when you with smooth words have wooed this simple maiden and won her heart ere she could know the inestimable value of the prize she has surrendered, and for what? Bad as your blood is, you have not thought, when, with more poisonous venom than a scorpion, you have seemed bright and fair, and charming to the eye, only that your sting might be the more deadly."

"I fling your base accusations in your teeth, man," returned Cyril, indignantly. "I met Violet in the woods long since, by accident, when we were yet boy and girl; our acquaintance is not of yesterday's making; our affection not merely of an hour's growth. For years, I tell you, have we associated, if in love, I swear by Heaven, in the very purest innocence. I invoke the wrath of the Supreme Creator upon me and my future actions, if I ever conceived an idea in connection with Violet not founded in honor, nor breathed a sentence, a word, in her ear playing falsely with my real intentions. If I have won her heart, my hand, my love, my life shall be devoted to her."

"Bah!" cried Ishmael, contemptuously; "those words have been uttered before by members of your race, with what results? To drive to ruin, disgrace, misery, madness, those who most trusted them. Do you know who you are, boy? Listen! You are a Kingswood, though not the heir of your house; you move in a high sphere; pride, ambition and other such vices are already in agitation to hunt in the artificial hot-houses of high and fashionable life for some exotic for you to wear through your wedded life. No lowly flower like my poor little wood-Violet here could rear its head among the haughty, the lordly and the heartless, in your sphere."

"But I tell you——" cried Cyril, excitedly.

"You tell me what?" interposed Ishmael. "That the hawk mates with the sparrow it pursues only to destroy. Hear me, and mark me. Your path and hers are widely different. They diverge in opposite directions. You cannot walk in hers, nor can she travel yours. Rather than it should be attempted, I will plunge my wood-knife to the haft in her heart, sure that it would be her happiest fate to die ere she placed a step on your lifeway. Nay, it is vain to oppose my determination," he added, as Cyril passionately and vehemently protested against his assumptions. "I give you credit for not having wronged this poor creature by an evil act—I pay that testimony to your youth, because at your age youth is generous, unselfish and far more often noble than base. But it is also impulsive, it forms impracticable notions, and is lavish of rash promises. I have interposed not a second too soon—nay, far too late for her peacefulness, until a better knowledge of the world and time shall have banished your image from her mind. You part now and for ever; and bear in mind what I say now, with stern resolve to keep my word. If you hunt or seek for her, to renew your pleadings, as sure as living you stand there, you doom her to death by my hand. Hark! the dinner bell of Kingswood Hall rises on the air; the scents of dainties ascend to regale the nostrils of the titled and the wealthy. Go join the proud and lofty, and forget the humble flower you would have plucked that it might wither on your breast."

"Hear me—hear me—man, I entreat you to hear me!" cried Cyril, in a frenzied voice.

"No!" he shouted, in a savage tone.

"Have mercy, Ishmael, if you love me," cried Violet, with a passionate burst of grief.

"I have mercy, poor fool," he answered, in a subdued tone. "It is because I love thee I act thus. Come."

Cyril dashed forward and caught her by the hand, but Ishmael tore it fiercely from him.

"Rash, mad boy, I have sworn to what I have promised," he cried. "Would you have me immolate her here before your eyes? Would you perpetuate the red blood-stain that clings like a brand on your accursed race? Stand back. You have looked your last on each other."

He drew Violet away as he spoke, but she stretched her arms towards Cyril, and uttered a wild, piercing cry. She struggled for a moment to escape from the strong arms of the stern man who clasped her, but the convulsive character of her agony overpowered her, and she sunk insensible in the tight grasp of Ishmael.

Maddened by what he beheld, his eyes flashing fire, Cyril laid his clutching grip on Ishmael's shoulder, but at the same instant his hand was roughly removed, and his arms pinioned behind by some new comer.

"Hold him in firm security, Tubal, until I am well away," cried Ishmael, sharply, to the new comer; "hurt him not, as you fear my anger, but liberate him only when you hear my signal."

As he concluded, he moved rapidly away, bearing the almost lifeless form of the forest maiden as if she were an infant, and leaving Cyril struggling fiercely and furiously in the hands of Tubal Kish.

CHAPTER XII.

The proud, high spirit with which Erle Gower had been endowed by nature was rendered morbidly sensitive by the singularly isolated position in which he had been placed. A glance of contumely, a word of scorn, an air of condescension, even expressions of compassion at his comparatively friendless condition, stung him far more acutely than they would have done if he had been surrounded by the usual social relations of life. There was not a vacation during the year at his school-home which, as soon as he began to think at all, was not passed in solitary ramblings, during which he brooded over his anomalous position. He had his boyish dreams of grandeur and greatness. In the bright summer time he would lay beneath the cool shadows of waving trees upon the crest of some wooded hill, and gaze wistfully upon the expanse of richly cultivated lands, stretching far away beneath him, and wonder whether he had descended from any of the lordly possessors of the fertile estates he then beheld. If so, why was he thus alone, and his origin unknown even to himself? Then he would speculate, and ask himself whether, if he were some poverty-stricken dependent upon the bounty of a secret friend, would it not be possible himself to found a house and become a great lord? The histories of eminent men, which already he had perused with eager earnestness, afforded him some brilliant examples; and he felt that, with expansion of intellect, accompanied by indomitable perseverance, energy and an unflinching attention to the object of his pursuit, that he might become as elevated in rank and as wealthy in possessions as the inheritors of many of the fair domains upon which his thoughtful eyes then rested. Such dreams, such fancies, such reasonings and speculations, attended by a constant sense of incertitude respecting his real status and his family connections, naturally made him more keenly alive to any observations, or to conduct which seemed to reflect upon his position. But, at the same time, it spurred him on to secure and to maintain a position among his school-companions which compelled from them a consideration they might not otherwise have been disposed to grant. At all manly games and athletic sports he excelled; indeed, it was not alone that he was animated by a desire to achieve a superiority, but he was urged on to attain it by the severity of the discipline to which he was subjected. No other youth belonging to the establishment attempted it, and he would probably have broken down under its rigor but for his haughty spirit, which enabled him, almost without exception, to conquer physical exhaustion. The exercise of his intellect had been equally severe, and he was nominated captain of the school, over many of his seniors in age, with whom he competed for the honor.

His removal to Kingswood had rather quickened his sensitiveness respecting the mystery of his origin, and thus the insolent threat which Philip Avon uttered when both were in pursuit of Lady Maud galled him more fiercely for its manner than its matter, and from that moment he regarded him with a hate which, without being base or ignoble, was nevertheless of a deadly character.

A gleam of triumphant joy illuminated his eyes when, having parted with Cyril Kingswood, he locked his door, and gazed upon the note sent to him by Philip Avon, and which he yet clutched in his burning fingers.

He believed that he was intuitively master of its contents, and he felt a species of fierce glee in the contemplation that he should, perhaps, have it in his power to yet more deeply mortify and humble Philip Avon than as yet he had done, by defeating him in a race for a life and by putting in execution the threat Philip had hurled at him.

He broke open the seal, and read the contents of the epistle, which were as follows:

"We have met in hate. My gorge rose at you when my eyes first fell upon you; our acquaintance, brief as it has been—yet too long—has sufficed to bring our antipathies into direct collision. You have crossed my path. You have thwarted me in seizing an opportunity I have long most ardently hoped for; and you have subjected me to a foul indignity to which no Avon of Hawkesbury has ever tamely submitted. I must have more than satisfaction. I must have full and ample revenge. I know not who you are or what you are; whether you are of good birth or a low-born, and, as you appear to be, an ill-bred fellow: I cannot now at present ascertain any satisfactory evidence on this point, and I must perforce content myself with the fact that you have been presented by Lord Kingswood to his guests, and placed by his wife on an equality with them; but that you are a poor dependent on his bounty I do not doubt by the scene which occurred at dinner yesterday. When you were ordered to quit the dining-room the Honorable Mr. Kingswood was snubbed for wishing to join you. I, however, waive this proof of the meanness of your condition in my desire to erase the stain with which my honor has been smutched by you. To merely lash you across the face with my riding-whip when I met you would not suffice to satisfy the insult I have received from you, nor the aversion I entertain towards you. I propose, therefore, to slay you or be slain by you; and although I do not believe that you are entitled to the consideration I am about to exhibit, still, as it will effectively settle the hostility between us, I prefer to adopt it. I request you to meet me this day week, at dawn—say at six o'clock—at that part of the Chace where the insolent words were uttered by you in reply to my request to give me a precedence which, by every right, was mine. I shall come alone; I shall expect to find you there alone—mark me—alone! I will bring the weapons, of which you can have your choice. I mention this, because you may not possess them, and your inquiries for such a loan may raise suspicions, satisfactory to you, perhaps, but which I, at least, am most anxious to avoid. I have named the day and hour of meeting, at the expiration of a lengthened interval, with the same object. Come, and alone, or be branded and lashed by me as an abject coward when and wherever I may fall across you. Your presence at the appointed spot is the only reply I need. PHILIP AVON."

At first Erle laughed in contemptuous scorn at this insulting epistle, and flinging it on the ground, crushed it with his heel. But presently he raised it up, and again perused it, crumpled and mutilated as it was, and as he read each coldly-calculated, deliberate insult, the most vindictive feelings took possession of him. Naturally impetuous, and possessed of feelings difficult to control, he had been ever ready to retort upon the contumelious, and to avenge an insult, but promptings of avengement had never degenerated to rancorous vengeance. Now he felt that Philip Avon's life was the only atonement he could exact for the numerous and gratuitous insults he had received from him. He was eager for the meeting, was irritated and vexed by the delay, and would have preferred that it should have taken place at once rather than so much time should be allowed to pass with the memory of every stinging observation eating its way into his soul.

As he had no alternative but to accept the terms of the challenge, he was compelled to put up with the bitter feelings it had created and would foster, but he consoled himself with the reflection that no day is so far distant that it cometh not at last.

He threw himself into a chair at the window, and gazed out upon the landscape, although his thoughts were far differently occupied. He noted not the decline of daylight, the rolling up of wreathing vapors eventually dispersed by the rising beams of the moon, or the exquisite scene presented to his eyes when the last white wreaths of mist had disappeared from the valleys. His mind was engaged in resolving that most vexing, trying, difficult of all problems, "What is love?"

Philip Avon, he had been told, was in love with Lady Maud. What did that really and actually mean? What was the true definition of the assertion? Did it mean that Philip Avon liked Lady Maud better than any other of her sex that he had seen? If so, so did he. Did it mean that Philip Avon thought her more beautiful in face, more delicate in form, more graceful in mien and motion than any other young and gentle lady he had beheld?—so did he. Would Philip Avon aid all that lay in his power to insure her happiness—would he not? Would Philip maintain her beauty and purity against the whole world? Would he live only for her? Would he die for her? Did that mean love? Erle proudly felt that no one suggestion equalled his own emotions on those points. There was nothing he could imagine that Philip Avon would do or dare for Lady Maud he would not surpass thrice ten thousand times, if it were possible. Yet did he love her?

How violently his breast throbbed as he put this question to himself! How bitterly his heart ached as he answered himself by saying, that if the strongest liking, if the most intense yearning to render devoted homage, and to render service of any kind, however dangerous and difficult, was to love her, then he loved her with a truer, more earnest, enduring and passionate devotion than could Philip Avon.

Their acquaintance had been only just formed, but in the interval which had taken place from the moment of their meeting until now sufficient events had been crowded to determine the point.

Yes, his heart ached as the conviction forced itself upon him that if Philip Avon's attachment to her was love, his own was love too, of a boundless nature. It ached because he associated love and marriage together. To win the love of Lady Maud was to win her hand. Philip Avon, the son of a wealthy baronet, the heir to a title and to vast estates, might, indeed, prefer a claim to win her hand if he could conquer her heart. But what if he enthralled her? How could he place her in that lofty, elevated position to which her beauty and her rank entitled her?

How? how? He clenched his hands and teeth as his humid eyes gazed out upon the broad lands, which, silver-gray in the moonbeams, spread out far and wide, still and silent, as if hushed in slumber. Was there no way by which he too could become master of woods and vales, of villages and tenantry, a frowning castle and a proud title? Surely the path open to others to pursue would not be closed to him—especially as he would enter upon it steadfast, earnest, energetic, with unfaltering resolution and unflinching perseverance.

Who could give him a clue, a track, a footprint to this path? It was all he asked, he would do the rest. Lord Kingswood, perhaps? Yes, he would not deny him this, he knew, for Erle felt that he was an unwelcome guest at Kingswood, and any proposition that would remove him thence would be welcome to his lordship.

A rather sharp and hurried knock at Erle's door interrupted his reverie, and it was repeated before he collected his scattered thoughts, and rose up to open it.

As he flung it wide, the pale moonbeams fell upon the pallid face of Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, who exclaimed, in low but rapid accents,

"My lord is in a towering fury at the absence of Mr. Cyril. Will he please to attend his lordship on the instant?"

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood is not here," replied Erle, coldly.

"Not with you, sir?" said Pharisee, quickly.

"What do you mean, fellow?" replied Erle, indignantly; "have I not said so?"

"I—I—Mr. Cyril was in your apartment, sir, when I brought you a note from Mr. Philip Avon," persisted Pharisee.

"Is that a reason he should remain here until doomsday?" rejoined Erle, sharply.

"Pray, sir, how long is it since he left you?" inquired Pharisee, anxiously.

"I cannot tell," returned Erle, impatiently. "It may be one, two, or three hours—I do not know what the hour is."

"It is approaching ten," replied Pharisee; and added, hastily, "Of course you are not aware that a commotion has taken place in the dining-room?"

"Commotion!" repeated Erle. "No. What has happened?"

"You are aware that his lordship is hasty and irritable," returned Pharisee, in a sleeker tone. "The absence of Lady Maud at dinner vexed him, because, added to your absence, it excited a host of questions, fears being entertained that both might have sustained injuries unnoticed in the excitement of this morning's desperate affair. Then Mr. Philip Avon took umbrage at praiseful words uttered respecting your act of gallantry, and had, when the ladies retired, some warm words with two or three gentlemen, who spoke in high terms of you. Sir Walter defended his son, and soon the difference extended, until a scene of wrangling, such as I never beheld at his lordship's table, took place, and was terribly heightened by Mr. Philip Avon, who had been drinking deeply, suddenly breaking out into the ravings of a lunatic, and eventually falling down in a fit. He has just been sent home in his father's carriage, which Sir Walter, in a fit of exasperation, had already ordered, and they have departed. It was then discovered by Lady Kingswood that Mr. Cyril had not appeared at dinner nor during the evening, and the result of her ladyship's inquiries, and those of Lord Kingswood, is, that Mr. Cyril was last seen in your company."

"Yourself being the informant?" observed Erle.

Pharisee bowed.

"Go acquaint Lord and Lady Kingswood that their son quitted me immediately you departed from the room," subjoined Erle. "As you know what the hour was, you can enlighten them. I have not since been visited by Mr. Cyril."

Pharisee, in the dim light which the moon spread over the apartment, was unable to observe the expression of Erle's countenance, and he could gather nothing satisfactory from his cold, stern tone. He rather doubted Erle's statement, but there was a peculiarly commanding, haughty manner with the youth which, in spite of himself, compelled him to treat him with a respectful deference. He therefore reluctantly, and with lingering step, retired.

Left alone, it is probable that Erle would have pursued his former train of thoughts, but his eye caught sight of lamps, and one or two blazing torches dancing and gleaming along the winding pathways of the extensive and beautifully arranged garden grounds. Then he heard a bugle sound, and voices cried "hillio!" lustily.

Then he saw dark figures tramping with hurried steps over the park, and spreading in all directions.

Then he remembered the strangely-mournful notes of the horn sounding in the direction of the Chace, the sudden and visible embarrassment of Cyril, who had hastily and perhaps unintentionally ejaculated, "The Wonder of Kingswood Chace." Further, there flashed through his brain the face and form of Tubal Kish, together with his deadly designs on Cyril.

It was but the work of a moment to seize cap and gun, to hurry to the corridor, key in hand, and unlock the door which communicated with the staircase leading to the outlet to the wood.

He descended in pitchy darkness till he could descend no further, and then, with difficulty and great exertion, he pursued his path, until he reached the rusted iron grating, opened it, and crept stealthily up among the thicket and undergrowth, and stepped out as before, into the copse in Kingswood Chace.

It naturally occurred to him, that where he had before encountered Tubal Kish, in a struggle with Cyril, he might, if they had met together there again, find some trace of him. He therefore made his way with a gliding step between the stems of the numerous trees around him, until he reached the spot where he had so opportunely appeared in Cyril's behalf. The spot where he halted was thrown into deep shadow by the close network of boughs, branches, and twigs above, but out in the glades the moonbeams lay upon the motionless grass and made it appear like a carpet of frosted silver.

As he turned his gaze upon various parts of the open space, a stealthy though a heavy footstep caught his ear, pressing down dead leaves, and cracking and crushing dry twigs. The sound proceeded at no great distance from him, and he at once glided behind a tree, to watch the approach of this night prowler of the woods.

At some fifty feet from him, the footstep paused abruptly, and diverged from his direction into the open glade. He looked eagerly thither, and beheld a man emerge from the shadows of the trees, bearing on his shoulder a lifeless human body, which he, with an affectation of carefulness, laid upon the cold sward. He placed his hand upon the heart, as if to ascertain whether it was yet beating, and then raised his head up and looked about him.

The moonbeams glittered whitely on his ghastly visage, and Erle instantly perceived that it was the scowling face of Tubal Kish.

A cold perspiration seemed to ooze from every pore. A clammy dampness gathered on his forehead, and for a moment his limbs felt paralysed.

Could it be the body of Cyril Kingswood that lay motionless at the feet of this ruffian?

While yet under the influence of this horrid thought, he heard the fellow say, in a coarse, gruff voice,

"Shouldn't tempt I, then. Didn't thee hear 'un say don't hurt 'un, but let 'un go soon as I signal? Well, why didn't 'ee keep quiet, then? What did 'ee fight and cuff I vor? What did 'ee break my head wi' gunstock vor? Oh, but was an unlucky blow vor 'ee. You be down now, not I. Wheogh, he be 'ell dead, surely. Aha! Philip Avon ha' promised to pay I well to kill 'un right out. Old Ishmael 'ull be savage if I do, but he'll be anger'd now and anger'd once vor all, so I'll earn Philip Avon's gold. I'll cut his throat, an' when I get the shiners, who'll find I?"

As he concluded, he drew out of his coat-pocket the same desperate knife he had used in the morning, and opening it, knelt down by the side of the still senseless body.

That very instant a tremendous blow from the butt-end of a gun knocked him over.

But his skull was not made of an ordinary thickness, and though a thousand fires flashed in his eyes, and he was stunned for a moment, he yet leaped to his feet, and beheld standing before him a youth, armed with a gun, awaiting his attack.

The moon shone on the youth's face and rendered every feature

distinctly visible, the frowning, knit brows, the gleaming eye, and the compressed lip.

Tubal Kish stopped in the midst of his fury, and stood as if frozen into a statue of ice.

His teeth chattered, his blood curdled in his veins, and he growled out, "The Spectre of the Chace, Kingswood of Kingswood!"

Then, with a wild yell of horror, he turned and fled, as though pursued by the phantom hounds of a weird forester.

Erle, surprised at the man's conduct, so strangely different to what he had anticipated, suffered it to affect him but a moment. He instantly directed his attention to the body at his feet, and, throwing down his gun, he knelt by its side, and raising the head gently and tenderly, supported it upon his knee.

The white beams of the moon rendered yet more pallid the marble countenance. There was a gash upon the forehead from which blood yet slowly trickled, the eyes were closed, the lips were compressed, and the hue of death seemed settled upon the features, which, with a sinking heart, Erle recognised to be those of Cyril Kingswood.

CHAPTER XIII.

YEARS of security and comparative repose gradually impressed upon the belief of Lord Kingswood a notion that retribution was a fable.

Vulgar acts of larceny, felony, higher crimes, up to murder were, of course, subjected to certain discovery, and the offenders almost unexceptionally to be tracked, captured and punished by the law, and, as Lord Kingswood believed, very properly too. But there were social "errors"—he styled them weaknesses, slips, failures, foibles, any word that let down the deed easily—which neither called for, and in nearly all instances never was, followed by retribution.

It was true that it sometimes did occur that the foible in question entailed on its victim shame, misery, ruin, degradation, death; but those were rare and exceptional cases, and where they did happen the result was attributable to the obstinacy and folly of the creature sacrificed, and not to the immolator, who was, no doubt, prepared to act "liberally."

Such were the opinions of Lord Kingswood, converted gradually, by time and experience, among his "set" into a doctrine. He now began to conceive his doctrine to be founded on a sandy foundation, his opinions to be of an illusory nature.

Since the arrival of Erle Gower at Kingswood, one mishap seemed

> "To tread upon another's heel,
> So fast they followed."

The embarrassing event of the morning had been followed by a violent altercation at his table—at *his* table, and among those, too, whose friendship he desired to consolidate, and whose influence he hoped to obtain.

This most vexing and annoying occurrence had been followed by the frantic ravings of Philip Avon, who launched forth yells of hatred, rage and defiance against his mysterious young guest, and the whole had been crowned by the unaccountable disappearance of his son Cyril.

If this was not the commencement of the first act of retribution, he was at a loss to what account to place it.

The dinner-party was broken up in confusion, and already, with a vague suspicion that something was wrong, several of the guests, in conjunction with servants summoned and instructed by them, spread themselves over the grounds in search of the absent youth.

Then it transpired that one of the under servants remembered seeing Mr. Cyril making across the park, in the direction of the wood, at an hour approaching the first dinner-bell.

The gamekeeper was at once sought out. He knew something of Mr. Cyril's haunts in the wood, and could lead a party in search of the missing young gentleman.

The gamekeeper, when communicated with, shook his head in a solemn kind of way so as to excite apprehension, and the distrust was not allayed when he called out his assistants and unchained the dogs, who were his companions when beating for poachers.

As soon as he had formed his party, they started, under his guidance, direct for the Chace, the hounds running on first in a zig zag course snuffing for scent.

The moon shone bright and placidly, and the party pushed on without meeting a living object or hearing a sound, save until they were far into the thickness of the Chace, then, abruptly, one of the dogs paused, and commenced running round and round a small circle.

Suddenly he stopped and set up a prolonged, wild, mournful howl, which made the marrow of those in pursuit almost freeze. The other dog joined him and gave the same terrible cry

The gamekeeper's brow fell yet lower, and he ground his teeth together.

"They scent human blood," he muttered. And then he, in a yet lower tone, mumbled the name of Tubal Kish.

The dogs went on rapidly, when suddenly a bugle-note was heard in another direction. It was followed by the report of a gun, and then by a human voice calling loudly.

"That's Mr. Cyril's horn," cried the gamekeeper, excitedly; "I know the note. This way—this way," he added, changing the route; "we're on the track now."

And so they were.

Through the wood wound its serpentine course a stream, bubbling and plashing against the pebbles it laved in its rapid progress. On one part of the banks of this running water they emerged.

A short distance above them they beheld, in the cold moonlight, two figures, one bending over and supporting the other.

In an instant they rushed up to them, and found them to be Erle and Cyril Kingswood.

Cyril had been restored to consciousness, but was yet deadly faint and weak. He gazed wildly around him, first on Erle's face, then on those who thronged eagerly about him.

A dozen questions were pressed upon Erle, but in firm and somewhat stern tones he bade the questioners reserve their inquiries for another occasion, and assist him in silence to lead or carry Cyril to the hall.

A litter was quickly cut and formed by the gamekeeper and his assistants, and the procession tramped back in silence to the hall.

On reaching it again, there were throngs of eager questioners, but Erle coldly repelled them. To Lady Kingswood, who made her appearance with a perturbed air, alone did he communicate that he found her son senseless under the attack of a ruffian in the wood, and had been able to save him from further outrage.

She pressed his hand with an air of gratefulness, and accompanied her son to his chamber, followed by the principal doctor of the district, who, being rather a leading man in the neighborhood, had been invited to dinner, and was then fortunately in the house.

Subsequently, as he expected, Erle was summoned by Lord Kingswood to his library.

He found him pacing it in extreme agitation, haggard in face and almost frenzied in manner.

As Erle entered the room, his lordship immediately turned the key in the door, and, advancing to him, said, in a tone half-smothered by acrimony and rage,

"What is the meaning of this horrible confusion, this distracting disorder, this maddening disarrangement of my household. Speak! explain!"

The imperious as well as wrathful manner of Lord Kingswood stung the pride of Erle severely. He at once checked all the generous impulses which would have urged him to be as explicit as it was in his power to be, and he became as haughty as his lordship, and as cold as he appeared to be excited.

"Your lordship must seek the cause elsewhere, not of me," he replied, calmly.

"Not of you—not of you!" almost shrieked the inflamed noble. "Until you darkened my tranquillity by your arrival everything around me was peace and order, as I could wish it to be. In my household the utmost regularity prevailed. At my receptions the dignity of my position was unimpugned, and the satisfaction of my guests unmarred. You have been a resident in my mansion but a few days—I could count the hours upon my fingers—and its whole economy is utterly disordered. Your whole business, your entire occupation since you have taken up your abode here, seems to have been to disorganize every arrangement which can produce harmony of action, and to place me in a false position of immeasureable inconvenience, perplexity and annoyance. I ask you again, sir, what is the cause of this?"

"I have, my lord, simply to deny the fact," returned Erle, coldly.

Lord Kingswood was convulsed with rage.

"What—what!" he cried, hoarsely. "You make your appearance in this house uncalled for—a spirit of damnation could not have so appalled me as did your unexpected presence. You appear at my dinner-table an unbidden spectre. You make yourself the hero of a mad freak of circumstances that I may be stung to death by questions concerning you. You thrust yourself into collision with one whom I am anxious to receive with distinction, and occasion a most undignified scene at my table. My son is suddenly and unaccountably missing immediately subsequent to an interview with you, and he is discovered in the centre of the Chace, brained, with you alone by his side. Do you deny this, boy? Can you add audacity of falsehood to your other delinquencies?"

"My lord," returned Erle, still coldly, "that events such as you have described have happened, I do not question. I simply deny that it has been my occupation to occasion them. The accusation is unworthy of you, my lord."

"Unworthy!" cried Lord Kingswood, exasperated by the remark, "unworthy of me—of Lord Kingswood? This effrontery is beyond endurance. You shall not remain another hour beneath my roof."

He hurried to the bell, but before he could lay his hand upon it he was arrested by the loud, authoritative voice of Erle, who exclaimed,

"Stay, my lord—reflect before it is too late. Remember I came not hither designedly."

"No, no," cried his lordship, sharply and interrogatively. "How, then?"

"My time had come!" responded Erle, with emphatic firmness.

Lord Kingswood staggered a step or two as he gazed into Erle's face, and then sunk into a seat and bowed his face in his hands.

Lord Kingswood began to have something more than a glimmer now that there exists retribution for a social sin, and though deferred or long delayed, it cometh surely at last.

There was a silence for a short time.

Erle stood with his arms folded, and watched his lordship's extreme agitation with questioning wonder. Presently he said, in clear, though low tones,

"It is for you, my lord, to say why I am here. At your request I have forborne asking questions of vital importance to me; at your wish I have consented to remain in this palatial prison unnoticed, and, as far as possible, unseen. I am yet willing to obey you in all things which shall not trench upon my self-respect or my honor. But as I have said, the time has come for my being here; so I warn you, my lord, that if you take any hasty step to fasten an indignity upon me—if I am not treated by your menials with an equal respect to that paid by them to the members of your family—the time will have come for me to extort—to wring from you, in the presence of Lady Kingswood, your son, the whole household, a truthful acknowledgment of those relations which make my presence here a duty on my part, and on yours an imperious necessity."

Lord Kingswood withdrew his hands from his haggard face, uprose and again paced the apartment with an agitated manner.

What could he do? He was fettered, bound hand and limb by that foible of his youth. Call upon him for an explanation of their true relation to each other before Lady Kingswood? Better bid him hang himself from one of the limbs of an ancient oak in the yet older Chace.

It was clear to him that Erle was master of the situation, and that, for the present, he must succumb. There was no help for him. He must wait upon Providence, and fall back upon the plan digested by himself and his valet Pharisee.

Erle still maintained his firm bearing, it was a gift of nature that he possessed, and although his position was a not unembarrassing one, he appeared quite collected. Again he voluntarily addressed his lordship,

"I owe to myself one explanation, my lord, and that is in reference to Mr. Cyril Kingswood."

Lord Kingswood paused abruptly in his agitated pacing.

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood, of his own will, uninfluenced by any word or intimation of mine, paid me a visit in the apartments your lordship has appropriated to my use. During that interview no word passed between us bearing reference to his future movements after he should quit me. He left, and your valet was the first person to acquaint me with an absence which was considered to be strange and a matter for foreboding. I confess, my lord, I was not without my misgivings, and, armed with a gun, I hurried to the Chace. After a time I discovered him senseless. I bore him to the banks of the rivulet which runs through the Chace, and by the aid of its cool waters restored him to animation. This is the only part I have played in an event which your lordship has unjustly accused me of having originated."

"For what purpose did Cyril visit the Chace, after having been a principal in the abominable adventure of this morning?" asked Lord Kingswood, abruptly.

"I do not know, my lord," replied Erle, promptly.

"But you—you had your misgivings—you hurried to the Chace, where, as no doubt you expected, you discovered him. What were those misgivings? what influenced you to proceed direct to the Chace?" rejoined Lord Kingswood, sharply.

"I decline to answer these questions," returned Erle, respectfully but firmly.

"Thus proving that you are connected with the event," subjoined Lord Kingswood, with a frowning, angry look.

"I repeat only so far as I have acquainted you with, my lord," rejoined Erle, unheeding the interruption. "I had no other agency, directly or indirectly, in what has happened, and can afford you no other information than I have given you."

"With which, I suppose, I must perforce, be contented," exclaimed Lord Kingswood in sullen anger.

After a moment's pause, he said,

"You have received a communication from Mr. Philip Avon. Your intimacy with him must be of the slightest possible kind, your acquaintance of the briefest, and it appears to have been of a singularly hostile description from what I gather. May I ask the nature of that communication?"

The face of Erle became suffused with a crimson flush. An explanation must bring Lady Maud's name into unpleasant connection with Philip's and his own. He resolved to perish rather than be the occasion of the pain such a circumstance would naturally cause her.

"Your lordship," he said, this time a little emotion being perceptible in the tone of his voice, "is entitled, certainly, to put that question to me. But I have an equal right to decline to answer it. The contents of that communication are strictly private, and your lordship, no doubt, is possessed of principles too lofty to induce you to urge another to violate a confidence reposed in a firm belief that it will not be betrayed."

At first Lord Kingswood was puzzled. What confidence could Philip Avon seek to repose in one whom he had branded with the harshest epithets?

It flashed across his mind that the confidence might include a hostile meeting. Philip Avon was a dead shot. Philip Avon might effect his deliverance from the dreadful incubus which now pressed so awfully, possibly so fatally, upon him.

He resolved to pursue this question no further.

He abruptly dismissed Erle from his presence, not, however, without urging upon him the necessity of keeping to his own apartments as much as possible, and when he went abroad to select the most sequestered and unfrequented parts of the forest for his ramblings.

Erle coldly assented, and hurried away, glad to be released.

Lord Kingswood had been in the habit of making arrangements which had been attended with perfectly satisfactory results. He had, since Erle's arrival, made others which were not to prove so complaisant.

It is certain that no such thought as the probability of an attachment springing up between Erle and Lady Maud crossed his mind. If he designed to keep them apart, it was that he was influenced by the same motive which urged him to prevent the daily association of Erle with other members of the family. The Unexpected was a secret he would have kept hidden from the whole world, even from himself, if he could. He, therefore, would, indeed, have looked aghast if he had suddenly found that his arrangements for Erle's seclusion were such as to afford him and Lady Maud frequent opportunities of meeting alone and unobserved.

The events of the remarkable day, crowned by Cyril's return to Kingswood Hall wounded and in a state of semi-insensibility, put to the rout all the guests who were there assembled, some to partake of Lord Kingswood's hospitality for a period extending over some ten days or a fortnight, and the following day the mansion was as silent and gloomy as though the whole family had been thrown into mourning.

Cyril was confined to his bed, attended only by doctor and nurse, for he was delirious, and uttered incoherent ravings, which none could comprehend.

Lady Maud, too, still nervously excited by the fright she had undergone, did not make her appearance.

Lady Kingswood, suffering from an attack of hysteria, kept close within her boudoir, employed mostly in reading a few hasty lines written in pencil, and thrust into her hand by the Marquis of Chillingham on parting with him the evening before.

Lord Kingswood buried himself in his study, a prey to anxieties. He sat the whole day through brooding over anticipations of a fearful kind, in conjuring up which he displayed a remarkable ingenuity; and Erle, as he had promised, studiously kept within his apartments.

Three or four days passed thus drearily and monotonously. Erle took his meals in his own room, and never went beyond the limits assigned to him, until he began to find his captivity insupportable.

Then he thought of the key of the outlet to the Chace, and resolved to avail himself of it.

This remembrance brought with it a recollection of that small Gothic key he had found in his former bed chamber, and which appeared to fit the lock of a closet door in the dreary old apartment in which, on his arrival, he had been installed.

Then naturally arose a craving to know what was behind that door; this craving, increased by cogitations, grew into a yearning.

Within the last day or two, in confirmation of what Pharisee had previously intimated to him, Erle had learned from other servants who attended upon him, that the apartments he had occupied at first were haunted. Especially communicative upon this subject was a smart, pretty girl, born and brought up on the estate. She was now Lady Maud's own maid, and she paid a visit to Erle as the bearer of a message of inquiry from Lady Maud respecting his health, a message which he received with a flutter of the heart.

The words of the message were formal; they expressed a regret that circumstances had unfortunately prevented the family meeting as usual, or Lady Maud would have personally made inquiries after his health, which she hoped had not suffered in consequence of his arduous and exhausting exertions to effect her safety. The terms were courteous, the act one of good breeding kindly exercised, but it imparted to him a strange, thrilling felicity. He put many questions to the girl respecting Lady Maud, which she answered with hasty brevity, because she had, needle sly, a rather larger share of curiosity than her sex is gifted with and as she knew, in common with the rest of the servants, that Erle had slept in the haunted wing, she wanted to know if he really had seen an actual, positive, right-down horrifying ghost.

He quietly enjoyed the expansion of her eyes, and the unequivocal shudder which convulsed her frame, as, urged by her curiosity into a freedom of speech not warranted by her station, she put the question to him, and he listened patiently to her garrulous relation of awful sights and sounds said to be seen and heard in that gloomy old quarter of the building. But he listened to her because she was Lady Maud's attendant, and because, unknowingly, she let fall observations which Erle fancied betrayed that Lady Maud had regarded him with interest even from the first hour of their meeting.

When the girl had gone, bearing his reply, the conversation he had just held seemed to spur on the wish to explore what lay hidden behind that quaint old black oaken door, until it became a fascination.

He was quite alive to the questionable character of the proceeding, but he had discovered the key in a mysterious manner, and there was about the place itself, his own connection with it, as well as his own singular condition, so much that was strange, extraordinary and enigmatical, and he resolved to push his inquiries further.

He had an inward conviction that a revelation awaited him, and he burned to become master of it. He quieted all objections that presented themselves, and waited until the household should be plunged into slumber before he attempted to quit his apartments.

Scrupulously, before the hour of midnight, the whole of the domestics were in bed, and as far as their own wishes were concerned, fast asleep. Erle sat for some time after the sonorous bell in the clock tower chimed the hour of twelve, and when at length assured that no person in the buildings was even awake, he took up his lamp and proceeded to leave his chamber.

With a light step he traversed the corridors and passages conducting him to the oldest portion of the building and ultimately he found himself in the antique apartment which contained the door of black oak he was so desirous of opening.

He never for a moment doubted that the key he had discovered would fit its lock, and on trying it he found that it did, but that, from long disuse, much exertion was required to shoot back the bolt.

It at last slowly yielded to his pressure, and ultimately flew back with a loud click.

At the same moment the door rapidly opened. There was a rustling, moaning sound, as of a strong blast of wind, a damp, bitterly cold, humid atmosphere blew chilly on his face, and instantly extinguished his lamp, leaving him in utter darkness.

To go back all the way to his chamber to renew his light he felt would be injudicious, yet to attempt to explore a place, wholly strange to him, in grim darkness, appeared absurd. Still, to return thus unsatisfied would only render him yet more restlessly curious than before.

He resolved to go on with his self-imposed task.

He was aware, by the rush of long pent-up air, that the door concealed a narrow passage which communicated with some other portion of the ancient erection, and stimulated by the romantic character of the position in which he had placed himself, and his own innate love for the marvellous, he determined to prosecute a search which, if attempted in the day, might be forbidden him.

A stouter heart than his might well have paused ere he attempted to enter a recess like this, shrouded in impenetrable darkness, but he believed it to be his destiny to follow out the singular adventures presented to him, and he plunged boldly in, groping his way carefully, stepping with caution, in case he should meet with an abruptly descending staircase, and pausing only after pursuing a labyrinthine, narrow passage, because he was checked by a door.

He tried it; it was firm, and a feeling of vexation and disappointment stole over him. Was his research to end in this unsatisfactory manner?

With a despairing feeling he passed his hand down to find the lock, and was rewarded by discovering it, and was yet farther overjoyed to find that his key opened it.

As in the former case, the door flew back with a sudden though noiseless violence. It revealed to him a large antique chamber, lighted through Gothic arched latticed windows by the moon.

His progress through a passage intensely dark endowed his youthful eyes with a new strength, and everything within this ancient chamber appeared to him vividly distinct.

He stepped within, and found himself in a somewhat spacious, antique library.

Numberless books appeared stacked within old black oaken cases: but though he approached them closely, he was unable, by the aid only of the cold blue light of the moonbeams, to decipher their titles on their backs. He could only perceive that they were large, quaint-looking old tomes, whose contents he longed to examine and pore over.

Suddenly the light of the moon was obscured by a passing cloud, and the room became so dark he could scarcely discern an object.

A low, wild moan caught his ear, and for an instant coagulated every drop of blood in his veins.

Then his memory and better sense told him the sound was but the sough of the wind predicating a coming storm.

With startling suddenness a burst of moonlight darted into the apartment, and fell upon a high, massive, antique chest, elaborately carved, and caused it to stand out before him in singularly bold relief. It was made of black oak, banded, and ornamented with steel studs.

He took a step toward it, and yet more instantaneously than before, the moonlight was withdrawn by a flying mass of cloud, and again a long, mournful moan rang through the room and thrilled all his nerves. It was the rising wind again; but it had a strange and ghastly sound, which for a moment subdued him, and he turned to find the outlet by which he entered.

He uttered a gasping cry of horror. At the farther end of the apartment, yet not far from him, stood a female figure in white.

It bore the same form and had the same features as that mysterious portrait in the old bed chamber, known as that of the Lady Maud of olden times.

There was a mournful smile upon the features, and the figure stood with upraised hand, in a graceful attitude.

It seemed to beckon him; and in spite of his stilled heart, his chilled blood, his awe, his thrilling nerves, an irresistible fascination seemed to attract him and compel him to advance.

He moved his almost paralyzed limbs, intending to approach it, when once more it was snatched from his seeking, straining eyeballs by utter darkness.

A howling blast of wind rushed fiercely past the building. The tempest had commenced; he turned and fled.

(To be continued.)

REPAIRING THE BROKEN PIPES OF THE CROTON WATER MAIN IN FIFTH AVENUE, AT SIXTY-FIFTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 74.

THE APPALLING MURDER IN TWELFTH STREET.

On Friday morning, the 7th December, one of the most daring murders ever chronicled was perpetrated at No. 22 Twelfth street, between Fifth avenue and University place. The hour at which it was committed, namely, about nine o'clock in the morning, when hundreds are passing on their way to business, is another startling proof that at no time and in no place is life safe in New York.

Mysterious and terrible as the Burdell murder was, there was the cover of night to give the assassin time to escape and opportunity to evade observation, but here we have a woman brutally murdered, after a protracted struggle, within a dozen feet of hundreds of passengers, and with a family living in the same house. The whole surroundings are well calculated to carry dismay into every household.

The public have, no doubt, noticed, as they walked along Twelfth street, between Fifth avenue and University place, a wooden framed house, the ground floor of which was occupied by Mrs. Mary Shancks, who kept a millinery and fancy store. Behind this was the apartment in which she lived, and which served as parlor, bedroom and kitchen. Above these rooms was a floor rented to a respectable family.

On Friday, Mrs. Shancks opened the store as usual, about half-past seven, and having displayed her articles, she went into her back room to prepare for her breakfast, which a girl was to bring her that morning from Mrs. Davis, who keeps a boarding-

FRIGHTFUL MURDER OF MRS. SHANCKS IN TWELFTH STREET, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, ON THE MORNING OF THE 7TH OF DECEMBER.

THE LAST SCENE IN THE POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL SPECTACLE OF 'THE SEVEN SISTERS,' NOW PERFORMING AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 74.

house in Elever-h street. This girl deposes, that at half-past eight she took the breakfast to Mrs. Shanoka who deposited it in her back room. The little girl then left. This is the last time Mrs. Shaneks was seen alive.

At half-past ten o'clock she was found by Sarah Ferguson, a seamstress, laying in the same apartment, quite dead, although warm, and still bleeding. Her throat had been cut from ear to ear, her face fearfully cut, and her skull fractured. Around were the evidences of a violent struggle—her head was to the stove and her feet in a skating position, towards the bed and the door. Our artist, who visited the spot an hour after the discovery of the murder, has given a most graphic and faithful picture of the appalling scene.

Beside the unhappy woman were a carving knife, covered with her blood—a chair, the leg of which had been used as a club to beat her—a stone pitcher, which had been broken to pieces against her head—altogether, our artist declares that the scene was one of unexampled horror.

The disturbed condition of the room showed that every cupboard and drawer had been rifled, and consequently that plunder was the chief if not the sole object of the crime.

As usual, the suspicion fixed itself upon several, but more particularly upon one towards whom the unhappy woman, with death's prophetic instinct, entertained a peculiar antipathy. This was a young man, named Alfred Buchanan, who had done some carpenter's work for her and performed some errands.

On Sunday, the young carpenter, Alfred Buchanan, was ar-

THE PRESENT LAW OFFICE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRESIDENT ELECT, IN FIFTH STREET, WEST SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74.

rested at Susquehanna, on the Erie Railroad, and brought to New York. He had fled there on the Saturday evening, and attention was called to him by his bandaged hands, scratched face and agitation of manner. Upon arriving there he had inquired for a Mr. Springstein, with whose brother he had worked in New York. Mr. Springstein hospitably received him, but could not avoid connecting the murder with his guest. He therefore seized an opportunity, and went to Mr. Seymour, a Justice of the Peace, and made an affidavit of the facts. He was therefore arrested and brought to New York. He acknowledges knowing the murdered woman, but denies being the murderer. He accounts for his wounds by saying that he got them in a fight in Mercer street.

It is said that he is insane, having been confined as a lunatic at Blackwell's Island.

GRAND CLOSING TABLEAU OF THE ROMANTIC SPECTACLE, "THE SEVEN SISTERS," AT LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.

It is said that the last scene in "The Seven Sisters," at Miss Laura Keene's Theatre, cost the management the enormous sum of three thousand dollars. This may appear extravagant to those who have not witnessed the splendid effects produced; but we will guarantee that a visit to this theatre, and a glimpse even at the scene in question, will dispel all doubt on the subject. All New York and its environs will, as a matter of course, witness this really wonderful and artistic exhibition, and judge for themselves. But for the benefit of our country friends, who may not be fortunate enough to visit New York during the run of "The Seven Sisters," we have caused our artist to reproduce with his pencil this brilliant vision of fairyland, and we must say that he has admirably accomplished his work. In the distance are seen the sylph-like forms moving as it were through mid air, and surrounded by rosy clouds; nearer the waters of a fairy lake glisten in the fairy-like atmosphere, while over its calm surface floats the queen of the realm, radiant in glittering garments and arowned with choicest shells. Over all this hang the fairy ferns, their leaves quivering as at the touch of a whispering zephyr, and every fibre apparently instinct with life; and, as a crowning wonder, a huge water lily, floating down upon the bosom of the water, opens its pearly leaves and discloses a living child nestling amongst its petals.

Truly is this scene a triumph for Miss Keene, and, in order to protect herself in the enjoyment of the fruits of her labors, she has both copyrighted and patented this work of her hands and brain.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST LAW OFFICE, HOFFMAN'S ROW, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

When Abraham Lincoln first went to Springfield, nearly thirty years ago, he ran for the Legislature, was elected, and served several terms. In 1837 he opened a law office under the firm of Stuart & Lincoln, in Hoffman's Row. This house, which still stands, is a very humble edifice, and the step from thence to the White House is a stride which even Lincoln at that time but little dreamed of.

Abraham Lincoln's present Law Office, Fifth Street, States Square, Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Lincoln's present law office is situated in Fifth street, west side of State Square. He is in partnership with Mr. Herndon, a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation. We give a sketch of both offices, taken by our special artist. They present a contrast almost as wide as the last step in the career of their occupant from either the one or the other.

NEW YORK WITHOUT WATER.

On December 6 a large part of New York when it rose found itself without water. Those who had patent faucets in their rooms could not wash, and applications to their neighbors were returned with a negative. There had been previously a notification from the Croton Aqueduct Board, requesting citizens not waste water, in consequence of repairs. But it was not in consequence of repairs, but of an accident that the stoppage occurred. When the two thirty-six inch mains which led along Fifth avenue and fed the entire city were laid down, they were covered with heavy rocks instead of earth, owing to the neglect of the contractor. A small leak in the pipes near Sixty-fifth street caused the earth beneath to form a cavity, and the pressure above broke the pipes entirely apart. The rush of water was immense, tearing up the ground and making general havoc with the grading. It was discovered by a policeman, who at once gave the alarm to the proper authorities, but owing to some mismanagement many hours elapsed before the water was shut off. In due time gangs of men were set to work to reach the pipe, but it was long before the exact spot of the accident could be found and repaired.

In the City.

Old pumps and abandoned wells were brought into requisition. In every direction went men and women with pails and pots in search of water. Trains were formed near the very few available pumps in the city. Among the places chiefly patronised were the pumps in East Broadway, Cherry street, in First and Third streets. But the great supply came from Brooklyn, barrels being brought during the day from there, the contents meeting with a ready sale at a high price. The hotels, printing presses and other large establishments were supplied in this way. During the day the Twenty-third precinct gave notice that the stoppage of the water would not affect the city above Seventy-ninth street. The police were notified to be as prompt as possible in case of fire in the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth districts. Steamboats were also informed that they could not obtain their supply of water from the city. The Union Ferry Company notified the Chief Engineer, Mr. Decker, that steam would be kept up in all their boats, and one kept in reserve at each ferry, to be used in case of fire. Inspector Carpenter was on duty all night to attend fires.

Nearly all the factories were obliged to suspend work, except those which had wells or their own tanks. Our own establishment was compelled to discontinue until water could be obtained from Brooklyn in carts. Great fear prevailed lest fires might take place, and in fact one soon burst out. As the place was a wholesale drug store, the destruction of the entire block seemed inevitable. The two largest main pipes being broken, the supply through the hydrants was very small indeed, scarcely enough to stiffen the hose while passing through. The arrangements of the Fire Department were so good that in a short time a heavy stream of water was brought from the river by means of the steam engines playing into the hand engines, and so on from one to another till it reached the fire. Two or more lines of engines were thus formed. What would have been the result had the fire been more central it is impossible to say, for the distance to the river would have been almost unattainable.

By dint of hard work the mass of rocks and earth was cleared away when it was ascertained that two lengths of pipe were broken. These were replaced as promptly as possible, so that within twenty-four hours New York was again watered.

Great praise is due to the inhabitants of Brooklyn for their assistance at the time. It may be observed in conclusion, that both scientifically and practically this accident has taught several useful facts to our surveyors and engineers.

Our deputy sheriffs, if we are to judge by the *Express*, have some very queer fish among them. One Farrell, who is now in Eldridge street jail for his misdeeds, while acting in the capacity of deputy sheriff, sold the goods of Mrs. Sharkland, 16 Bond street, although they were already mortgaged to another person. A man named Brown was also arrested as his associate in the robbery. The City Hall wants a thorough clearing from first to last.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Park Benjamin.

'Tis Christmas Eve. I hear the chime
Of bells announce the holy time.
The air grows muter as they fling
Their soft, sweet sounds afar,
As if, borne on an angel's wing,
Came music from a star.

'Tis Christmas Eve. I look above
And see, in thought, the mission'd Dove
Descending from a silver cloud,
With glory round his form,
While sounds a Voice, not wild or loud—
The Voice that hushed the storm.

That Voice comes blended with the tone,
Which, half in mirth and half in moan,
A gleeful requiem sings for all,
Who, in this holy time,
Will heed that solemn spirit-call,
The bells' melodious chime.

Ring on, sweet bells! ye bring to earth
Remembrance of the Saviour's birth;
And with it dreams of love and home,
Of innocent, calm days,
When guarded childhood loved to roam
In virtue's pleasant ways.

Bells, bells—sweet bells! the long ago
Comes back while ye are chiming so.
I sit my mother's knee before,
I view her tearful eyes,
And hear her, as she says, "Adore
Thy Maker, good and wise!"

Ring on! Ye stir the soul of prayer
Thus floating through the dusky air;
Your music breathes a fond accord,
As in that night of old,
When first the heralds of the Lord
Emanuel's coming told.

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Mathews.

(*Continued from p. 77.*)

They were invited to the table, but refusing, asked permission to sit at the fire, which being granted, they took their station on either side of the hearth. The younger staggered feebly to his seat, and kept his gaze closely fixed on the other.

"He had better take something," said old Sylvester, looking towards the young man and addressing the other. "Is your young friend ill?"

"With an ailment food cannot relieve, I fear," the man answered.

Turning slowly at this question, the young man answered,

"We may not prove fit company for such as you; and if so the event should prove, we will pass on and trouble you no farther. If every thread were dry as summer flax," he added, in a tone of deep feeling, "I, for one, am not fit to sit among honest people."

"You should not say so, my son," said old Sylvester; "let us hope that all men may on a day like this sit together; that, remembering God's many mercies to us all, in the preservation of our lives, in his blessed change of seasons, in hours of holy meditation allowed to us, every man in very gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for this one day in the year at least, may suspend all evil thoughts and be at peace with all his fellow-creatures."

The young man turned towards the company at the table, but not so far that his whole face could be seen.

"Have all who sit about you at that table," he asked, glancing slowly round, "performed the duty to which you refer, and purged their bosoms of unkindness towards their fellow-men? Is there none who grasps the widow's substance? who cherishes scorn and hatred of kindred? who judges harshly of the absent?"

There was a movement in different members of the company, but old Sylvester hushed them with a look, and took upon himself the business of reply.

"It may be," said old Sylvester, "that some of us are disquieted, for be it known to you that one of the children of this household is absent from among us for causes which may well disturb our thoughts."

"I have heard the story," the young man continued, "and if I know it aright, there are the truths of that history: There were two men, friends, once in this neighborhood, Mr. Barbary, the preacher, and your grandson, Elbridge Peabody. Something like a year ago the preacher suddenly disappeared from this region, and the report arose, and constantly spread, that he had fallen by the hand of his friend, that grandchild of yours. It began in a cloudy whisper, afar off, but swelled from day to day, from hour to hour, till it overshadowed this whole region, and not the least of the darkness it caused was on this spot, where this ancient homestead stands, and where the young man had grown and lived from the hour of his birth. He saw coldness and avoidance on the highway; he was shrunk from on Sabbath mornings and by children. But this was little and could be borne—the world was against him; but when he saw an aged face averted"—he looked at old Sylvester steadily—"and a mother's countenance sad and hostile——"

"Sad—but not hostile," the widow murmured.

"Sorrowful and troubled, at least," the young man rejoined, "his life, for all of happiness, was at an end. He must cease to live, or he must restore the ancient sunshine which had lighted the windows of the home of his boyhood. He knew that his friend had not fallen by his hand; that he still lived, but in a far distant place, which none but a long and weary journey could reach."

"He should have declared as much," interposed the old patriarch.

"No, sir; his word would have been but as the frail leaf blown idly from the autumn-bow, nothing but the living presence of his friend could silence the voice of the accuser. He rose up and departed, without counsel of any, trusting only in God and his own strength, he bore with him neither bag nor baggage, scrip nor scrippage—not even a change of raiment; but with a handful of fruit, and the humble provision which his good mother had furnished for the harvest-field, he set forth, day and night he journeyed on the track he knew his friend had taken to that far country, toiling in the fields to secure food and lodging for the night, and some scant aids to carry him from place to place—pushing on fast and far through the western country, in hunger and distress, passing by the very door of prosperous kinsfolk, but not tarrying a moment to seek relief."

At this point Mrs. Jane Peabody glanced at her husband.

"And so, by one stage and another hastening on, he reached that great metropolis in the south, the city of New Orleans; often, as hoped, on the very steps of his friend, but never overtaking him, with fortune at so low an ebb that there he was well-nigh wasted in strength, hunger-stricken and tattered in dress; driven to live in hovels till some chance restored him the little means to advance; so mean of person that his dearest friend, his nearest kinsman, even his old playfellow there," pointing to Mr. Tiffany Carrack, "who had wrestled with him in the hayfield, who had sat with him in childish talk often and many a time by summer stream-sides, would have passed him by as one unknown."

The glance which, in speaking this, he directed at Mr. Carrack, kindled on that young gentleman's countenance a ruby glow, so intense and fiery that it would seem as if it must have burned up the tawny tufts before their very eyes, like so much dry stubble. There was a glow of another kind in the captain's broad face, which shone like another sun, as he contemplated the young men, glancing from one to the other.

"The young man, bent on that one purpose as on life itself," he continued, silencing his companion, who seemed eager to speak, with a motion of his finger, "through towns, over waters, upon deserts, still pursued his way, and, to be brief in a weary history, there, in the very heart of that great region of gold, among diggers and searchers, and men distracted in a thousand ways in that perilous hunt, to find his simple-hearted friend, the preacher, in an out-of-the-way wilderness among the mountains, exhorting the living, comforting the sick, consoling the dying—and then, for the first time, he learned, what his friend had carefully concealed before, the motive of his self-banishment to this distant country."

His companion would have spoken, but the young man hurrying on, allowed him not a word.

"You who know his history," he continued, addressing the company at the table, "know what calamity had once come upon the household of Mr. Barbary, by the unlawful thirst for gold, that he held its love as the curse of curses; he thought if he could but once throw himself in its midst, where that passion raged the most, he would be doing his master's service most faithfully, more than in this quiet country place of peaceful households, but when he learned the peril and the sore distress of his young friend, he tarried not a moment. 'To restore peace to one injured mind,' he said; 'to bring back harmony to one household, is a clear and certain duty which will outweigh the vague chances of the good I may do here.' The young man cherished but one wish; through storm and trial and distress of every name and hue, if he could but reach home on the day of Thanksgiving, and stand up there before his assembled kindred a vindicated man, he would be requited fully for all his toil. He took ship; in tempest, and with many risks of perishing far away unvindicated, in the middle of the wild sea."

The widowed mother could restrain herself no longer, but rushing forward, she removed the young man's hat from his brow, parted his locks, and casting herself upon his neck, gave utterance to her feelings in the affecting language of Scripture, which she had listened to in the morning: "My son was dead, and is alive again—he was lost, and is found!"

Miriam timidly grasped his offered hand, and was silent. The company had risen from the table and gathered around.

"Now," said William Peabody, "I could believe—be glad to believe all this, if he had but brought Mr. Barbary with him."

The elder stranger cast back his coat, removed his hat, and standing forth, said, "I am here, and testify to the truth, in every word, of all my young friend has declared to you."

On this declaration the Peabodys, without an exception, hastened to welcome and address the returned Elbridge, and closed upon him in a solid group of affectionate acknowledgment. Old Sylvester stood looking loftily down over all from the outer edge of the circle, and while they were busiest in congratulations and well-wishes, he went forward.

"Stand back!" cried the old man, waving the company aside with outspread arms, and advancing with extended hand towards his grandson. "I have an atonement to render here, which I call you all to witness."

"I take your hand, grandfather," Elbridge interposed, "but not in acknowledgment of any wrong on your part. You have lived a hundred blameless years, and I am not the one this day to breathe a reproach for the first time on your spotless age."

Tears filled the old patriarch's eyes, and with a gentle hand he led his grandson silently to the table, to which the whole company returned, there being room for Mr. Barbary as well.

At this crisis of triumphant explanation, Mopsey, who had, under one pretext and another, evaded the bringing in of the pie to the last moment, appeared at the kitchen-door, bearing before her, with that air of extraordinary importance peculiar to the negro countenance on eventful occasions, a huge brown dish, with which she advanced to the head of the table, and with an emphatic bump, answering to the pithy speeches of warriors and statesmen at critical moments, deposited the great Thanksgiving pumpkin-pie. Looking proudly around, she simply said, "Dere!"

It was the blossom and crown of Mopsey's life the setting down and full delivery to the family of that, the greatest pumpkin-pie ever baked in that house, from the greatest pumpkin ever reared among the Peabodys in all her long backward recollection of past Thanksgivings; and her manner of setting it down was, in its most defiant form, a clincher and a challenge to all makers and bakers of pumpkin-pies, to all cutters and carvers, to all diners and eaters, to all friends and enemies of pumpkin-pie in the thirty or forty United States. The Brundages, too, might come and look at it if they had a mind to!

The Peabody family, familiar with the pie from earliest infancy, were struck dumb, and sat silent for the space of a minute, contemplating its vastness and beauty. Old Sylvester even, with his hundred years of pumpkin-pie experience, was staggered, and little Sam jumped up and clapped his hands in his old grandfather's arms, and struggled to stretch himself across, as if he would appropriate it, by actual possession, to himself. The joy of the Peabodys was complete, for the lost grandson had returned, and the Thanksgiving pie was a glorious one, and if it was the largest share that was allotted to the returned Elbridge, will any one complain? And yet at times a cloud came upon the young man's brow—when dinner was passed with pleasant family talk, questionings and experiences, as they sat about the old homestead hearth—which even the playful gambols of the children, who sported about him like so many friendly spirits, could not drive away. The heart of cousin Elbridge was not in their childish freaks and fancies, as it had been in other days. The shining solitude looking in at the windows seemed to call him without.

As though it had caught something of the genial spirit that glowed within the house, the wind was laid without, and the night softened with the beauty of the rising moon. With a sadness on his brow which neither the old homes end nor the pure heavens cast there, Elbridge went forth into the calm night, and sitting for a while by the road beneath an ancient locust tree, where he had often read his book in the summer-times of boyhood, he communed with himself. He was happy—what mortal man could be happier?—in all his wishes come to pass; his very dreams had taken life, and proved to be realities and friends, and yet a sadness he could not drive away followed his steps. Why was this? That moment, if his voice or any honorable and sinless motion of his hand could have ordained it, he would have dismissed himself from life, and ceased to be a living partaker in the scenes about him. Even then—for happy as he was, he dreaded, in prophetic fear, the chances which beset our mortal path. The weight of mortality was heavy upon the young man's spirit.

Thinking over all the way he had passed, oh! who could answer that he, with the thronging company of busy passions and desires, could ever hope to reach an old age and never go astray? Oh, blessed is he (he thought) who can lie down to death, can close his account with this world, having safely escaped the temptations, the crimes, the trials, which make of good men even, in moments of weakness and misjudgment, the false speaker, the evil-doer, the slanderer, the coward, the hasty assailant, and (oh, dreadful, perchance!) the seeming guilty murderer himself. Strange thoughts for a prosperous lover's night, but earth is not heaven. With the sweat of anguish on his brow he bowed his head as one whose trouble is heavy to be borne. Yet even then the thought of the sweet heaven over him, with all its glorious promises, came upon him, and as he lifted up his eyes from the earth, the moon sailing forth from the clouds, and flooding the region with silver light, disclosed a figure so gentle and delicate, and in its features so pure of all our common passions, it seemed as if his troubled thoughts had summoned a spirit before him from the better world. As he stood regarding it in melancholy calmness, it extended towards him a hand.

"No, no," he said, declining the gentle salutation and retiring a pace, "touch me not, Miriam, I am not worthy of your pure companionship. If you knew what passed and is passing in my breast you would loathe me as a leper."

She was silent, and dropped her eyes before him.

"Think not, my gentle mistress," he added presently, "my heart is changed towards you. The glow is only too bright and warm."

"If you love me not, Elbridge," she interposed quickly, "fear not to say so, even now. I will bear the pang as best I can."

"You have suffered too much already," he rejoined, touched to the heart. "My long silence must have been as death to one so kind and gentle."

"I have suffered," was all she said. "One word from you in your long absence would have made me happy."

"It would, I know it would, and yet I could not speak it," Elbridge replied. "When, with a blight upon my name, I left those halls," pointing to the old homestead standing in shadow of the autumn trees, "I vowed to know them no more, that my step should never cross their threshold, that my voice should never be heard again in those ancient chambers, that no being of all that household should have a word from these lips or hands till I could come back a vindicated man; that I would perish in distant lands, find a silent grave among strangers, far from mother and her I loved, or that I would come back with my lost friend, in his living form, to avouch and testify my truth and innocence."

"And had you no thought of me in that cruel absence, dear Elbridge?" asked Miriam.

"Of you!" he echoed, now taking her hand, "of you! When in all these my wanderings, in weary nights, in lonely days, on seas and deserts far away, sore of foot and sick at heart, making my couch beneath the stars, in the tents of savage men, in the shadow of steeples that know not our holy faith, was it not my religion and my only solace that one like you thought of me as I of her, and though all the world abandoned and distrusted the wanderer, there was one star in the distant horizon which yet shone true, and trembled with a hopeful light upon my path!"

"Are we not each others now?" she whispered softly, as she lay her gentle head upon his bosom; "and if we have erred, and repent but truly, will not He forgive us?"

As she lifted up her innocent face to heaven, did not those gentle tears which fell unheard by mortal ear, from those fair eyes, drop in hearing of Him who hears and acknowledges the latest sound of true affection, through all the boundless universe, musically as the chime of holy Sabbath bells?

"You are my dear wife," he answered, folding her close to his heart, "and if you forgive and still cherish me, happiness may still be ours; and although no formal voice has yet called us one, by all that's sacred in the stillness of the night, and by every honest beating of this heart, dear Miriam, you are mine, to watch, to tend, to love, to reverence, in sickness, in sorrow, in care, in joy: by all that belongs of gaiety to youth, to manhood and to age, we will have one home, one couch, one fireside, one grave, one God, and one hereafter."

An old familiar instrument, swept as he well knew by his mother's fingers, sounded at that moment from the homestead, and hand in hand, blending their steps, they returned to the Thanksgiving household within.

CHAPTER X.—THE CONCLUSION.

When Elbridge and Miriam re-entered the homestead, they found the best parlor, which they had left in humble dependence on the light of a single home-made wick, now in full glow, and wide awake in every corner, with a perfect illumination of lamps and candles; and every thing in the room had woked up with them. The old brass andirons stood shining like a couple of bareheaded little grandfathers by the hearth; the letters in the sampler over the mantel, narrating the ages of the family, had renewed their color, the tall old clock, allowed to speak again, stood like an overgrown schoolboy with his face newly washed, stretching himself up in a corner; the painted robins and partridges on the wall, now in full feather, strutting and flying about in all the glory of an unfading plumage; and at the rear of all, the huge back-log on the hearth glowed and rolled in his place as happy as an alderman at a city feast. The Peabodys, too, partook of the new illumination, and were there in their best looks, scattered about the room in cheerful groups, while in the midst of all the widow Margaret, her face lighted with a smile which came there from far-off years, holding in her hand, as we see an angel in the sunny clouds in old pictures, the ancient harpsichord, which till now had been laid away as out of use for many a long day of sadness.

While Elbridge and Miriam stood still in wonder at the sudden change of th.

living pageant, old Sylvester, his white head carried proudly aloft, appeared from the sitting-room with Mr. Barbary, a quaint figure, freed now of his long coat, and bearing no trace of travel on his neat apparel and face of cheerful gravity. Leaving the preacher in the centre of the apartment, the patriarch advanced quietly towards the young people, and addressing himself to Elbridge, said, "My children, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Anything, grandfather!" Elbridge answered promptly.

"You are sure?" old Sylvester's eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"It would be the pleasure and glory of my young days," Elbridge answered again, "to crown your noble old age, grandfather, with any worthy wreath these hands could fashion, and not call it a favor either."

Old Sylvester, smiling from one to the other, said, "You are to be married immediately."

The young couple fell back and dropped each the other's hand, which they had been holding. Miriam trembled and shrunk the farthest away.

"You will not deny me?" the grandfather said again. "You are the youngest, and the last whom I can hope to see joined in that bond which is to continue our name and race. It is my last request on earth."

At these simple words, turning, and with a fond regard which spoke all their thoughts, Miriam and Elbridge took again each the other's hand, and drew close side to side. The company rose, and Mr. Barbary was on the point of speaking, when there emerged upon the family scene, from an inner chamber, as though he had been a foreigner entering a fashionable drawing-room, Mr. Tiffany Carrack, in the very blossom of full dress, his hair in glossy curl, with white neckcloth and waistcoat of the latest cut and tie, coat and pants of the purest model, pumps and silk stockings, bearing in his hand a gossamer pocket-handkerchief, which he shook daintily as he advanced, and filled the room with a strange fragrance. With mincing step, just dotting the ground, his whole body shaking like a delicate structure in danger every moment of tumbling to the ground, he advanced to where Miriam and Elbridge stood before Mr. Barbary.

"Why, really, 'pon my life and honor, Miriam, you are looking quite charming this evening."

"She should look so now, if ever, Tiffany," said old Sylvester, "for she is just about to be married to your cousin Elbridge."

"No, you don't mean that?" said Mr. Tiffany, touching the tawny tufts tenderly with his perfumed pocket-handkerchief. "Oh, woman! woman! what is your name?" He hesitated for a reply.

"Perfidy!" suggested Mr. Oliver Peabody.

"Yes, that's it. Have I lived to look on this," Mr. Tiffany continued; "to have my young hopes blighted, the rose of my existence cropped, and all that? Is it for this," addressing Miriam directly—he had been talking before to the air, "is it for this I went blackberrying with you in my tender infancy! Is it for this that in the heyday of youth I walked with you to the school-house down the road! Was it for this, that in the prime of manhood I breathed soft music in your ear at the witching time of night!"

As he arrived at this last question, Mopsey, in her new gown of gorgeous pattern, and having laid aside her customary broad-bordered cap, with a high-crowned turban of red and yellow cotton handkerchief on her head, appeared at the parlor door. Mr. Tiffany paused; he saw the Moorish princess before him; rallying, however, he was proceeding to describe himself as a friendly troubadour, whose affection had been responded to, when the captain, placing his mouth to his ear, as in confidence, uttered, in a portentous whisper, "the rat."

Mr. Tiffany immediately lost all joint and strength, subsided into a chair at a distance, and from that moment looked upon the scene like one in a trance.

"All right," said Mr. Oliver, glancing at him, "I don't see just now that, in any point of view, this young gentleman is destined to carry the principles of free government—anywhere."

The family being now all gathered, Mr. Barbary proceeded, employing a simple and impressive form in use in that family from its earliest history:

"You, the bridegroom and the bride, who now present yourselves candidates of the covenant of God and of your marriage before him, in token of your consenting affections and united heart, please to give your hands to one another.

"Mr. Bridegroom, the person whom you now take by the hand, you receive to be your married wife; you promise to love her, to honor her, to support her, and in all things to treat her as you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced is by the laws of Christ made your duty—a tender husband, with unspotted fidelity till death shall separate you.

"Mrs. Bride, the person whom you now hold by the hand you accept to be your married husband; you promise to love him, to honor him, to submit to him, and in all things to treat him as you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced is by the laws of Christ made your duty—an affectionate wife, with inviolable loyalty till death shall separate you.

"This solemn covenant you make, and in this sacred oath bind your souls in the presence of the Great God, and before these witnesses.

"I then declare you to be husband and wife, regularly married according to the laws of God and the Commonwealth; therefore, what God hath thus joined together let no man put asunder."

When these words had been solemnly spoken, the widow Margaret struck her ancient harpsichord to an old familiar tune of plaintive tenderness, and the young bridegroom, holding Miriam's hand in an affectionate clasp, answered the music with a little hymn or carol, often used before among the Peabodys on a like occasion:

"Entreat me not—I ne'er will leave thee,
Ne'er loose this hand in bower or hall;
This heart, this heart shall ne'er deceive thee,
This voice shall answer ever to thy call."

To which Miriam, after a brief pause of hesitation, in that tone of chanting almost familiar to her, answered,

"Thy God is mine, where'er thou rovest,
Where'er thou dwellest there too will I dwell;
In the same grave shall she thou lovest
Lie down with him she loves so well."

Like a cheerful voice answering to these, and wishing, out of the mysterious darkness of night, all happiness and prosperity to the young couple, the silver call of Chanticleer arose without, renewed and renewed again, as if he could never tire of announcing the happy union to all the country round.

And now enjoyment was at its height among the Peabodys, helped by Plenty, who, with Mopsey for chief assistant, hurried in with plates of shining pippins, baskets of nuts, brown jugs of new cider of home-made vintage. Mrs. Carrack, who had selected the simplest garment in her wardrobe, moving about in aid of black Mopsey, tendering refreshment to her old father first, and Mrs. Jane Peabody insisting on being allowed to distribute the walnuts with her own hand.

The children, never at rest for a moment, frisked to and fro like so many merry dolphins, disporting in the unaccustomed candlelight, to which they were commonly strangers. They were listened to in their childish prattle kindly by every one, indulged in all their foolish ways, as if the grown-up Peabodys, for this night at least, believed that they were indeed little citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven straying about this wicked world on parole. Uncle Oliver, once more spreading his Declaration of Independence handkerchief on his knees, attempted to put them to the question as to their learning. They all recognized Dr. Franklin, with his spectacles thrown upon his brow, among the signers, but, denying all knowledge of anything more, ran away to the captain, who was busy building, a dozen at a time, paper packet-ships, and launching them upon the table for a sea.

In the very midst of the mirthful hubbub old Sylvester called Robert and William to his side, and was heard to whisper,

"Bring 'em in!"

William and Robert were gone a moment and returned, bearing, under heavy headway, tumbling and pitching on one side constantly, two ancient spinning-wheels, Mopsey following with snowy flecks of wool and spinning-sticks. Old Sylvester arose, and delivering a stick and flock to Mrs. Carrack and Mrs. Jane Peabody, requested them, in a mild voice, and as a matter of course already settled, "to begin." A spinning-match!

"Yes; anything you choose to-night, father."

Rolling back their sleeves, adjusting their gowns, the wheels being planted on either side of the fireplace, Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Carrack, stick in hand, seized each on her allotment of wool and sent the wheels whirling. It was a cheerful sight to see the two matrons closing-in upon the wheel, retiring, closing-in again. Whose wheel is swiftest, whose thread truest? Now Mrs. Jane—now Mrs. Carrack. If either, Mrs. Carrack puts the most heart in her work.

"Now she looks like my Nancy," said old Sylvester, in a glow, "as when she used to spin and sing in the old upper chamber."

Away they go. Whose thread is swiftest, whose thread the truest now?

While swift and free the contest wages, the parlor door standing open, and beyond that the door of the sitting-room, look down the long perspective. Do you not see in the twilight of the kitchen fire a dark head lighting up, as in flashes, with a glittering row of teeth, with a violent agitation of the body, with gusty ha-ha's and fragments of an uproarious chant flying through the door, something to this effect:

"Oh, de fine ladies, how dey do spin—spin—spin,
Like de gals long ago—long ago!
I bet te'der one don't win—win—win,
Kase de diemond flowers on her fingers grow.
Lay down your white gloves, take up de wool,
Round about de whirly wheel go;
Back'ard and for'ard nimble feet pull,
Like de nice gals long—long ago!"

Silence follows, in which nothing is observable from that quarter more than a great pair of white eyes rolling about in the partial darkness. Who was other than pleased that, in spite of Mopsey's decision, old Sylvester determined that if either, Mrs. Carrack's work was done a little the soonest, and that her thread was a little the truest?

During the contest, the old merchant and his wife had conversed, closely, apart—the green shade had lost its terrors, and he could look on it steadily now; and at the close, William Peabody, approaching the fireplace, drew from his bosom the old parchment deed, which in his hunger for money had so often disquieted his visits to the homestead, and thrust it into the very heart of the flame, which soon thrived fed it up, and, conveying it out at the chimney, before the night was past spread it in peaceful ashes over the very grounds which it had so long disturbed.

"So much for that!" said the old merchant, as the last flake vanished. "And now, nephew," he addressed himself to Elbridge, "fulfilling an engagement connected with your return, I resign to you all charge of your father's property."

"Did you bring anything with you from the Gold Region?" Mrs. Carrack interposed.

"Not one cent, aunt," Elbridge answered promptly.

"You may add, William," pursued Mrs. Carrack, "the sums of mine you have in hand."

William Peabody was pausing on this proposition, the sums in question being at that very moment embarked in a most profitable speculation.

Upon the very height of the festivity, when it glowed the brightest and was most musical with mirthful voices, there had come to the casement a moaning sound as if borne upon the wind from a distance—a wailing of anguish, at the same time like and unlike that of human suffering. By slow advances it approached nearer and nearer to the homestead, and whenever it arose it brought the totally enjoyment to a momentary pause. It had drawn so near that it sounded now again, as if in mournful lamentation, at the very door, when Mopsey, her dark face almost white, and her brow wrinkled with anxiety, rushed in.

"Grandfather," she said, addressing old Sylvester, "blind Sorrel's dying in the door-yard."

There was not one in that company whom the announcement did not cause to start. Led by old Sylvester, they hastily arose, and, conducted by Mopsey, followed to the scene. Blind Sorrel was lying by the moss-grown horse-trough at the gate.

"I noticed her through the day," said Oliver, "wandering up the lane as if she was seeking the house."

"The death agony must have been upon her then," said William Peabody, shading his eyes with his hand.

"She remembered, perhaps, her young days," old Sylvester added, "when she used to crop the door-yard grass."

Mopsey, in her solicitude to have the deathbed of poor blind Sorrel properly attended, had brought with her in the event of the paling or obscuration of the moon, a dark lantern which she held tenderly aside, as though the poor old creature still possessed her sight; immovable herself as though she had been a swarthy image in stone, while on the other side, William Peabody, near her head, stood gazing upon the animal with a fixed intensity, breathing hard and watching her dying struggle with a rigid steadiness of feature almost painful to behold.

"Has carried me to mill many a day," he said, "some pleasant hours of my life spent upon her back, sauntering along at early day."

"Your mother rode her to meeting," Sylvester addressed his second son, "on your wedding-day, Oliver. Sorrel was of a long-lived race."

"She was the gentlest horse-creature you ever owned, father," added Mrs. Carrack, turning affectionately towards old Sylvester, "and humored us girls when we rode her as though she had been a blood relation."

"I'm not so sure of that," Mr. Tiffany Carrack rejoined, "for she has dumped me in a ditch more than once."

"That was your own careless riding, Tiffany," said the captain. "I don't believe she had the least ill-will towards any living creature, man or beast."

It was observed that whenever William Peabody spoke, blind Sorrel turned her feeble head in that direction, as if she recognised and singled out his voice from all the others.

"She knows your voice, father, even in her darkness," said the captain, "as the sailor tells his old captain's step on deck at night."

"Well, she may, Charles," the merchant replied, "for she was foaled the same day I was born."

The old creature moaned and heaved her side fainter and fainter.

"Speak to her, William," said the old grandfather.

William Peabody bent down, and in a tremulous voice said, "Sorrel, do you know me?"

The poor blind creature lifted up her aged head feebly towards him, heaved her weary side, gasped once and was gone. The moon, which had been shining with a clear and level light upon the group of faces, dipped at that moment behind the orchard trees, and at the same instant the light in the lantern flickering feebly, was extinguished.

"What do you mean by putting the light out, Mopsey?" old Sylvester asked.

"I knew de old lamp would be goin' out, massa, soon as ever blind Sorrel die; I tremble so I do' no what I'm sayin'." It was poor Mopsey's agitation which had shaken out the light.

"Never shall we know a more faithful servant, a truer friend than poor blind Sorrel," they all agreed, and bound still closer together by so simple a bond as common sympathy in the death of the poor old blind family horse, they returned within the homestead.

They were scarcely seated again when William Peabody, turning to Mrs. Carrack, said, "Certainly," referring to the transfer of the money of hers in his hands to Elbridge, "he will need some ready money to begin the world with."

All was cheerful friendship now; the family reconciled in all its members, sitting about their aged father's hearth on this glorious Thanksgiving night, the gayer mood subsiding, a sudden stillness fell upon the whole house, such as precedes some new turn in the discourse.

Old Sylvester Peabody sat in the centre of the family, moving his body to and fro gently, and lifting his white head up and down upon his breast; his whole look and manner strongly arresting the attention of all—of the children not the least. After a while the old man paused, and looking mildly about, addressed the household.

"This is a happy day, my children," he said, "but the seeds of it were sown, you must allow an old man to say, long, long ago. If one good Being had not died in a far country and a very distant time, we could not have this comfort now."

The children watched the old grandfather more closely.

"I am an old man, and shall be with you, I feel, but for a little while yet, as one who stands at the gate of the world to come, looking through and through which he is soon to pass, will you not allow me to believe that I thought of the hopes of your immortal spirits in your youth?"

As being the eldest, and answering for the rest, William Peabody replied, "We will."

"Did I not teach you then, or strive my best to teach, that there was but one Holy God?"

"You did, father, you did!" the widow Margaret answered.

"That his only Son died for us?"

"Often, often!" said Mrs. Carrack.

"That we must love one another as brethren?"

"At morning and night, in winter and summer—by the hearth and in the field, you did," Oliver rejoined.

"That there is but one path in happiness and peace here and hereafter," he continued, "through the performance of our duty towards our Maker, and our fellow-men of every name, and tongue, and clime, and color; to love your dear native land as she sits happy among the nations, but to remember this, our natural home, is but the ground-nest and cradle from which we spread our wings to fly through all the earth with hope and kindly wishes for all men. If the air is cheerful here and the sunlight pleasant, let no barrier or wall shut it in, but pray God, with reverent hope, it spread hence to the farthest lands and seas, till all the people of the earth are lighted up and made glad in the common fellowship of our blessed Saviour, who is, was, and will be evermore to all men—guide, protector and ensample. May He be so to us and ours, to our beloved home and happy fatherland, in all the time to come!"

The old man bowed his head in presence of his reconciled household, and fell into a sweet slumber. Not one of all that company but echoed the old man's prayer—"May He be so to us and ours, in our beloved home and happy fatherland in all the time to come!"

On this, on every day of Thanksgiving and Praise be that old man's blessed prayer in all quarters, among all classes and kindred, everywhere repeated—"May He be so to us and ours, to our beloved home and happy fatherland in all the time to come!"

And when, like that good old man, we come to bow our heads at the close of a long, long life, may we, like him, fall into a gentle sleep, conscious that we have done the work of charity, and spread about our path, wherever it lead, peace and good will among men.

THE END.

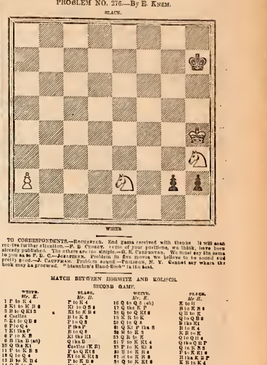
Garibaldi on the Pope.—On the 30th of October Garibaldi made a short address to the people of Naples, in response to calls from those in the street who knew him to be in a house near by. He said, among other things: "Before fighting against the enemy outside, you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly and without a veil. In using this privilege I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope. I am a Christian as you are; yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery and has proclaimed the freedom of men; the Pope who oppresses his subjects and is an enemy of Italian independence is no Christian; he denies the very principle of Christianity—he is the Antichrist. This truth you must spread among all those who are near to you, for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of this truth that Italy will be really free and united."

Novel Spanish Trick.—A local journal relates the following impudent robbery in a church at Seville: "A lady went to the altar in order to receive the sacrament, and knelt down beside a woman who was there apparently for the same purpose. While waiting her turn the lady fancied she felt a hand in her pocket, and accordingly looked at her neighbor, but perceiving that this latter was, to all appearance, praying most fervently with her hands crossed on her breast, she reproached herself for her suspicion. But when, on leaving the altar, she put her hand into her pocket, she found that her purse, containing twenty-five douros (125f.) was gone. She in consequence pointed out the suspected person to a police officer, who at once arrested her, and found the stolen purse in her possession, and also made the discovery that the woman had two well-made wax arms crossed on her breast in the attitude of devotion, in order that she might be able, without exciting suspicion, to employ a pair of real flesh and blood in exercises anything but devout."

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 276.—By E. Knem.

BLACK.



WHITE.

To Correspondents.—Rochester. End game received with thanks. It will soon receive further attention.—F. B. Crosby. Some of your positions, we think, have been already published. The others are too simple.—G. E. Carpenter. We must say the same to you as to F. B. C.—Josephus. Problem in five moves we believe to be sound and pretty good.—J. Cauffman. Problem sound.—Philidor, N. Y. Cannot say where the book may be procured. "Staunton's Hand-Book" is the best.

MATCH BETWEEN HORWITZ AND KOLISCH.

SECOND GAME.

White. Mr. K.	Black. Mr. H.	White. Mr. K.	Black. Mr. H.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 Q to Q 5 (ch)	K to R
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	17 Q tks K P	B to K B 3
3 B to Q Kt 5	Kt to K B 3	18 Q to Q Kt 3	Q R to K
4 Castles	B to K 2	19 K R to K	Q to Q B 5
5 Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 3	20 Q to Q 3	B tks Kt
6 P to Q 4	P tks P	21 Q Kt P tks B	R to K 4
7 Kt tks P	B to Q 2	22 R to K 3	K B to K
8 P to K B	Kt tks Kt	23 Q R to K	Q to Q B 4
9 B tks B (ch)	Q tks B	24 P to K Kt 4	Q tks Q B P
10 Q tks Kt	Castles (K B)	25 P to K Kt 5	Q to K R 3
11 P to K B 3	P to Q Kt 3	26 B to K R 4	P to K Kt 3
12 Q to Q 4	Kt to K Kt 3	27 R to K R 3	R tks K B P
13 B to K B 4	P to K B 3	28 Q to K Kt 3	K R to K 4
14 Q R to Q	Kt to K 4	29 Q to R 4	R to K B
15 B tks Kt	B P tks B	30 P to K R 3	B tks P (ch)

Mr. Kolisch resigns.

THIRD GAME.

White. Mr. H.	Black. Mr. K.	White. Mr. H.	Black. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	17 B to K Kt 3	P to K R 4
2 K Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3	18 Kt tks Kt	B tks Kt
3 Kt tks K P	P to Q 3	19 B tks K R P	P to K Kt 3
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt tks P	20 B tks Kt P	Q R to K Kt
5 P to Q B 3	P to Q 4	21 B to K B 4	R tks B
6 B to K 3	B to Q 3	22 B tks K P	B tks Q B P
7 P to Q 3	Kt to K B 3	23 Q B to B	B to Q 3
8 Q B to K Kt 5	B to K 3	24 Q to K B 3	Q to Q 3
9 Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 3	25 Q to K B 7	R to K B
10 Q Kt to B 2	Q Kt to Q 2	26 Q tks Kt (ch)	Q tks Q
11 Castles	Q to B 3	27 B tks Q (ch)	K tks B
12 B to K R 4	Castles (Q R)	28 R to B 3	R to B 3
13 Q Kt to Q 4	Q B to K	29 K to R 3	B to K 4 (ch)
14 P to Q Kt 4	K Kt to Kt 3	30 P to K Kt 3	B tks P (ch)
15 P to K R 3	K Kt to K 4	31 K to Kt 2	R to B 4
16 Kt tks B	P tks Kt	32 P tks B	R tks B

Mr. Kolisch wins.

Latest.—Herr Kolisch won his match. Final score: Herr Kolisch, 3; Herr Horwitz, 1; Drawn, 0.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

Problem No. 274.—R to Q 5; B to K Kt 3, mate.

Problem No. 273.—R to K 4 (ch), B tks R; Kt to Q 6 (ch); B tks R (dis ch); Kt to Kt 6, dis checkmate.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Juvenile Billiards.—As a rule of play, is it not best for a beginner "to play certainty," and out of two or more different modes of counting which may appear on the table, to choose that which he is most sure of making?

Ans.—Your question is one which cannot be positively answered, as other circumstances would modify matters considerably. But the following may be adopted as a general rule of play: Where two strokes present themselves, one a simple one which, when made, would leave the balls in a position where even an expert would find it difficult to count, the other, less easy of execution, but which, if executed, would leave the balls in a position favorable for a run, it is *judicious* play to attempt the more difficult stroke, in view of the prospective advantages likely to result from it. As we have said, however, no positive rule can be laid down, as the probabilities, the extent of the risk in each individual case, can only be appreciated by correct judgment on the part of the player himself.

J. K. M.—We have neither time nor inclination to correct the mistakes of such parties.

A. V., New York City.—The shot is unquestionably fair. We cannot imagine why it should be disputed.

M. M., Sandusky, Ohio.—It is one of the cases provided for in the rules as set down in the "Game of Billiards."

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

Now and Then.—Those who played billiards six years ago can appreciate the change which has come over the game to which they have remained faithful through good and evil report. They find the billiard-table, formerly ostracised, greeting them now in the houses of their friends, where formerly billiards was scarcely to be spoken of. We say nothing of the vast improvement, in all the machinery of the game, which has so enhanced their skill. They can now visit establishments devoted to their favorite game, furnished and illuminated in a style which throws a refining influence about all connected with it, for it is a remarkable fact that most men are liable to suit their conduct to their surroundings, and rich carpets and fine furniture have a quieting influence even on the roughest and rudest. The most ill-bred man will shrink from spitting on a Brussels carpet. The player also finds his favorite resort the point of reunion for the most refined classes in our city, and has the satisfaction of being surrounded by gentlemen, among whom may be found those who are distinguished in our city in all the learned and artistic professions.

M. Berger's exhibitions tested the popularity of billiards among our most respectable classes. The character of the spectators on those occasions and the high price of admission decided it. Even for the opera one dollar is looked upon as a high price, which puts that refined mode of enjoyment beyond the reach of many. Yet, night after night, M. Berger's room was crowded with spectators at a dollar ahead, and on more than one occasion numbers had to be refused admittance. Ladies belonging the highest circles witnessed M. Berger's skill with delight, and graced by their presence the match between Mr. Phelan and the winner of the late tournament, Mr. Kavanagh.

The press, so long comparatively neglectful of a really national game—we except, of course, the far-sighted few who have been ahead of their fellows—has at last given it that full and complete recognition which is due to the importance it has acquired in the public mind as a means of elevating and innocent amusement.

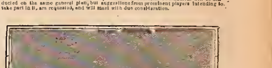
Notice to all Prominent Billiard Players.—In consequence of the marked success which attended the late impromptu billiard tournament and the public interest which it excited, it has been decided to inaugurate an annual series of grand national billiard tournaments, the first of which will take place in the city of New York about the first week in June of the coming year. It will be open to all prominent billiard-players.

The prizes will be highly valuable objects, one of them being a first-class, highly-ornamented and finished billiard-table, worth at least $500, manufactured by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, and presented by them. The other prizes will be decided upon at a future time, and will be of proportionate value.

The game will be played on the prize table, which, in the interest of true billiard science, will be a carom table. Size of the balls to be played with, 2⅝ inches in diameter.

Prominent players, desirous of entering their names as contestants at the tournament, should signify their intention of doing so previous to the 1st of May next. It will be necessary for them to be in this city five or six days before the opening day.

We make this announcement thus early, that those desirous of engaging in the tournament may have an opportunity of going into practice, and thus elevate the average excellence of first-class play. In consequence of the general satisfaction expressed with the arrangement of the late tournament, the Annual National Tournament will be conducted on the same general plan, but suggestions from prominent players intending to take part in it, are requested, and will meet with due consideration.



Made by Mr. Phelan in the complimentary game with Mr. Kavanagh after the tournament. Masse shot; cue ball in contact with middle ball and against the cushion. Only way to [illegible] and leave good break was by playing by a masse on the white ball at A and forcing back on the red.

CHANTICLEER.

A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family.

By Cornelius Matthews.

CHAPTER VII.—THE THANKSGIVING SERMON.

The morning of the day of Thanksgiving came calm, clear and beautiful. A stillness, as of Heaven and not of earth, ruled the wide landscape. The Indian summer, which had been as a gentle mist or veil upon the beauty of the time, had gone away a little—retired, as it were, into the hills and back country, to allow the undimmed heaven to shine down upon the happy festival of families and nations. The cattle stood still in the fields without a low; the trees were quiet as in friendly recognition of the spirit of the hour; no reaper's hook or mower's scythe glanced in the meadow, no rumbling wain was on the road. The birds alone, as being more nearly akin to the feeling of the scene, warbled in the boughs.

But out of the silent gloom of the mist there sprang, as by magic, a lovely illumination which lit the country far and wide, as with a thousand vari-colored lamps. As a maiden who has tarried in her chamber some hour the least expected appears before us, apparelled in all the pomp and hue of brilliant beauty, the fair country, flushed with innumerable tints of the changed autumn-trees, glided forth upon the Indian summer scene, and taught that when kindly Nature seems all foregone and spent she can rise from her couch fresher and more radiant than in her very prime.

What wonder if with the peep of dawn the children leaped from bed, eager to have on their new clothes reserved for the day, and by times appeared before old Sylvester in proud array of little hats, new brightened shoes and shining locks, spun now, as though they had just come from the mint, anxious to have his grandfatherly approval of their comeliness? Shortly after, the horses caught in the distant pastures, the captain and Farmer Oliver having charge of them, were brought in and tied under the trees in the door-yard.

Then, breakfast being early dispatched, there was a mighty running to and fro of the grown people through the house, dresses hurried from old clothes-presses and closets, a loud demand on every hand for pins, of which there seemed to be (as there always is on such occasions) a great lack. The horses were put to Mrs. Carrack's coach, the captain's gig, the old house-wagon, with breathless expectation on the part of the children; and in brief, after bustling preparation and incessant summoning of one member of the family and another from the different parts of the house, all being at last ready and in their seats, the Peabodys set forth for the Thanksgiving sermon at the country meeting-house, a couple of miles away.

The captain took the lead with his wife, and Peabody junior somewhere and somehow between them, followed by the wagon with old Sylvester, still proud of his dexterity as a driver; Oliver, much pleased with the popular character of the conveyance, and wife, with young Robert; William Peabody and wife; little Sam riding between his grandfather's knees in front, and allowed to hold the end of the reins. Slowly, and in great state, after all, rolled Mrs. Carrack's coach with herself and son within, and footman and coachman without.

Chanticleer, too, clear of eye and bright of wing, walked the garden wall, carried his head up, and acted as if he had also put on his thanksgiving suit and expected to take the road presently, accompany the family, and join his voice with theirs at the little meeting-house.

Although the captain, with his high-actioned white horse, kept out of eye-shot ahead, it was Mrs Carrack's fine carriage that had the triumph of the road in itself; for as it rolled glittering on, the simple country people, belated

MOPSEY BRINGING IN THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

in their own preparations, or tarrying at home to provide the dinner, ran to the windows in wonder and admiration. The plain wagon, bent in the same direction, turned out of the path and gave the great coach the better half of the way, staring a broadside as it passed.

And when the party reached the little meeting-house, what a peace hung about it! The air seemed softer, the sunshine brighter there, as it stood in humble silence among the tall trees which waved with a gentle murmur before its windows. The people, as they arrived, glided noiselessly in, in their neat dresses and looks of decent devotion; others, as they came, made fast their horses under the sheds and trees about—most of them in wagons and plain chaises, brightened into all of beauty they were capable of by a severe attention to the harness and mountings; others—these were a few bachelors and striplings—trotted in quietly on horseback. Before service a few of the old farmers lingered outside discussing the late crops or inquiring after each other's families, who presently went within, summoning from the grassy churchyard—which lay next to the meeting-house—the children who were loitering there reading the gravestones.

When the captain arrived with his gig, under such extraordinary headway that he was near driving across the graveyard into the next county—the country people scampered aside like scared fowl; Mrs. Carrack's great coach, with its liveried outriders, set them staring as if they did not or could not believe their own eyes. With the arrival of old Sylvester they regathered, and almost in a body proffered their aid in hold the horses—to help the old patriarch to the ground—in a word, to show their regard and affection in every way in their power. He tarried but a moment at the door, to speak a word with one or two of the oldest of his neighbors, and passed in, followed by all of his family save Mrs. Carrack and her son, who, under color of hunting up the grave of some old relation, delay in order to make their appearance in the meeting-house by themselves, and independently of the Peabody connection.

Will you pardon me, reader, if I fail to tell you whether this house of worship was of the Methodist, Episcopal or Baptist creed? Whether it had a chancel or altar, or painted windows? Whether the pews had doors to them, and were cushioned or not? Whether the minister wore a gown and bands, or plain suit of black, or was undistinguished in his dress? Will it not suffice if I tell you, as the very belief of my soul, that it was a Christian house, that there were seats for all, that things were well intended and decently ordered, and that with a hymn sung with such purity of heart that its praises naturally joined in with the chiming of the trees and the carols of the birds without, and floated on without a stop to Heaven, when a meek man rose up.

"Some two hundred years ago, our ancestors (he said), finding themselves more comfortable in the wilderness of the New World than they could have reasonably looked for, set apart a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His manifold mercies. That day, God be praised, has been steadily observed throughout this happy land by cheerful gatherings of families, and other festive and devotional observances, down to the present time. Our fathers covenanted, in the love of Christ, to cleave together as brethren, however hard the brunt of fortune might be. That bond still continues. We may not live (he went on, in the very spirit and letter of the first Thanksgiving discourse ever delivered amongst us), as retired hermits, each in our cell apart, nor inquire, like David, how liveth such a man? How is he clad? How is he fed? He is my brother, we are in league together, we must stand and fall by one another. Is his labor harder than mine? Surely I will ease him. Hath he no bed to lie on? I have two—I will lend him one. Hath he no apparel? I have two suits—I will give him one of them. Eats he coarse food, bread and water, and have I better? Surely we will part stakes. He is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to the other; so that his wants must be my wants, his sorrows my sorrows; his sickness my sickness, and his welfare my welfare; for I am as he is: such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable, nay, heavenly, and is the only maker and conserver of churches and commonwealths."

To such as looked upon old Sylvester there seemed a glow and halo about his aged brow and whitened locks, for this was the very spirit of his life.

As though he knew the very secrets of their souls, and touched their very heartstrings with a gentle hand, the preacher glanced from one member of the Peabody household to another, as he proceeded, something in this manner. (For William Peabody): Do I find on this holy day that I love God in all his glorious universe, more than the image even of Liberty, which hath ensnared and enslaved the soul of many a man on the cain of this world? (For buxom Mrs Jane, in her vandyke): Do I stifle the vanity of good looks and comfortable circumstances under a plain garb? (For the jovial captain): Am I not over hasty in pursuit of carnal enjoyment? (For Mr. Oliver, who was wiping his brow with the Declaration of Independence): and eager over-much for the good opinion of men, when I should be quietly serving them without report? (For Mrs Carrack and her son): And what are pomp and fashion but the painted signs of good living where there is no life? These (he continued) are all outward, mere pretences to put off our duty and the care of our souls. Yea, we may have churches, schools, hospitals abounding—but these are mere lath and mortar if we have not also within our own hearts a Church where the pure worship ever goeth on, a school where the true knowledge is taught, a hospital the door whereof standeth constantly open, into which our fellow-creatures are welcomed, and where their infirmities are first cared for with all kindness and tenderness. If these be our inclinings this way, let us be reasonably thankful on this Thanksgiving morning. Let such as are in health be thankful for their good case; and such as are out of health be thankful that they are no worse. Let such as are rich be thankful for their wealth (if it hath been honestly come by), and let such as are poor be thankful that they have no such charge upon their souls. Let old folks be thankful for their wisdom in knowing that young folks are fools; and let young ones be thankful that they may live to see the time when they may use the same privilege. Let lean folks be thankful for their spare ribs; which are not a burden to the harvest-field: fat folks may laugh at lean ones, and grow fatter every day. Let married folks be thankful for blessings both little and great, let bachelors and old maids be thankful for the privilege of kissing other folks' babies, and great good may it do them.

With what a glow of mutual friendship the quaint preacher was warming the plain old meeting-house on that Thanksgiving day.

Finally, and to conclude—he went on in the language of a chronicle of the time—Let no man look upon a turkey to-day, and say, 'This also is vanity.' What is the life of man without creature-comforts, and the stomach of the son of man with no aid from the tin kitchen? Despise not the day of small things while there are pullets on the spit, and let every fowl have fair play between the jaws of thy philosophy. Are not puddings made to be sliced, and pie-crust to be broken? Go thy ways then, according to good sense, good cheer, good appetite, the Governor's proclamation and every other good thing under the sun render thanks for all the good things of this life, and good cookery among the rest; eat, drink and be merry; make not a lean laudation of the bounties of Providence, but let a lively gusto follow a long grace. Feast thankfully, and feast hopingly; feast in good-will to all mankind, Grahamites included, feast in the full and joyous persuasion, that while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, dinner-time, pudding-time and supper-time are not likely to go out of fashion, least with exulting confidence in the continuance of cooks, kitchens and orthodox expounders of Scripture and the constitution in our ancient, blessed and fat-sliced commonwealth—feast, in short, like a good Christian, proving all things, relishing all things, hoping all things, expecting all things and enjoying all things. Let a good stomach for dinner go hand in hand with a good mind for sound doctrine. Let us all be thankful that a gracious Providence hath furnished each and all with a wholesome and bountiful dinner this day; and if there be none so furnished, let him now make it known, and we will instantly contribute thereto of our separate abundance. There are none who murmur; we all, therefore, have a thanksgiving dinner waiting for us; let us hie home cheerily, and in a becoming spirit of mirth and devotion partake thereof.

The windows of the little meeting-house were up to let in the pleasant sunshine and the very horses who were within hearing of his voice, seemed, by the pricking up of their brown ears, to relish and approve of his discourse. The captain's city nag, as wide awake as any, seemed to address himself to an acquaintance of a heavy bay plougher who stood at the same post, and laying their heads together for the better part of the sermon, they appeared to regard it, as far as they caught its meaning, as sound doctrine, particularly acknowledging that this was as fine a thanksgiving morning as they—who had been old friends and had spent their youth together, being in some way related, in a farmhouse in that neighborhood—had ever known, and when they had said as much as this, they laughed out in very merriness of spirit with a great win now, as the happy audience came streaming forth at the meeting-house door. There were no cold, haughty or distrustful faces now as when they had entered in an hour ago, the genial air of the little meeting-house had melted away all frosts of that kind, and as they mingled under the sober autumn trees, loitering for conversation, inquiring after neighbors, old folks whose infirmities kept them at home, the young children, they seemed, indeed, much more a company of brethren embarked—as sailors say—on a common bottom for happiness and enjoyment. The children were the first to set out for home through the fields on foot; Peabody the younger, little Sam and Robert being attended by the footman in livery, whom Mrs. Carrack relieved from attendance at the rear of the coach.

If the quaint preacher had urged the rational enjoyment of the thanksgiving cheer from the pulpit, Mopsey labored with equal zeal at home to have it worthy of enjoyment. At an early hour she had cleared decks and taken possession of the kitchen, kindling with dawn a great fire in the oven for the pies and another on the hearth for the turkey. But it was from the oven, heaping it to the top with fresh relays of dry wood, that she expected the thanksgiving angel to walk in all his beauty and majesty. In performance of her duty, and from a sense only that there could be no thanksgiving without a turkey, she planted the tin oven on the hearth, spitted the gobbler, and from time to time, in rely as a matter of absolute necessity, gave it a turn; but about the mouth of the great oven she hovered constantly like a spirit; had her head in and out at the opening every other minute; and when at last the pies were slided in upon the warm bottom, she lingered there regarding the changes they were undergoing, with the fond admiration with which a connoisseur in sunsets hangs upon the changing colors of the evening sky. The leisure thus doubly allowed her was employed by Mopsey in scaring away the poultry and idle young chickens which rushed in at the back entrance of the kitchen in swarms, and hopped with yellow legs about the floor with the racket of constant falling showers of corn. Upon the half door opening on the front, the red rooster had mounted, and with his head on one side, observed with a knowing eye all that went forward: showing, perhaps, most interest in the turning of the spit, the impalement of the turkey thereon having been with him an object of special consideration.

The highly colored picture of Warren at Bunker Hill, writhing in his death-agony on one wall of the kitchen, and General Marion feasting from a potato in his tent on the other, did not in the least attract the attention of Mopsey. She saw nothing on the whole horizon of the glowing apartment but the pies and the turkey, and even for the moment neglected to puzzle herself, as she was accustomed to in the pauses of her daily labors, with the wonders and mysteries of an ancient dog-eared spelling-book which lay upon the smoky mantel.

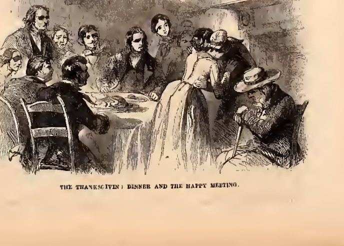
Meanwhile, in obedience to the spirit of the day, the widow Margaret and Miriam, having each diligently disposed of their separate charge in the preparations, making a church of the homestead, conducted a worship in their own simple way. Opposite to each other in the little sitting-room, Miriam opened the old Family Bible, and at the widow Margaret's request, read from that chapter which gives the story of the prodigal son. It was with a clear and pensive voice that she read, but not without a struggle with herself. When the story told that the young man had gone into a far country, that he had wasted his substance in riotous living, that he was abased to the feeding of swine, that he craved in his hunger the very husks, that he lamented the plenty of his father's house, a cloud came upon her countenance, and the simplest eye could have interpreted the thoughts that troubled her. And how the fair young face brightened when she read that the young man resolved to arise and return to the house of his father; the dear encounter; the rejoicing over his return, and the glad proclamation, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

"If he would come back even so," said the widow when the book was closed, "in sorrow, in poverty, in crime even, I would thank God and be grateful."

"He is not guilty, mother," Miriam pleaded, casting her head upon the widow's bosom and clinging close about her neck.

"I will not think that he is," Margaret answered, lifting up her head. "Guilty or innocent, he is my son—my son!" Clasping the young orphan's

THE FIRST LAW OFFICE RENTED IN 1837 BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT ELECT, IN HOFFMAN'S ROW, THIRD DIVISION, UP-STAIRS, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—SEE PAGE 74.



THE THANKSGIVING DINNER AND THE HAPPY MEETING.

hand, after a pause of tender silence, she gave utterance to her feelings in a Thanksgiving hymn. These were the words:

Father! protect the wanderer on his way;
  Bright be for him thy stars and calm thy seas—
Thanksgiving live upon his lips to-day,
  And in his heart the good man's summer ease.

Almighty! Thou canst bring the pilgrim back,
  With a clear brow to this his childish home;
Guide him, dear Father, o'er a blameless track,
  No more to stray from us, no more to roam.

At this moment a tumult of children's voices was heard in the door-yard, and as the widow turned, young William Peabody was seen struggling with Robert and little Sam, who were holding him back with all their force. As he dragged them forward, being their elder and superior in strength, Peabody junior stretched his throat and called towards the house—"I've seen him—I've seen him!"

"Who have you seen?" asked the widow, rising and approaching the door.

"Mr. Barbary!" When Peabody junior made this answer, the widow advanced with a gleam on her countenance, and gently releasing him, said, "Come, William, and tell us all about it."

"Aunt Margaret," said Robert, thrusting himself between, "don't listen to a word he has to say. I'll tell you all about it. You see we were coming home from meeting, and little Sam got tired, and William and I made a cradle of our hands and were carrying him along very nice."

"Not so very nice, either," Peabody junior interrupted, "for I was pinguy tired."

"That's what I was going to tell you, Aunt Margaret. Bill did get tired, and as we came through the Locust Wood, he made believe to see something, and ran away to get clear of carrying little Sam any farther."

"I did see him!" said Peabody junior, firmly.

"Where was he?" the widow asked.

"Behind the hazel bush, with his head just looking out at the top, all turned white as dead folks do."

Mopsey was in immediately with her dark head, crying out, "Don't believe a word of it."

"I guess you saw nothing but the hazel bush, William," said the widow.

"That was it, aunt, it was the hazel bush with a great mop of moss on it," Robert added.

Miriam sat looking on and listening, pale and trembling.

"If your cousin Elbridge and Mr. Barbary should ever come back," said the widow, addressing Peabody junior, "you would be sorry for what you have said, William."

"So he would, aunt," echoed Robert.

Mopsey was in again from the kitchen; this time she advanced several steps from the door sill into the room, lifted up both her arms and addressed the assembled company.

"One ting I know," said Mopsey, "dere's a big pie baking in dat ere oven, and if Mas'r Elbridge don't eat dat pie, it'll haf to sour, dat I know."

"What is it, Mopsey," asked Margaret, "that gives you such a faith in my son?"

DURING THE CROTON WATER EXCITEMENT, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Our Artist arrived at a propitious moment, when the solemn fact was revealed, that let the pumper pump ever so lustily water was not to be had. The dismay of the crowd was almost indescribable.

DURING THE CROTON WATER EXCITEMENT, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

Here there was considerable emulation as to who should have precedence in the pumping arrangements. This point of etiquette brought two of the fair daughters of Erin into collision. They exchanged a good deal of hair and some scratches, and at one time a general muss was anticipated, but at the sight of a policeman the belligerent parties flew to the pump and cooled their angry passions.

"I tell you what it is, missus," Mopsey answered promptly, "dat tanksgivin' when I tumbled down on dis ere sef same floor bringin' in de turkey, everybody laugh but Mas'r Elbridge, and he come from his place and pick me up. He murder anybody! I'll eat de whole tanksgivin' dinner myself if he touch a hair of de old preacher's head to hurt it." Suddenly changing her tone, she added, "Dey're comin' from meetin', I hear de old wagon."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DINNER.

As the Peabodys approached the homestead, the smoke of the kitchen chimney was visible, circling upward and winding about in the sunshine as though it had been a delicate corkscrew uncorking a great bottle or square old flask of a delicious vintage. The captain averred a quarter of a mile away, the moment they had come upon the brow of the hill, that he had a distinct savor of the fragrance of the turkey, and that it was quite as refreshing as the first odor of the land breeze coming in from sea, and he snuffed it up with a zeal and relish which gave the sign an eager appetite for dinner. The captain's conjecture was strongly confirmed in the appearance of Mopsey, darting, with a dark face of dewy radiance, at the woodpile, and shuffling back with bustling speed to the kitchen with a handful of delicate splinters. "She's giving him the last turn," said the captain.

The shadow of the little meeting-house was still over the captain, even so far away, for he conducted the procession homeward at a pace much less furious than that with which he had advanced in the morning; and Mrs. Carrack, too, observed now, with a strange pleasure, what she had given no heed to before when the fine coach was rolling in triumph along the road—birds twittering in the sunny air by the wayside, and cattle roving, like figures in a beautiful picture, upon the slopes of the distant hills. Oliver, the politician, more than once had out the great cotton pocket-handkerchief, and holding it spread before him, contemplating the fatherly signers, was evidently acquiring some new lights on the subject of independence.

A change, in fine of some sort or other, had passed over every member of the Peabody family save old Sylvester—returning as going, calm, plain spoken, straightforward and patriarchal. When they reached the gate of the homestead, William Peabody gave his hand to his wife, and helped her, with some show of attention, to alight; and then there could be no doubt that it was, in very truth, Thanksgiving day, for the glory of the door yard itself had paled and disappeared in the gorgeous festal light. There was no majestic gobbler in the door yard now, with his great outspread tail, which in the proud moments of his life he would have expanded as if to shut the very light of the sun from all meaner creatures of the mansion.

Within doors there was that bustling preparation, with brief lulls of ominous silence, which precede and usher a great event. The widow Margaret, with noiseless step, glided to and fro, Miriam daintily hovering in the suburbs of the sitting-room, which is evidently the grand centre of interest; and Mopsey toils like a swart goblin in her laboratory of the kitchen, in a high glow, scowling fearfully if addressed with a word which calls her attention for a moment away from her critical labors.

As the family entered the homestead on their return, the combined forces were just at the point of pitching their tent on the ground of the forthcoming engagement, in the shape of the ancient four-legged and wide-leaved table, with a cover of snowy whiteness, ornamented as with shields and weapons of quaint device, in the old plates of pewter, and the horn-handled knives and forks burnished to such a polish as to make the little room fairly glitter. Dishes streamed in, one after the other, in a long and rapid procession, piles of home-made bread, basins of apple-sauce, pickles, potatoes of vast proportion and mealy beauty. When the ancient and lordly pitcher of blue and white (whether freighted with new cider or old cold water need not be told) crowned the board, the first stage of preparation was complete and another portentous pause ensued. The whole Peabody connection, arranged in stately silence in the front parlor, looked on through the open door in wonder and expectation of what was to follow. The children loitered about the doorways with watering eyes and open mouths, like so many innocent little dragons lying in wait to rush in at an opportune moment and bear off their prey.

And now, all at once, there comes a deeper hush—a still more portentous pause—all eyes are in the direction of the kitchen; the children are hanging forward, with their bodies and outstretched necks half way in at the door, Miriam and the widow stand breathless and statue like at either side of the room; when, as if rising out of some mysterious cave in the very ground, a dark figure is discerned in the distance, about the centre of the kitchen (into which Mopsey has made, to secure an impressive effect, a grand circuit), head erect, and bearing before it a huge platter. All their eyes tell them every sense vividly reports, what it is the platter supports; she advances with slow and solemn step; she has crossed the sill; she has entered the sitting-room; and, with a full sense of her awful responsibility, Mopsey delivers on the table, in a cleared place left for its careful deposit, the Thanksgiving turkey.

There is no need now to sound a gong, or to ring an alarm bell to make known to that household that dinner is ready; the brown turkey speaks a summons as with the voice of a thousand living gobblers, and Sylvester rising, the whole Peabody family flock in. To every one his place is considerately assigned, the captain in the centre directly opposite the turkey, Mrs. Carrack on the other side, the widow at one end, old Sylvester at the head. The children, too, a special exception being made in their favor to-day, are allowed seats with the grown folks, little Sam disposing himself in great comfort in his old grandsire's arms.

Another hush—for everything to-day moves on through these constantly shut and opened gates of silence—in which they all sit tranquil and speechless, when the old patriarch lifts up his aged hands over the board and repeats his customary grace:

"May we all be Christian people the day we die—God bless us."

The captain, the great knife and fork in hand, was ready to advance.

"Stop a moment, Charley," old Sylvester spoke up, "give us a moment to contemplate the turkey."

"I would there were just such a dish, grandfather," the captain rejoined "on every table in the land this day, and if I had my way there would be."

"No, no, Charley," the grandfather answered, "if there should be there would be. There is One who is wiser than you or I."

"It would make the man who would do it," Oliver suggested, "immensely popular; he might get to be elected President of the United States."

"It would cost a large sum," remarked William Peabody, the merchant.

"Let us leave off considering imaginary turkeys, and discuss the one before us," said old Sylvester; "but I must first put a question, and if it's answered with satisfaction we'll proceed. Now tell me," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Carrack, who sat in a sort of dream, as if he had lost his identity, as he has ever since the night adventure in the fez cap and red silk cloak—"Now tell me, Tiffany, although you have doubtless seen a great many grand things, such as the Alps, and St. Peter's church at Rome, has your eye fallen in with anything, wherever you travelled over the world, grander than that Thanksgiving turkey?"

Mr. Carrack, either from excessive modesty or total abstraction, hesitated, looked about him hastily, and not till the captain called across the table, "Why don't you speak, my boy?" and then, as if suddenly coming to, and realizing where he was, answered at last, with great deliberation, "It is a fine bird."

"Enough said," spoke up old Sylvester cheerfully; "you were the last Peabody I expected to acknowledge the merits of the turkey;" and, looking towards the captain with encouragement, added, "now, knife and fork, do your duty."

It was short work the jovial captain made with the prize turkey; in rapid succession plates were forwarded, heaped, sent around; and with a keen relish of the Thanksgiving dinner, every head was busy. Straight on, as people who have an allotted task before them, the Peabodys moved through the dinner—a powerful, steady going caravan of cheerful travellers, over hill, over dale, up the valleys, along the stream side, cropping their way like a nimble-toothed flock of grazing sheep, keenly enjoying herbage and beverage by the way.

What though, while they were at the height of its enjoyment, a sudden storm, at that changeful season, arose without, and dashed its heavy drops against the doors and window-panes; that only, by the contrast of security and fireside comfort, heightened the zest within, while they were engaged with the many good dishes at least, but when another pause came, did not the pelting shower and the chiding wind talk with them, each one in turn, of the absent, and oh! some there will not believe it—the lost? It was no doubt some thought of this kind that prompted old Sylvester to speak.

"My children," said the patriarch, glancing with a calm eye around the circle of glowing faces at the table, "you are bound together with good cheer and in comfortable circumstances; and even as you, who are born from east and west, from the north and the south, by each one yielding a little of his individual whim or inclination, can thus sit together prosperously and in peace at one board, so can our glorious family of friendly States, on this and every other day, join hands, and like happy children in the fields, lead a far-lengthening dance of festive peace among the mountains and among the vales, from the soft-glimmering east far on to the bright and ruddy west. If others still seek to join in——"

"Ay, father," said Oliver, "there is great danger."

"Even as by making a little way," answered the patriarch, "we could find room at this table for one, or two, or three more, so may another State and still another join us, if it will; and even as our natural progeny increaseth to the the third, fourth, tenth generation, let us trust for centuries to come this happy Union shall live to lead her sons to peace, prosperity and rightful glory."

"But," interposed Oliver, the politician, again, with a double reference to his thoughts, it would almost seem, to an erring State or an absent child, "one may break away in wilfulness or crime—what then?"

"Let us lure it back," was old Sylvester's reply, "with gentle appeals. Remember we are all brethren, and that our alliance is one not merely of worldly interest, but also of family affection. Let us, on this hallowed day," he added, "cherish none but kindly thoughts towards all our kindred, and if him we have least esteemed offer the hand, let us take it in brotherly regard."

There was a pause of silence once again, which was broken by a knock at the door. Old Sylvester, having spoken his mind, had fallen into a reverie, and the Peabodys glancing one to the other, the question arose, shall the strangers (Mopsey reported them to be two), whoever they may be, be admitted?

"This is strictly a family festival," it was suggested, "where no strangers can be rightly allowed."

"May be thieves!" the merchant added.

"Vagabonds perhaps!" Mrs. Carrack suggested.

"Strangers, anyhow!" said Mrs. Jane Peabody.

The widow Margaret and Miriam were silent, and gave utterance to no opinion.

In the midst of the discussion, old Sylvester suddenly awakening, and rearing his white locks aloft, in the voice of a trumpet of silver sound, cried out, "If they be human, let 'em in!"

As he delivered this emphatic order there was a deep moan at the door, as of one in great pain, or suffering keenly from anguish of spirit; and when it was opened to admit the new comers, the voice of Chanticleer, raised for the second time, broke in, clear and shrilly, from the outer darkness.

THE HOUSE NO. 22 TWELFTH STREET, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE MRS. SCHANCKS WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED, ON FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1860.—SEE PAGE 72.

CHAPTER IX.—THE NEW COMERS.

It was old Sylvester himself who opened the door and admitted the strangers. One of them, the younger, wore a slouched hat, which did not allow his features to be distinctly observed, further than that his eyes were bright with a strange lustre, and that his face was deadly pale. He was partly supported by the elder man, whose person was clad in a long coat, reaching nearly to the ground.

(Continued on page 7[illegible].)

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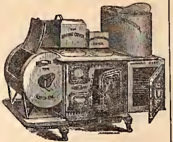

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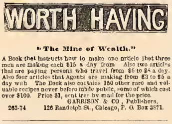

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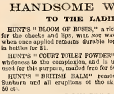

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261-73

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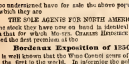

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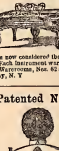

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The Machine is constructed on a new and very simple principle of mechanism. It possesses many rare and valuable features, which have been eminently the most perfected experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY AND PERFECTION COMBINED.
The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:
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The Empire Sewing Machine
IS EXEMPT FROM ALL THESE OBJECTIONS.
It has a straight needle, perpendicular motion, makes the same or corresponding stitch, which is alike on both sides, and is alike on both sides; it will not run wrong either backward or forward, draws the work closer to the throat, Smooth Stitch, with cotton, linen, silk, or wool, from the coarsest to the finest number.
Having neither Cam nor Cog wheel, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

EFFECTUALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE.

It requires about one-fifth the power to drive it that any other Machine does. A child of twelve years of age can operate it steadily, without fatigue or injury to health.
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We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article to call and examine the CONTEMPLATED MACHINE.
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PRICE OF MACHINES COMPLETE:
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER
Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Frank Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 266—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1860. [Price 6 Cents.

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE, BOSTON HARBOR.

On the 15th and 16th of April, 1851, a storm of unexampled violence raged on the coast of Massachusetts, and, when the next morning dawned, to the horror of the inhabitants of Boston it was discovered that the lighthouse on the rock at the mouth of the harbor had totally disappeared. The base of this structure had been formed by eight heavy wrought iron piles, eight inches in diameter at the foot, and four and a half at the top. The keeper's house and lantern were likewise made of iron, and the total height of the whole was seventy feet, being about fifty feet above high water mark. Captain Bennett happened to be on shore at the time of this terrible catastrophe, but his two assistants, Joseph Wilson and Joseph Antonio, were lost in the light. The disaster occurred in the height of the gale. The light was seen at eleven o'clock on the night of the 16th, and the fog-bell was heard to toll with more than usual quickness. At daylight the next morning each of the tenements of the lighthouse as would float strewed the beach to leeward. The massive structure which man, in the pride of his power and self-confidence, had placed to brave the fury of the elements, had vanished; and the mad waves leaped and tumbled wildly and in seeming exultation over its site.

The destruction of the lighthouse made the rocks more dangerous than ever, and a light-boat was soon moored outside of Minot's as a substitute. But the situation was too exposed for a light-boat, which, however, still gives warning to the mariner, although she has repeatedly been driven from her moorings.

A petition was sent to Congress to rebuild the light, and an appropriation was made for building a substantial granite structure upon the site of the pile lighthouse. The work was placed under the superintendence of Captain B. S. Alexander, who has created a most massive superstructure upon that part of Cohasset Rocks called Minot's Ledge. It is about ninety-eight feet from the rock, and is constructed of heavy blocks of granite, each dovetailed into the other, in each course laid in cement, and bolted together with heavy iron bolts. The courses are two feet in thickness, and up to the height of forty feet the work is perfectly solid, with a heavy iron post in the centre, firmly imbedded in the rock below. Above the forty feet, where the diameter is about twenty-seven feet, are six apartments, one above the other with a lantern twelve feet in height surmounting the whole. It has the appearance of being an immense granite post in mid ocean, sustaining a lantern on its top.

Minot's Rock is the outer of the Cohasset Rocks, situated north of Cohasset, and a little less than three miles from the Glades. The distance from Boston is about seventeen miles, and from Boston Light nearly eight miles. The diameter of the rock at the top, which is exposed at extreme low water, is about thirty-five feet. The ledge extends on shore, affording an additional surface of rock, which is partially exposed at low water in fine weather. These rocks had long been the terror of mariners, and the numerous shipwrecks which occurred upon them attracted public attention to the imperative necessity for a lighthouse as a beacon of safety to our gallant sailors. The unfortunate lighthouse, whose destruction we have mentioned in the commencement of this article, was commenced in 1847, and completed in 1849, when Mr. Dunham, of West Bridgewater, was appointed keeper with two assistants. But he soon became convinced that the situation was a most dangerous one. The winds and waves shook the structure in a most alarming manner, and the public mind became soon aware that the lighthouse would not stand a very severe storm. It seems strange that measures were not immediately taken to avert the impending calamity, but what was everybody's business was nobody's business, and two gallant fellows were eventually sacrificed. On the approach of the equinoctial gales Captain Dunham very wisely resigned his appointment, and Mr. J. W Bennett was appointed in his place. Mr. Bennett was one of those who did not credit Captain Dunham's reports of the insecurity of the lighthouse, and resolved to take his chance. A fate, however, which accident spares him, waited, as we have related, our unfortunate assistants. Two or three severe gales in the winter of 1850, however, convinced the incredulous Mr. Bennett that the fears of his predecessor were not altogether groundless, and when the breeze were carried away during one severe tempest, he made a representation to the authorities, who, as usual, being in no danger themselves, gave no credence to the tale. The consequence was the terrible catastrophe of the 18th of April, 1851.

We are happy to say that no such fears need be entertained for the present lighthouse, which is pronounced by all to be as firm and unassailable as the rock itself We give an accurate picture of this triumph of engineering and architecture.

The difficulties attendant upon the erection of such a building upon so circumscribed a foundation was well described by the architect, Captain Alexander, at the consecration of the work in October, 1858, at which the city authorities of Boston were present, and a delegation from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts Free Masons. He said:

"At the commencement of this work we had nothing but money—no workmen, no shore establishment, no workshop, no tools, no machinery, no boats, no organization. In one year there all started into life. Tuesday morning, the first day of July, 1855, just as the sun tipped the wings of the morning seagull as it took its swift flight over the wave, we struck our first blow on the Minot. In the first year, 1855, we worked on it one hundred and thirty hours; 1856, one hundred and fifty-seven hours; 1857, one hundred and thirty hours and twenty-one minutes; 1858, to September 30, two hundred and eight hours; making in all six hundred and twenty-five hours twenty-one minutes. At first the men were nervous with the natural fear incident to their seemingly dangerous situation; but no accident ever befalling any of their number and seeing every precaution taken for their safety, this fear was soon dispelled, and they worked as cheerily as on land. And you now see before you, gentlemen, the result of the labors of as fine a body of workmen as it has ever been my fortune to meet with."

The following remarks were afterwards made by the Hon. Edward Everett:

"We have come, sir, to express our interest in a great public work. Well do I remember that dreadful night, the 16th of April, 1851, when

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE, ON COHASSET ROCKS, BOSTON HARBOR.

a furious storm swept along the coast of New England, by which houses were unroofed, steeples toppled down, and vessels driven on shore. In the course of that tremendous night the lighthouse on Minot's Ledge disappeared. It was last seen at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon; and between that hour and daylight the following morning, the ocean, driven in by the furious tempest, had heaved the lighthouse from the nine iron pillars on which it rested, and which it twisted like osiers—had dashed it in fragments on the rocks, and with it the two brave men, who, in that awful hour, stood bravely at their posts. We have come now, sir, to repair the desolations of that hour, and to lay the corner-stone of a structure destined by that divine blessing which has been so fervently invoked by the reverend chaplain to resist the utmost violence of the winds and the waves.

"It is a point second to no other on our coast, both for the amount of the commerce which passes it, north and south, to its destined markets, and for the perils which here await the mariner. If Minot's Ledge could keep a Minot's ledger, in which the value of every cargo that passes it in either direction could be entered, and in which—on another page—could be recorded the fearful apprehensions and heart-broken lamentations of anxious and bereaved mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, sorrowing for the delay of the loved ones, destined many of them never to return, it would furnish an illustration of the importance of a lighthouse on these mournfully notorious rocks, which would need no comment of mine."

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HAS again become the popular resort of EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS AND AMUSING,

And is now attracting more attention, and receiving more visitors than every other place of Amusement in New York. Every thing novel, curious and and interesting is secured by Mr. Barnum, and presented to his visitors in addition to the 850,000 Curiosities from every part of the world, and the

SPLENDID DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS

which take place every afternoon at 3 o'clock, and every evening at half-past 7, by a full and complete dramatic company. At present the two Living Aztec Children, the most curious, wonderful and interesting human beings the world has every produced; the Living What Is It? or Man Monkey; the two Albino Children; the Grand Aquaria; Monster Snakes; Living Happy Family, &c., &c., are all on exhibition, and yet the price of admission to the whole is only 25 cents. Children under 10 years 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

All communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, thus giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

The aspect of Europe is remarkably calm; scarcely any perceptible difference since our last. The Empress Eugenie, after a pleasant tour through Scotland and England, where she had been most cordially received, had paid a flying visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

It is reported that Garibaldi had been invited to Paris to explain to Louis Napoleon his intentions respecting the Italian Hungarian campaign. This, however, requires confirmation; but should it prove true, it would indicate the certainty of a renewal of the war next year.

The Austrian journals deny that any negotiations are pending for the sale of Venetia. The meeting of the French, Austrian and Sardinian ministers referred to last week related to the Lombard debt, two-thirds of which Sardinia would have to assume.

The British Parliament was summoned to meet on the 5th of February. The London press was unanimous in its regret and disapproval of the breaking up of the Union. They all agree in the opinion that any disaster to the United States is equally one to the British Empire.

The French papers announce that a Baltimore regiment will visit Paris next year, the Emperor having given his assent to its coming in full uniform and armed. It will be remembered that the Emperor's cousin, one of the Baltimore Bonapartes, belonged to a regiment of the Monumental City.

Sir Leopold Clintock's report of the feasibility of an Atlantic Telegraph Cable by the way of Iceland, Greenland and other northern headlands, has been published and favorably received. The greatest length of cable from land to land being only six hundred miles, will afford opportunity for the repairing of it should any break occur.

France is tranquil and prosperous; but the war preparations are zealously continued. The recent edict of the Emperor, giving an enlarged freedom of action to the Legislative Assembly, is rightly considered as a great advance in constitutional government. Like a skilful statesman, Louis Napoleon is gradually giving to France some of the liberties she has lost by her violent and extreme action.

George Sand, otherwise Madame Dudevant, is going to spend the winter in an island, in the Mediterranean, to restore her health.

The siege of Gaeta still continues. It is said that the French Emperor has notified to the dethroned King of Naples the inutility of further resistance.

Affairs in Wallachia were very unsettled, and fears were entertained of a general rising in Little Wallachia.

Twenty of the principal merchants at Crajova had been killed by the military during a popular commotion and the archbishop and president of the council had been arrested at Jassy.

The news by the Persia is of considerable interest. The Emperor of Austria, irritated at the increasing discontent of the Hungarians, had resolved to proclaim martial law throughout Hungary.

The ex-King of Naples had entered another protest against the proceedings of Victor Emmanuel, who had left Palermo for Naples. His reception at Naples had been very gratifying. There was a rumor that the Hungarian Diet were contemplating offering the crown of Hungary to Prince Napoleon.

The *Morning Post* announces that the police are now able to make out a *prima facie* case against a certain person for the murder of the child at Road.

The Persia brought $3,100,000 specie.

A foreign office telegram says that the Allies have captured Pekin: that the Emperor's summer palace had been sacked and immense spoils taken and that the Emperor had fled to Tartary.

Parks and Loch, the English prisoners, had returned. Two others had died from ill treatment. Two more are still unaccounted for.

The Allies are to winter in Pekin and Teintsien.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

The proceedings in Congress have been so overshadowed by the exciting discussions outside the Federal Capitol, that their proceedings have been confined to measures of little national interest. Senator Wade, of Ohio, had given a very frank, outspoken speech on the Republican side of the question, and Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, had made a strong Union speech. These had drawn a very able but extreme oration from General Lane, of Oregon.

In the House the great subject of interest came off on Thursday, the 20th December, when it, in Committee of the Whole, took up the bill granting lands to Nebraska for railroads. Mr Sherman, of Ohio, offered as an amendment the Pacific Railroad bill, reported by the Select Committee during the last session. This was superseded by a substitute offered by Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, which is very similar in its features, and which was finally adopted by the Committee and by the House, after various ineffectual attempts to amend it, by a vote of 95 to 74.

Secession of South Carolina.

It is with more regret than surprise we observe that South Carolina has at last crossed the Rubicon, and formally dissolved her connection with the Great Confederacy which has become so glorious in modern history. The Convention assembled in Charleston took this important step on the 20th December, amid the vociferous plaudits of the excited assembly. It had previously formed committees to carry on the functions of an independent nation, but no practical steps have been taken to organise the customs, post office and other State departments. The forts remain as usual in the hands of the Federal authorities.

What we have Learned, and What we have yet to Learn.

The tremendous trials through which our country is now passing may, should we emerge sound from the ordeal, be of incalculable service to us. Every one has realised by this time that the lessons of the panic of 1857 have been of true value to many during the present crisis. The course pursued by our banks has been a great advance in the right direction, and the straightforward and sensible manner in which our whole business community and the press have prepared for, met and discussed all financial difficulties, indicates that we certainly learn wisdom and profit by experience.

But there is much yet to be learned. Let us trust that, in the first place, the citizens of those localities in which the panic, so to speak, comes to a head, and from which it radiates, will understand the expediency of cultivating, as much as possible, home industry and near markets. New York State judiciously cultivated, for instance, would probably sustain double her present population. Pennsylvania, with a population of less than three millions, would sustain about nine millions; while Delaware might be made in great part a perfect market-garden. There are thousands of square miles of sod in New Jersey which only require the application of the marl, which Nature has so bountifully provided, to raise abundant crops. In all of these States the vicinity to a market, particularly the case with Delaware, renders the soil there by far the most profitable in the country. Were very strenuous efforts made to disseminate knowledge relative to the capacities and resources of our own and neighboring States, it would be more advantageous for the headquarters of commerce, and, of course, for all who are commercially allied to it. Again, the advantage of customers near home—short credit men—men whose means and resources are within reach—is too well-known to require comment.

But we have a far more important lesson to learn in substituting a regard for our material interests for empty political sensation. We must all, without distinction of political views, cease sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. We have now for years seen our whole representative force engaged in quarrelling when they should have been at business, and devoting to bombast and Buncombe the modicum of talents due to effecting some little practical good. Washington has been termed, not unaptly, our national cockpit, our representatives have been valued for their game qualities—for their idle oratory and power of repartee, instead of for legislative ability—and the country has awaited with breathless interest every day's squabbles and riot, never asking itself whether all this is worth *paying* for. Perhaps the American world may find it worth while to ask itself whether in future it would not be well for those who really do not wish to see every material interest sacrificed to sensation, to bestir themselves and try to put an end to the reign of Politicians and Politics, and substitute Business and Political Economy in their place.

Finally, it would be well to ascertain whether the monstrous abuse of Lobbying and its managing institution, the Third House, do not deserve quite as much reprobation and reform as any other abuse, real or fancied, which has agitated this country. Lobbying has grown directly out of the neglect of business by Legislators for Buncombe. What is not done well inside is sure to be corruptly done outside. One abuse has fostered another, and the result has been terrible. Unprincipled Legislators—and there are plenty of them—have consumed the whole time of sessions in quarrelling and making idle speeches, in order that bills might be quietly driven into Committees, or managed by their Third House pimps and jackalls. It is high time that the country understood all this, and that efforts were made to send common sense business-men of high moral character to represent us, and not mere noisy orators, who have shown, time and again, that they would belong to any party for the sake of spoils.

It has been very truly regretted that in the present crisis our country has shown no truly great men in any party. The cause may be found in our want of patronage of late years of honest men, and in our insane admiration of puffing and blowing political hacks and Captain Bobadils. While a Third House flourishes and Congress remains a cockpit, there will be every influence at work to extinguish dignity and true greatness.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

We had occasion in our last paper to trace much of our present political disturbance to our system of Borrioboola Gha, or that telescopic philanthropy which only sees distress at three thousand miles distance. The religious public especially, like Sterne, weeps over a dead jackass, but leaves a living mother to starve. We have notable instances of this wretched mania always in our midst. One, in the large sum of money subscribed for the Pope of Rome, and many others in foreign missionary societies which spend millions and produce no actual result. These are such impudent castings of the children's bread to dogs, that we can only attribute them to corruption, humbug or insanity. The bare idea of sending our dollars to Rome, when there are destitute thousands around us, and with the prospect of increased suffering as the winter advances, is as wicked as it is insulting to the common principles of humanity. We would recommend to our preachers, politicians and philanthropists the noble example of our friend Mr Farnum during the crisis in 1857, when, at his own expense, he fed hungry thousands during that terrible winter. We are in the commencement of a similar period of suffering, and we call upon those who have not quite lost their humanity to organise a plan which will do something towards alleviating the miseries of their fellow-creatures. If our wealthy philanthropists will only treat their white serfs with as much consideration as the Southern planters do their black slaves, they will better evince their attachment to our great Union, than by Bancombe speeches at political meetings, or by subscribing a thousand dollars to manumit bogus niggers.

The Welcome Guest, a London journal, is making a fame for ornithological discoveries, which throws our American publications in the shade. In the "Prairie Flower," the scene of which is laid in North America, we have a very thrilling chapter describing an ostrich hunt. We presume the author—Gustave Almard—a Frenchman of course—imported them for that special occasion; but at all events, if he has no further use for them, he had better dispose of them cheap to our friend Barnum. Apropos, the hero of the Prairie Flower always fights with a quizzing glass in his eye and with kid gloves; his weapon an elegant riding-whip, with which he scatters a tribe of furious Camanche Indians with the ease of school girls. Who but a Frenchman would ever make his hero a "bully boy with a glass eye," to use the mysterious phrase of the Indianapolis press?

The Hackneyed Saying that "history constantly repeats itself" will apply to a joke, for since the days of Hierocles, we have had the same jokes repeating themselves, till the wonder is they are not totally worn out. We did not, however, expect to see the following misprint doing duty and applied to General Harney, as happening only "last week." The Washington *States*, in complimenting that gallant soldier, meant to call him a "battle-scarred veteran," but was made by the typos to call him a "battle-scared veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "bottle scared veteran." We presume, if the General is a temperance man, he will not object to the last compound epithet.

It is impossible not to admire modesty when it appears in large chunks, and we therefore cordially tender our admiration to Mr. Bayard Taylor, of whom Baron Humboldt said, "he could not conceive how a man could have seen so much and know so little." On Tuesday, Mr. Taylor, the traveller, gave a lecture at Brooklyn, on "Man, Climate and Customs." In the course of this he must bring in the "inevitable nigger," by saying:

"It was related of a tribe of Bulgarians, that they hung all their intellectual men, in order to preserve equality and prevent them from attaining too much influence. Civilised countries imitated this custom somewhat, for they only hissed their men of intellect. An instance of the latter custom happened a few days since at Philadelphia, when a friend of the lecturer, Mr G. W. Curtis, was publicly excluded from the stage."

We are not surprised to read that the lecturer, Mr. Taylor, was soundly hissed for his impertinence in thus bringing in an Abolitionist Lecturer. A correspondent informs us that he hissed the lecturer, because he went to hear the results of science and not the ravings of fanaticism.

Among the remarkable things of the day is the new and amazing friendship conceived by James Brooks of the *Express* for Thurlow Weed of the Albany *Journal*. In the seventeenth edition of their excellent paper for Wednesday last, you will find these words:

"For the New York *Express* to praise the editor of the Albany *Evening Journal* is hard, difficult, nay, almost impossible. But when we say that he alone of the Republican editors has the sagacity to comprehend the crisis, and foresee the future, we but utter a truth. In fact, he seems to be about the only Republican of note that knows what he is about."

What is the novelty of "two and two are four" to the solemn assurance that "Thurlow knows what he is about!" Weeds are often found about Brooks!

PERSONAL.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Monterey is in the city.

Bombalino has sent his treasures to Paris. They amount to nine millions of silver ducats.

Lord Brougham is about to visit Ireland for the first time in his life.

General Scott is in Washington.

It is said that the last interview between the President and Mr. Cass was of a very angry nature.

It would seem by the following that secession is "according to Hoyle." In the account published by the *South Carolinian* of a celebration given the other night in Columbia, it says:

"A large transparency had the following mottoes: 'Euchre—South Carolina plays it alone.' 'Her Right and Left Bowers—Georgia and Florida.' 'Her Trumps—Magrath, Colcock, Connor. With these she claims a March.'"

Prentice will no doubt crack his joke even when in *articulo mortis*. His joke upon the dissolution of the Union is this:

"If South Carolina does secede, recede, draw back, back down, back out from the Union, we hope she will have the grace to display a huge crawfish on her coat of arms."

The Cincinnati *Times* gives this graphic instance of calling for champagne: "A country couple, newly married, stopped at the Gibson House in Cincinnati a few days ago, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied, "We want that kind of wine where the corks fly out and liquor boils up like soapsuds.""

The Japanese bill is now cut down to a total of $52,832 73. The principal items are: $17,910 51 for the board of the Japanese at the Metropolitan Hotel; $38,863 for the ball and suppers, $7,472 31 for the decorations, $7,851 50 for carriage hire; $2,914 75 for music for the military turnout, and $500 for the use of the steamer Alida to go to South Amboy. The bills appear reasonable, and the necessary appropriation will now probably be passed by the Common Council without opposition. When it is borne in mind that one evening's sport—the Renfrew Ball—cost $30,000, we quite agree with the *News* that the above is very moderate.

Mr. Daniel S. Burgan, of Baltimore, on the 7th inst., went to a barber-shop and got shaved, the razor cutting a small pimple on his cheek; he returned home, and the same night the cut pimple became inflamed, erysipelas set in, and the swelling quickly extended over his face, neck and breast, causing his death the next Tuesday.

There is now living in Pike county, Missouri, a negro, Phillip, aged ninety-six. He was born in Virginia, and often served at the table where General Washington was a guest.

A Mrs. Macavoy, housekeeper to the Rev. Mr Buchan, entered her master's bed-room, and commenced beating him about the head with a rolling-pin. The astonished divine sprang out of bed, and grappled his assailant. It afterwards proved that she had intended to murder Mr Buchan, and then set fire to the house. Elderly housekeepers are dangerous creatures.

The Archbishop Hughes has received a silver medal from the Pope, for his zeal in raising money for him in New York.

We observe from the Indianapolis papers that our friend and correspondent, Colonel H. H. Hoyt, has been entertained at the Spencer House by the Press to a magnificent dinner. Eloquence, good feeling and champagne abounded.

The London *Critic* says that Nathaniel Hawthorne and John Russel Lowell are both busy on some startling novelties. We shall be glad to see them.

Sir Edmund Head is busy with the Duke of Newcastle in drafting a Constitution for the Great National Confederation, into which, it is stated, the British Government has decided upon forming the Canadas.

Alexander Mann, for many years editor of the Rochester, New York, daily *American*, a conservative Fillmore newspaper of the first character in that city, and recently by adoption a Floridian and citizen of St. Augustine, died suddenly of apoplexy in the latter city. ... Mr. Mann was also connected ... with the Albany *Statesman*, the New York *Times* and Railroad *Review*. He was a writer of much power, and ... his profession. Mr Mann was forty-nine *years* of age. He leaves a wife and two children.

Mr. Corbey is going to spend the ensuing winter in Egypt, for the benefit of his health. He is troubled with a disease of the throat. A man who talks so long and prosily as he has done for twenty years deserves this visitation.

Bradbury and Evans have engaged Wm. Russell, the London *Times'* correspondent who accompanied the Prince of Wales in his travelling tour, to write an account of the whole trip. It ought to be published in *Punch*.

The *Evening Post* says, "apropos of General Cass's resignation, his future biographer will please bear in mind that this is not the first time the General has broken his sword when his superior officer proved a traitor." This is perhaps, "the truth, the *Hull* truth, and nothing but the truth."

The *Express* has a critic who does not admire the great American actor, for he says:

"The New York public, the cultivated and fashionable public, which for years past has only now and then at rare intervals looked in at a theatre, has deserted the opera and got into a fashion of going to see Cushman and Booth, and sometimes out of curiosity, Forrest; a fashion which promises to last, for Cushman and Booth are worth seeing."

There is no implication of malice in the last line very painful to the worship pers of bovine tragedy.

Thackeray's new novel which he advertises to commence in the January number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, is entitled, "The Adventures of Philip on his way through the World, showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by." The last is a failure, and the novel will be a failure also. Thackeray is only a satirist, and like Swift, only fit to write semi-metaphorical allegorical little ones. A great novelist must be full of earnestness and sympathy, such as were Scott, Dickens, Fielding and Smollett. Thackeray cannot create or put life into anything; he can only assassinate and dissect.

Norman Wiard, Esq., inventor of the Steam Ice Boat, is now staying in this city. He will start for Prairie du Chien in a few days where extensive preparations are being made for the trial trips of his Steam Ice Boat, which excites the liveliest interest and the greatest expectation in that section of the country. The most important commercial benefits are expected to result from the success of this undertaking, and the trial trip is looked forward to with increasing anxiety.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

New York Carnival in Central Park.

Whatever objections may be urged against Central Park for summer recreations, for winter sports it is not only entirely unobjectionable but it is, positively, a glorious place of resort. No sooner does King Frost command the waters of the lake to be still, than the hum of preparation is heard in a hundred directions. The hardware men shake every variety of skates in the face of the public—rockers and runners, grooved and flat, Philadelphia and London Club skates, and a host of others, with screws, and clasps, and springs, iron and wooden frames, strapped and strapless. Old skates are burnished up and filed at home, and made to look "better as new;" and even the great destinies of the country are for the time forgotten in the joyful anticipation of a "general skate," a jolly good time, in fact—"a big thing."

The "Carnival in New York" a few years since, when the snow lay two feet thick on Broadway, and the sleighs, public and private, made that splendid thoroughfare the gayest and most animated scene in the world, was something to brag of and wonder at. It killed retail trade, to be sure; but, then, as every one went out sleighing, there could not, of course, be any one to buy or to sell. During the last few years the "Carnival" has ceased to be; the utilitarian spirit of the age has waged against it a desolating war, and by a scientific process and the help of salt converted the virgin snow into pestiferous mud. The merry sleigh bells but rarely tinkle now in Broadway, and the lusty shouts of the laughing carnival revellers are heard there no more. But there are compensations through all nature, and the ambition of man steps forward to develope them. We have created a Central Park, and though, unlike Minerva, it did not spring perfect from the head of a modern Jove, it will be all right some time or other. But its creation has changed the location of our winter carnival, and transferred it to the beautiful lake which is its chiefest ornament and pride.

For several days past, not only thousands, but tens of thousands, of people have thronged the frozen lake. From early morning and all day long, to the going down of the young moon, its surface has sustained a swarm of merry skaters of every grade of excellence, from the man who can glide through the figure of a quadrille, or carve out his true love's name in delicate tracery, to him who enjoys the agony of a first trial, and shuffles along on his ankles in so ne-olated state of hopeless imbecility, but in the firm belief that he is "getting along." But whether a man skates well or skates badly, whether he glides away erect or goes along on the broad of his back, the spirit of good humor and good feeling reigns supreme over all.

One noticeable and delightful feature of our carnival in the Central Park is the presence of ladies. They come out in throngs and they do not come out in staid and severe dignity, standing like skeletons at a feast, but, abandoning themselves to the spirit of the scene, they are the liveliest and the merriest of the merry crowd. There we see ladies on foot, ladies on skates and ladies on runners—no, ladies in chairs on runners, with attendant cavaliers, who, by their earnest attention seem to think that the glow of health which exercise gives to the cheeks of their fair companions renders them doubly beautiful. It is impossible to calculate how many wavering intentions are fixed and how many hearts made happy while gliding over the smooth surface of the beautiful lake. So active is the interest felt in this healthy, invigorating and delightful exercise, that on the first skating Sunday it is estimated that over seventy-five thousand persons visited the Central Park.

The Academy of Music to Let.

"Discord, dire sister," has nearly closed up the fountains of music and silenced the sweet syrens of song. Ullman, who covered himself with glory in his last brief campaign, who, in the *mise en scène*, came nearer to the art standards of Europe than any of his predecessors, has retired from the operatic management, and the Academy of Music is now open to the assaults of any speculator, who, having nothing to lose, may choose to try his hand at extracting dollars from an unwilling public. As far as the immediate future is open to us, we see no hope of an operatic organization for many months to come. The truth is, we have had too many little seasons at our opera-house. We have had seasons of one week, and seasons of two weeks, and seasons of six and eight weeks, coming at such odd and inconvenient times, that most of them had ended before the great public knew that the "singers were in town." Under which thimble is the pea? says the thimblerigger; in which city of the Union is our opera company? says the New York public. We do not want, and cannot support, in New York more than two seasons—the fall and the spring. These should be at stated times, which should never be altered when once dates are announced. If such a regulation were persevered in, a sense of stability would pervade the public mind, and the opera would assume the proportion of an institution, instead of appearing, as it does now, as a superior sort of travelling circus.

German Opera Takes Refuge in Chatham Street.

We hear of a new German operatic combination, which is to give a series of representations in the classic *locale* of Chatham street—in point of fact, in the Chatham Theatre, sacred to the memory of peanuts and oranges, shirtsleeves and catcalls, and, above all, to the immortal Kirby, who wrapped himself up in the American flag and died like a son of a—hero. We have no personal objection to Chatham street; it is a good thoroughfare for the Third Avenue Railroad, and derives a remote respectability by a sort of doubtful connection with Broadway, into which it would emerge, but for the envious intervention of City Hall Square. Still, it has not a pleasant odor, and the interesting Hebrews, who live in old clothes and smell of them, are not engaging in their appearance or manners. We should feel uncertain, did we attempt to visit the Chatham Theatre, of ever reaching our destination, for we have heard of strangers who were pounced upon by these predatory Hebrews, forcibly carried into their kerseymere dens, whence, invested with mouldy and unsavory "duds," they came forth but little better than unclean things. We submit, therefore, all things considered, that the locality chosen for the new German opera speculation is hardly calculated to secure a very large attendance of the opera habitués.

The Philharmonic Society—A Charitable Suggestion.

The only great musical society in America, the Philharmonic Society of New York, gives one of its interesting concerts at the Academy of Music on the 22d inst. For eighteen or nineteen years this society has maintained its position; it had to struggle in its youth against prejudice and insufferance and an unsympathizing and sparsely (musically) educated public; but it persevered undiscouraged but not dispirited until the tyrant, Fashion, adopted it as its own, and a brilliant and permanent success rewarded its well-directed efforts. And now, in the full tide of its well deserved success, would it not be a graceful and a noble act to repeat the concert of Saturday and give the receipts for the benefit of our starving poor? The stockholders of the Academy would not refuse the free gift of the house for the occasion, the public would certainly respond, for the public at large have a great curiosity to hear the performances of this famous society, and who knows but so noble an example might be followed by all our places of public amusement, and many thousand dollars raised to be devoted to provide food and fire for those who in this hard season have natural claims upon the charity of all. *Will the Philharmonic Society set this ball in motion?*

Books Just Out.

In the way of new books this season is very prolific. All those who delight in exquisite poetry of a serious character will secure a copy of the *Hymns of Ages* collected by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., and just issued in beautiful style by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. The present volume is the second in the series, and was called for by the great success of the first. The selections are from some of the most celebrated of the old poets, and are rare gems of sacred thought. Ralph Waldo Emerson's new book, *The Conduct of Life*, just issued by Ticknor & Fields, is exciting much controversy in critical circles. It is a bold and powerful exposition of his peculiar train of thought, well calculated to awake reflection and certain to provoke controversy.

Ticknor & Fields have also published a very charming real life book, called, *From Maytime to Hopping*, by the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres." It is a story of English country life, artistic in its construction, interesting from its naturalness and simplicity, genial in its tone and healthy in its sentiment.

Sheldon & Co. have issued the third volume of *American History*, by Jacob Abbott. The design of the work is to narrate in a clear, simple and intelligible manner the leading events connected with the history of our country, from the earliest periods down, as nearly as practicable, to the present time. The several volumes will contain the necessary maps, and also many incidental illustrations. The present volume treats of the Southern colonies.

Fowler & Wells have sent us an elegantly got up volume upon *Phonography* written by one of the most celebrated phonographists in the country, Benn Pitman, of Cincinnati. It is a complete and admirable exposition of the phonographic art, and is the best and most intelligible guide to all who desire to master its mysteries.

To travellers, we would say that the next most important thing, after taking care of your portmanteau is to secure a copy of *Dinsmore's Railroad and Steam Navigation Guide*. It is the best work of the kind published, and is as useful for Southern as for North-Eastern or Western travel.

Tiffany & Co. on the Holiday Question.

If any one wishes to be bewildered by an infinite variety of rich and exquisite articles suitable for this season, sacred to loving gifts and friendly souvenirs, let him step into Tiffany & Co.'s, 550 Broadway—or, if he prefers it, to their other store, No. 79 Rue Richelieu, Paris, although he could hardly arrive there before Christmas or New Year—let him then step into 550 Broadway, and he will see at once that the most luxurious and the most inexpensive taste can be gratified whatever direction it may take. Tiffany & Co. have the largest and the richest assortment of diamonds and other precious stones, set and unset, to be found in any single establishment in the world. In jewellery, their styles are of the newest and most recherché fashions, their Paris house, which in a great measure leads the fashions there, always advising them beforehand of the coming modes in advance of all houses in the same line. So that our fashionables can have the satisfaction of wearing the recherché patterns in jewellery which are at the same moment adopted by the nobility of the Old World.

It would be impossible to enumerate a tithe of the articles suitable for Christmas and New Year's greetings displayed on the various floors of Tiffany & Co.'s vast establishment. Suffice to say, that if you want watches or clocks, Sevres, Dresden or other porcelains, dressing or jewel-cases in ebony, rosewood, buhl or leather, articles in silver or plate, or the most exquisite fancies in the way of etrennes, your most fanciful wishes can be gratified. Of the jewellery department and works of art in bronze and silver, we shall attempt no description, for their name is legion, their variety infinite, and their richness and beauty unsurpassed. They may talk of their bazaars of the East, but the true bazaar, thronged all day long during the holiday season by the rich and the beautiful, is Tiffany & Co.'s, 550 Broadway.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Theatre.—Mr. Forrest as "Richard III."—On Monday evening last, that being the opening night of the fourteenth week of his engagement, Mr. Forrest appeared as the crooked-back tyrant, the fifth rôle he has assumed. Mr. Forrest differs entirely both in his conception and rendition of this part, from any of his predecessors. Instead of representing Richard as a vulgar, loud-talking ruffian, Mr. Forrest paints him as a subtle, far-sighted hypocrite; outwardly a courteous gentleman, only forgetting the "proprieties" when under the influence of sudden bursts of anger. Most representations of the tyrant Richard make his hypocrisy and villainy so absurdly glaring, that the most obtuse courtier would fail to be deceived by it; but Mr. Forrest, on the contrary, so nicely and delicately manages all this, that even in the scene with Queen Anne, where he wins her love beside dead Henry's bier, one can almost forgive the gentle lady for yielding herself captive to his earnest vows. Could any low and vulgar nature have played a game of such excellent dissembling as Richard then and there enacts? Certainly not; and yet every actor save and except Mr. Forrest depicts Gloster as an ill-bred ruffian, instead of which he most undoubtedly was in reality a thoroughly well-bred gentleman; a man of the world, whose whole life had been devoted to schooling his countenance and manner, that through neither one nor the other could a glimpse even be caught of the dark plots and treasons that were hatching beneath that calm exterior. Does he not himself say that he "can smile and murder as he smiles, and cry content to that which grieves his heart." Mr. Forrest's performance throughout is marked by a nice consistency, a scholarly appreciation of the text and such perfect taste, that never once, not even in the last acts, where the temptation to over-color is so strong, does he overstep the bounds of propriety; he lives and dies as Richard, Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III. King of England, may be supposed to have lived and died; and this can be said of no other artist we have ever seen attempt to act the part. The tragedy is not particularly well put upon the stage, the scenery is shabby and the costumes shabbier but it is creditably performed by Conway, Fisher, Mrs. Ponisi, Mrs. Conway and the rest of the company.

Winter Garden.—Mr. Booth's engagement comes to a conclusion with this week, and despite the futile attempts made by certain papers to manufacture public opinion in his behalf, we fancy that the public proper will feel no very great degree of grief at parting with this young man. He has been more persistently over-praised than any artist of late years. On Monday the ever-popular favorite, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, makes his first appearance this season as "Rip van Winkle;" he is certain of a hearty welcome.

Wallack's Theatre.—"To Marry or not to Marry" is the title of the last novelty at Wallack's; it is an adaptation from Mrs. Inchbald, and has met with deserved success. We regret being compelled to defer a longer notice until next week.

Barnum's Museum.—Another week of crowded and delighted audiences. The variety of amusement afforded by the enterprising Prince of Managers is really marvellous. All the wonders of Nature are gathered in one building, giving to the visitor all the privileges of a circumnavigator of the globe, without the expense of passage money or the unpleasant sensations of sea sickness. In no other spot in the world can such strange sights as the Aztec Children, the Albinos, the What Is It? and a hundred other things be seen. But it is needless to praise Barnum. In addition to these curiosities there are the dramatic performances, afternoon and evening, in the Lecture Room. Parents ought to take their families to the Museum by way of a Christmas treat.

We find the following in an English paper, but it sounds like a canard: The Empress of the French, while at the station on her way to Perth, had her attention drawn to an old man in extreme ill-health, but bearing upon his person several decorations for military service. Prompted, doubtless, by sympathy for his infirmity, she gave him a small donation, when one of the attendants, with more officiousness than good taste, reminded Her Majesty that she had befriended a man who had fought at Waterloo. "Then he is the more deserving," replied the Empress, "for he contended with a brave enemy."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The audacity which young rowdies show in their assaults is becoming a peculiar feature in our "modern manners." On Sunday evening, as two respectable women were walking to church in Jersey City, they were suddenly seized by four boys and rifled of their purses. Before they could recover from their fright to call out, the young villains had fled, and the whole affair was so momentary that the ladies cannot identify them. This happened between seven and eight o'clock, at the corner of Hudson and Grand streets.

A somewhat singular case of abduction occurred last week at Portland. A Mrs. Curtis, who had been living apart from her husband for some time, was forcibly carried off by him. It has caused considerable excitement in the town.

On Saturday week, as General Lockwood was sitting in his parlor at Memphis, Tenn., he was fired at by an assassin; he fortunately escaped unhurt. The next night a man, supposed to be the same, fired into the residence of Mr. Pierson, also without doing any damage.

Richard M. McGill, at Sacramento, recently, was thrown from a carriage and received a fracture of the skull, which, as is presumed, rendered him insane. He was assisted to his residence, where he immediately drew a pistol from his pocket, and, exclaiming, "I will finish this!" shot himself through the head. McGill was aged about twenty-eight years, and was from Maryland.

The pilot of the steamboat Goody Friends has been fined fifty dollars, and compelled to leave New Orleans for making love to a negress.

The Newport *Advertiser* threatens, in the event of Southern secession, to make Newport a free port and Rhode Island an independent State.

A California paper says that an enterprising merchant of San Francisco has adopted the following plan of swindling the newspapers out of his advertising: He takes a white dog, and with a stencil-plate and black ink he inscribes his business card upon each side of the dog, and then sends him forth, a locomotive advertisement, a doggerytype of the fast people of a fast country.

James Hosley, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life at Cambridge, Mass., the other day, on receiving his sentence said, in a malignant manner, "I want you to understand that a State prison can never hold me—never!" It is said he has a violent hatred of one of the officers of the prison, and is regarded as a most dangerous person.

Ladies ought to be very cautious of steamboat acquaintances. Several susceptible widows of the Crescent City have been victimised by a fascinating colonel, who made their acquaintance on a trip, and whose conversation was so agreeable that they asked him to their houses. Many of them have had to mourn the loss of their jewellery, watches and other valuables.

The Lancaster *Examiner* says: "We have heard of a project among some Union men to buy Wheatland from Mr. Buchanan, and ask, as a special favor, that he would never return to Lancaster county again."

Dr. Wickham, who was accused of poisoning Mrs. Cole, in conjunction with her husband, for the sake of her life insurance, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree. The trial was a very elaborate one, and the doctor was very ably defended, but the evidence was so very strong against him that no doubt remained on the jury's mind, and, although many of them had known him for years, they were compelled to give in a verdict of "Guilty."

Love suicides are becoming fearfully frequent. Every week the papers abound with them. About a year since a most accomplished and respectable young lady, Miss Flora Eames, went to visit a married sister in Nunda, Livingston county, where she met a young man, who proposed marriage to her. He was accepted, and a day was fixed for the wedding. The day before the appointed time the heartless scoundrel left without seeing his betrothed, merely writing to say that he was going to Cuba for eight years. The unfortunate lady, stung to the soul at his treachery, took poison, and remains in a very precarious state. The Albany *Statesman* gives the lady's name, but not that of her unmanly lover.

The Western Lunatic Asylum, Hopkinsville, Kentucky, one of the largest and most costly buildings in Kentucky, was burnt down last week. The fire fortunately did not break out till about eleven o'clock in the morning, or the destruction of life would have been fearful. Dr. Montgomery, the Superintendent, exerted himself to the utmost, but the flames were not to be subdued, and in four hours nothing but the walls were left standing. The attendants succeeded in saving the patients, 250, without injury, except one who fastened his cell, near where the fire originated. The attendant, after endangering his own life, had to leave him. The procession of lunatics marching into town presented a spectacle of melancholy grotesqueness, as the poor creatures passed on, the men on foot and the females on wagons and backs, wrapped up in quilts, comforts and blankets of every hue.

The Detroit *Advertiser* has the following very remarkable story: "In the month of August last Mr. Caleb C. Woodbury, postmaster at White Pigeon, Michigan, was arrested upon the charge of robbing the United States mail. He was taken to Detroit, where a preliminary examination was had before a United States Commissioner, who required him to give bail in the sum of $4 000 to appear on trial, or in default to be imprisoned. On the 18th of August he was taken to his home by Deputy United States Marshal Moore, to give him an opportunity of obtaining the requisite surety. While in his own house he was permitted by the officer to retire for the purpose of changing his clothes and to take a short nap, the officer mounting guard at the door. Not making his appearance in due time, the door was burst open and Woodbury was found dead in his bed. The fact that he had bought strychnine, and the presence of some of it in the room, led naturally to the belief that he had committed suicide by its use. The deputy marshal returned home and reported the facts as narrated above. But the strangest part of the story is to come. The Detroit *Advertiser* learns that within a few weeks Woodbury has been seen and spoken to by an old acquaintance in or near Chicago. The story reaching White Pigeon, the supposed grave of Woodbury was opened, and found to contain only a coffin enclosing a large stick of wood. The *Advertiser* further states that the United States authorities at Detroit will proceed to investigate the matter immediately."

A singular funeral took place at Washington, Penn., last week. Patrick Bryson and his wife were interred in the same grave. They were an old couple, he ninety-four and she but a few years his junior. He died on Sunday night, and she on Tuesday, and the bodies of both were carried in the same funeral train to the same grave. They had lived together as man and wife for sixty-six years, coming from Ireland soon after their marriage. They had resided in the town of Washington for sixty-five years, and had raised a large family, and had seen Washington rise from a wilderness to what it is now.

The tavern connected with the extensive cattle yard of Burrus & Dickey, Buffalo, was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday night. All the inmates escaped but two, Phineas Dickey, a son of one of the proprietors, and Jane Burrus, a servant. Miss Ellen Dickey threw herself from a second story window, severely injuring her spine. Many were more or less injured in escaping, and all suffered intensely from the cold, being obliged to remain unsheltered in their night clothes. Loss on building and furniture about $6,000; insured for $3,000.

While the steamer Commonwealth was on her passage to New York last week, and waiting for daylight near Throgg's neck, with steam shut off, a defective iron plate in the steam chimney blew out, making a slight opening, through which the steam escaped into the fire-room and out among the passengers. Several persons were scalded, and a waiter, named James Myers was so much injured, that he died soon afterwards. Three passengers were also badly burned.

On Wednesday night, the 19th Dec., a fire burst out in the fifth story of 26 Frankfort street, near William street, and despite the utmost exertions of the firemen, was not subdued until Nos. 26 and 28 were completely gutted. The damage is estimated at nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Owing to the hour, five o'clock in the afternoon, no lives were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The sufferings inside the fortress of Gaeta are said to be awful. The diplomatic body themselves were reduced, for some days, to a fare consisting of biscuit and maccaroni. The Prussian Minister, who did not seem to be fond of either, lived upon bread and cheese for three days. King Francis did not dream of consoling these gentlemen by inviting them to partake of his table. But he conceded that they might share the protection of the bomb-proof lodgings provided for him and his family. It is said that their disgust with his niggardly behavior was the occasion of their leaving.

While the Duke of Newcastle was in America, one of his daughters married against his wish, Lord Vane, a son of the Marchioness of Londonderry. It appears that the Duke's opposition was well founded, as before a month had elapsed the bride threatened to leave her unworthy husband. The Vanes are a bad set. The Duke is so indignant at his daughter's disobedience, that he drives past her in the Park without any recognition. He is rather unfortunate in his domestic relations, since his wife ran away with a gay officer in the Guards many years ago.

The chief engineer of the steamship Hero, G. S. Theoder, stands charged with having been drunk on the day the Hero started from Portland with the Prince of Wales. The case is to be brought before a court martial, and it is said that he will plead guilty, urging, that as he was, so were others; and that in fact there was a state of general jollity which required one victim as a scapegoat for the flock.

A shoemaker in Preston, England, named Charleston, not being able to live affectionately with his wife, took her to a public-house and sold her at auction for twenty-five cents and two dollars worth of whiskey punch. A bill of sale was given, and the woman seemed satisfied with her change of masters.

A darky named Peterson, the steward of the ship Cyclops, had a high time on a voyage from Hong Kong to England—plenty to eat and nothing to do. On the 5th of September he disappeared during a gale of wind, and it was supposed he was drowned. Eighteen days after, the second mate was in the cabin, in the dark, and stumbled over a man's legs. Calling for a light, he cried to the helmsman, "Bill, here's the dead steward!" Bill looked, and was so terrified that, though a strong man, he did not recover himself for four days. He thought he had seen the steward's ghost. A Newfoundland dog, who came at the same time with Bill, ran off howling and jumped overboard. The fellow had been concealed in the bread-locker all the time, coming out at night for food, and helping himself to preserved meats and delicacies. On the arrival of the ship in London, Peterson actually summoned the captain before a magistrate for wages, but the case was dismissed.

AQUATIC SPORTS—THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE, BETWEEN THE CHAMPION ROWERS OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND—PORTRAIT OF HENRY KELLEY, EX-CHAMPION OF THE THAMES AND YARE, WITH SKETCH OF SKELETON BOAT USED IN RACES.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.

I was on my first circuit—both the cause list and the criminal paper of the Northampton Assizes were crowded with cases. I had two or three briefs of no great importance, for I was young at the bar, and yet at this Northampton Assizes I was daily getting shadowy, nervous, pale and weak—I could not eat—I never could drink—I could not sleep—at times, I could not think. A case sat heavy on my soul—I felt weighed down as by a constant nightmare. I had a criminal case on hand. It had been put off from day to day, on account of the length of time it was supposed it would occupy, but it was coming on.

A fearful sense of responsibility was constantly present to my imagination. I had not yet grown callous to human suffering—I could not then contemplate crime, suffering and retribution, with the merely critical eye of an artist in law—and I suffered accordingly.

A young girl—almost a child—her age was but fifteen—was to be put upon her trial for murder.

Ann Dormer Heritage was committed for trial by the Northamptonshire magistrates, for the murder of John Adolpho Seaton, an infant, and her own sister's son.

I was retained for the defence.

Day and night—at meal times—in the hours that should have been those of recreation—at times when my other duties should have occupied me, I pondered over this case, and read and re-read the depositions, and toiled mentally until I began to look like some wretch with an undiscovered crime resting heavily upon his heart, and who walked and lived in bodily fear of detection.

Could she be guilty? I had seen her more than once—a mild, gentle, loveable, fair young girl, who did not appear to have nerve enough to have crushed an offensive fly.

But the evidence?

The evidence was awfully, conclusively against her.

I condense it for the reader. Before we step into court on the occasion of this most remarkable trial, we will glance over the record exhibited against the youthful and engaging prisoner.

There resided on his own property, which comprised a beautiful mansion and manor in the county of Northamptonshire, a Sir Ralph Heritage. This gentleman had one only son, whose irregularities of life had estranged him from friends, relations, and finally from his father. But the father had long fought against the facts of his son's bad conduct; he had been the last and the most loth to shut his heart against him; and it was not till a highway robbery, in which Richard Heritage most unquestionably had a share, that Sir Ralph was compelled to banish from his home the son to whom his heart yet clung.

Pity this poor father—pity the man who has for years garnered up his best affections in a thankless child!

And so Richard Heritage disappeared, and years passed away, and only now and then came vague rumors that he was a wanderer about those South American States which teem with adventurers of every clime and of every hue.

And Sir Ralph felt that he was getting old and feeble; his wife had been long since in the family tomb of the Heritages. He was a lonely man, and it was with a gush of grateful tears that one autumnal evening he read a letter that had reached him from Ceylon, to say that his younger brother Alfred, who had many a long year ago sought that island as a home, with a sickly wife, was no more, and that the two children—orphans, and one a young widow—were left destitute, or nearly so, and were only waiting in the hope that their uncle, Sir Ralph, would give them encouragement to come home.

They called England "home," although they had been very little children indeed when they had gone to Ceylon, with their sick mother and their anxious father.

Twelve years had elapsed, and mother and father were both dead.

The eldest girl, Rachael, had married for love, and he whom she loved died within eighteen months of their union. Rachael, then, was a young widow, with an infant clinging to her for help. Her sister, Anna, it was who wrote to their uncle at his grand estate, in Northamptonshire, detailing all these events; and it was that letter which produced the flood of tears we have mentioned from the lone old knight.

Would these two sorrowing ones and the little child be welcome? Would he open his heart to them? Ah, yes! The mere thought of their coming was new life to him, and he was seen to smile for the first time in the memory of some of his servants on the day succeeding the receipt of Anna's letter from Ceylon.

That the answer to that letter was all that could be wished by the sisters we may well imagine. It sent them ample means to come to England, and assured them of a fatherly welcome to Heritage Hall.

The time sped on, and the sisters, with the infant, reached England. They travelled post from Liverpool to Northampton, and but for the accident of a breakdown of the postchaise about ten miles from Heritage Hall, they would, on a wild, tempestuous day in February, have dined with their uncle.

But it was not to be.

On a cross-road that the postilion was advised to take, since it avoided a very hilly district, the chaise encountered a fallen trunk of a tree, which, in the dim twilight, was not observed until too late; and then it had so dislocated the machinery of the chaise that it was impossible to proceed further with it, and the party were fain to take shelter for the night at a roadside inn, named the Wheatsheaf.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS—"IT IS HEAVEN'S TESTIMONY—THE PHANTOM WITNESS! I KNOW IT WELL! THERE IS THE MURDERER'S SHADOW!"

The rain came down in torrents, and the wind howled through some neighboring copses, as if presaging, by its dismal tones, unheard-of evils to the unfortunate travellers then benighted on their journey.

The inn's best room—I took the trouble to thoroughly to examine it, in the interests of my young client—was shabby in the extreme. It had two beds in it, and there was, down the middle of the room, a sliding partition, which, on an emergency, would convert the apartment into two.

It was into this room, then, at ten o'clock, on this wild spring evening, that the two sisters, with the infant, were ushered.

The rain dashed and beat against the two latticed windows as though their destruction was the whole and sole object of the storm; and the wind struck the large sloping roof of the house such gusty blows that the sisters more than once believed that some one must be at work in some mad fashion above their heads.

The small candle that the ill-appointed inn afforded them flared and flickered in the little candlestick, and threatened each moment to expire, so that they hastened to rest.

And there was the gentle sisterly caress, the kind "Good night!" the "God bless you, Anna!" and "God bless you, Rachael!" and the little one was kissed and commended to Heaven, and the light was put out; and then Rachael, from some cause that she could not define, burst into a passion of tears, and her sister Anna called out, "Rachael, Rachael! what is it? Why do you cry, when we are going to be so happy?"

"I cannot help it, Anna! My heart is heavy—so very heavy! And yet how much we have to be thankful for, in the kindness of our uncle, who promises to make Ernest (the infant son), his heir."

And then Anna laughed and spoke in badinage, to raise her sister's spirits.

"To be sure, Rachael and I go to the wall, and shall not get a husband at all on account of your little Ernest, when I fully intended to make uncle Ralph leave me everything. Come now, go to sleep. Good night."

"Good night, dear!"

"Good night!"

This little dialogue was overheard by the landlady of the inn. It was nothing in itself, but it appeared on the depositions against Anna, as though written in letters of blood.

The sisters slept.

The little Ernest slept his last sleep on the breast of his mother.

The rain still came down in torrents, and the wind still howled around the old inn. One o'clock had just been proclaimed by the tall old-fashioned clock in the bar, when landlord, landlady, chambermaid and boots were all aroused by such a succession of piercing shrieks, from the room occupied by the sisters, that they one and all made a rush in that direction, with such hastily snatched up garments as terror enabled them to procure, and with the only light that was still burning in the house—an oil lamp that was always on a slab in the passage.

The sight that met their eyes was a terrible one. It was one that has converted that old roadside inn into a melancholy ruin, for no one would sleep in it again.

The door of the chamber was wide open, and Rachael, the mother of the infant boy, was lying half in and half out of the room on her face. Anna was sitting up in bed, looking scared and bewildered; and seemingly not conscious that her hands, face, and the clothing about her, were all dabbled in blood.

The landlady shrieked "Murder!"

The landlord called loud for help!

A traveller, who had arrived on foot at the inn some hours after the sisters, and who had given his name as Mr. Brown, hurried along an ancient corridor, at the further end of which he slept, to the place of confusion.

"Good Heavens!" he said, "what is the matter?"

It was terrible, then, to see Anna, as unconsciously she passed her blood-stained hands over her face, and looked about her like one still in a dream.

"It's murder!" said the landlady.

"The child!" cried the landlord—"there was a child!"

"What child?" said Mr. Brown. "I don't see any child here!"

Upon this the landlady uttered a terrible cry; and from between the bed, on which Anna was, and the wall, she lifted the lifeless and murdered body of the little Ernest.

The little one was stabbed to the heart with a steel ornamental paper-knife.

The sisters had been robbed at Liverpool, or on board the vessel from Ceylon, of a trunk, in which that paper-knife might have been. But one fact was admitted.

The knife belonged to Anna, and she bought it at Colombo!

This was the case.

On her recovery from a swoon, which lasted many hours, Rachael made the following statement.

Soon after the little conversation we have recorded with her sister, she had gone to sleep with the child on her arm, but finding him restless and starting occasionally she had gently withdrawn her arm from him, and had been persuaded that he slept soundly.

How long she had remained in sleep she knew not; but what awakened her was a faint kind of sob, which she felt certain was the last sound uttered by little Ernest in life. It aroused her on the moment, and she sprung out of bed on finding the child was not with her, and mechanically ran to the door of the room, which she flung open.

And here comes a remarkable statement from Rachael. I give it in her own words.

"On opening the door, I saw that from some light below (that was the oil lamp in the passage) there came up a strong reflection on to the wall of the corridor, which was to the right hand, and through that reflection, passing along it, as if stooping to avoid it, if possible, I saw the shadow of a man, large, and not very well defined, owing to its exaggerated dimensions; but still there it was, and it passed away into the gloom at the further end of the corridor and disappeared."

Overcome, then, by terror of she knew not what, Rachael fell into the swoon in which she was found by the people of the inn.

Such was the statement of the half-distracted mother on the examination before the Northampton magistrates of her sister Anna, whose innocence of the murder of the child she declared herself as thoroughly satisfied of as of the existence of heaven.

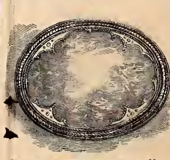
Sir Ralph Heritage was sent for, and the shock so completely unmanned him that, although filling the office that year of high sheriff to the county, he was compelled to go home, where he took to his bed, from which it did not seem probable he would ever rise again.

Several of the seniors at the bar had shrunk from undertaking the defence of Anna Heritage, and the case was brought to me. I took it, and from the moment I did so I felt a conviction that there was some fearful mystery in it, which, unless elucidated, would leave the youthful accused to be judicially murdered.

And so I thought and pondered over the affair until I was afraid that my own mind would get into some abnormal condition, and I should be unable to do what human means could do for Anna Heritage.

I saw her but once before the trial. I shall never forget the manner in which she looked at me as she gently shook her head, saying, "They will kill me, sir; but heaven knows that I am innocent! If my death would bring back to poor Rachael her boy—(here she burst into tears)—I should be willing to die; but as it is, I am very, very young to be murdered!"

I could say but little. I pressed both her hands in mine, and only gasped out some commonplace expression of hopeful consolation, and then I left her.



THE GREAT HONDURAS OPAL.—SEE PAGE 90.

The case was fearfully strong against her. There was but one supposition in her favor.

The shadow—the phantom-like form seen by the mother—who was he? Was it this Mr. Brown? Who and what was he? I hunted him up—I employed people to dog and watch him. It all came to nothing. He was a commercial traveller for a house at Marseilles, and was engaged in trying to do business at Northampton.

Several old counsel, to whom I spoke of the case, were of opinion that the shadow seen by Rachael was either no shadow at all, but merely said by her to be seen to screen her sister, or was the work of her imagination, or the veritable shadow of some of the people of the inn, who, alarmed by her cries, were hastening to the room.

And so at length the morning of the trial came, and, full of anxiety as I was, it came as positive relief to me.

The then Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer presided. He was a calm, enlightened judge, who never permitted his own prejudices—as some of his successors have done—to warp either law or justice; and come what might of the matter, I knew the young prisoner would have a fair trial.

The court was crowded to excess. A positive disturbance at the door hindered the commencement of the proceedings for a full half hour, and it was only quelled by force.

The attorney-general had come down from London to prosecute on behalf of the crown, and the counsels' seats were so closely packed that no one could stir except those engaged in the case.

The jury looked grave and half frightened.

The judge was pale and more serious-looking than usual, and as for me, I felt sick at heart. And when the uneasy kind of hush that pervaded the court let me know that Anna Heritage was placed at the bar, it was some few moments before I could muster up courage to look at her.

How pale, how wan, and yet how beautiful she looked!

Her fair hair was dressed in the most simple style possible, and she wore a dress of gray silk, which fitted closely around the neck, terminating in a narrow plaited frill. Her lips trembled, and her gentle eyes seemed to shrink behind their abundant lashes as she met the gaze of friend and of foe in that crowded court—that is, if one so young, so fair and so innocent, could have a foe!

I could see the judge taking a long look at her beneath his bent-down brows, and then he rested his head on his hands and appeared in deep thought.

The attorney-general tossed a scrap of paper over the table to me. It contained these words:

"The witness Brown has absconded—make what use of the fact you can."

I nodded gratefully, and I felt he would only just do his duty against the prisoner.

Then there was a strange half-sigh, half hush all through the auditory, and a lady in deep mourning came into the court.

It was the bereaved mother. She went direct to the front of the dock, where was her sister arraigned on so dreadful a charge, and she leant over the front of it, with both her arms extended, as she cried,

"Dear, dear Anna, God bless you and prove your innocence, as I feel it!"

Anna was overcome by this, and she burst into a shrieking passion of sobs and tears. The sisters could only just interlace their arms together, and there they remained for some few moments until the judge said, in a deep, sad voice,

"This must not be. Proceed, proceed!"

The clerk of arraigns, in a high, cracked, indifferent voice, proceeded to read the indictment, and Rachael sat down in a chair that some one had placed for her just beneath the dock.

Poor Anna's fortitude seemed wholly to have given way. Her fair face was hidden in her hands, and resting on the front of the bar.

It was a fashion to place a row of aromatic herbs on the bar before the prisoner in those days, and among them she leant, and some of them, watered by her tears, fell upon her sister's lap as she sat beneath.

Then came the question, "Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty to this present indictment?"

Anna did not stir. The poor girl had not heard the question; but her sister rose, and in a mild, clear voice, said,

"She is not guilty, sirs. He was my little one. He is in Heaven now; and if you take her life she will go to him sooner than I, and be that the happier. She is not guilty, sirs."

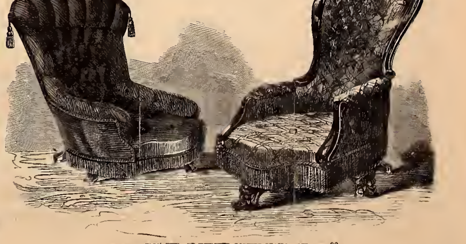
The governor of the jail had by this time jogged Anna by the arm, and whispered to her, when she looked up, hastily, and said,

"Oh, no, no, no, no! a thousand times no!"

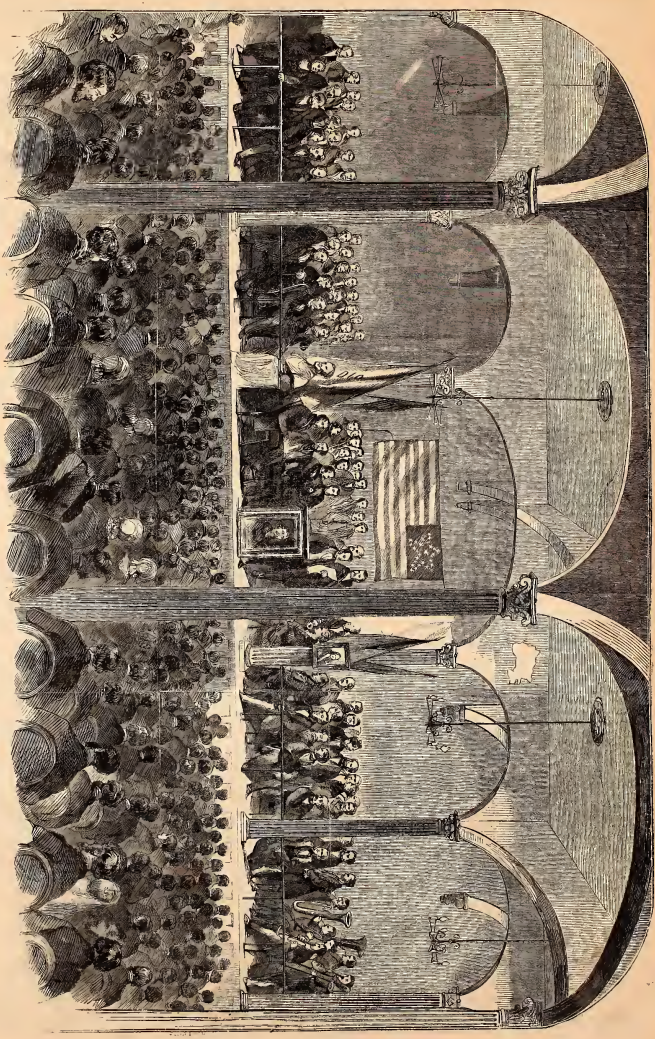
"The plea is 'Not guilty,'" said the judge. "So enter it."

The attorney-general rose.

The court was hushed. I never took my eyes off his for one moment while he spoke.



TERRY & WELLS' NEW AND IMPROVED ROCKING CHAIRS.—SEE PAGE 90.



GREAT MEETING IN BEHALF OF GARIBALDI AND ITALIAN LIBERTY, AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, ON TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 18, 1860.—See Page 90.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets, she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults course
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is Love.—*Thomson.*

The dawn was breaking when Erle started from his bed, and, pressing his hands on his temples, endeavored to collect his thoughts.

He walked to the window and gazed out upon the scene yet scarcely visible; then he cast his eyes over his own figure, and discovered that he was attired as he had been the day previously.

Rapidly everything which had happened to him the night before recurred to him, and threw him into a state of great mental excitement. He remembered all up to the sudden vanishing of the female figure which had in such an awful and supernatural manner presented herself to his amazed eyes, beyond that—nothing.

How or by what means he had regained his own bed-chamber he knew not, nor, strain his brain as he would, could he recollect an incident connected with it.

He had seen enough, however, to determine to see more, and his next visit to the ghastly old library he resolved should be that very morning, and in the light of day.

He was not superstitious; he did not believe in the indiscriminate wandering of perturbed spirits but he did believe that there existed in heaven and earth more than was dreamt of in the world's philosophy.

It was not at Kingswood he had first seen visions. He had kept, boy as he was, midnight vigils when others slept. What he then beheld, what strange and mysterious visitations he had, he kept concealed within his own breast. But it was noted that when others spoke derisively of the spirits of the dead, the phantoms of those near and dear who had departed from the world, he joined not in the mockery, but, with a face grave and sad, would walk away and remain alone for some hours.

He had a conception that he had a remarkable destiny and a mission. He imagined that already he had received revelations, and there were others of far greater import to come. The events of his life had already been of a wild, strange and improbable character; they had formed him to expect marvels, and he was prepared to seize every opportunity to meet with them. He considered that the occurrences of the night before was but an event half worked out, and he trusted to the day to complete what the night had left unfinished.

He yet clutched in his hand the quaint old Gothic key, and he persuaded himself, though he could not recall the circumstances, that he had intuitively closed the door he had unlocked with it, and pursued noiselessly the passages and corridors leading to the chamber he now occupied.

He prepared for another visit, changed his habiliments, and waited anxiously until the servants had prepared his breakfast and had retired with it.

As he was about to quit his room, at a moment when he anticipated the servants would be occupied far from the quarter he intended to inspect, he was startled by the appearance of Pharisee, who stood at his elbow before he discovered him.

"Upon what errand do you seek me?" asked Erle, rather brusquely.

Only one fiery gleam shot forth from the valet's eyes, and he turned them upon the floor.

"I thought you would like to hear how Mr. Cyril is getting on," he exclaimed, in a smooth tone.

"Naturally," returned Erle, in a softer manner. "Has the fever of the brain abated?"

"Oh, yes," returned the valet; "he is quite himself again, as far as the brain is concerned, but he is very low and melancholy, so very reserved—so very unlike his usual frank, open manner."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Erle, with an air of surprise, which appeared to strike the valet as something strange.

"It is even so," he rejoined. "And what both Lord and Lady Kingswood consider so remarkable is, that he emphatically declines to offer the slightest explanation of the circumstances which led to the ruffianly attack upon him. Perhaps you, sir, can throw some light upon the matter, as you were the first to discover him," he added, artfully.

"No," returned Erle, curtly and coldly.

"The gamekeeper fastens it all on the back of some poaching ruffian, who is one of the wonders of Kingswood Chace, known as Tubal Kish," continued Pharisee; "he is constantly up to mischief, and though he is constantly lurking in the Chace, neither dogs nor men can catch him. There is quite an expedition of gamekeepers, beaters and dogs off after him this morning."

"I hope they will catch him," observed Erle, in a tone of indifference.

"I am sure I hope they may," rejoined the valet, with affected earnestness, and then added, abruptly, "you must be very dull here, sir."

"Very," responded Erle, emphatically. "I intend presently to take a stroll in the wood; and I shall proceed to it by the outlet, of which I possess the key, given to me by you."

"Ah!" replied the valet, with a creeping smile. "Yet a stroll in the wood is dull at best; I intended something very different to that."

"What do you mean?" inquired Erle, eyeing him curiously.

"I have some reason to believe that Lord and Lady Kingswood will shortly return to London, taking Lady Maud with them," responded the valet. "Mr. Cyril, probably, if well enough, will return to college. You, I think—I say—I rather imagine—will remain here alone throughout the winter season, and if you are dull now, what will you be then?"

Erle's brows slightly contracted.

"I can amuse myself," he said, in a frigid tone.

"But London is such a delightful gay place," persisted the valet, in an insinuating voice, "all festivity, life, enjoyment and pleasure. There are hundreds of young ladies lovelier than Lady Maud, and without her pride——"

"Silence, fellow!" interrupted Erle, in a haughty and indignant voice. "How dare you speak thus to me? What encouragement have I given to you to be thus impertinent? Pray confine your speculations to your own brain. At his own time Lord Kingswood will no doubt confide his intentions to me. Leave me, I wish to be alone."

Pharisee's face changed to a saffron hue, and his features seemed to contract. Master, however, of his emotions, he bowed with affected humility, humbly begged pardon, and slunk out of the room, very much as if he was greatly abashed.

His real sensations were of a very different nature, a feeling of malicious resentment filled his breast, and he placed the disdainful rejection by Erle of his suggestion at the commencement of an account which he determined should have a quittance in full ere it was closed.

Left thus alone, the impulse to renew his visit to the old library returned again to Erle with irresistible force, and he hesitated for a moment only, ere he, with rapid step made his way to the haunted wing, as it was termed by the household.

As he entered the gloomy old sitting-room, he saw at a glance that it had not been entered by any one since he quitted it, but he started on discovering that the black oaken door he had the night before opened remained open.

He advanced into the narrow passage, which he could now perceive was intended for a secret communication, and closed the door behind him.

The darkness was as dense as the night before but he quickly made his way to the end, and found the door which had admitted him into the library also open.

He reflected with mortification that he must on the previous night have fled back to his own room like a frightened deer.

He entered the library and gazed around him with an emotion of awe. The light entering dimly through the diamond panes, encrusted with the dust of centuries, and though every object was sufficiently clearly visible, it caused a gloom to pervade the spacious chamber, which, added to the extreme stillness that reigned, communicated to it a strange air of solemnity.

He closed the second door which led into this ancient structure, and then turned his eyes slowly around him. Still in the same spot in the same attitude, stood the white female figure which had so moved him the night before.

A blush of shame and humiliation burned on his cheek as he detected that it was a marble statue.

He hurried towards it, and examined it with great interest and admiration.

It was a fine specimen of sculptural excellence. The attitude was graceful, the figure sweetly proportioned, the drapery arranged with masterly skill, and the chiselling displayed high finish.

But it was the face which most deeply attracted his attention. Not so much that it was young, delicate and lovely, but rather because its expression was so mournful, even though a sweet smile played upon the lips.

The features were like those of the portrait in the bed-chamber—singularly so. They resembled also—whose? He could not remember, yet they were fresh in his mind. He taxed his memory, but he could not readily succeed and so gave up the investigation.

The figure stood upon a pedestal on the front of which was a tablet, containing the words in a line—"Ye Ladye Maude."

Beneath was the date, 1555. Underneath were the words, "The Unavenged."

This statue Erle immediately conjectured to be that of the Lady Maud of whom Pharisee had spoken as having been the victim of the bad Baron of Kingswood, and he regarded it with an air of interest which almost amounted to fascination.

The motto, too, ran through his brain repeatedly, and gazing upon the soft, sorrowful face, he wondered who should prove the avenger, and when the hour of retribution was to come.

At length he quitted the figure, with a sigh he could not repress nor account for, and advanced to one of the old cases in which the books were ranged. As he did so a faint cry caused him to direct his eyes to the further end of the apartment and there he beheld another Lady Maud standing in an attitude of unspeakable amazement and terror.

This time, however, it was a living, breathing Lady Maud, and he advanced with a slow, gliding step towards her.

She sunk half fainting upon a stool near to her, and he saw by the ashy whiteness of her countenance that she was all but swooning with terror.

"Do not be alarmed, Lady Maud," he exclaimed, quickly, in a low, reassuring tone. "It is I—Mr. Gower."

She rose up and tried to smile, while she extended her hand to him but the words died ere they reached her white lips.

"Pray be seated and recover yourself," he exclaimed. "This is a strange gloomy old room, drear enough to scare any one. My presence here, I know, must have been very unexpected, but still Lady Maud I am real flesh and blood."

This was all said readily and fluently enough, and it had the desired effect, for Lady Maud drew a long breath, hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief, and then, looking in his eyes with a singular sweetness of expression in her own, she said, with a soft smile:

"I ought not to be alarmed at your presence; rather it ought to create within my breast at least a sense of protection. But—but—" She paused.

Erle urged her to proceed.

"Your appearance here is so sudden—so strange," she continued, with a perplexed mien. "I have been in this old library for some little time; I saw you not when I entered; I heard not your arrival, but raising my eyes—I cannot tell why—I beheld you confronting me."

"No wonder you imagined me to be a spectre," he returned, with a smile, and then added frankly, "I possess, Lady Maud, perhaps, unfortunately, a very active spirit of inquiry, a circumstance ministered to its cravings, and I have just discovered a mode of gaining access to this apartment by a communication which is evidently a secret one."

She regarded him with an expression of surprise.

"I have been in the habit of coming here for years," she replied, half musingly, "because I am fond of the strange old lore I find in some of the books here, yet I know of but one approach. That has long been disused. I—I do not think that any one but myself is acquainted with this taste of mine, or my visits here. Indeed, I believe Lord Kingswood would scarcely approve of it. Yet I see nothing objectionable in it, and I often steal here for an hour in the morning. But Mr. Gower, you did not enter by the same way as myself—you could not."

"I did not, Lady Maud," he replied. "Nevertheless, I am very glad that we have met, and I am rejoiced that it should be here, for I am not fond of the society of strangers for whom one cares nothing. Here I can speak to you in earnest sincerity without the expression of my features being inquisitively examined or my words caught up by ears for which they were not intended. I am, in truth, Lady Maud, glad to see you again, for your presence here, and yet more your looks, assure me that you are nearly recovered from the effects of your perilous situation a few days back."

"Indeed, Mr. Gower," said said, with unreserved warmth, the tears springing into her eyes as she instinctively held out to him both her hands, which he as instinctively took, "I am glad to meet you, and as you observe, here, because at least here I may indulge in the free expression of a grateful heart, and tender you, with the most fervid warmth, my best thanks for your noble efforts to save me. I wish you to be assured that the service, so high and so important as it proved, can never be effaced from my memory."

"Your gratefulness, Lady Maud," he returned, speaking in a rich and impressive tone, "pains even while it pleases me. I wish for no reward even of simple thanks for the part I played in what might have been the tragedy of the Chace. Yet I wish you to think well and kindly of me. I do not desire you to remember the service, yet I should be grieved if the event passed from your memory, for then I should be forgotten by you."

Lady Maud listened to him with downcast eyes, for his orbs, so large, so brilliant, so eloquent in their expression, rested on her sweet face with a gaze too earnest for her to sustain. But yet she listened to him with a quiet joy—that undemonstrative joy which, perhaps, is the more delicious because it thrills the whole frame without making any outward sign.

She was pleased to hear these observations from his lips. She wondered why he wished her to think well and kindly of him. Did she not? Love is not of slow growth in young hearts. Still she could not understand why he should be so anxious that she should not forget him.

She raised her clear innocent eyes to his.

"We are very new friends, Mr. Gower," she said. "I have rendered you no service. I have extended to you only common civility. Why do you wish me to think kindly of you?"

It was a point-blank question, and for the moment disconcerted him, especially as he discovered that he had possession of both her small white hands still.

He had no desire to part with them. It was felicity indeed to be honored by their gentle touch. Yet he was embarrassed at retaining them after their presence had forced itself abruptly upon him.

Possibly he turned pale and red by turns, and his voice might have been a little unsteady when he spoke, yet he answered more readily than might have been expected of him.

"We are new friends, Lady Maud," it is true," he said still earnestly, "but we are friends—friends, I hope, in the acceptation of that word, which alone makes friendship desirable and valuable. Until now I have made no friend in my view of the sentiment. I would not for worlds force my friendship on any created being yet my heart yearns to have some one who would take more than a common interest in my life, who would sympathise with my disappointments, cheer me in my trials and share in my happiness. We all, I presume, desire to stand favorably in the opinions of others, yet how much more anxiously do we wish this when it is a friend whose high estimation we covet. That, Lady Maud, is why I wish you to think kindly of me."

Once more Lady Maud's eyes sought the floor. Friend! It was a pleasant word, yet a cold one. She liked her cousin Cyril much, and he was a friend; yet it seemed to her that Erle had a stronger claim upon her goodwill even than Cyril, for he had saved her life, and the word friend did not seem to express sufficiently the distinction in her estimation of the two. Lord Kingswood was her guardian and, of course her friend, yet how could he and Erle stand in the same category in her esteem. Lady Kingswood, too, was her friend but a smile curled her lip, and she did not care to pursue the investigation.

Well it was a barren word that same friend. Still, the language gave her no other, and so she was prepared to accept it and ratify it with her fair hand, when, lo! she discovered that he still held both in the gentle pressure of his.

She was, in her turn, a little startled by the discovery, and slightly confused. In her confusion she pressed his hands and then snatched her own hurriedly away, looking hastily and timidly around her, as if she expected to see Lord Kingswood gazing sternly, haughtily and like a grim tyrant upon them both, but he was not there, so she said in a trembling voice,

"Mr. Gower, I fear that I shall make but a poor substitute for such a friend as you need. To my sense the obligations of the word—if I properly comprehend its meaning—are boundless, and I am most likely to fulfil them very, very inadequately; yet—yet I wish you to believe that—I do not decline—that is, I am anxious to try—to attempt—oh, Mr. Gower, I am at a loss to convey my meaning. Only believe I am very grateful to you, and if that comprehends friendship, you are entitled to mine in its truest and sincerest spirit."

And she proved it by vanishing from the library with a sudden abruptness which prevented his offering to detain her.

Now the library looked gloomier, darker drearier than ever. He wondered why she fled, and he felt disturbed that she should do so even while in the act of acknowledging that she would be to him that friend for whom his unfilled heart so longed. She was certainly embarrassed, perhaps she did not desire their relations should be of so close a nature; perhaps he had stepped beyond the limits of his position, for she was a lady of high birth and he——

He turned as cold as death, and then to fever-heat. He made a fiery, impatient gesture.

"I may seek her friendship on equal ground—I feel, I know I may," he cried, with sudden impetuosity.

Then he thought again that her manner would have betrayed her if she was averse to the close intimacy of friendship, and she had been gentle, even tender, in her demeanor to him. But she had fled from him, and that perplexed him; and so he tortured and vexed himself, until, in despair, he gave up the attempt to work out a solution.

He examined some books, but he returned them to their places, and he, with light step pursued the path she had taken, but he found a closed door to bar his progress, so he quitted the library and wandered out into the Chace, thence back into his own rooms, and passing a sleepless night, together with a morning that seemed to [illegible], he at length took an opportunity to return to the library. Lady Maud was not there.

He searched the recesses, he moved the massive draperies by the windows, as if in the hope that she had concealed herself behind some one of the hangings and he should discover her, but she was not so hidden.

At length he took a book from one of the cases, and seating himself near a window, his eye went over half a dozen pages, line by line but the eye of his mind saw only the form, the face, the sweet, smiling, gentle Lady Maud.

And he aroused as out of a dream to find her before him, regarding him with a half-frightened, yet very friendly expression of countenance. He rose up and greeted her with a quiet but very earnest welcome.

"I did not think you would be here," she said, in a soft undertone.

"Nay, you could have been sure of my coming," he answered.

"Yet I quitted you so hastily, yesterday. I did not say farewell, or even that I might come here again to look over these deeply interesting old books," she observed, not trusting her eyes to look in his face.

"Why, Lady Maud, did you quit me so suddenly?" he inquired, in the same subdued, musical voice.

He asked such questions! Lady Maud's cheek burned. She felt something like a culprit accused of a high misdemeanor, and she really did not know why.

"I do not know, Mr. Gower," she at length replied, with a sudden frankness. "Lady Kingswood scolds me at times for a want of self-possession. I suppose my fault prevailed over my courtesy, yesterday. Do you forgive me?"

With a smile Erle offered his hand, and she accepted it for an instant and for a touch. Somehow that shaking hands appeared a very formidable ceremony, though it was a mere testimony of friendship.

Then they proceeded to converse on various topics and in a more easy style than before. Lady Maud gave him much information respecting the relations between herself and Lord and Lady Kingswood and also cousin Cyril. She spoke in warm, high, praiseful terms of the latter; of his general happy, cheerful disposition; of his truthful and noble spirit. Yet she spoke in such a tone that Erle was pleased with her eulogiums.

And he told her of his early days at school, of his lonely isolation, of his high hopes, his gorgeous dreams, his speculative theories, and his ambitious yearnings. She listened with deep interest to his glowing words and to his fervid eloquence. She seemed fascinated by his voice as by his revelations; and when the time arrived for them to part, they lingered near to each other, their hands trembled beneath the pressure that each found it unable to refrain from giving, and they met again only to prove how quickly their friendship had taken root and would be blossoming.

Strange, with all their talk in the many meetings after this they had in the library, the name of Philip Avon never passed the lips of either. Yet it was not forgotten. Erle had kept the appointment Philip had forced upon him, even though he had learned that he continued dangerously ill; but, of course, he came not. Erle, however, knew that he would come as soon as he obtained strength, and now Philip was not more eager for the meeting than he was himself.

And it happened one morning in that lone library, not so long after they had first met there, that Erle proposed that they should together peruse some of that ancient lore of which Lady Maud had spoken. She, pleased at the proposition, selected a book containing histories of Saxon days written in quaint language.

They sat side by side, and together read down the pages, commenting on passages as they proceeded. The subject embraced the story of a boy and girl who met accidentally in an old Saxon tower. It traced their first acquaintance on in a more familiar relation, thence how it had become a fast, firm and earnest friendship.

To both the story seemed to possess a singular charm, for it was told in truthful and expressive language.

It went on to show how this friendship had been maintained through bitter trials, difficulties reverses, and vicissitudes of all kinds, always coming forth brighter, purer and stronger after the severest test of its endurance. And then it told how, at length, this constant, faithful, loyal friendship proved to be in that disguise, love!

The eyes of Lady Maud and Erle uprose at an instant, and met in one long, passionate gaze, then a film seemed to come over her eyes, and her head drooped upon his shoulder.

He pressed her lips with his own with a sudden, impetuous fervor.

Both suddenly rose up, and she looked into his face as one looks into vacancy, when roused from some wild, extraordinary dream.

Then pressing her hands to her temples, she uttered a wild, despairing cry, and fled from the library.

He sunk down, and laying his hand upon that old book, covered his burning eyes with his cold, cold hands, and trembled violently.

CHAPTER XV.

Look upon this picture and on this.—*Shakespeare.*

Erle Gower remained for some little time in the abashed, bowed, prostrate position into which he sunk when Lady Maud, with an aspect of dismay and despair, fled from him.

The solemn stillness of the ancient chamber was broken only by his convulsive breathing, occasioned by the intensity of the emotion which not only overpowered but seemed to paralyze him.

But there swept through his brain such a whirlwind of tumultuous thoughts, such a torrent of wild imaginings and maddened reflections, that immediately, like a fiery steed, spur-goaded, he leaped from his seat, and paced the lone, dreary apartment with irregular and impatient strides.

Love! To him hitherto it had been but a name an intangible emotion, whose nature, proportions, limits were unknown to him. In his heart there had long been a void of whose existence he was conscious, a yearning, a secret instinct to attach himself to some one human being, but affection had never been extended to him, nor had it hitherto been called up within his breast. His relations with others had been of a purely social character, and of the commonest kind, until his arrival at Kingswood, and the secret interview with Maud in that old library had commenced. Then he was conscious that between him and her those social relations assumed a different aspect, still only such as friendship pure and simple would originate and soon enhance.

He felt that within his breast there was germinating a feeling of dislike—perhaps an emotion more powerful—to Philip Avon; it

seemed to him principally to be excited by an impression that the latter resigned to monopolize that fair friendship he intended should be the spring and spirit of his own life.

There dawned not upon him one simple flash of light to disclose the true meaning of his warm sentiment at those eyes so sweetly beautiful, the face so wondrous fair, and form so refined and graceful. Nor did it strike him that the incessant recurrence of her image to his mind, the craving to be in her presence, the reluctance with which he parted from her, had any motive or source other than pertained to friendship.

The story in the book had opened his eyes gradually, his own impulsive passionate pressure of her lips had completed the work. Now he knew his heart was irrevocably gone, and the structure of his happiness had been raised upon a quicksand, which had engulfed it even before a single beam of sunshine had illuminated it for one brief moment.

His quick and active intelligence now revealed all to him. He loved Lady Maud from the moment his eye rested upon her confused flushed face, when, craving his pardon for mistaking him for cousin Cyril, she stood in the doorway of the apartment where they met, prepared for flight. He understood now the nature of his antipathy to Philip Avon, and why he could not feel at ease with, or quite friendly towards, Cyril Kingswood.

The discovery was a terrible revelation to him; he comprehended only too vividly his position. He saw at once that Lady Maud was no mate for him, and that in promptly resigning all hope to gain her, it was his duty to keep hidden in his heart the secret which an accident had betrayed, but betrayed only to themselves.

And so he determined, though his heart should break—as break he felt it must—never to reveal to another what that morning had unveiled to him.

But to stay at Kingswood, to be occasionally in her society, perhaps left at times alone with her, or be seated by her side, where none could overhear the words that might fall from the lips of either, was an ordeal to which he would not subject himself and would spare her.

Yes, he decided that the only truly honorable path open to him was to quit Kingswood at once and for ever. Conscious that his coming had been of a mysterious character, he did not wish his going, for the sake of Lord Kingswood, should have the same complexion, and he formed the resolution to see his lordship immediately and arrange with him the mode of his departure and the future scene of his lone and isolated life.

He turned his inflamed eyes about the room ere he took his last farewell of the time-blackened walls, and a terrible, heartrending groan burst from his lips. He sank upon the seat where she had sat, bent his head over the book she had read with him, and kissed with quivering lips the place where the gentle hand had rested.

He read down once more the last lines of that story of the maiden and the youth in which the conversion of friendship into love had revealed the true state of his own heart, and the characters seemed written in letters of fire.

Oh, but they were so truthful, so convincing, so overpowering, that he was left with no loophole by which he could escape from his assumption that love, and not friendship only, was the sentiment with which Lady Maud had inspired him.

He hastily wrote a few words on the broad margin of the leaf, and then conveyed the book to the place whence it had been taken.

In returning he saw upon the floor a glove—it was one Lady Maud had dropped in her flight; upon the reading-desk lay a flower—one she had gathered, and, perhaps, by accident, placed near to his hand.

He pressed both to his lips, and placed them next to his heart.

Once more a long, sorrowful survey of the antique chamber and its grim appointments was taken by him because that he believed he now looked his last upon it. In the coming time, blank and drear as it promised, it might not be that he should forget this scene, but he yet was anxious to fix upon his memory the shape and form of every object with its surroundings, situated where he had parted with her for ever. Therefore his sad eyes rested upon each spot with prolonged and steadfast earnestness.

Most of all did they dwell upon the seat on which they had sat together in such close proximity—she leaning upon his shoulder, and with her soft eyes perusing the contents of that page which he read in a voice low, rich and musical—where, in truth, she, with him, had arrived at that startling *dénouement* which drew from her a gaze into his eyes so intense and thrilling, and from him that impulsive commission of an indiscretion which made his cheek the hue of scarlet even to remember, and yet to regret only, that it might have occasioned her pain and apprehension.

Those alone who have suddenly met with some treasure dearly prized, to have it abruptly snatched from them, can measure the agony with which he had found love an inhabitant of his heart, only to see its object torn from him for ever. They will understand the emotion which made him compress his hands, his lips quiver, and his eyes grow humid, as he bent his last longing, lingering gaze upon that seat now so desolately vacant, and, disregarding all other considerations of pride fortitude, to give way to a burst of weakness which no mental or bodily torture could have forced from him in the presence of another human eye.

And while bowed in anguish upon that seat he was startled, and his blood chilled by a long, low, unearthly moan, which sounded in the chamber as though some one near to him was in mortal agony.

He sprung to his feet and gazed around him, but nothing met his gaze save the marble statue of the Lady Maud of olden time, and he was forced to attribute the sound he had heard to a sough of the wind through the groined oaken rafters which supported and adorned the ceiling of the library.

Dismissing the incident from his mind, he quitted, with a heavy heart, the silent weird-looking chamber, carefully closed and locked the doors after him, restored the quaint old key to the spot among the carvings where he had discovered it, and returned to his own apartment in the modern part of the building.

All these latter movements were purely mechanical; his mind was not occupied by them. He replaced the key whence he had taken it, under a mere instinct that he should never again enter the library, and he returned to his own chambers because it seemed to him that he re-entered them to make preparations for his departure—his connection with Kingswood and those it contained having ceased for ever.

Yes, upon that one determination his mind was centred. It seemed to him that he hungered to fly from the place but withal a certain species of pride held him back from any design to attempt this stealthily. With a yet further depression of spirit, he scarcely knew why, he felt that such a step would be more unnecessary than impolitic, for Lord Kingswood would be only too glad to get rid of one whose presence had already evidently occasioned him great uneasiness and embarrassment.

It was with a terrible sense of desolation there crept over him a belief that the whole world repelled him from its bosom, rejected him, flung him back upon the hard shores of his desert life, to live on alone, unloved, to die unremembered.

It was at this moment he felt a soft hand laid upon his shoulder. His quick eye caught the flowing drapery of a woman's garments, and with a thrill of excitement he sprang to his feet.

With a sigh of disappointment he perceived that Lady Kingswood stood before him.

An impression flashed upon his mind ere he noticed face or form, but the impression was a false one, for it was not her whom he had expected to see who now stood confronting him.

Plunged as he had been in deep abstraction, centred as his thoughts were on one object of contemplation, he could not help observing that the eyes of Lady Kingswood were fastened upon his face with an expression in which intense scrutiny, alarm, agony and resentment were all commingled.

Her eyes flashed brilliantly, augmented in their vividity, perhaps, by the rapid motion of her full eyelids. Her nostrils were widely inflated, and her bosom heaved and fell with some strange inward perturbation.

He bowed coldly and formally to her, but she laid her hand, hot and feverish, upon his, and gazed, with a piercing glance, in his eyes.

Twice or thrice she was about to make some passionate exclamation, but by an effort—a great effort—she checked herself, and said, in a voice which trembled in its utterance,

"I have been making inquiries respecting you, Mr. Gower, and not being quite satisfied with the replies I have received, it suggested itself to me to visit you, and from your own lips to learn the information I am anxious to obtain."

He placed a chair for her, which she occupied, and then pointing to the open door of the apartment, she said,

"Oblige me, Mr. Gower, by closing the door, and by taking a seat near to me."

Still coldly, and with a feeling amounting to indifference, as well as with the action of one whose mind is pressed down by a single but absorbing, crushing thought, he obeyed her.

Again she gazed in his face, and perused its lineaments with an interest which, by its earnestness and persistency, embarrassed him. His large, deep-hued, thoughtful eyes fell beneath her steadfast look, and he sat in silence, wondering why she thus regarded him, and what it betokened.

She placed once more her fevered hand upon his, and as before, it seemed distasteful to him, and he shrank from it, though he feared it would be rude to draw his own away.

"Mr. Gower," she said after a moment's hesitation, "I hardly know how to commence. Yet you who have already proved yourself capable of great achievements, will, I have no doubt, prove yourself equally capable of displaying those minor, though important qualifications, which embrace a generous consideration, practical common sense and a liberal interpretation of the views and motives of those by whom you are encountered."

A faint smile passed over the features of Erle; Lady Kingswood was adept enough in the art of defining the meanings of variable facial expressions to perceive that it was a bitter smile.

She was not daunted or even surprised at this. It occurred to her, situated as he had been, and even was now, that he might have fruitful cause for displaying scorn as well as bitterness.

She therefore passed it by without remark, but continued:

"You will hardly be surprised that I should touch but lightly upon your brave and daring rescue of my poor little pet, Lady Maud. She is a charming, winning, innocent, loving child, and I should have been truly grieved to part with her by such an untoward accident as that which befel her. I am, therefore, exceedingly grateful to you for your successful efforts to rescue her from a shocking death. And poor dear little soul, she is, I believe—though really I must confess she speaks very, very little about the affair—grateful, too, as, of course, she is bound to be. But, Mr. Gower, if grateful to you for her safety, what sentiment ought I to entertain for the recovery, and, therefore, rescue of my beloved and only boy Cyril? A mother's thanks embody much, I know, but still they appear to me to convey very, very inadequately the warm feelings with which your search for, and, I suspect, the rescue of my dear Cyril from the hands of some ruffianly assailant, has animated me. I am, therefore, at a loss for expressions——"

"To compliment me, Lady Kingswood, for what your gamekeeper would, in a few minutes more, have done equally well, if not better," interposed Erle. "Pardon me, Lady Kingswood, but I hope that you have not sought me with such an object as you now intimate."

She regarded him with a look of surprise, not so much on account of his words, for those she could attribute to a native modesty of disposition, but because he rather hastily withdrew his hand from beneath her pressure—wherefore, she could not, by perusal of his features, quite understand.

"I admit, Mr. Gower," she rejoined slowly, "that I did not seek you for such a purpose alone, although naturally it was my chief incentive to pay you a visit. It is easy to perceive that with you it is best to proceed openly without circumlocution, and without disguise. You are young, Mr. Gower, but your course of education seems to have placed an old head with a hard-so—a young face—upon youthful shoulders, therefore I will be plain with you. After testifying to you the depth of my gratitude for Cyril's restoration to us let me ask you to add to that gratefulness by elucidating the mystery of the transaction."

Erle shook his head thoughtfully.

"Cyril is fast recovering," she continued, quickly, "though not convalescent, and the physician has ordered him change of air and scene. Change of scene, Mr. Gower, because there is some pressure upon his mind. What originated that pressure?"

Erle opened his eyes widely.

"Lady Kingswood," he rejoined, with promptitude, "my acquaintance with Mr. Cyril Kingswood is recent and slight. Your question is rather singular, is it not?"

"No, Mr. Gower," she replied, keeping her eye fixed upon his face. "Young men, when their characters, tastes and inclinations assimilate, rapidly form friendships in which there is a very immediate and unreserved communicativeness. Cyril has conceived a very strong liking for you, has spoken of you enthusiastically, and, indeed, entertained the most friendly sentiments towards you. I therefore ask you as a favor to impart to me the nature of the attraction which led him to the Chace, a few evenings back, and was, of course, the forerunner of his disaster."

Erle looked grave.

"Lord Kingswood," he said, quietly, "has already put a similar question to me."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Lady Kingswood, sharply.

"And I have informed his lordship that it is not in my power to answer him."

Lady Kingswood mused for a moment, then she said:

"Possibly, if you consider yourself bound by a species of romantic honor—a mere boy's promise not to reveal the weakness of a boy."

Erle colored.

"I do not comprehend your meaning, Lady Kingswood," he said, naively.

Her ladyship smiled sarcastically at what she considered his affected innocence. She turned upon him a mocking glance, a sly, furtive look, which only a woman of her temperament could give.

"Were you ever in love, Mr. Gower?" she asked, abruptly.

His countenance crimsoned to a flame, and then it became as pale as ashes. His breath went and came, although he compressed his lips, in short gasps.

Had Lady Maud been deeply wounded and offended by the passionate impulse which had impelled him to press his lips to hers, in the first moment of his discovery that he loved her, and had she revealed it complainingly to Lady Kingswood?

His brow felt as if compressed with a band of heated steel, and then his veins as though all the blood had been abruptly withdrawn from them.

Again the mocking smile curled the lip of Lady Kingswood. He was more simple and innocent than she had believed him to be.

"Some little village beauty, Mr. Gower, has run away with your fancy!" she exclaimed, as, showing her white teeth, she bent upon him a gaze such as he found it impossible to withstand.

"Indeed, no," he answered, eagerly.

"Nay, never tell me," she returned, with a laugh, by no means angry. "I read human nature too closely, and with an experience too well confirmed, to entertain any doubts upon the matter. You have stolen out of school at eventide, to walk in green lanes and golden cornfields with a fair, golden-haired, pretty young rustic, to pluck flowers to adorn her tresses with, and to indulge in castle-dreaming, never believing how completely the visionary structure will be one day demolished. Ah, well, well, I do not ask from you a revelation of those little sly passages in your life, but I do ask you," she added, with abrupt emphasis, "to tell me who Cyril went to meet in the Chace?"

By this time Erle had recovered himself, and he said, in an even tone—

"Indeed, Lady Kingswood, no earthly inducement would cause me to violate a confidence once reposed in me; but I may, in this case, at once frankly and freely answer you, I do not know."

"Oh fie, Mr. Gower," she returned, raising her finger reprovingly, "remember your own incident with Lady Maud."

Again a flush of crimson overspread his face.

"My incident with Lady Maud?" he stammered, interrogatively.

"Yes," returned Lady Kingswood. "Pray do not blush so. My pet Maud has told me all. Oh, but she has no secrets from me."

Erle felt his cheeks glow more fiercely than ever, so fiercely, indeed, that his eyes watered. He remained silent.

"You remember, upon your return to the park, after your flight with Lady Maud through the Chace, you lost your way, Mr. Gower," she said, eyeing him wistfully.

He bowed.

"You there encountered a young female," she continued.

Erle breathed again, and bowed affirmatively, with less constraint.

"Lady Maud observed her with very discerning eyes I assure you," her ladyship added laughingly; "for it would be absurd to deny that she is very, very much attached to Cyril; and between you and I, Mr. Gower," here she shrugged her shoulders, "she is, I may almost say, absolutely engaged to Mr. Philip Avon, of the Avons of Hawkesbury. The family is an ancient, the connection so good, inasmuch as the lands and the income are immensely large, and Mr. Philip is so passionately in love with her, that it is a match upon which I and Lord Kingswood may be said to have set our hearts, and, indeed, I am sure Lord Kingswood would not listen to a protest or even a prayer from Lady Maud in opposition to it. That, however, by way of episode."

Episode, indeed. She little knew how every word of that episode seemed like a poisoned dagger plunged into Erle's sensitive heart.

"Lady Maud," her ladyship went on to say, "when this young female of whom I spoke just now undertook the task of conducting you by the nearest path to this, took the opportunity thus afforded her to observe rather closely this young sylvan stranger, and she assures me that she was pretty enough to be very attractive, and sufficiently graceful to lend a charm even to her rustic habiliments. It is a strange fact to have met with such a girl in such a place, yet stranger to learn that she was evidently acquainted with Cyril's name, and that the mention of it appeared to be the inducement under which she played the part of the guide. Lady Maud asserts as much as this; do you confirm it?"

Erle felt that he had no alternative but to reply in the affirmative. He readily detected that Lady Kingswood had colored and exaggerated Lady Maud's motives in relating the incident, and he was at a loss to perceive in what way he should be committing himself with Cyril by acknowledging the correctness of Lady Maud's statement. He certainly felt the very reverse of a disposition to deny it.

Lady Kingswood cleared her throat.

"The lady was fair," she observed.

"Very fair," Erle replied.

"Handsome and attractive in feature and appearance," she added.

"Yes," returned Erle musingly, "her charms were of a singularly fascinating character. It might have been the wild, romantic spot in which we encountered her, the sombre aspect of the masses of leafless trees whose wide-spread intervening branches formed a roof above us, between the interstices of which the daylight could scarcely struggle, which invested her with a peculiar fascination. One would rather have taken her to have been a spirit of the woods than a mortal, if it were not that such evil superstitions have been long exploded."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, dwelling on the word. "Do you not now see the attraction which drew Cyril to the lovely Chace, and which has so disastrously resulted?"

"What explanation does Mr. Cyril offer?" inquired Erle, rather anxiously.

"None," returned Lady Kingswood, with peculiar vivacity, "none; not a word. He refuses to answer a single question put to him. He preserves the most obstinate silence, and appears the very incarnation of misery. I am, therefore, the more anxious to fathom all the circumstances connected with this event. Tell me, I entreat you, Mr. Gower, has Mr. Cyril made any confession, any statement to you, regarding the young person of whom we have been speaking?"

"Not a sentence, upon my honor, Lady Kingswood," he returned, emphatically.

"Have you no conception who or what she is?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only from what I heard fall from the lips of your gamekeeper," he rejoined.

"Ha!" she ejaculated, with an air of eagerness, "What name did he give to her?"

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chace!" was the reply.

Lady Kingswood started to her feet, her face became pale, and then a most livid. A thrill of terror—horror, rather—appeared to paralyse her limbs, and a slight groan burst from her lips.

She pressed her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then sharply withdrawing them, she said, in a fierce and resolute tone,

"I will hunt this secret down."

Then she turned to Erle, and with a strangely grave face, yet white as marble, she said to him,

"There is another to tear up by the roots, and it shall be done, even for your sake as my own. Attend me."

These remarkable words were uttered in a haughty and authoritative tone, and he yielded to her obedience.

She left the apartments, and descending a flight of stairs, pursued a corridor which led to the ancient portion of the building.

He knew its direction well; he wondered why she took it, and what it portended.

On they proceeded, as though making for the apartments he had occupied upon his first arrival at Kingswood Hall, but ere they were reached she turned off in another direction, descended a new flight of stairs, and paused before a pair of antique oaken folding-doors most richly carved.

"Be good enough to open those doors, Mr. Gower," she exclaimed, as she pointed to a massive bronze handle.

He complied with her request, and with an arduous exertion of strength, he succeeded in forcing the bolt back, and one of the doors of its own weight slowly swung on its hinges, until it fell back into a recess which had been formed to receive it.

Lady Kingswood, with a face of ashy whiteness, motioned to him to enter, and he obeyed her.

He found himself in a spacious vaulted chamber, or gallery, hung with portraits, life-size, dim, and discolored by age. On pedestals were figures of men clothed in complete armor, and arranged in various parts were implements of war, extending back to a manufacture of very early date. The ceiling was draped with banners and other trophies, and the windows were emblazoned with armorial bearings and escutcheons which were formed of stained glass of the richest dyes. They lent a gloom to that which the diamond-encrusted diamond panes threw over the gallery, only that hues of violet and amber, and crimson and amethyst, fell upon various objects, and communicated a solemn, monastic aspect to the whole chamber.

Erle felt a strange sensation of commingled awe and pride as he paced down the many-deviced, inlaid oaken flooring, which had not yet so lost its ancient polishing but that it reflected the contents of the room as though it had been a pond or placid lake.

Lady Kingswood followed him with a hurried but trembling step. Nevertheless, a powerful inward urging of the character of an irresistible impulse impelled her forward, and she even passed him, pausing not until she arrived at a portrait of an ancestor of the House of Kingswood. The picture was in a singularly fine state of preservation; the lineaments of the face, clearly and sharply defined, were strikingly handsome, but there was an expression of stern haughtiness somewhat marring the noble dignity which the forehead, the large, beautiful eyes, and the well formed features contributed to produce. Lady Kingswood paused abruptly before it. She seemed to cower affrightedly, as, pointing to it, she said, in a husky, half-suffocated voice,

"The bad Baron of Kingswood."

The words had hardly quitted her lips, when the sounds of hurried footsteps racing down the gallery startled both.

They turned hastily, and with astonishment behold Lord Kingswood advancing towards them with furious haste. Behind him with swift, gliding, cat-like step, followed his valet, Pharisee.

"Lady Kingswood, are you conscious of what madness you are guilty?" Lord Kingswood cried, in a voice of thunder.

She drew herself up haughtily at the sound of his voice. Her flashing eyes glanced rapidly from the portrait to the clear, open, manly countenance of Erle. Her eyes dilated, her bosom heaved, her whole stature seemed to increase in height. She clutched the wrist of Lord Kingswood with painful vigor, and with the attitude of a Cassandra, she pointed to the picture, exclaiming, in a hissing whisper,

"Look there!"

With unsteady eyes and knitted brows, his lordship turned a kind of awe-stricken gaze upon the portrait. Ere it had rested there an instant, he was startled by Lady Kingswood directing her finger to the face of Erle, and ejaculating, in shrill, thrilling tones,

"Behold!"

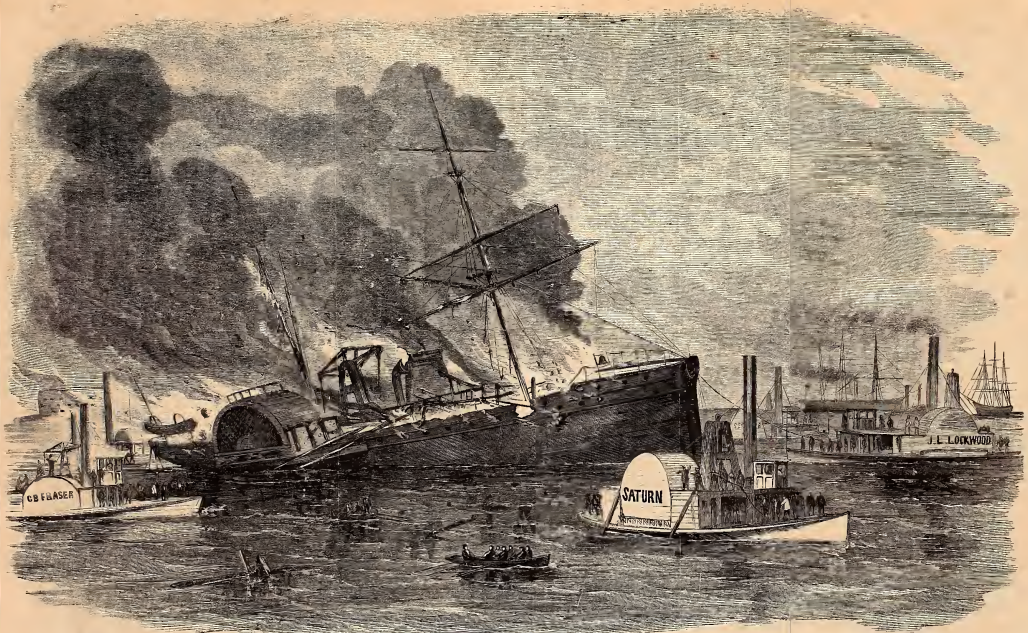
Lord Kingswood turned his wavering glance in the direction in which she pointed, and at this moment Pharisee officiously opened the upper part of one of the casements. A broad gleam of light fell upon Erle's face, bringing it out with brilliant prominence from the dusky atmosphere in which it had been before but dimly seen.

"Tell me, my lord," cried she, with rapid energy, "who is the father of that boy?"

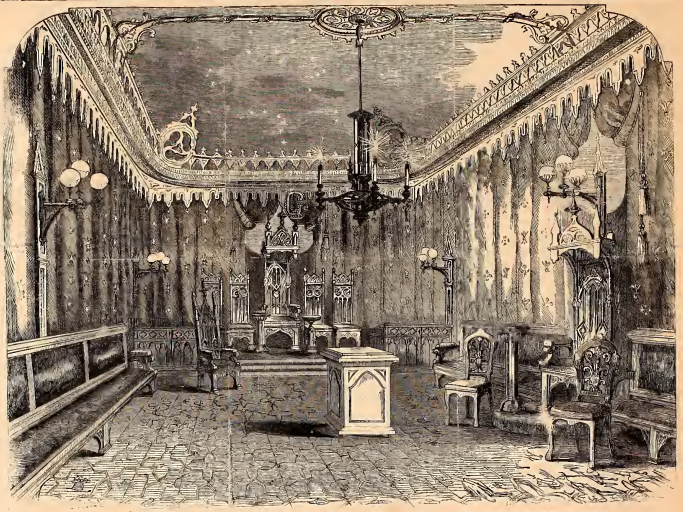
Lord Kingswood's face was overspread with a deathly pallor, a thousand grim and terrible memories forced a turbulent rending passage through his distracted brain. He trembled beneath the gleaming flash of her piercing eyes, but ere he could force even a stammered monosyllable between his parched lips, a fierce and furious gust of wind rushed howling through the opened casement, tore through the gallery with tremendous violence, was filled with clanging uproar among the suits of steel armor hanging against the walls, and, seizing the portrait upon which they had been gazing, it wrenched it from its fastenings and hurled it to the ground with a thundering crash.

Lady Kingswood uttered a piercing shriek, forced from her by terror and fright, and sank prostrate in her husband's arms, as though by a lightning-stroke she had been smitten dead.

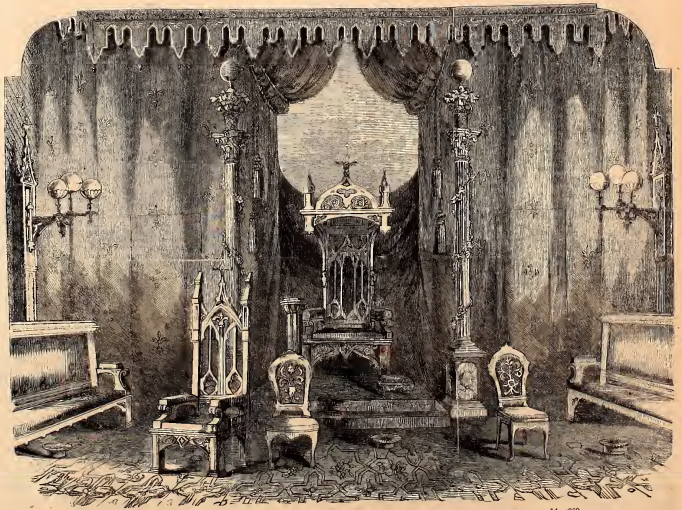
(To be continued.)



BURNING OF THE NEW SOUTHERN STEAMER, JOHN P. KING, AT PIER NO. 4, NORTH RIVER, NEAR THE BATTERY, ON THE MORNING OF TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1860. See Page 90.



NEW HALL, DESIGNED FOR HOLLAND LODGE, NO. 8, OF F. A. M., LOOKING TOWARD THE EAST—DEDICATED ON FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 14, 1860.—SEE PAGE 90.



NEW HALL, DESIGNED FOR HOLLAND LODGE, NO. 8, OF F. A. M., LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST—DEDICATED ON FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 14, 1860.

GREAT GARIBALDI MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

The most noticeable feature in modern civilization is the sympathy of one people for another. It would seem now as though the life of freedom were breathed into the great human body all over the world, and that the struggle of one limb roused a corresponding action throughout the entire frame.

On Tuesday, a large and most influential meeting was held at the Cooper Institute. Upon the stage of the Hall the only decoration was the American and Sardinian flags—a decoration at once simple and suggestive.

At about half-past seven the United States band from the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, inaugurated the proceedings by playing a lively polka, which was followed by the Garibaldi rataplan, composed by Signor Muzio.

The meeting was called to order, and the Hon. J. A. Dix was unanimously chosen Chairman.

After the applause had subsided, Mr. Dix made a short but most appropriate address, in which he briefly stated the wonderful career of Garibaldi.

Judge Dean then read the list of Vice Presidents, which comprised many of the leading names of our city.

For Vice Presidents were:

Wm Cullen Bryant, Auguste Belmont, D. Appleton, Alex W. Bradford, Moses H. Grinnell, Cyrus Curtis, James Gallatin, James Harper, H J Raymond, Wm M Evarts, James Watson Webb, Benj F. Manierre, Gerard Hallock, John T Hoffman, Myron H. Clark, Caleb Barstow, Erastus Brooks, John Q Jones, Wm. P. Lee, Wm Curtis Noyes, J. McLeod Murphy, Wm. A Seaver, George P Morris, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, Carlisle Norwood, Thos. Tileston, R H. Arkenburg, Bayard Clark, Wm. C Church, Emanuel B. Hart, D. A Hale, J H. Hobbrook, Wm H H. Marshall Lefferts, Robert S. Hone, John Van Buren, Elijah Ward, Stephen Cambreling, Greene C. Bronson, Wm. F. Havemeyer, Watts Sherman, James Gordon Bennett, John J. Cisco, Isaac C. Kendall, Truman Smith, Edward Pierrepont, Horace Greeley, Andrew H. Mickle, Elijah F. Purdy, John B. Haskins, George Briggs, Wm. C. Alexander, John W. Barbour, Benjamin Brandreth, Wm. V. Brady, Ambrose C. Kingsland, Oswald Ottendorfer, Mathew Morgan, Gustavus A Conover A V Stout James T. Souter, Geo W Vanlan, James R. Spalding, Hiram Walbridge, C. J. Brown, Oliver Charlick, Abraham Duryea, Isaac Dayton, Simeon Draper J H. Hollister, N. C. Graham C. Godfrey Gunther, Francis Hall, I. C. Addington, John A. Stewart, Samuel Blatchford.

The Secretaries were:

Gotham B. Abbott, James Harper Jr., E. Magauran, G. Minnelli, Julius Stahel, [illegible], J. Norton, Wm. Conkwright, L. L. Britton, Erastus Lyman, Frank Leslie, Wm. P. Putmer, C. L. Tiffany, H. P. Whitney, A. F. Wilmarth, Eli P. Norton, D. Dean, John Hopper, John Fitch, G. S. Hollenshead, J. R. Gillmore, J. C. Burnham, F. P. James, Geo. G. Lake, Wm L. Newell, J. H. Richards, Egbert L. Viele, Amor J. Williamson, J. S. Southworth, J. W. Curtis.

Mr. Norton then read the address, which is too long for our colums.

Mr. Luther Marsh then made a spirited appeal to the large assembly before him, and was frequently interrupted by the most enthusiastic applause.

A fine ode, written by Mr. Ross Wallace, was sung by Mr. Guilmette, to the soul-stirring tune of the Marseillaise, after which the band played Hail Columbia.

The Chairman then introduced Professor C. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, one of the most eloquent advocates and believers in Italian freedom and unity.

After the Professor had addressed the meeting, there were loud calls for James T. Brady, and considerable regret was expressed at his absence.

Cheers were then given for Garibaldi, the Liberator of Italy, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

BURNING OF THE NEW STEAMER JOHN P. KING, AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK, DEC. 18.

About four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 18th Dec., the new steamship, John P. King, was discovered on fire at Pier No. 4, North River, close to the Battery. When the fire was discovered there was only the private watchman on board, and his attention was called by a strong smell of fire and smoke. The flames were first noticed in the engine-room. Upon reaching that part the watchman found the room in one blaze; he immediately communicated the alarm, and the firemen were promptly on the spot. Several hook and ladder companies were soon on hand, and as the gang plank of the steamer was out of reach their ladders were thrown from the pier to the ship, and in this manner the gallant firemen got on board the burning steamer. As the Vanderbilt, Havre steamer, was on the other side of the dock, great fears were entertained for her safety, and with admirable celerity the doomed steamer was towed into the stream, there to burn without setting fire to other vessels.

When the John P. King reached the stream the flames spread with great velocity, and an endeavor was made to scuttle her, but the effort proved unavailing. Another attempt made on the other side was more successful, but she did not sink with the rapidity expected. In this condition she floated about for a considerable time, and it was evident from the tardy manner in which she settled down that very little of her would be left unconsumed. It was therefore resolved to run her aground near the Battery and thus enable the firemen to work upon her from the shore, she was consequently hauled round to a point a little south-west of Castle Garden Emigrant Depot, and grounded in about fourteen feet water. Before this time, however, the smokestack came crashing over the side, breaking down the hulwarks. The topmast then followed, carrying with it a large portion of the rigging, which falling into the water was towed ashore. Several steam tugs now came to the assistance of the blazing wreck, and the firemen worked with a will and energy seldom seen. Nos. 47 and 38 did excellent service, and by the aid of boats the hose was transported to the decks of several steam tugs, and thence across to the forward part of the vessel where the fire now raged with terrible force. The fire in the stern part of the ship was effectually checked about noon, when the entire upper-deck was one field of charred wood, through portions of which the lower-deck was to be seen, strewn with the broken furniture of the saloons.

It is needless to observe that the news of the fire had spread throughout the city, and the exciting scene was witnessed by an immense crowd of spectators from the Battery. Our artist, who was on the spot very early, has made a most thrilling and correct sketch of the splendid but disastrous sight. She now lies a noble wreck in ruinous perfection, her beautiful proportions being still visible in her partial destruction. Nothing with certainty is known of the origin of the fire. On the day previous a party of gentlemen accompanied her in her trial trip down the bay, and she returned to the Battery about four o'clock in the afternoon, everything having gone admirably. She belonged to Spofford, Tileston & Co. and was destined for the Charleston trade. She was built by Jacob A. Westervelt & Sons, and valued at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. She is insured for only seventy-six thousand dollars.

She was two hundred and thirty-seven feet long, thirty-eight feet broad, and twenty-one deep. She was fifteen hundred and thirty tons burthen, and drew thirteen feet water. Her fittings-up were of oak, and in a most costly style. Her machinery will probably be saved. Captain Adams, formerly of the James Adger, was her commander.

OPENING OF THE NEW ROOM OF HOLLAND LODGE, NO. 8, F. A. M.

The beautiful new Lodge-room, situated in the rear of No. 8 Union place (3d story), fitted up by the Standing Committee of Holland Lodge, No. 8, of Free and Accepted Masons, was dedicated with great *eclat* on last Friday evening, 14th instant. The ceremony of dedication was admirably performed by M. W. John W. Simons, Grand Master of Masons, assisted by the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Brother George W. Morgan, the very eminent organist, presided at the harmonium, and was aided by an excellent choir and the large number of brethren present.

The Master of the Lodge, W. Joseph N. Balestier, in the course of the evening, made a brief address, in substance as follows:

"Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren—It is usual on occasions like this to pronounce an oration; but it has been deemed expedient to occupy the time with melody rather than oratory, and my remarks will, therefore, be very brief.

"Although this hall was fitted up by Holland Lodge, it is but just to say that the fraternity are indebted for it quite as much to Pacific Lodge as to Holland. And that indebtedness is mainly due to that eminent and esteemed Mason, R. W. Brother Banks, Master of Pacific Lodge. It was under the auspices of Brother Banks that the room was built, and the admirable arrangement of the ante-rooms originated with him. This beautiful arching ceiling, except its decoration, was designed by him, and to him is due the fact that all the officers occupy their proper positions.

"The Standing Committee of Holland Lodge are also under great obligations to Brother Banks for the great interest he has manifested during the progress of the work. For the general character of the fitting up the Standing Committee of Holland Lodge are alone responsible, and have endeavored to perform their work with what taste and judgment they could command.

"The workmen employed have performed their duties very creditably. Brother Gambling's fresco-painting speaks so loudly in its own favor that I need not dwell on it. The harmonium and secretary's desk, made by Messrs. Carhart, Needham & Co., are extremely elegant in design and elaborate in finish, and will bear the closest examination of connoisseurs. Of the quality of the sounds dispensed by this beautiful instrument you have had an opportunity to judge, and, I am sure, your verdict will be favorable. The carved oak chairs and benches, the chandelier and brackets, of the same material, are from the factory of Messrs. Laun & Kimbel, in Twelfth street. The taste displayed in this work proves that Messrs. Laun & Kimbel are capable men in their profession. The beautiful marble altar is by Mr. Hourlier, of Broadway, and reflects great credit on him. The carpets of all the rooms and the curtains are from the establishment of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., and I have good cause to thank their workmen for the admirable manner in which the carpets were matched and put down. Moreover, this part of the work gave the Committee no trouble beyond giving their order. The furniture in the parlor was made by Messrs. Stillwell & Hazelton, and, we doubt not, will be generally admired for its neatness. Nor should we forget those whose work does not show, but is extremely useful—Mr. Ellison, the gasfitter, and Mr. Smith, the carpenter.

"The entire cost of fitting up the parlor, Lodge-room and ante-rooms will approach four thousand dollars, and nothing has been done on credit.

"Most Worshipful Grand Master—In behalf of Holland Lodge I desire to thank you and the M. W. G. L. for having so kindly performed the solemn and beautiful service of dedication, and I can assure you that in the whole body of subordinate Lodges there is none more faithful and zealous in the good cause than the one I now represent.

"I could wish, sir, that another voice than mine had addressed you. I could wish that the most eminent, the most influential and the best beloved member of old Holland, he whom I have just succeeded in office, had consented to delight this audience with his eloquence at this time. But since he thought it the proper duty of the actual Master, I cannot lose the occasion to pay a slight tribute to the solid worth, the conspicuous ability, the Masonic zeal and the excellent heart of the R. W. John J. Crane, M. D., Junior Past Master of Holland Lodge. He is a man whom we delight to honor, and our good wishes will ever attend him, whether in respect to his brilliant professional career or his progress in the affection and respect of our beloved fraternity."

To this Address the M. W. Grend Master answered in a speech of great power and eloquence, particularly dwelling on the proud history of Holland Lodge, the great names associated with it, and the expectations entertained of its future career. In the course of his remarks the Grand Master paid a beautiful tribute to the worth of Brother Crane, and to the members of the Lodge generally. His remarks upon the beautiful white marble altar were particularly touching and eloquent, and were fully appreciated by the intelligent audience.

We now present a brief account of Holland Lodge, of which it is our pride to be a member.

This ancient and distinguished Lodge was chartered in the year 1787 by the Prince of Orange. In that year its chief officers were—John Meyer, Master; Henry Benson, Senior Warden; and Henry A. Coster, Junior Warden. Among its most eminent Masters have been R. L. Vandenbraek, De Witt Clinton, John Jacob Astor, Ebenezer Irving, Elias Hicks (who was Master thirteen years), William Irving, Jr., Chancellor Nathan Sanford, William Henderson, John Abrams, John Pintard, John Stagg, Jr., Stephen Price, John F. Roorback, Abraham Lott, William Delafield, A. S. Glass, John Rodman, Edmund Kortright, Edward Seaman, Thomas Longworth, George Davis, Benjamin R. Winthrop (who held the office thirteen years), William H. Milnor, Frederick Fawcett and John J. Crane.

Among the Wardens occur the names of Wilmerding, Moore Lawrence, Van Slyck, Birch, Livingston, Clarkson, Low, Vredenburgh, Jones, Underdonk, McLean, Van Wyck, Varick, Robertson, Wilcox, Speyer, Ogden, Heard, Fay, Gardinier, Willis, Gibson, Varnum, Baretto, Lang, Wyckoff, and others connected with the old families of this city.

Among the members are hundreds of names distinguished in the social circles in New York in the olden time. It would consume too much space to enumerate any considerable number of these names. It is gratifying to know that many of the descendants of the old members are at this day members of Holland Lodge.

We have not space this week for an extended account of the new Lodge-room and its accessories. Our illustrations will give a general idea of the Lodge-room. But in addition to these is an elegantly furnished parlor fronting on Union Square for the use of the several Lodges occupying the premises.

The following Masonic bodies will occupy the new rooms: Holland, Arcana, Crescent, Continental, Concord, Benevolent and Pacific Lodges, Metropolitan Chapter, and Cœur de Lion and Columbian Commanderies.

Officers of Holland Lodge, No. 8 chosen Dec. 10, 1860.

Joseph N. Balestier, W. M.; Jotham Post, S. W.; Charles A. Rapallo, J. W.; M. B. Spaulding, Treasurer; A. W. King, Secretary; H. S. Taylor, S. D.; J. S. Reynolds, J. D.; Charles D. Mead, Chaplain; Samuel B. White, George F. Woodward, Stewards; Henry Walters, H. A. Weeks, Masters of Ceremonies; J. G. Davies, Organist; Greenfield Pote, Tiler.

Standing Committee.—R. W. John J. Crane, Henry H. Ward, the Master and Wardens.

THE CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP BETWEEN AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOATMEN.

Some time since a challenge was published to the champion rower of the Thames, England, by the champion of our own waters, Joshua Ward, of Newburg. Negotiations were for some time pending, but it is now announced that the English champion, Chambers, will come over next spring, prepared for a friendly and determined contest for the rowing supremacy of the American and English rivers.

This contest will excite the interest of all classes, for it is free from all objectionable features. The parties engaged are fine specimens of manhood, and the sport in which they are about to contest for supremacy is recognized as manly, healthful, and free from every taint of brutality and immorality.

As many of our readers will be curious to know something of the method of conducting a boat-race and the kind of boats used, we have engraved one of the English race-boats, the rower being Henry Kelley, the ex-champion of the River Thames, from a sketch taken by our artist when in England. The race-boat is a mere shell, so light that a man could take it under his arm and walk off with it, but it is as strongly built as is consistent with its excessive delicacy. It has, literally, no keel, and it requires such exquisite balance on the part of the rower, that an ounce of weight too much either way and the boat turns over. No one inexperienced could sit in these race-boats for one instant. So fragile are they that every inch of the fabric trembles with each sweep of the sculls. Speed is everything, and in their construction the uttermost possibility seems to have been obtained.

The regulations of the race are very simple. The stakes and the distance being decided upon, the locality of the contest is then fixed. If the course is out and return, say five miles, a flag-boat is placed at that distance, which has to be rounded on the return home. The struggle is who shall round the stake-boat first, and the man who has the inside track, if both men are equal, has a certain advantage. This position is decided by tossing up. Fair rowing is demanded, and no fouling is allowed. The judge's boat is at the starting point and his decision is absolute.

It will thus be seen that a boat-race is simply a trial of skill and muscle, and that the tendency of the interest it will cause will be to increase the popular desire for manly and healthy amusement.

THE GREAT HONDURAS OPAL.

This magnificent gem, the largest opal in America, and one of the finest, if not the largest in the world, measures two inches in length, lacking a tenth of an inch, and is one inch and four-tenths wide. The largest heretofore known in this country—lately if not now belonging to Messrs. Tiffany & Co.—was a little over an inch in diameter, and was valued at $2,500. There is one among the crown jewels of France, but smaller than that which we have engraved, valued at $7,000. The opal has been described as "a truly regal gem, combining within itself an original beauty and a fellowship with all other stones; at one moment, shedding the pale light of the moon, at the next flashing as the sun." The one under notice belonged for many years to the statue of the Virgin in the oratory of one of the convents of Guatemala, which was sacked by the Mexican troops of the army of Iturbide, when they evacuated Central America. It was taken by a common soldier, who retained it concealed, not daring to make known an act regarded by his countrymen as sacrilegious, until early in the present year, when on his deathbed he revealed its existence, and requested its return. As the convent to which it belonged has been suppressed, it has been ordered to be disposed of for the benefit of the mission of Lacandon. What a history of vicissitudes and changes is that of most of the finer jewels of the world!

A BRIEF NOTE ON ROCKING CHAIRS.

We presume that it is a fact known to but few of our many readers that that most comfortable and popular institution, the rocking chair, is of American origin, it having been—as we are informed, after some little research as to its history—invented and put in primal use among the first settlers of this Continent.

Though it has been claimed that it was suggested at first by the device of a nervously excited, and, perhaps, partially bedridden community to obtain a means of securing repose by a soothing, gentle movement, yet we think we have tolerably creditable authority for asserting that the first idea of rocking or oscillating furniture originated in the "dug-outs" or "sap-trough cradles," in which the dusky sons of the forest were lulled to slumber in infancy by the aboriginal matrons.

A short period after the pleasing effects of rocking-chairs had been practically demonstrated, their use as an article of furniture became general, and, up to but a few years since, no set of parlor or drawing-room equipment was considered complete without the inevitable rocking-chair.

From this country it was introduced into England and France, as well as other European countries, where it met with great favor and came into general use; and now, throughout the civilized world it is classed among the necessities of every well-furnished dwelling.

Since the time when rocking-chairs first became extant no important change had been made in them as originally deviced, and, consequently, the various objections urged against them, that they impair the nap or pile of fine carpeting, by pressing it down or sliding over it, bruise or otherwise mar furniture, their general uncouth appearance, their constant liability to dangerously pinch the fingers of creeping children or the paws of unlucky felines venturing in too close neighborhood to their long protruding rockers, besides many other faults, had the effect of almost entirely banishing it from the parlor, until a recent ingenious invention, producing precisely the same agreeable effects, without one of the above objections, has perfectly restored this most valuable and time-honored fireside comforter to its former status and importance.

Our illustration represents a group of newly improved rocking-chairs, manufactured by Terry & Wells, 652 Broadway, the centre of which formed one of the drawing-room set placed at the disposal of and used by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the occasion of his recent visit.

Dukes and Fools.—There is a well known case of mystification, caused to English ears by the use of Scotch terms, which took place in the House of Peers during the examination of the magistrates of Edinburgh, touching the particulars of the Porteous Mob in 1736. The Duke of Newcastle having asked the Provost what kind of shot the Town Guard, commanded by Porteous, had loaded their muskets with, received the unexpected reply, "Oh, just sic as ane shoots dukes and fools wi'." The answer was [illegible] as a contempt of the House of Lord, and the poor Provost would [illegible] suffered for his misconception of his *patois*, had not the Duke of Argyle [illegible] (who must have been considerably amused) explained that the worthy chief magistrate's expression, when rendered into English, meant to describe the shot used for ducks and fowls.

MADELAINE.

(For Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

By Alpha.

Wilt thou not strive to love me, Madelaine—
  And take thy haughty feet from off my heart?
Is there no spark of feeling in thy breast—
  Wert thou from human passion born, apart?
Oh! as I gaze on thy imperial beauty,
  Thy form so moulded to love's pure desire,
How do I long for that Promethean power,
  To melt thy icy heart with flashing fire.

Wilt thou not strive to love me, Madelaine?
  Do I not own a regal love for thee?
With what a lavish affluence I throw
  My very soul before thy sovereignty!
Do I not how my brow down to the earth,
  And subjugate the freedom of my will—
And lift my eyes, humid with tremulous tears,
  Which ebb and flow with every pulse's thrill!

Wilt thou not strive to love me, Madelaine?
  I cannot languish like a lovesick boy,
Nor waste in love's distress the fuel of my soul—
  My youth's rich prime, for barren hopes destroy.
Whatever wealth my nature hoards in store
  Of brain or heart, I consecrate to thee;
This sacrificial offering is all
  That love can ask of blind idolatry.

Wilt thou not strive to love me, Madelaine?
  And bend thy nature from its proud resolves?
Love is an alchemist whose subtle power
  From icy coldness, passion warm evolves.
The love which breathes out from my passionate heart
  Must wake a whispering echo in thine own—
So I will crush out longing, watch and wait
  For the first murmuring of a passion-tone.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.

(Continued from p. 94.)

"The landlady of The Wheatsheaf will depose that, as she was passing the door of the room occupied by the sisters, she heard them conversing, and with an incidental curiosity she paused to listen, when she heard the prisoner say, 'I shall go to the wall, and shall not get a husband, all on account of your little Ernest, when I intended to make uncle Ralph take to me—or make me his favorite—and leave me all his money.' These, the landlady will tell you, may not be the exact words used; but she will swear to you, as she has already sworn to the justices, that they are very near, and contain the sentiment that was uttered. Collateral fact the second, then, my lords and gentlemen of the jury, is, that the knife which did the deed of blood belonged to the prisoner, and was bought by her at Colombo, in Ceylon. Gentlemen, God aid and help us all to get at the truth in this matter! I have no more to say."

The attorney-general sat down, not adding one word to his bare statement of these facts on which the case rested.

A cold perspiration sat on my brow. How fearfully strong was the case, and what had I to rebut it with? Nothing—nothing! What if Brown had absconded? What if Brown had been swallowed up by an earthquake? His absence or presence made but little account in such a case. He had only seen what others saw—he could add nothing to the evidence of the landlord and the landlady of the inn. I felt as if my very heart paled as I saw the blank, half-terror-stricken countenance of the jury, and fancied that in every whisper they indulged in to each other the word "Guilty" might be found.

The junior counsel for the prosecution now rose, and called out, "Jacob Wilts!"

There was a slight bustle, and the landlord of the inn got into the witness-box.

He merely deposed to the coming of the sister and child to The Wheatsheaf, and the alarm in the night, and the finding the dead body of the child, as stated.

The attorney-general then glanced at me, and I rose to cross-examine.

"Had you any other guests in The Wheatsheaf on the night in question?"

"Yes, sir. A Mr. Brown."

"When did he come?"

"About an hour after the ladies."

"Was he a stranger to you?"

"Quite, sir."

"Where did he sleep?"

"At the far end of the gallery, about fifty paces off the ladies' room!"

"You can go down now, but I shall want you again."

"Yes, sir."

Martha Wilts, the landlady, was the next witness examined, and she confirmed what the attorney-general had stated. Her account of what Anna had said made a strong impression on the jury, and when I rose to cross-examine her, I felt that that was the point to attend to.

"Now, Mrs. Wilts," I said, "you have said many a thing in jest to your husband, and he to you, no doubt?"

"Lord bless you, yes, sir!"

"And meant no harm?"

"Not the least, sir."

"Of course not. Now can you recollect anything you may have said to him, or of him, in that harmless way lately?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir! When he takes a drop too much, I am very apt to say that I hope that the next will choke him, but I no more mean it than you do, sir."

"And of course, by the tone in which you say it, he knows it is only a joke?"

"To be sure!"

"You speak it in something of the tone of the prisoner at the bar, when she said she should never get a husband!"

"Just so, sir."

"That will do. You can go down."

Mr. Brown was the next witness called, and no one appeared. I was resolved to make the most I could in favor of the prisoner out of this disappearance of Brown, although I feared it would not be much, but it was not then time to take notice of it. The name of Brown reverberated through the Court, and the passages, and the adjacent street, but no Brown appeared.

The attorney-general then himself rose and said, "It is now my most painful duty to call Mrs. Rachael Seaton. It is a duty I would fain have avoided if possible, for no one can feel more sensibly than I do how sad to her must be the task of being summoned for the prosecution in this case, but it cannot be helped, and I therefore call Mrs. Rachael Seaton."

With a slow and melancholy step the poor mother got into the witness-box, but she kept her eyes upon Anna, with a longing, tender glance, until the judge said, mildly, "Witness, you must look this way."

Then she gently turned from observation of Anna, and they could all see the tears stealing down her cheeks.

"Sirs—sirs!" she cried, "this should not be! You will understand, sir, that he was my boy—my only one! You cannot understand how—I—loved him—because—because that is hidden here—here in my poor broken heart! But when I, the mother—when I, who am to long time, you see, sirs, have lost all—all I had in the world—when I declare that Anna is innocent, you should listen to me. Last night, sir—it was at the same hour last night—he, my babe—my own dear——Oh, heaven, these tears scald me! If I could only die now—now—now!"

How she wept—what a passion of grief was there! and throughout all the court you might hear sobs and faint cries, until the judge wrapped his mantle over his face and leant back in his chair, and all was still but the voice of grief in that court.

The attorney-general then said faintly, "I will ask nothing of this woman."

Then I rose.

"Madam! madam!"

My voice sounded hollow and strange, in the midst of so much grief and such sounds of tears, and the poor woman started, and looked up at me.

"Ah, yes!" she said. "I pray you—I pray you!"

She had recognised me as acting for the defence, and she meant to say that she would speak to me; and then, before I could ask her anything, she went on—

"Sirs, all listen to me. I did not see the murderer of my precious darling; but I saw his shadow. It is ever present to me now—like a phantom it goes with me wherever I may go. Last night, too—oh, you will say that was a dream, but dreams are of heaven's making, as well as waking thoughts—I saw him then—my little angel! Oh, what light was there! The light of heaven in the dear eyes and on the little face—the shining colors from the wings of God's archangels were about him—my own dear little one. He came with heaven's sunshine on his brow. I heard his voice—so soft, so low, so beautiful, and he said that she was innocent, and had ever loved him."

"Sister—dear sister!" cried Anna. "I did ever love him—I am innocent!"

There were cries and sobs now in the court, and twice I tried to command my voice to speak before I could say to her, "Madam—madam! that shadow you saw on the night of the murder, tell us of it."

"I will, I will! I saw it on the wall. The tall, broad shadow, or phantom of a man."

"What was it like?" interposed the judge. "Tell us, madam, what it was like, if you can?"

"I will, I will. What is this?"

Mrs. Seaton looked around her and up at the windows of the court with a shudder.

"It is nothing," said I. "A thunderstorm is about to take place. That is all."

For the last few minutes the court had been gradually getting so dark that it was scarcely possible to see from one side of it to the other, and scarcely had the last words passed my lips when a flash of blue lightning, that was perfectly bewildering in its brightness, lit up the place, and was followed by such a peal of thunder, that the building in which was the court-house appeared to shake to its foundations.

A scene of some confusion occurred in the court, by the efforts of some to leave, and by some females fainting.

A loud voice then cried out close to the door, "Make way there—make way. Out of my way, I say! I cannot—I will not stay here! We shall have the place about our ears! Out of my way!"

A man who had been sitting in an obscure corner close to the jury box, tried to fight his way out of the court.

Then a voice called out, "That is Brown."

It was never discovered who uttered those words, but I called out loudly, "Detain that man! He is a witness in this case, and duly subpœnaed; and being in court, can be compelled to speak. Stop that man!"

Brown was pounced upon by several officers, and brought forward.

"What is this for?" he cried. "What have I done? Ha! ha! A prime joke this!"

The attorney-general sprang to his feet.

"You are our witness," he said. "My lord judge, may we have lights?"

"Lights!" said the judge. "I cannot see my notes."

The darkness of the court increased each moment, and the thunder again, like the discharge of heavy ordnance, rolled over the building.

"I have nothing to say," cried Brown, "no evidence to give, I tell you. I was fast asleep, and heard cries, and went to see what was amiss; and then I saw just what the landlord and landlady saw, and no more no less."

"Lights, there!" cried the judge.

"Yes, my lord," said a voice.

A man appeared with a light with which to ignite the chandelier.

What shrieks are these? Oh! sounds of terror—wild laughter——cries of exultation mingled with horror!

It is the bereaved mother.

"Look! oh, look! There—on the wall!—near to you, my lord judge! This is God's mercy! It is heaven's testimony—the Phantom Witness! I know it well. There is the murderer's shadow!"

There was a strange, shouting cry in the court. The counsel all rose from their seats, and the judge looked askance with amazement on his face.

Cast on the wall of the court by the light that had been brought, was the shadow of the man Brown. Huge and exaggerated, there it was; and as he shrunk down in the vain hope of escaping its production, Mrs. Seaton had seen it, even as she had seen it cast on the wall of the corridor of the inn by the oil lamp in the passage, as he shrunk away with the blood of the innocent child upon his soul.

Brown then made a frantic effort to escape, but he was overpowered and secured in a moment. The storm-clouds passed over, and a long, broad beam of sunshine streamed into the court.

"Not guilty!" cried the jury, with one voice; and in another moment Anna was in the arms of her sister.

Then a tall, pale old man stood up by the side of the judge. It was Sir Ralph Heritage, the high sheriff, who had risen from his sick bed, and arrived in the court during its darkness from the storm. "You are my unhappy son, and now I have a key to all these horrors. You have done murder, lest a new claimant on my affection should arise in the person of the poor child you have destroyed. My lord judge, this is my deathblow. Take me home, you who have compassion."

The high sheriff sank back on the bench, and when they went to raise him they found him but a corpse.

* * * * * * * * *

The motive of Richard Heritage in committing the dreadful murder at the inn was now but too apparent. He was tried and convicted in due course, but managed to procure a deadly poison, and evaded the sentence of the law.

A will of Sir Ralph Heritage was found, which left the bulk of his property to the poor murdered child, so that his male relatives put in their claims, but a sufficient sum was secured for ease and competence both to Rachael and Anna.

Poor Rachael! She only lived one year, and then she went to see, not in a dream, but in reality, the sunshine of heaven on the face of her baby boy.

THE HAUNTED FIELD;

OR,

FATHER AND SON.

(Continued from page 82.)

"Mary Sedley," I said, somewhat sternly, taking up a watch and other things which she had just laid on the table, "where did these come from?"

"Oh, never mind; give them me. They are——"

"Mary, they are plunder, the fruits of a highway robbery, and the robber was——"

"No, no, no," she shrieked. "I will not believe it," she cried, divining my next speech.

"Now be calm, and let me tell you. I heard the greater part of what passed between you and your husband just now. The man he named to you is a notorious receiver of stolen goods. And read this," and I handed her the placard.

She read it.

"My God! this is worse than all," she wailed. "I have starved and suffered well nigh unto death; yes, almost to death; Oh, thank Heaven! but this is terrible."

"Now," I resumed, "there is but one course to be pursued. This ruffian has tortured you long enough. You must be released from him."

"How?"

"How? Why, through the law. He will be transported for life for this offence."

"But he is not in prison yet."

"No, but he soon will be. He is coming here to-morrow night, you know, and I shall have the officers ready for him."

"Ah, true," she said, staring vacantly at me. "I had forgotten. Yes; you would do that, of course."

She seemed bewildered, and, having learned from her that she expected the old servant to return immediately, I thought it best to leave her.

As I passed from the cottage, I pondered her strange look, and lingered at a short distance. The door opened gently. I saw her come forth, look about, close the door, and then run in the direction of the "haunted field" at the top of her speed. The idea immediately occurred to me, "She is seeking Sedley, to warn him against coming to-morrow night." I followed. It was perfectly dark, but her white dress enabled me to keep her in view. The field was reached. She wandered about, but found no one. She crossed again into the road, I still following as quietly as I could. Suddenly she stopped. She had come upon Sedley walking onwards. She touched him on the back, and he sprang round with a cry of alarm and an oath.

"It is I, Mark—I, Mary. I've had such a run, I can hardly speak; I want to tell——"

"You've followed me, have you? Curse you, body and soul. There," and he felled her to the earth.

"Mark, one word," said the victim, in a voice but little above a whisper. "It was to save——"

"What, you won't cease chattering? There, and there, and he kicked her as she lay. "Now go home."

Great God of Heaven! Through the mouth of that murdering villain was uttered the most merciful injunction which had fallen upon poor Mary Sedley's ear for many a long day—"Go home"—and she went home—to God.

Strong man as I am and was, I had turned sick at the first terrific blow, and before I could cry out the second brutality had been committed. Then I shouted, and rushed forward. Sedley decamped, and I raised Mary, and ran with her, as quickly as I could, back to the cottage. The old servant was still absent. I laid the sufferer on her miserable couch, and leant over her.

She was dead. Terribly reduced and enfeebled as she had been, the violence had completed the tragedy. She was at peace. Her effort to save her husband had resulted in bringing liberty to herself. I threw open the little window, and as I gazed at the bright stars above me, I found myself again and again repeating—

"She is at peace. Thank God, she is gone home."

The old woman returned. I told her all that had taken place, and calmed her grief which, otherwise, would have been awkwardly uproarious, by promising still, sure vengeance on the murderer; at thought of which the devoted servant's eyes glistened, and she promised secrecy and strict obedience to all my commands.

The following night, our inspector of police, one of his men and I set out from the town for the cottage. It was wretched weather. The snow fell fast, the wind blew, and the cold was piercing. We arrived. In the course of the day Mary Sedley had been placed in her humble coffin, and by its side sat Nancy Wrekin watching; more faithful watcher never guarded the dead.

I was arranged that the constable should lie crouched under a hedge outside the cottage, while the inspector and I should remain in the bedroom, leaving only Nancy in the sitting-room, so that Sedley might be fairly in the house at the time of his capture, which would thereby be rendered more easy. Thus we were all placed, rather before nine o'clock, when the constable outside came to tell us that a struggle seemed to be going on a little distance off in the road; but he could only judge by sounds, for the night was so dark he could see nothing at the smallest distance.

The man had scarcely returned to his hiding-place when the door of the cottage opened, and a most unexpected arrival took place. The elder Mr. Sedley made his appearance. I met him as he entered. An alarming spectacle he presented. He was so bedabbled in snow and mud, with patches of blood, as scarcely to be recognizable.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Sedley," I exclaimed. "What, you? And in that state!"

"And you, Mr. Jones? Why, what in the world brings you here? My story is soon told. I have been longer about a journey than I expected, and as I was such a night and late, I was making for your town, intending to sleep there. But you have queer folks about. Coming along the lane, where it was so dark I could not see my hand before me, there fell upon the back of my head an awful blow. I dare-say the villain who gave it me spied, dark as it was, my plentiful crop of white hair, and that encouraged him to try to rob me. But he reckoned wrongly. I'm old, but I'm not weak, and with the aid of 'Finisher' here I'll match any man now."

Here Mr. Sedley exhibited a formidable cudgel, from the knob of which, on the pressing a spring, there started forth three or four little spikes.

"Well, I kept my legs and in a moment my enemy and 'Finisher' had made acquaintance. The scoundrel gave an awful groan and somehow managed to clutch me by the chest, and nearly settled me. However, I rallied, and then judging from his white coat, as well as I could, where his face would be, I brought 'Finisher' down upon him with my utmost strength. I believe it made an end of him. I hope it did. But I treated the villain to a third taste and then I left him."

"Heaven pity the wretch! Why, you must have killed him!"

"Dare say—need the imagine the trouble. But, old lady (to Nancy), if you could furnish me with—I feel a little shaken—but tell me, Mr. Jones, first in whose place am I, that you should be here at this hour?"

Mauled as he had been, I was really sorry to excite him further; but I was so afraid of his violent arriving that I answered at once—

"You are in your son Mark's cottage."

"Lord have mercy upon me! then Mary Sedley lives here—is in that other room, I suppose."

"She don't live here, but she lies in that other room."

"Eh?" he said, puzzled.

"Mr. Sedley" (and I could not help my voice trembling as I spoke), "come in with me and see her."

"No, no, no; I'll do nothing of the sort; I told you I wouldn't before. She'll plague me for assistance, and I'll give her none—not a penny."

"But you told me you would see her."

"*I* told you I would n't speak the truth, sir. In her coffin, I said, I would see her gladly, but never elsewhere—elsewhere never."

I threw open the door between the tiny rooms.

"Then see her in her coffin!" I cried; and taking advantage of his surprise, I moved him gently into the bedroom.

"My God!" he exclaimed, staggering from the coffin's side, "then she is really dead."

"You have your wish. No doubt you feel your anticipated pleasure. She is dead."

"After all," said the old man, recovering himself, "it is better so. My son is free. You said he was coming here. Why, what is the policeman here for—to watch the carpet?"

"Your son I expect almost immediately," I replied, "but I must tell you, there is no time to withhold; he comes as a felon, and he will go away a prisoner—read this placard."

He had great difficulty in doing it; but he saw enough to cause him to fall back against the wall, and groan in agony. Suddenly he sprang to the coffin.

"And this all through you!" he yelled, with demoniac fury, clenching his fist at the poor clay, and looking, besmeared as he was with blood, like a fiend incarnate. "You, you wretch—you who seduced him; you, who took him from his home, from me; who ruined him; who—What was that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"For the love of God, Mary, open the door," said a faint voice without; "I am dying — some water—some water."

"It is his voice. I know it—I know it," gasped the old man, clutching me by the shoulder. "I have not long thou it," and before any of us he had reached the door and opened it.

"Run away, Mark, run," he shouted. "They are waiting for you. Away for your life."

"He will never run again," said the inspector; and he dragged into the hut a prostrate body which lay outside.

Merciful Heaven! what a sight it was! A man in a long white coat, saturated at the upper part with blood, and his forehead almost undistinguishable from bleeding wounds.

"Lord! Lord!" moaned the wretched being; "I am quite blind now—water—water—I'm dy—dy——" And he died.

Then the little hut, and the country round, rung with shouts of "Mark! Mark! Mark! My son! my son! my son!" for reason left the miserable father, and escaping from our hold, he fled forth into the field, the darkness, the snow, the rain, reckless and mad.

He had slain his son, and in self-defence!

Mary was avenged.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

What is the only wig a barber cannot make? An ear-wig.

When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name? Curius.

An Irishman once observed that mile stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard."

"La, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my memory."

"Who's afraid?" said a young man to himself, in order to screw his courage to the sticking-place.

"Why you are," said the object of his affection, "or you would have taken courage six months ago."

A little girl was told to spell "ferment," and give its meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer:

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t; a verb, signifying to work. I love to 'ferment' in the garden."

An eccentric old gentleman, being waited upon with his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and then desired the man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for; but as for his visits, he should return them.

Dr. Currie (hot by name and hot by nature), when asked by a particularly inquisitive woman to tell her the precise meaning of the word "idea," about which she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, at last angrily exclaimed,

"Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a she-fool!"

A miserly fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner recently. Just as the guests sat down, a piercing shriek was heard in the courtyard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, affrighted and his hands covered with blood.

"What is it?" was the inquiry.

"Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a cart and grievously hurt. Let us aid him."

A collection was made, and the guests contributed some low hundred francs. Poor dupes! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for their dinner.

A queer excuse was made a few days ago by an old lady. The good woman was subpœnaed to appear as a witness in rather a delicate case. She did not come, and a bench warrant was issued for her appearance, on which she was brought into court. The judge thought it was his duty to reprimand her.

"Madam, why were you not here before?"

"I couldn't come, sir."

"Were you not subpœnaed, madam?"

"Yes, sir, but I was unwell."

"What was the matter, madam?"

"I had an awful boil, sir."

After a pause:

"Upon your honor, madam?"

"No, sir, upon my arm."

A Lady's Invitation to a Walk.—Cir-cum-ambulate.

Motto for a Flogging Schoolmaster.—*Semper (h)idem.*

An Odd Fellow.—Morpheus, for he is undeniably a Nod fellow.

Height of Sympathy.—When a crew of whalemen cry because they see whales' blubber.

A Serious Question.—What is it probable that sausages are made of, when a cat, at the smell of them, spits and sets her back up.

A Long Shot.—Paris has gone mad over "rifled cannon." The *Charivari* gives an illustrative drawing. An artilleryman has just fired a rifled cannon. A stranger asks if the ball hit the mark. The artilleryman replies that he will know the day after to-morrow—the ball is too far off to hear sooner.

Never too Late to Mend.—"My dear," said a young wife, returning from a ball, "I have learned one of the most difficult steps!"

"There is a step," replied the husband, "the most valuable of all; but it is one, I fear, you will never care to learn."

"Indeed, what step can that be?"

"It is a step into the kitchen."

Mrs. Partington came up to town to select a guardian for her precocious Ike, and remarked as follows: "How the world has turned about, to be sure!" said she; "it's nothing but change, I anger! Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odious flowers; to-day I am in this big city, my olfactory breathing the impure exhalations of coal-smoke that are so offensory to hear. In hail of the singing of birds the bumbler busses almost deprive me of consequential uses. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be resigned through all. They say that the moral turpentine of this city is frightful; but it is of no use to anticipate trouble beforehand: he may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tendency to hurt him; and, as the minister of the parish said, with sufficient training he may become a useful member of society; though training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to let like cripple-crowned hens. But he has genus—(looking at him)—it came natural to him, like the measles, and every day it is developing itself more and more."

Vaucanson invented for the performance of Marmontel's "Cleopatra" an asp which hissed itself with a hiss on the bosom of the actress who played the principal character. On the first performance of the tragedy a jester more struck by the hissing of the automaton than by the beauty of the tragedienne, exclaimed, "I am of the asp's opinion!"

THE HAUNTED FIELD;

OR,

Father and Son.

A stout, red-faced man, leaning over a churchyard wall, gazing pensively at a tombstone, is a sight rather calculated to induce a smile, and the tendency is not diminished when we know the person to be a relieving officer under the new poor law.

But thus occupied I saw Mr. Jones one wintry afternoon.

"Why, Mr. Jones," I cried, "how now? Selecting a choice spot for yourself, eh?"

"No, sir," he replied. "Where I shall rest my bones is a matter which never troubles me. I'm looking at poor old Nancy Wrekin's grave, to which she's been placed this afternoon."

"A pauper, was she?"

"Yes; she'd been one almost from the commencement of the union."

"Anything peculiar in her case, because you know I'm fond of hearing your little histories."

"Yes, there was something very peculiar."

"Then pray tell me all about it." And as we walked together to the town, Mr. Jones furnished me with the following narrative:

We relieving officers always have been, and I take it, always will be, thoroughly hated by the poor. The fact is, they accept our relief with the greatest repugnance, and they know we don't give more than we can help, and what we do give we would rather withhold. Now, while this applies to the regular or "settled" poor, as they are termed, it is strongly the case with the vagrant poor, who merely receive some slight assistance—some bread or a night's lodging—and pass on their way. These applicants are, for the most part, a wretchedly degraded set, and often occasion considerable disturbance.

One November afternoon, several years ago, I was sitting in my little inner room in the union office, and my assistant—for this union, as you know, covers a large extent of ground, and I could not possibly get on without help—was in the outer room distributing relief. Suddenly I heard loud talking; the next moment, looking through the glass partition, I saw a huge lump of bread come flying through the air at my assistant's head. Then arose a terrific storm.

"Go along with you, you hussey."

"I won't go—give me the money, you villain!"

"You shan't have a farthing, you drunken old creature."

"Then I'll break every pane of glass in the place"—the usual mode of vengeance, by-the-bye.

"Will you? I'll have you marched off pretty quick, my lady."

Here I made my appearance, and inquired the reason of the disturbance.

"I can't make out whether she's tipsy or cracked," replied Mr. Flack, referring to an old woman standing at the open door, and grinding her teeth with rage. "She says she don't want anything for herself, but she must have five shillings for her mistress. Her mistress, forsooth! A pretty pass we are coming to. A mistress sends her servant to the relief office, for five shillings!"

"Now, that's another lie of yours," screamed the old woman. "My mistress did nothing of the sort; but she wants the money, and you give it me, you monster, or I'll tear the place—I'll smash the windows—I'll kill you with stones," she yelled.

"You're a nice customer," said I. "Who is this mistress of yours?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Then you'll please to walk away."

"No, I won't. I'll please to break the windows," and a pane was demolished in a twinkling.

"Ah, that's too amusing to last," cried I, hastening round and catching the old woman's arm.

"Hallo! are you going into a fit," I inquired in alarm, for immediately the poor creature slipped from me on to the floor.

She did not reply, for she was in a fit, and commiserating her condition, though indignant at her wanton outrage, I had her carefully removed to the workhouse.

It was dark when I left the union office that evening to walk to my home which was about a mile out of the town. The last part of my way lay through a little piece of field, which had an evil character in the neighborhood. The reason I could never exactly learn; but the story went, that that field, once at least in every year, at night time, there appeared a female figure, clothed in white, and that from this apparition there issued sighs and moans most grievous to listen to. I had traversed the field at night hundreds of times and not a vestige of any female in white had I seen; so I was, of course, an unbeliever to the tale. This evening, I had just stepped over the stile, when—I must confess, very much to my amazement—the sound of deep sobbing came distinctly to my ear. I really do not see why I should not own, further, that my heart's action increased a trifle as I peered about to see the cause, and that when, a few yards off, I could perceive a white figure making towards me, I felt an unusual perspiration overspread my forehead.

It was a woman, all in white, too and crying bitterly.

"Now, Mr. Jones, don't be such an arrant fool," said I to myself, as I half turned to retreat. At the same moment down fell the figure on the grass. I went to it. It was no spectre, but a poor woman, evidently very ill and in great trouble. I elicited from her that she had set out from her cottage, a little distance off, to seek her servant who had left her some hours before to go into the town. Questioning a little more closely, I discovered her to be the mistress of the infuriated old woman who had broken our window. The truth appeared to be, that this distressed gentlewoman (for she was evidently above the common rank) was in a state of utter destitution, and that she and her faithful domestic were well nigh starving. The cottage in which they lived was completely secluded, and they had only been there a month, so that they were quite strangers to the neighborhood. The servant had sallied forth to-day, unknown to her mistress, to obtain relief, having no notion, poor creature, of the inquiry and examination requisite before assistance could be given. I further learned that the sufferer had a husband, who, five weeks before, had sent her, with only a few pounds in his pocket, to this place from London, intimating that he should join her in a month's time.

"Then you are now expecting him?" I said.

"Every day," was the reply; and as it was given I staggered as though I had been wounded.

Wounded! Aye I was wounded. The moon shining forth suddenly, revealed to me a face not seen for years, but never forgotten—never forgotten—and never will be by me this side of the grave.

Mary Leslie and I had both been born in a village ten miles distant. Suited for each other in every respect, I would have made her my wife, but she refused me. Her parents both died, and shortly afterwards she ran away from the guardianship of a very distant relative with the son of a wealthy farmer. The former, who was furious, laid all the blame on Mary, and declared her an artful minx, who had inveigled his son. I know better. She was cruelly deceived, and Mark Sedley was a thorough villain.

And this poor face, so ghastly pale, so worn and wasted, was Mary's face.

"Mary!" I gasped.

Then she recognised me in a moment, and with a wild cry threw her arms about me. She told me all. The tale was dreadful—worse even than I expected and I had been full of misgiving. Such neglect, such cruelty, such fiendish ingenuity in maliciousness as had been exhibited towards the long-enduring and still-loving wife by her double-dyed scoundrel of a husband, I, with all my experience of life, could not have conceived. They had been in the depths of poverty, but either through pride or an impression of its probable inutility, no application had been made to her husband's father for assistance. One day Sedley had, as already stated, ordered her to depart from London for this town, giving no reason for the strange command, save that he was going a journey to which she could not accompany him, but that in a month's time he would be with her at any address which she should send him at a place he named. Here, then, Mary had arrived, and had found an abode in a cottage of two rooms, close at hand. Some scraps of furniture she had bought for a few shillings of the previous occupier. The woman she had with her was an old servant of her father's, whom she had met in London, and who would not leave her to her trouble.

"The scoundrel has deserted her," I thought. "Well, better so."

We reached the miserable dwelling, and Mary having entered, I hastened to the workhouse, where I found old Nancy Wrekin frantic through being forcibly detained, with the view of bringing her to account for the broken window. I imparted to her my meeting with her mistress and the attendant circumstances, and despatched her to Mrs. Sedley forthwith, sending with her a porter laden with necessaries of various kinds.

I knew the elder Sedley was still living, so the next morning I rode over to the village in which he resided, and told him my painful discovery. He expressed himself very pleased at the probability of seeing his son.

"A noble fellow, Mr. Jones," he said, with warmth; "a manly, upright youth as ever lived. Ah, what might he not have been had he not been ruined by that wretched, artful girl!"

It made me mad to hear him speak thus; but it was not wise to quarrel with him.

"However that may be, sir," I said, "she is your son's wife, and I have told you her condition. Something must be done for her."

"Do you expect me to do anything for her, Mr. Jones? Now, did you really come ten miles to ask me to help her?"

"Certainly I did. Good Heavens, Mr. Sedley, she was starving—would have starved, had I not met her! Come and see her."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, I will. When she's in her coffin, you let me know, and I'll come—with pleasure."

Horrified and disgusted, I shrunk from the implacable old brute, and returned home.

It was evening when I reached the union office. My assistant was affixing a placard to the notice board outside.

"Here's a thing that has created a bit of a stir since you have been gone," he said, and he handed me a copy of the placard.

It announced a highway robbery, committed some fifteen miles off, described certain articles stolen, furnished close particulars of the robber, and offered a large reward for his apprehension.

"Not much chance of the rascal's escaping," remarked Mr. Flack. "Why, here's a complete portrait: 'Singularly prominent front upper teeth; scar on left cheek; very light hair; squints;' and a lot beside. Oh, he'll be nabbed, to a certainty!"

I put the placard in my pocket, and proceeded to Mary Sedley's cottage. As I journeyed the marked description of the as yet uncaptured robber dwelt on my mind. The reward was considerable, would be very welcome even to me. Had I ever seen such—mercy! It flashed across my mind. Yes, there could be no mistake; the account tallied to nicety with the exterior, as I knew it formerly, of Mark Sedley. I was exceedingly startled, and stopped to think, when my attention was suddenly arrested, as follows:

I was in the "haunted field." On one side of me was a high bank, with a hedge at top. Above me, on the other side of the hedge, were evidently two people talking. I listened, for the circumstance was strange in that place, and at that hour.

"You miserable magpie!" was growled in a manner which I knew well, though I had not heard it for years: "I'm a good mind to pitch you over the hedge, you never ending chatterer."

"Indeed, Mark," I heard Mary Sedley reply, "I couldn't help it. I was dying—really dying for want of food."

"Dying! you've always been dying," grunted the scoundrel. "What now? Snivelling? What! at seeing me, is it? when the sight ought to make you happier than any queen. Now, take care! I only say TAKE CARE!"

"There, I have done. Now, Mark. I've ceased crying; but don't be harsh, I'm very weak. Well, well, never mind. Now just tell me about these things. To whom did you say I was to take them?"

"To a man named Isaac Levy, in Hulk's alley—just at the end of the town. You'll say you want to sell them, and he'll buy them. He'll ask no questions. To-morrow night at ten o'clock I'll come to you, and you'll have the money ready for me."

"But Mark, now Mark! I don't want to be curious. I won't ask you again where the articles come from, but do tell me where are you going to, and how long shall you be away this time? and dear Mark, how am I to live?"

"How are you to live, eh? Look you, Mary, my love, if you bother me with any more questions, you shan't need to ask me again how you're to live. You go and do what you're told, that's enough for you. Now be off, double quick. And as for that old friend of yours, Mr. Jones, I'll square accounts with him all in good time. I'll cut his throat, Mary, you see if I don't."

Then they seemed to separate. I watched about, and saw Mary enter her cottage. I followed her immediately. She screamed loudly.

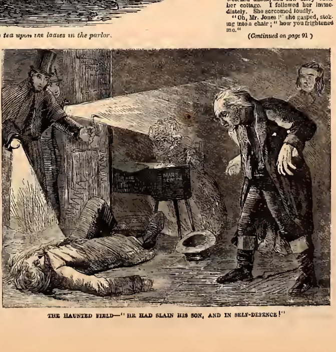
"Oh, Mr. Jones!" she gasped, sinking into a chair; "how you frightened me."

(Continued on page 91.)

A RECENT INCIDENT.

Miss Starcher—"*Why, Biddy, how nice this tea tastes! What have you made it with?*" (Biddy knows how to make tea, for the Croton being scarce she has made it with rum.)

Remarkable and delightful effect of the tea upon the ladies in the parlor.



THE HAUNTED FIELD—"HE HAD SLAIN HIS SON, AND IN SELF-DEFENCE!"

AQUATIC SPORTS—THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE, BETWEEN THE CHAMPION ROWERS OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND—PORTRAIT OF HENRY KELLEY, EX-CHAMPION OF THE THAMES AND YARE, WITH SKETCH OF SKELETON BOAT USED IN RACES.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.

I was on my first circuit—both the cause list and the criminal paper of the Northampton Assizes were crowded with cases. I had two or three briefs of no great importance, for I was young at the bar, and yet at this Northampton Assizes I was daily getting shadowy, nervous, pale and weak—I could not eat—I never could drink—I could not sleep—at times, I could not think. A case sat heavy on my soul—I felt weighed down as by a constant nightmare. I had a criminal case on hand; it had been put off from day to day, on account of the length of time it was supposed it would occupy, but it was coming on.

A fearful sense of responsibility was constantly present to my imagination. I had not yet grown callous to human suffering—I could not then contemplate crime, suffering and retribution, with the merely critical eye of an artist in law—and I suffered accordingly.

A young girl—almost a child—her age was not fifteen—was to be put upon her trial for murder.

Ann Dormer Heritage was committed for trial by the Northamptonshire magistrates, for the murder of John Adolpho Seaton, an infant, and her own sister's son.

I was retained for the defence.

Day and night—at meal times—in the hours that should have been those of recreation—at times when my other duties should have occupied me, I pondered over this case, and read and re-read the depositions, and toiled mentally until I began to look like some wretch with an undiscovered crime resting heavily upon his heart, and who walked and lived in bodily fear of detection.

Could she be guilty? I had seen her more than once—a mild, gentle, lovable, fair young girl, who did not appear to have nerve enough to have crushed an offensive fly.

But the evidence?

The evidence was awfully, conclusively against her.

I condense it for the reader. Before we step into court on the occasion of this most remarkable trial, we will glance over the record exhibited against the youthful and engaging prisoner.

There resided on his own property, which comprised a beautiful mansion and manor in the county of Northamptonshire, a Sir Ralph Heritage. This gentleman had one only son, whose irregularities of life had estranged him from friends, relations, and finally from his father. But the father had long fought against the facts of his son's bad conduct; he had been the last and the most loth to shut his heart against him; and it was not till a highway robbery, in which Richard Heritage most unquestionably had a share, that Sir Ralph was compelled to banish from his home the son to whom his heart yet clung.

Pity this poor father—pity the man who has for years garnered up his best affections in a thankless child!

And so Richard Heritage disappeared, and years passed away, and only now and then came vague rumors that he was a wanderer about those South American States which teem with adventurers of every clime and of every hue.

And Sir Ralph felt that he was getting old and feeble; his wife had been long since to the family tomb of the Heritages. He was a lonely man, and it was with a gush of grateful tears that one autumnal evening he read a letter that had reached him from Ceylon, to say that his younger brother Alfred, who had many a long year ago sought that island as a home, with a sickly wife, was no more; and that the two children—orphans, and one a young widow—were left destitute, or nearly so, and were only waiting in the hope that their uncle, Sir Ralph, would give them encouragement to come home.

They called England "home," although they had been very little children indeed when they had gone to Ceylon, with their sick mother and their anxious father.

Twelve years had elapsed, and mother and father were both dead.

The eldest girl, Rachael, had married for love, and he whom she loved died within eighteen months of their union. Rachael, then, was a young widow, with an infant clinging to her for help. Her sister, Anna, it was who wrote to their uncle at his grand estate, in Northamptonshire, detailing all these events; and it was that letter which produced the flood of tears we have mentioned from the lone old knight.

Would these two sorrowing ones and the little child be welcome? Would he open his heart to them? Ah, yes! The mere thought of their coming was new life to him, and he was seen to smile for the first time in the memory of some of his servants on the day succeeding the receipt of Anna's letter from Ceylon.

That the answer to that letter was all that could be wished by the sisters we may well imagine. It sent them ample means to come to England, and assured them of a fatherly welcome to Heritage Hall.

The time sped on, and the sisters, with the infant, reached England. They travelled post from Liverpool to Northampton, and but for the accident of a breakdown of the postchaise about ten miles from Heritage Hall, they would, on a wild, tempestuous day in February, have dined with their uncle.

But it was not to be.

On a cross-road that the postilion was advised to take, since it avoided a very hilly district, the chaise encountered a fallen trunk of a tree, which, in the dim twilight, was not observed until too late; and then it had so dislocated the machinery of the chaise that it was impossible to proceed further with it, and the party were fain to take shelter for the night at a roadside inn, named the Wheatsheaf.

The rain came down in torrents, and the wind howled through some neighboring copses, as if presaging, by its dismal tones, unheard-of evils to the unfortunate travellers then benighted on their journey.

The inn's best room—I took the trouble to thoroughly to examine it, to the interests of my young client—was shabby to the extreme. It had two beds in it, and there was, down the middle of the room, a sliding partition, which, on an emergency, would convert the apartment into two.

It was into this room, then, at ten o'clock, on this wild spring evening, that the two sisters, with the infant, were ushered.

The rain dashed and beat against the two latticed windows as though their destruction was the whole and sole object of the storm; and the wind struck the large sloping roof of the house such gusty blows that the sisters more than once believed that some one must be at work in some mad fashion above their heads.

The small candle that the ill-appointed inn afforded them flared and flickered in the little candlestick, and threatened each moment to expire, so that they hastened to rest.

And there was the gentle sisterly caress, the kind "Good night!" the "God bless you, Anna!" and "God bless you, Rachael!" and the little one was kissed and commended to Heaven, and the light was put out; and then Rachael, from some cause that she could not define, burst into a passion of tears, and her sister Anna called out, "Rachael, Rachael! what is it? Why do you cry, when we are going to be so happy?"

"I cannot help it, Anna! My heart is heavy—so very heavy! And yet how much we have to be thankful for, in the kindness of our uncle, who promises to make Ernest (the infant son), his heir."

And then Anna laughed and spoke in badinage, to raise her sister's spirits.

"To be sure, Rachael and I go to the well, and shall not get a husband at all on account of your little Ernest, when I fully intended to make uncle Ralph leave me everything. Come now, go to sleep. Good night!"

"Good night, dear!"

"Good night!"

This little dialogue was overheard by the landlady of the inn. It was nothing in itself, but it appeared on the depositions against Anna, as though written in letters of blood.

The sisters slept.

The little Ernest slept his last sleep on the breast of his mother.

The rain still came down in torrents, and the wind still howled around the old inn. One o'clock had just been proclaimed by the tall old-fashioned clock in the bar, when landlord, landlady, chambermaid and boots were all aroused by such a succession of piercing shrieks, from the room occupied by the sisters, that they one and all made a rush in that direction, with such hastily snatched up garments as terror enabled them to procure—and with the only light that was still burning in the house—an oil lamp that was always on a slab in the passage.

The sight that met their eyes was a terrible one. It was one that has converted that old roadside inn into a melancholy ruin, for no one would sleep in it again.

The door of the chamber was wide open, and Rachael, the mother of the infant boy, was lying half in and half out of the room on her face. Anna was sitting up in bed, looking scared and bewildered; and seemingly not conscious that her hands, face, and the clothing about her, were all dabbled in blood.

The landlady shrieked "Murder!"

The landlord called loud for help!

A traveller, who had arrived on foot at the inn some hours after the sisters, and who had given his name as Mr. Brown, hurried along an ancient corridor, at the further end of which he slept, to the place of confusion.

"Good Heavens!" he said, "what is the matter?"

It was terrible, then, to see Anna, as unconsciously she passed her blood-stained hands over her face, and looked about her like one still in a dream.

"It's murder!" said the landlady.

"The child!" cried the landlord—"there was a child!"

"What child?" said Mr. Brown. "I don't see any child here!"

Upon this the landlady uttered a terrible cry; and from between the bed, on which Anna was, and the wall, she lifted the lifeless and murdered body of the little Ernest.

The little one was stabbed to the heart with a steel ornamental paper-knife.

The sisters had been robbed at Liverpool, or on board the vessel from Ceylon, of a trunk, in which that paper-knife might have been. But one fact was admitted.

The knife belonged to Anna, and she bought it at Colombo!

This was the case.

On her recovery from a swoon, which lasted many hours, Rachael made the following statement. Soon after the little conversation we have recorded with her sister, she had gone to sleep with the child on her arm, but finding him restless and starting occasionally she had gently withdrawn her arm from him, and had been persuaded that he slept soundly.

How long she had remained in sleep she knew not; but what awakened her was a faint kind of sob, which she felt certain was the last sound uttered by little Ernest in life. It aroused her on the moment, and she sprung out of bed on finding the child was not with her, and mechanically ran to the door of the room, which she flung open.

And here comes a remarkable statement from Rachael. I give it in her own words.

"On opening the door, I saw that from some light below (that was the oil lamp in the passage) there came up a strong reflection on to the wall of the corridor, which was to the right hand, and through that reflection, passing along it, as if stooping to avoid it, if possible, I saw the shadow of a man, large, and not very well defined, owing to its exaggerated dimensions; but still there it was, and it passed away into the gloom at the further end of the corridor and disappeared."

Overcome, then, by terror of she knew not what, Rachael fell into the swoon in which she was found by the people of the inn.

Such was the statement of the half-distracted mother on the examination before the Northampton magistrates of her sister Anna, whose innocence of the murder of the child she declared herself as thoroughly satisfied of as of the existence of heaven.

Sir Ralph Heritage was sent for, and the shock so completely unmanned him that, although filling the office that year of high sheriff to the county, he was compelled to go home, where he took to his bed, from which it did not seem probable he would ever rise again.

Several of the seniors at the bar had shrunk from undertaking the defence of Anna Heritage, and the case was brought to me. I took it, and from the moment I did so I felt a conviction that there was some fearful mystery in it, which, unless elucidated, would leave the youthful accused to be judicially murdered.

And so I thought and pondered over the affair until I was afraid that my own mind would get into some abnormal condition, and I should be unable to do what human means could do for Anna Heritage.

I saw her but once before the trial. I shall never forget the manner in which she looked at me as she gently shook her hand, saying, "They will kill me, sir; but heaven knows that I am innocent! My death would bring back to poor Rachael her boy—(here she burst into tears)—I should be willing to die; but as it is, I am very, very young to be murdered!"

I could say but little. I pressed both her hands in mine, and only gasped out some commonplace expression of hopeful consolation, and then I left her.

The case was fearfully strong against her. There was but one supposition in her favor.

The shadow—the phantom-like form seen by the mother—who was he? Was it this Mr. Brown? Who and what was he? I hunted him up—I employed people to dog and watch him. It all came to nothing. He was a commercial traveller for a house at Marseilles, and was engaged in trying to do business at Northampton.

Several old counsel, to whom I spoke of the case, were of opinion that the shadow seen by Rachael was either no shadow at all, but merely said by her to be soon to screen her sister, or was the work of her imagination, or the veritable shadow of some of the people of the inn, who, alarmed by her cries, were hastening to the room.

And as at length the morning of the trial came, and, full of anxiety as I was, it came as positive relief to me.

The then Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer presided. He was a calm, enlightened judge, who never permitted his own prejudices—as some of his successors have done—to warp either law or justice; and come what might of the matter, I knew the young prisoner would have a fair trial.

The court was crowded to excess. A positive disturbance at the door hindered the commencement of the proceedings for a full half hour, and it was only quelled by force.

The attorney-general had come down from London to prosecute on behalf of the crown, and the counsels' seats were so closely packed that no one could stir except those engaged in the case.

The jury looked grave and half frightened.

The judge was pale and more serious-looking than usual, and as for me, I felt sick at heart. And when the uneasy kind of hush that pervaded the court let me know that Anna Heritage was placed at the bar, it was some few moments before I could muster up courage to look at her.

How pale, how wan, and yet how beautiful she looked!

Her fair hair was dressed in the most simple style possible, and she wore a dress of gray silk, which fitted closely around the neck, terminating in a narrow plaited frill. Her lips trembled, and her gentle eyes seemed to shrink behind their abundant lashes as she met the gaze of friend and of foe in that crowded court—that is, if one so young, so fair and so innocent, could have a foe!

I could see the judge taking a long look at her beneath his bent-down brows, and then he rested his head on his hands and appeared in deep thought.

The attorney-general tossed a scrap of paper over the table to me. It contained these words

"The witness Brown has absconded—make what use of the fact you can."

I nodded gratefully, and I felt he would only just do his duty against the prisoner.

Then there was a strange half-sigh, half hush all through the auditory, and a lady in deep mourning came into the court.

It was the bereaved mother. She went direct to the front of the dock, where was her sister arraigned on so dreadful a charge, and she leant over the front of it, with both her arms extended, as she cried,

"Dear, dear Anna, God bless you and prove your innocence, as I feel it!"

Anna was overcome by this, and she burst into a shrieking passion of sobs and tears. The sisters could only just interlace their arms together, and there they remained for some few moments until the judge said, in a deep, sad voice,

"This must not be. Proceed, proceed!"

The clerk of arraigns, in a high, cracked, indifferent voice, proceeded to read the indictment, and Rachael sat down in a chair that some one had placed for her just beneath the dock.

Poor Anna's fortitude seemed wholly to have given way. Her fair face was hidden in her hands, and resting on the front of the bar.

It was a fashion to place a row of aromatic herbs on the bar before the prisoner in those days, and among them she leant, and some of them, watered by her tears, fell upon her sister's lap as she sat beneath.

Then came the question, "Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty to this present indictment?"

Anna did not stir. The poor girl had not heard the question; but her sister rose, and in a mild, clear voice, said,

"She is not guilty, sirs. He was my little one. He is in Heaven now; and if you take her life she will go to him sooner than I, and be that the happier. She is not guilty, sirs."

The governor of the jail had by this time jogged Anna by the arm, and whispered to her, when she looked up, hastily, and said,

"Oh, no, no, no, no! a thousand times no!"

"The plea is 'Not guilty,'" said the judge. "So enter it."

The attorney-general rose.

The court was hushed. I never took my eyes off his for one moment while he spoke.

THE PHANTOM WITNESS.—"IT IS HEAVEN'S TESTIMONY—THE PHANTOM WITNESS! I KNOW IT WELL! THERE IS THE MURDERER'S SHADOW!"

THE GREAT HONDURAS OPAL.—SEE PAGE 90.

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"My lord and gentlemen of the jury the prisoner at the bar, Anne Bonney, by name, stands indicted by the name of Anne Bonney, &c., &c., for that she, on &c., &c., in the night time, &c., &c., upon the high seas, &c., &c., with force and arms, &c., &c., in and upon one John Rackam, in the peace of God and our Lord the King then and there being, &c., &c., feloniously, wilfully, and of her malice aforethought, did make an assault, and that the said Anne Bonney, then and there, &c., &c., with a certain cutlass of the value of one penny, which she the said Anne Bonney then and there had and held in her right hand, &c., &c., the said John Rackam, then and there, &c., &c., did strike, cut, and wound, giving to the said John Rackam, then and there, &c., &c., with the cutlass aforesaid, one mortal wound in and upon the left side of the belly of the said John Rackam, of the length of three inches and of the depth of three inches, of which said mortal wound the said John Rackam then and there instantly died, &c., &c., and so the jurors say upon their oath that the said Anne Bonney, him the said John Rackam, in manner and form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of her malice aforethought, did kill and murder, &c., &c., against the peace of God and our said Lord the King, his crown and dignity, &c., &c."

(Continued on page 95.)

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☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

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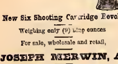

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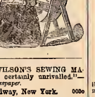

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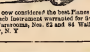

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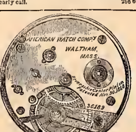

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 267—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN CHARLESTON.

Fort Moultrie Evacuated—The Guns Spiked—The Gun-Carriages Burnt—Captain Foster left in Charge with a few Men—Colonel Anderson in Possession of Fort Sumpter.

On Thursday, at noon, New York was thrown into a state of terrible excitement by rumors which grew and grew, that Fort Moultrie had been attacked by the citizens of Charleston, taken and burnt. Expressions of regret predominated greatly, as it was feared that compromise would now be entirely out of the question. By degrees, as the telegraphic dispatches arrived slowly and meagrely, the excitement subsided in a measure, but expectation was feverish as to what the morrow would bring forth.

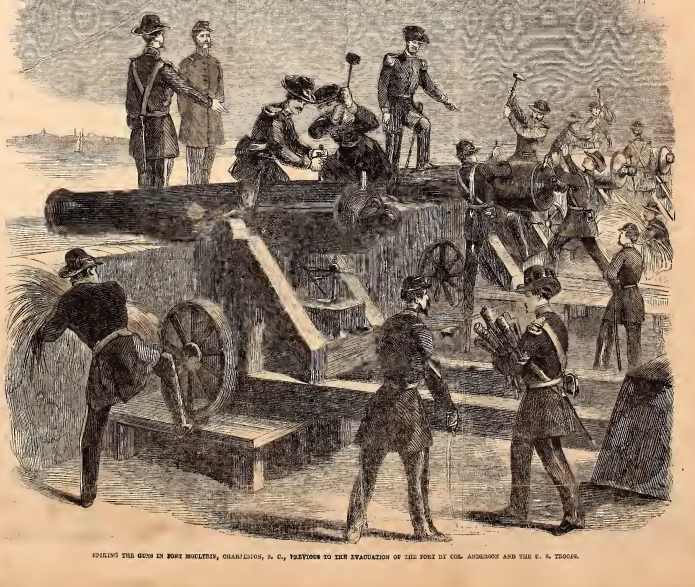
Up to the time of our going to press the only facts positively known were, that on Christmas night Colonel Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie and took possession of the almost impregnable Fort Sumpter, which, though not fully armed, is still armed sufficiently for all purposes of defence. Before abandoning Fort Moultrie, the commander had all the guns spiked, rendering them of no practical use to any who may come after him. The gun carriages, of which there were a vast number, were ordered to be burnt, the fire and smoke from which doubtless gave rise to the report that the fort had been destroyed. It is positively asserted that in abandoning Fort Moultrie and taking possession of Fort Sumpter, Colonel Anderson acted upon his own responsibility. Whatever his reasons were, he doubtlessly deemed them sufficiently grave to warrant his acting without orders, but he will assuredly have to render a strict account for this bold and important strategical movement.

It is said that the authorities of Charleston have taken possession of the telegraph and assumed its entire control, therefore we remain in anxious uncertainty as to what action was taken after the abandonment of the fort, the burning of the gun carriages and the defiant seizure of Fort Sumpter, at the moment, too, when the South Carolina Commissioners were on the way to Washington, authorized to settle all matters of dispute.

We give in this number accurate pictures of the interior and exterior of Fort Moultrie, together with the exciting scenes which which have transpired there. The following description of the two Forts, Moultrie and Sumpter, with the map which we engrave, will show their relative strength and position:

Fort Moultrie.

This fortification is an enclosed water battery, having a front on the south or water side of about three hundred feet, and a depth of about two hundred and forty feet. It is built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, but until the works now going on there were undertaken the south wall could have been easily scaled, owing to the accumulation of sand from the beach. Some improvement, however, has been recently effected in this respect. The outer and inner walls are of brick, capped with stone, and filled in with earth, making a solid wall fifteen or sixteen feet in thickness. The work now in progress consists in cleaning the sand from the walls of the fort, ditching it around the entire circumference, and erecting a glacis, closing up the postern gates in the east and west walls, and instead, cutting silly ports, which lead into strong outworks on the south-east and south-west angles, in which twelve pounder howitzer guns will be placed, enabling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The north-west angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a bastionette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island. The main entrance has also been better secured, and a trap door



SPIKING THE GUNS IN FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON, S. C., PREVIOUS TO THE EVACUATION OF THE FORT BY COL. ANDERSON AND THE U. S. TROOPS.

two feet square cut in the door for ingress and egress. At this time the height of the wall, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet, is twenty feet. The ditch is from twelve to fifteen feet wide at the base, and fifteen feet deep. The nature of the soil would not seem to admit of this depth being increased, quicksand having been reached in many places. The work on the south side is nearly finished. The counterscarp is substantially built of plank, and spread with turf. The glacis is also finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of loam and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of sections of plank nailed to uprights sunk in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of about ten feet each. The purpose of the glacis, which is an inclined plane, is to expose an attacking party to the fire of the guns, which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counterscarp to the edge of the beach.

(*Continued on page* 104)

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1861.

ALL Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

THERE seems to be a pause in the rapid march of European events, but the world quietly moves for all the silence. Italian affairs seem to be growing more and more complicated. Bombalino still holds his ground in Gaeta, and the English press openly accuses Louis Napoleon of fostering the difficulty in order to pave the way for the Murat's restoration to the throne of Naples. It is so manifestly against the interest of France, or rather of its despotic ruler, to have Italy free and united, that it is natural to suspect the Mysterious Man of the Tuileries of any scheme to prevent it. Garibaldi has openly announced his determination to recommence the war on the 5th of March, and he demands half a million of men to lead. There is a greater degree of grandiloquence in Garibaldi's last proclamation than we like to see; but if he means to sweep the foreigner from Italy, he will need the half million.

France is rejoicing over the enlarged sphere of action granted to the Press by Count de Persigny, whose address we have noticed in another column.

The Empress Eugenie has returned to Paris, after her tour in Scotland and England, much improved in health, but with impaired spirits. The journals report that her mind is laboring under religious melancholy, caused by her sister's death and the perilous position of the Pope.

The Emperor of Austria remains firm against any sale of Venetia. Hungary is in an excited state. Every day an insurrection may burst out. It is openly stated by the German papers that, in the event of Hungarian insurrection, Russia would occupy the chief strongholds in that country. This would bring the French and English declaration of non-intervention into direct clash with the action of the Czar.

From China, the news received through St. Petersburg is that the Emperor has returned to Pekin, and that the Allies have made peace with the Flowery Race. This, however, requires confirmation. The allied army was encamped upon the walls. The spoil found in the Emperor's palace was immense, but the exact value was not quoted.

India is again in a troubled state, in consequence of the attempt to levy an income tax. At Bombay the native merchants had closed the bazaars in consequence. It was contemplated to make Bombay the capital of all India, instead of Calcutta, as at present.

Accounts from New Zealand state that the natives still continued the war against the British, and it was feared it would be necessary to exterminate them.

Railroad cars are now regularly established in Melbourne, Australia, principally through the energy of our countryman, Mr. Train, who has a branch house established there.

The death of the Earl of Aberdeen is also announced. He was in his seventy fifth year. He was premier of England at the commencement of the Crimean war, and was one of the most bigoted of the Tory peers.

News from Japan has been received to the 30th October. The Japanese have refused to extend the benefits of their treaty with the Americans and English to the Prussians, and Admiral Eulenberg, who is there with two Prussian ships of war, does not know what to do. Prince Mito, whose recent rebellion against the Tycoon and his ministers is fresh in the public mind, is dead. It is rumored that he was poisoned by his enemies.

The Canoda brings the intelligence of the arrival of the Japanese Ambassadors at Hong Kong, where they had created an interest somewhat inexplicable, as Japanese are not unusual visitors in that port.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

IN the Senate on Monday, December 24, Mr. Pugh (Ohio) offered a joint resolution in favor of holding a convention to amend the Constitution. It was referred to the Select Committee of Thirteen. Mr. Nicholson, of Tennessee, made a speech on the perilous condition of the country. He maintained that a demonstration of force against South Carolina would be equivalent to a declaration of war against that State—a position difficult to gainsay. Mr. Davis then offered a resolution which he had previously submitted to the Special Committee of Thirteen, to the following effect: "That amendments be made in the Constitution declaring that property in slaves be recognized as such, and stand on the same footing in all federal and constitutional relations as any other species of property; and that such property shall not be affected by any local laws in any State, and that in no case shall such property be impaired in any State or Territory." This resolution was ordered to be printed. The Senate then adjourned till Thursday, the 27th December.

In the House, a letter, signed by Macqueen, Bonham, Boyce and Ashmore, members for South Carolina, was read, in which these gentlemen withdrew from the House. The Speaker, however, has ordered their names to be retained on the roll, not recognizing the act of secession. A message was received from Secretary Thompson, of the Interior, announcing the alarming Bailey defalcation in the Indian funds. A committee of five was ordered to investigate this affair. Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, then moved the restoration of the Missouri line, and declaring that any attempt to coerce a State would be to levy war and precipitate a revolution. After some conversation, Mr. Cochrane withdrew his resolution. The House then adjourned to the 27th December.

The Committee of Thirteen appointed by the Senate to consider the present alarming state of the nation has proposed nothing of a practical nature to meet the difficulty. Nor yet has the Committee of Thirty-three appointed by the House made any progress in their onerous labors. Both parties stand very firm in this unhappy crisis, the Republicans declaring they have no compromise to offer; and Mr. Toombs, one of the Thirteen, has telegraphed to Georgia that secession is the inevitable policy of the South, and which he recommends to Georgia.

The Great Defalcation.

President Buchanan is certainly unfortunate. To add to his troubles we have the announcement of a fraud in the Interior Department, which may be one million, or may be three millions of dollars. At present the authorities confess to $870,000. This has the honor of being the largest thing of the kind we have had in our history. Of course there are several sides to this affair—not two, but half a dozen. While one party malignantly accuses the Secretary of War of direct connivance, another puts the more pleasing face of a simple irregularity or error of judgment upon it. The bare facts are the arrest of Mr. Russell, the eminent government contractor, and that of Mr. Goddard Bailey, the clerk in whose keeping were the bonds thus irregularly, inadvertently, or it may be, fraudulently, abstracted from the Government safe. Mr. Floyd's friends thus explain the matter. Mr. Russell, the Government contractor, has made engagements with the War Department to the extent of some millions, to be paid from time to time as the work was done. In order to enable Mr. Russell to raise money, Mr. Floyd has given him conditional acceptances, which not being so negotiable, as the Reserved Bonds of the Indian Fund, were deposited with Mr. Bailey for an equal amount of the more available article. What Mr. Russell has done with the enormous amounts he has thus anticipated remains to be seen. As Mr. Secretary Floyd will have to explain his agency in this remarkable affair, it would be premature to say anything on the subject till then.

Industry Irrepressible.

WHILE those who are most interested in the political questions and troubles of the day have before them at present little save the exciting anticipation of breasting a storm, either for victory or death, there are among us, from Mexico to Maine, hundreds of thousands who ask anxiously, "How long is this to last?" and who wish to know when in any event the ordinary course of business and of manufactures will be resumed.

It is indeed somewhat extraordinary that, during the flurry of a business panic, few seem to remember the fact that the laws of society, like those of nature, are never radically suspended. The world tosses about so tumultuously on the foaming, spuming waves, as to entirely lose sight of the great depths beneath, which must some time be calm. A financial panic or crisis, no matter what its cause, is actually nothing more nor less than a suspension of the principle of exchanges. Goods are no longer bought, because every one anticipates poverty, and consequently they are not manufactured. An immediate disorganization of currency and values results from this. There is a general clog, the machinery of industry works no longer.

But in an industrial country this cannot last. Thirty millions of people with grain grown, mills in working order, railroads running and specie in abundance, may suffer terribly for two or even six months, but there is a tendency in disorganized exchanges to re-arrange themselves, just as there is in manufacturing skill to produce. History has shown that even civil war, when it has become an understood evil, has not stopped industry. During the middle ages wars were an essential portion of the course of the age; but the great manufacturing line of cities, from Genoa through Nuremburg, Augsburg and the Low Countries, worked and sold, even when the artisan sat at his loom sword-girt. Innate industry is irrepressible. It is said that truth crushed to earth will rise again—the same is as applicable to the inherent tendency of labor to produce. And there never yet was seen on earth such exuberance of industry, such recuperative force after financial disaster as is possessed by the American. People who begin to rebuild burnt houses before the conflagration has exhausted itself, will never suffer their country to languish a prey to paralyzed exchanges. In a few weeks, come what may—in any event whatever—the course of demand and supply will be again running more evenly, and the grand process of mending up will be carried on as of old. We find opinions equivalent to what we have said in the journals of half the States in the Union, in those of New Orleans as of Boston. Nature cannot be repressed.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A Daily Paper has the following very accurate statistics: "At the opening of the twentieth century New York will have a population of 6,500,000, and will then be the most populous city in the Christian world, and will almost challenge any Asiatic city to rival her." As Asiatic cities are very slow in their increase of population, Pekin having been some 2,000 years in reaching 2,000,000, the deduction that she will increase 4,500,000 in forty years is not according to Cocker! Such are the loose statements of our modern editorials! Their philosophy is on a par with their facts.

The Art Critic of the *Tribune* has a very original method of arriving at the health of an artist. It is by looking not at his tongue, nor by feeling his pulse, nor yet by his general appearance. It is by a critical examination of his paintings. In noticing Leutze's picture of the "Cavaliers" the critic of the *Tribune* says: "The game in this picture has a very toothsome look. Every one can see that none but an artist with a healthy appetite and a powerful digestion could have painted such succulent-looking objects." In future, if we wish to gauge an artist's digestion we shall set him to paint a leg of mutton, instead of eating it!

Look Out for Sneak-Thieves.—The importance of a careful attention to front door locks at this season can hardly be over estimated. Thousands of sneak-thieves are hanging around the dwellings of our citizens, watching to become familiar with the habits of the various inmates, and keeping an eye on the patrolmen in their showy uniform as they pass around their respective beats. The majority of door locks are very liable to be picked, and unless special attention is paid to fasten the door by other means, there will be but little safety against prowling thieves. Many persons are having Valentine & Butler's new Rotary Locks placed on their doors, as they are a complete foil to the most expert of the burglarious tribe. Not less than fifty petty robberies by sneak-thieves and vagabonds have been made within the past few nights in private dwellings. On Wednesday evening the basement door of the residence of our friend, Mr H. L. Stuart, was entered, while the servant was absent for a few minutes, and the table silver overhauled and a portion of it carried off so silently, that Mrs. S., who was alone in the parlor above, had no suspicion of anything unusual occurring. The utmost vigilance should be observed, and all suspicious loungers and pretended pedlars should be spotted. These fellows call in the middle of the day, when they are not likely to meet with men, and thus, by impudence, are often able to make observations which facilitate their future villainous operations.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR DRAPER, President of the University Medical College, has withdrawn his resignation, and resumed his lectures.

THE magnificent residence in the Champs Elysées where the Duchess da Alba died has been purchased by one of the Rothschilds for six millions of francs.

DEXTER, the Boston sculptor, is engaged on a bust of Governor Banks.

LEUTZE has finished his fine picture of the landing of the Cavaliers in Maryland. It is pronounced by all who have seen it to be a very fine effort. It is for Mr. Connolly, the wealthy tobacconist of New York.

JUDGE THORNE, of Vincennes, Ind., a well-known politician, was recently burnt to death in his own house.

GEORGE SCHARF, who lately died in England, aged seventy-two, was the first artist who practiced lithography in England. He was a German, but had resided in England nearly fifty years.

THE Empress Eugenie, for a Papist, is remarkably liberal. During her recent visit to Dunkirk she attended the Protestant church, as there was no Catholic one in the town. She was attended by the Duke of Athol, and seemed very devout. The clergyman prayed for her health.

MR. CHURCH has commenced his painting of the Iceberg. He has been studying for this for two years. It is to be the same size as his picture of the "Heart of the Andes."

DAVID STUART, the gay Lothario of the Burch divorce case, has commenced an action against Burch for defamation of character. He lays his damages at $50,000.

MADAME COLSON, the prima donna, has had two narrow escapes—one from burning, and the other stabbing. Her dress took fire, but she extinguished it, severely burning her hand. Her next mishap was to fall on a dagger, and wound her arm.

MADAME PATTERSON BONAPARTE, the first and only legitimate wife of the late Jerome, is now in Paris.

SCRIBE, the famous French playwright, after fifty years of unceasing activity, has retired from his profession of dramatist.

THE Rev. John Cooper Ward, the nephew of General Elijah Ward, has accepted a call from the Frankfort Church, New York. He is a very eloquent and amiable man, and deserves the compliment paid him.

THE Americans in Liverpool have lately given John Brougham, our popular dramatist and actor, a splendid supper, at which Beverley Tucker, our Consul at that port, presided.

SOME of the Southern papers are very indignant with the Convention for leaving Columbia on account of small pox. A man may be more afraid of losing his beauty than his life.

THE Committee appointed to investigate the charges against Alderman Green have dismissed them all as being false and frivolous.

MAYOR WOOD was married on Thursday last to Miss Mills, daughter of the wealthy grocer. She is at once rich, beautiful, ambitious and accomplished. We congratulate his Honor upon this auspicious event.

A ROOM is to be fitted up in Derby's New Institute of Art as a lounging place for artists, literary men, editors and other triflers.

THE copyright of Webster's Dictionary is worth $30,000 a year.

SENATOR ANDREW JOHNSON was burned in effigy in Memphis, Tennessee, on Christmas Eve.

OLE BULL is giving concerts in Southern Sweden. At the University town of Lund he was welcomed as warmly as when he first visited it eighteen years ago.

DR. FRANCIS is lying very ill at his house in New York.

D. T. VALENTINE, the venerable Clerk of the City Hall, who has retained his position amid all the storms of politics, has been authorized by the Common Council to prepare his usual valuable Manual.

A PORTLAND lady has in her possession a unique and beautiful copper medal, struck by the French in honor of the American alliance during the Revolution. It is about two inches in diameter, bears on one side a fine bold head of Liberty with the staff and cap, and on the other Minerva interposing her shield to protect an infant, representing America, against the British lion. There are appropriate mottoes in Latin, and the dates of Burgoyne's and Cornwallis's surrenders.

RALPH FARNHAM, whose interview with the Prince of Wales is fresh in the public mind, and whose portrait we published in No. 263 of our Illustrated Newspaper, died on the 26th December, at the residence of his son. He was aged one hundred and four years five months and nineteen days. He was the last survivor of Bunker's Hill.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Another Word about the Ice Carnival.

ONCE more we are upon the ice—yes, literally upon the ice, and a pretty mess we made of it. It was about the time of Jackson—no hardly so long back as that—say a little later, that we last disported on the "outer edge" and cut indescribable figures on the smooth surface of the still water. We were somewhat younger then, a trifle lighter—say fifty pounds—and we had considerably less lime in our bones, and an overplus of lime is not favorable to the display of excessive agility. But our former triumphs were fresh in our memory, and we had profound confidence in that skill acquired at the cost of many parti colored contusions on various parts of our body, caused by involuntary concussions with a harder substance. We do not publicly pretend to be infallible, and we are therefore free to confess that we exhibited a slight amount of over-weening confidence in our powers as a gymnast on this occasion, and after a few trials, we privately pronounced ourselves as Pickwick did Winkle—a humbug. Be that as it may, whatever of undue confidence we felt before we tried the ice was quickly taken out of us after we had tried it.

Intent on astonishing the skating world in general and a few private friends in particular, we supplied ourselves with a pair of Conover and Walker's English skates, which connoisseurs in that line pronounce the finest in the world, and equipped with the heaviest bat-wing overcoat we could find, we started for Central Park.

How the Park Commissioners Humbugged the Public.

When we arrived at the Park we found about ten thousand people who, we are sorry to say, were profanely cursing the Park Commissioners. It is rather hard upon the Commissioners, we confess; in summer they are berated because they plant stumps instead of trees, and in winter they are sent to the uttermost perdition for not providing ice. Hard as it is, however, they deserve it all, for a more wrong-headed—not to say pig-headed—set of mismanagers never encumbered a public institution. The ice was good enough last week, but under the pretence of making it better, they broke it up and flooded it, and as the frost did not come exactly as they wished it, there was no ice upon the people's holiday, and over fifty thousand citizens were deprived of an innocent enjoyment. Some said that it was a Sabbatarian movement to prevent the people from doing anything else but pray on Christmas day; others said that the tender hearted Commissioners were afraid that the ice would break beneath the weight of the crowd. To this we say—bosh! It was a Central Park blunder—another added to the innumerable blunders which have caused millions of needless expenditure to the public, and have brought unspeakable ridicule upon all concerned in the (mis)management of the affairs.

Consolation to be found Elsewhere.

Although the frost would not freeze the Park pond, it kept its sharp tooth on all the surrounding waters, even on the large creeks where the tide ebbs and flows regularly. How is this Messrs. Commissioners? There is a barefaced falsehood somewhere as well as a blunder. Well, we transferred ourselves to the well frozen creek at One Hundred and Ninth street and Third avenue. The place was alive with people, and the merry shouts of laughter springing out of pure animal enjoyment infected us with the hilarous spirit of youth, and tripping on the ice with the elastic step of an eighteen-year older, we proceeded to put on our skates. Much has been said about the difficulty of making both ends meet, and not unjustly, for we found the process of doubling ourselves up for the purpose of boring our heels, securing on our skates and strapping them up, one of exceeding difficulty. First we sat down and commenced gimlet-boring, but our food receptacle revolted against the unusual pressure. We then knelt down and with an amount of discomfort not to be expressed, we succeeded by back boring and a vast expenditure of temper and perspiration in making the necessary holes for the screw of our skates. To complete the operation we had to lie on our back and by an extraordinary series of gymnastic contortions, in which our legs played a curious part in the air, we at last succeeded in fixing the irons in a tolerably ship-shape manner. Well, here we pause, out of respect to the sensations which agitated us, before endeavoring to assume a perpendicular position. Slowly and cautiously we arose and using our arms as a balance pole, we finally got straightened up, with our feet on our skates and our skates on the ice. There we stood, helpless, powerless and immovable. We hardly dared look to the right or the left for fear the beautiful slippery skates should start off on their own account. We regret to say that we lavished a few silent imprecations on Conover & Walker for tempting us with such fascinating but (apparently) unmanageable articles.

It seemed that every eye was directed towards us—that we were the centre of observation; and, as one after another glided past us, we smiled a ghastly smile and tried to look unconcerned. We even essayed a whistle, but we only got as far as the form of the mouth. The silent agony of our position grew more and more intolerable, until at last, when we saw nothing but the backs of our skating friends, we made a dash with our right foot and found ourselves flat on our back! Thanks to our heavy overcoat no damage was done, but the concussion sent the blood tingling through our veins, we laughed right out, and, as no one observed us, we took heart from that moment and went in with a will. We tumbled to the right and to the left, we made involuntary spread eagles, which the most able contortionist might have envied, and we sat upright to avoid a worse fall; but with every effort we gained power and control, and succeeded in getting across the pond then along the pond after a fashion, and ended by stepping over our ankles in the ice water and mud at the sides. However, with all our mishaps, we enjoyed our skating bout amazingly. We had gained the control of our feet, kept the control of our temper, achieved an uncontrollable appetite, and had learned two lessons—not to predicate present conquests upon past triumphs and that nothing is impossible if you make up your mind not to "give up the ship."

How Mayor Wood got a Wife and a Checkmate at the same time.

We are not going to tell how Mayor Wood got a wife, because we look upon that transaction as specially private and nobody's business. Suffice it to say that our honored Mayor was married on Friday, the 21st inst., and had to conform to that custom which demands from every one who can afford it, a marriage trip. But our Mayor has a precious fold to take care of, and in that fold are several black sheep who are apt to run very riotous when the shepherd is away. The worst of the matter was that to one of these black sheep he would be obliged to leave the care of his fold, in fact to delegate his power. What a fix for a new-made married man to be in! Urged on by love one way, and held back by the fear that some mine would be sprung upon him if he left, it is not difficult to tell how his dilemma ended—a lady being in the case of course he went and—left his flock behind him. The disturbed state of his mind may be better understood when it is known that he burst into poetry, the following having been sent us, supposed to be in his handwriting, and dropped by him as he got into the carriage:

A HURRIED THOUGHT.

(Imitated from Scott's Hasty Plate of Soup.)

All men are Fortune's puppets—all
Obedient to her beck;
I fly to love, but leave behind
Of troubles, full a Peck.

The lines are not remarkable, but they assume importance when the author is considered. The double *entendre* in the last line has probably rarely been equalled in delicate and subtle application, the point being that peck is a measure, and Peck is also the individual left behind to administer the duties of the Mayor! Do we overestimate the joke? We think not. The poem is still further remarkable from the under tone of prophecy which pervades every line; it bears strong internal evidence of having been written under the influence of a solemn warning—a warning which the sequel has fully justified. For, no sooner had the Mayor got fairly clear of New York than accidental Mayor Peck turns out the travelling Mayor's pet City Chamberlain, and appoints in his place Mr. Devlin the well-known and wealthy clothier. The appointment was received with shouts of laughter by the assembled Aldermen, who saw that provisional Mayor Peck had sprung a mine upon the absent official, and for sake of the joke they confirmed his appointment.

Of the character of the transaction the less said the better. It may be justified by the code of honor recognized among Aldermen, but it certainly would not pass among gentlemen.

The subject struck Our Poet as admirably adapted to heroic verse, and he has permitted us to copy the following lines:

"Fernando Wood turned out bold Stout,
And gave to Platt the keeping of the tin;
The Common Council now have turned Platt out,
And let their natural friend the Dev'l-in!"

We have no apology to make for our poet; the subject was not favorable; the times are hard; poetry is quoted very low, indeed, and it is probably the best he could do for the price.

A Bohemian Melody.

AU REVOIR.

'Twas but a year ago to day!
We drank love, then, as revellers wine:
Love was our life, we used to say;
I quaffed from your lips, you from mine.

The parting hour struck like a knell:
The dark ship seemed a funeral car:
I strove in vain to say—Farewell;
Your lips closed mine with—AU REVOIR!

To those two words of hope I clung
As clings a wrecked one to the spar:
Forgive me, for my heart was young,
And youth trusts woman's *au revoir*.

Last night we met again—we two,
Alone! . . None save the stars may tell
How yields the old love to the new,
And "*Au Revoir*" becomes "FAREWELL!"

We copy the above from the *Saturday Press*, one of the sauciest, wittiest and most independent papers in New York. If we are to credit the gossip of the coteries it is the organ of the Bohemian fraternity, its editor being a gipsy of very high caste. There are a great many snobs in literature, and, as is the way of the world, many of them occupy the prominent places. These are wont to drop the corners of their mouths, elevate their eyebrows and shrug their shoulders when the Bohemians are mentioned; but, judging by their contributions to the *Saturday Press* and other popular publications, the Bohemian fraternity absorbs pretty nearly all the young, fresh and original talent in our midst. Many of them are keen trenchant writers, with a strong natural impulse to explode old falsehoods, and fight a good fight for truth and right. They are no respecters of persons, certainly, and they live as pleases themselves, each man having a sort of roving commission, signed by himself, in which the rules laid down are not, strictly speaking, rigid. They earn what they live upon, and spend it as they like, and they are eminently companionable among their equals; but they are a merciless set of dogs when a pretentious commonplace cur presumes to desecrate the portals of their sacred den. Their independence, which is their marked characteristic, offends a majority of the powers that be (Good Lord! that they should be), who love to be courted; but the fact is patent that in them we have the young life of literature, strong, vigorous and healthy, and through them the hope of a future in which drivel shall not be worshipped, nor twaddle crowned.

But we have chiefly to do with their poets to-day, and of these many have made their mark. From the author of "Au Revoir" we have seen some exquisite gems of verse, well modelled, finely polished and strong in thought. The poem quoted is not nearly up to his standard, but it is a charming conceit charmingly expressed.

We are tempted to quote once more from the same source, but we will take George Arnold this time. He is somewhat more pretentious in his style, but he possesses the elements which form the true poet. He has a broad, keen and appreciating love of Nature, and many of his verse-pictures are touched in with a master's hand. His coloring is rich and his contrasts powerful. Like Gardette, he is too often led away by pretty conceits, but even in these he is earnest, and gives evidence of greater things.

THE TRYST.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

On speary grass and starry bloom
The tiny globes of dew are lying,
The broad moon rises through the gloom
Of twilight haze, and night-winds, sighing
In long drawn whispers, say to me
'Tis eventide—She comes to thee!

A heavy fragrance floods the air
Where crimson roses climb and cluster;
Heaven seems more near, and Earth more fair,
The broad moon shines with holier lustre,
A white robe through the dusk I see—
O, Joy! O, Love! She comes to me!

PALINODE.

Athwart the West, where dies the day,
A stormy rack of cloud is drifting,
And round the uplands bleak and gray
The wind its mournful voice is lifting;
With weary moan it says to me,
"'Tis night, but she comes not to thee!"

Sharp thorns now grimly deck the bough
Where clustered once the crimson roses.
With roses once she wreathed this brow
Where now a thorny crown reposes.
A bitter past alone I see—
Ah, Heaven! She comes no more to me

From Bards to Babies seems to be a natural transition, so without apology we proceed to discourse of one of the latest novelties in the way of invention, which has just made its appearance at 510 Broadway opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. It is called the Patent Spring Baby Tender, and owes its paternity to the ingenuity of Dr. Brown—which Dr. Brown we are not informed. The Baby Tender, however, promises to be an attraction and an institution with mothers, babies and nurses, as it will, we are assured, take care of a baby until it is two years old almost entirely, leaving mothers and nurses to work, skate or go a shopping *ad libitum*. Seriously, it is nothing more or less than tending babies by machinery, or, in other words, it is a machine that combines a couch, a cradle, a swing, a baby-jumper, a chair, a table, a play and work stand, a hobby-horse and a carriage, all and each in a single adjustable piece of baby and nursery furniture, tasteful, convenient and elegant in the extreme. Truly Dr. Brown is the Santa Claus we have long been looking for in the Gothamite world of Babydom. May he never have fits!

DRAMA.

WINTER GARDEN.—Mr. Jefferson made his first appearance for the season on Monday last, as Rip Van Winkle, in the play of that name, and with great success. This gentleman's return to the metropolis is a subject for congratulation among theatre-goers, as he is probably at present the best comedian on the stage. The drama has been put upon the stage with considerable care, and will doubtless enjoy a long run.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—"The Fast Men of the Olden Time" has been reproduced here as a holiday piece. Of course we miss John Brougham in his great part of Buckingham; but otherwise the play is a repetition of its old success, which is saying a good deal.

MISS KEENE still keeps the "Seven Sisters" on her bill, and the crowds are as dense as ever. It will run for many weeks yet.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Barnum is quite a "household word" in the mouths of our children, for the performances now there give Christmas in its full glory. Never have we seen happier faces than those lately seen there. It was worth the admission merely to see the juvenile delight pictured in the many thousand countenances every day seen there. Aladdin's palace never seemed more wonderful to its fortunate creator than does Mr. Barnum's famous Museum to Young America. What with curiosities, natural and artificial, and the dramatic entertainments in the lecture-room, it would take a week to look over them instead of a day. Parents and guardians should take their young troops there to give them a perfect treat.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Opera—Alboni—Mario—Badiali—Dumas and Guns—Beaumont the Director—The Actress and the King—The American Panic in Paris.

I HAVE been to hear the *Matrimonio Segreto*. I have heard Alboni, Zucchini and Badiali in it, and on the same evening Mario and Ronconi in the Barber—that is to say, a part of each performance. One can do very well in Paris with enterprise and a carriage. Well, Alboni sang with *verve*, expression and grace. Gardoni did Paolino very well. Badiali, as of old, if not always very wonderful in voice, was at least wonderfully passable or wonderfully well up to his work. For a man of one hundred and eleven years, this is well—one may say remarkable. There are persons who pretend to have read in ancient chronicles of one Badioli who sang not only in Pasiello's first pieces but long previously, in the compositions of Alessandro Stradella, who himself still lives, by the way, in an opera—and even in the *Orfeo*—that first Venetian work in which a plot was set to music. Certain it is that he is a very old man, my lords—an old man—but a very remarkable old man. Probably, after all the young tenors and baritones of the day have gone to their rosewood, Badiali will still say to the stage, *Cesarem vehis*.

There are so many anecdotes current in which Alexandre Dumas silences somebody, that it is quite refreshing to hear one on the other side. A few days ago a gentleman, once in the service of the Duke d'Orleans, met M. Alexandre Dumas in Naples and in the Via Toledo. It was a few days, by the way, after the evacuation of the Palace of Chiatamone.

"Ah, my dear Dumas, are you there?" said the Parisian. "They tell me that you are no longer the Superintendent of Museums. What is your present business?"

"My dear sir, I am as Beaumarchais once was, a seller of guns."

"Ah, so much the worse. I would have preferred that you would, like Beaumarchais, sell good prose." Then turning away, he added, "After all, my dear Dumas, one can only sell what one has in the shop."

An eminent man seldom comes before the public in Paris without having a joke or anecdote either for himself or of another being attached to his name. Well, M. Beaumont is the bran-newest or brannest-new of the theatrical directors of Paris, and they have the following to tell of him:

On the morning after his installation, M. Beaumont, at 9 A.M. was pacing his cabinet when his servant—the celebrated domestic in red plush—entered.

"Will you have breakfast?"

"Breakfast, indeed! It's well worth while to be director and not receive pieces. I thought that there were always lots of people waiting with tragedies and comedies and things!"

The domestic opened a door, and in they rushed headlong. Tragedists, comedists, vaudevils, and all the other dists and devils. It was very late when the director had his breakfast.

While eating it, there entered one great dramatic author.

"I wish to see M. Beaumont."

"Have you come on play acting business?" inquired the servant

"Yes—hurry."

"Now, do you know I really think you'd better come to-morrow. M. Beaumont must by this time have bought as many pieces as will serve him for to-day."

There is a severe thing about Dumas in the last *Figaro*. It says that Alexander the Great loved Bucephalus; Augustus, a parrot; Virgil, a butterfly; Nero, a starling; Commodus, a monkey; Heliogabalus, a sparrow; Honorius, a chicken; Garibaldi, a nigger!

The following recent anecdote, now in circulation, is very French: A very fascinating young actress recently left her family here in Paris to fill an engagement in Belgium. While there, a certain crowned head—not Leopold's—saw the belle and induced her to resign her contract with the manager, and enter into a left-handed alliance with himself.

The lady's father belongs to a Parisian theatre. The story became known to his comrades, and when he entered the *foyer* he was saluted by a thousand congratulations, many sincere, others ironical.

"Come," said X—— to him, "you've hot cakes baking for you."

"I do not eat such cakes," replied the *père*, with touching dignity. "But," he added, changing his tone, "it is certainly a very fortunate thing for my daughter!"

Would you believe that this is given as an illustration of proper feeling, combined with common sense, by a contemporary paper?

What *are* you about there on your side of the ocean? Gloomy, distracting rumors of political convulsions have reached us here, and all Americans in Paris, at clubs and bankers' rooms and soirees are in a flutter. To be three thousand miles away from home and not to know whether to go home or remain is decidedly troublesome. Of course the general faith is that the trouble to result from your election will blow over; but there is dread of trouble resulting from the mere agitation. I trust it may be the case. America is a great puzzle to France—but any failure to import our silks and pay for them is perfectly intelligible here. May we all get well out of our troubles, is the hope of your PANUROE.

A DEPUTATION from England has been sent to Caprera to invite Garibaldi to visit London and some of the principal cities. As he has a son at school near Liverpool, it is considered probable he will accept the invitation.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ON Saturday morning, the 22d Dec., the body of a pedlar was found murdered lying in Brevoort's Lane, near Calvary Cemetery bridge, Queens county, Long Island, nearly opposite to 27th street, East river. His skull was broken in, and he presented a horrible spectacle. He was a native of Bavaria, and well-known in the vicinity. As none of his property was missing, it is supposed that revenge and not robbery was the motive.

A TERRIBLE and as yet mysterious murder has been committed in Troy. The victim is Horace B. Sargent, book keeper for the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, who was found robbed and murdered in First street, near St. John's Church, about ten o'clock on the evening of the 24th Dec. A man, evidently the assassin by his flight, was seen standing over the body by a young man named Burns, but while the latter bent down to see what was the matter with Mr. Sargent, the murderer made his escape. The deceased had a fearful gash on the head. The authorities have offered five hundred dollars for the arrest of the murderer.

THE murderers are having the tables turned upon them at last; after having, through the complicity of the Judicature, monopolized the right of slaughter for some years, they are beginning to realize the horrors of punishment. No less than three homicides were condemned on the 23d December—Timothy Shay, for murdering a man named Larry; Francis Hoffman, who brutally killed Mrs. Shoma her husband's herself; and Samuel Finlay, for murdering his wife. All these were condemned to imprisonment for life with hard labor.

A SAILOR named James Mathews was found dead in the rear of No. 37 Cherry street, on the morning of the 26th December. He had fallen out of the window when intoxicated.

THE police of the Sixteenth ward ought to be severely censored for the attack made by the roughs of that ward upon the fire company No. 34, on Christmas day, on the corner of Tenth avenue and Seventeenth street. It is quite enough for the gallant men to risk their lives in the discharge of their duty at the scene of conflagration, without being attacked on their way.

OAKEY HALL has demanded the trial of his client, Charles Jefferds, for the murder of Walton and Matthews. The delay in this case is certainly very remarkable.

COLONEL RUDLER, the colleague of Walker, the Nicaraguan filibuster, has been pardoned. How is it that the friends of the man of destiny have neglected to follow up their pursuit of Commander Salmon, who betrayed Walker into the hands of his cowardly murderers?

THE report that Levi Woodbury, the defaulting postmaster, was alive, turns out to be a *canard*. That unfortunate official has been in his coffin for months. The avidity of the public to swallow these enormous sells is a very remarkable proof of our credulity and ignorance.

IN Brooklyn, on the 28th, a man named Kirwan very nearly beat another named Lynch to death. Both drunk, as usual. Kirwan was taken to jail, and Lynch to the Hospital. Thus it is that the sale of a glass of bad rum renders it necessary to keep up two expensive establishments.

CAPTAIN PERKINS, of Worcester, Mass., has received $300,000 from the Russian Government for damages in the non-fulfilment of a contract to receive firearms during the Crimean war.

A GENTLEMAN recently visited the hospital in Downieville, California, to witness a post mortem examination. He consented to assist the steward to bring the subject down stairs. He took the feet, and holding them one in each hand above his head, started down the stairs, the steward following with the head end. The man stumbled and his hands came down. The legs of the dead spread and shut again, clasping his neck, and he fell to the bottom of the stairs fainting, bestridden by the corpse. It required all the restoratives in the institution to bring him to.

THE custom of drunken men insulting ladies ought to be put an immediate stop to. On the 26th, as Mr. Taylor, of Hudson City, his wife and two ladies, were waiting in the railroad depot, Jersey City, a rowdy named Edward Davis entered, and commenced insulting the ladies by indecent proposals and foul language. Mr. Taylor, of course, put him out of the room. The rowdy soon returned, and attacked Mr. Davis, whose jaw he fractured. The mischief being done, the police arrested the ruffian, with great promptitude.

A MRS. JOHNSON lately received a letter from California, out of which dropped a newspaper cutting; upon reading it she fell senseless to the ground, for it was an account of her son's execution for horsestealing. A more careful examination discovered that the letter was from her son himself, stating that a man had assumed his name, and been hanged. As for himself he was alive, and doing well, as a proof of which he sent her an order for $100. This little romance of every day took place in Chicago.

CORRUPTION is the prevailing epidemic; it rages everywhere, the chief spots being New York and Washington. There is a deficiency in the Iowa funds, but as the amount is only $7,000 it scarcely deserves this paragraph, except as a straw showing the way the wind blows.

A COUPLE were married in Hartford, Conn., last week, after a separation of more than twenty-five years. They were born in England, "loved not wisely but too well;" the girl's parents refused to let them marry, even to save disgrace, the young man came to America, got rich at Cleveland, and visited a friend's house in Hartford, intending soon to take the steamer for his fatherland. While passing a pleasant evening, a lady called, and the mutual attraction between the pair, thus casually introduced, was so strong that they each inquired about the other; and the upshot was that the man, aged fifty years, married his old sweetheart, aged forty-six, who was residing in Hartford with their own son, a young married man of about twenty-five years.

A BRIGHT mulatto, claiming to be a fugitive slave, escaping from Alabama, stopped some six weeks ago at a farm-house in Rushville, Ill., and not having the regular papers, was arrested and committed to jail. In pursuance of the statute, he was, after waiting six weeks in jail, sold for the term of one month to the highest bidder. Some one intimated to Reuben Alpin that he should hire him to drive team to the river, especially as he, Alpin, was a Kentuckian. Reuben asked Charley, "If I hire you to drive team for me, will you run off the first chance and leave the team?" "No, master," answered Charley, "I promise you I won't leave the team!" Reuben didn't invest.

AN Irishman named Patrick Hickey, and his wife, who have been living in Hartland, Niagara county, for ten years past, have nine children, of whom eight were born within the last eight years. The eldest is only twelve years old. Mr. Hickey is seventy years of age, and his wife about forty. During their residence in Hartland they have been located on the farm of Mr. Daniel Barker, of whom Mr. Hickey hired a house and four acres of land. Previous to Mrs. Hickey's last confinement, Mr. Barker said that if Mrs. Hickey presented her husband with three children at one birth he would give the old couple a deed of the house and land upon which they live. The condition was complied with, and the property has been transferred, by deed, according to agreement.

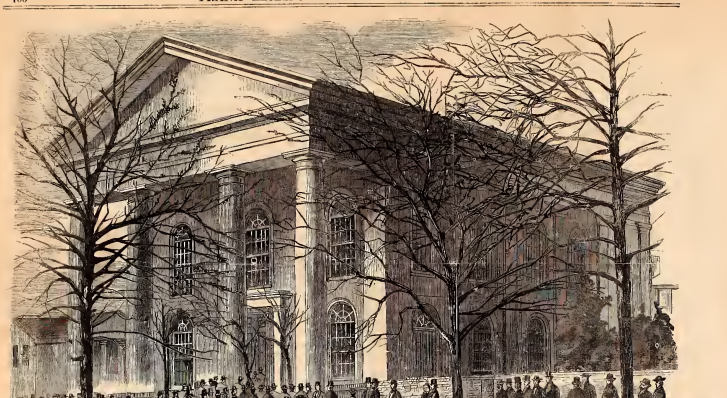
FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

THE rapid decision which both the Queen and the Prime Minister arrived at with reference to the gift of the Garter to the Duke of Newcastle, took some of the nobility by surprise, especially those who thought they had an equal right to the distinction. The Duke of Newcastle has, however, once declined the Order of the Garter. There was a vacancy after the close of the Crimean war, and as the Duke was the secretary of State for War when it commenced and during a considerable part of its progress, Her Majesty paid his grace the high compliment of offering the blue ribbon to him. But a considerable difference of opinion had arisen among the statesmen who composed the original war cabinet, and there was, doubtless, some irritation and considerable wounded feeling. The Duke had retired from office in the height of the war, and, with a high-mindedness all must admire, his grace, with every feeling of gratitude for her Majesty's gracious kindness, declined the proffered honor. It is no wonder, then, that the selection of the Colonial Secretary on this occasion was immediate.

ACCORDING to the recent report of the British Emigration Committee, the number of persons who have quitted the United Kingdom during the last forty-five years amounts to 4,917,498. The emigration was most considerable in the year 1852, when 368,764 persons left their native land to seek a home elsewhere. The great majority of the emigrants are Irish, and a sum of not less than $50,000,000 has been sent to Ireland from America alone to assist intending emigrants in accomplishing the voyage to the New World.

M. DE PERSIGNY has addressed a memorandum on the Liberty of the Press. It is very able, elaborate and subtle, and yet it is full of practical good sense. He candidly declares that the Emperor wishes the Press of France to be as free as that of England, but in order to render the freedom compatible with the safety of the State, it is absolutely necessary that the French Press shall imitate the example of their British neighbors. He reminds the French writers that the English Press does not attempt to overthrow the dynasty or the constitution, but confines itself to its legitimate sphere of fearlessly discussing the government measures, and the exact condition of public affairs. He draws the great distinction that exists between endeavoring to overthrow Lord Palmerston, or any other Minister, or their Ministry, and endeavoring to subvert the ruling family. If the French Press will limit itself to the candid discussion of Government measures, the Emperor will be glad to see it released from all censorship or shackles. Persigny, however, concludes by stating very frankly that should any anti-Napoleon opposition be apparent his will continue whatever it ever has been. We are bound to admit that the distinction drawn by this able Minister of Napoleon is eminently just. A revolutionary Press is the greatest curse a nation can possess.

A MELANCHOLY tragedy was acted a few months since in a vessel on her way from India. She was off the Cape, and the weather being sultry, the captain told the steward to open the window in the store room, which opened from the dining-room, and was in the stern of the ship. The steward having gone, the captain told the steward to bring some wine. The steward, after a pause, went into the store room, shutting the door of the room the captain and his passengers were dining in. The captain waited patiently for some time; and the steward not appearing, he told the cabin-boy to go into the store-room and see what kept the man so long. To the surprise of the boy no one was there—nor was the unhappy steward ever heard of afterwards. He had thrown himself into the sea from the window. It afterwards proved that he had stolen the wine and much of the plate, and unable to face the shame of detection, he had committed suicide.



THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT COLUMBIA, S. C., WHERE THE GREAT SECESSION CONVENTION WAS FIRST HELD, DEC. 17, 1860.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT COLUMBIA, S. C.,

The Place of Holding the Great Convention.

THE building of which we present to-day an accurate engraving has taken its place in history. Remarkable, not for any peculiarity in its architectural construction (as one glance at our picture will show), nor for the sum to which it has hitherto been put, it yet derives considerable celebrity from the solemn conclave which recently sat within its walls, that will carry its name adown all the tide of time.

As the old State House at Philadelphia, where the compact that binds these States together stands forth in a mimitia of record on our country's annals, so will the historian of the future hang his rosary of associations about the building where that compact was finally annulled and the Union of these States for ever sundered.

In the long future, when this generation shall have passed away and other generations shall have followed it, these two buildings will be looked back upon with a contrasting interest—one as the scene of the framing of the Constitution of the United States, the other as the scene of that Constitution's utter abrogation. And it is in our character as chroniclers of contemporaneous history that we to-day stamp upon this page the outward semblance of this last-named building.

The Baptist Church of Columbia is, as we have said, not at all a remarkable building, *per se*. It will suffice for us to say, in description of it, that it has been built but little more than a year, and that the cost of its erection was twenty-two thousand dollars. For the rest, it is a commodious edifice, and capable of accommodating some fifteen hundred persons.

An accident that occurred only two nights before its occupancy by the Convention had well-nigh rendered such occupancy impossible, and deprived the church of that historic fame that is sure to cling about it. It seems that the congregation of the church, in their desire to make everything as comfortable as possible for the delegates, had had a new and additional heater put into the building. In the preliminary trial that was given this new heater on the night of Saturday, the 15th December, the flames were carried up the pipe that was only designed for the passage of smoke, and so communicated with the adjacent woodwork. In a moment that part of the building was in a blaze. The alarm was at once sounded, however, and the fire was extinguished before it had done other than trifling damage, although at one time lively fears were entertained that the whole structure would be destroyed.

The Baptist Church of Columbia is situate on Plain street, a few yards from its intersection by Sumter

THE WINTER FASHIONS.

THE latest intelligence from Paris declares that expense and beauty are on the increase, and that this winter Fashion requires a degree of expense quite unknown of late years. Garments are to be richer, but less eccentric.

The Chapeaux Mousquetaires, Tudor and *sans façon* are to be abandoned to children. For them latter very elegant Tudors, with long plumes, are the style. With these young girls wear the Corsican Matelot, composed of a striped petticoat in alternate stuff, a sort of linen shirt puffed out, forming a corsage, and a looped belt on one side. Little boys, instead of the petticoat, wear loose pantaloons of the same stuff.

Their mothers are wearing this winter very large bonnets, slightly advancing in front and very much ornamented within. The fashionable colors are vanille, grains or corn color and violet.

The corsets are less warm than ever, whereas are very fashionable and are very suitable for the Reine Gabrielle, a novelty of last winter a guimpe of lace and tulle, sleeves complete the costume, and the hair gathered in long folds in a bee veule.

Besides are very much the fashion; they are made of chenille, silk, velvet; a beautiful one is made of gold thread, with a knot of illusin leather in front. Leather belts are very common, and the same material is employed in corset bows, ornaments of dresses, &c. The large comb is overlooked with jewellery and enamel. Many eccentric innovations in jewellery are noticed.

Cloth paletots with great buttons and side pockets are more the rage than ever. Everybody wears them. No fashion was ever before so general. As it is a most comfortable garment, very stylish and spirited, and not necessarily expensive, since the most fashionable women have them made of cheap, strong cloth, the mode is not to be regretted. The old fashioned dressmakers and fashion editors stand aghast at this new, daring and lively style, and abuse it vigorously. One critic declares it to be "only fit for American women." Another compares it to "the garments which Murrieta Bloomer wished American ladies to wear." But all agree that all the most elegant Parisian dames wear the foreign fashion with eagerness.

Among other fashionable outer garments are the Paletot de Soie Métalisée, the Semiramide, the Lindjeree and the Iolin, all of them very pretty and picturesque, yet common-sensible garments. Some efforts have been made to revive morning dresses of the Louis XIV. style, puffed at the shoulders and ending in one petite queue—"a small frill." But these recent extravagances are to be confined to the domain of the Quartier Breda.

Hoops are much less worn, and there is hope that another season may see them decidedly unfashionable, at least in Paris. Colored petticoats or Balmorals have revived, and are in very general use.

ANCIENT RELICS.—A letter from Athens states that the excavations at Eleusis, Egypt, have led to some interesting discoveries. Under the ruins of a marble edifice, a human skeleton was found, and near it were several broken weapons, precisely like those discovered in the ancient tombs of France and Germany; among them were a knife, an axe and a spear. The skeleton, in all probability, is that of a man employed in demolishing the temple. This discovery seems to confirm the much disputed assertion of the Byzantines, who affirm that the temple of Eleusis was destroyed by the hordes of Alaric, A. D. 300. In the foundations of a small church at Athens, where the Archæological Society has been making excavations, a marble slab has been found, with an inscription, in which the Athenians do honor to the youth under the dominion of Herpillus, then reigning over Argos, because they had presented one hundred books to the library of Ptolemais." At Megara a colossal torso, quite uninjured from the hips downwards, has been found. It belongs to the best epoch of art under Pericles, and is thought to be part of the statue of Apollo, spoken of by Pausanias, in describing the temple on the hill where the statue was found.

PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, S. C., SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITION OF THE SEVERAL FORTRESSES.

PREVAILING FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER SEASON—MORNING, EVENING AND OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

CHAPTER XVI.

But all things carry the heart's messages
And know it not, nor doth the heart well know,
But nature hath her will, even as the bees,
Blithe go-betweens, fly singing to and fro
With the fruit-quickening pollen; hard if these
Found not some all unthought-of way to show
Their secret each to each. And so they did,
And one's heart's flower-dust into the other slid.—*Lowell.*

LADY MAUD, with Erle's passionate kiss yet burning on her quivering lips, fled from the weird library to the sanctitude of her own little boudoir, gaining it she knew not how. She nestled with pale face, startling eyes and panting heart upon a soft-cushioned couch standing in a shadowy recess in her apartment, even as an affrighted fawn cowers in its leafy covert after a flight from an unfamiliar footstep.

The event of a moment will convert an unreflecting girl into a thinking woman. An impulse of the heart, perhaps too often, snatches a veil from the impenetrating eyes of youth.

A word, a motion, changed Lady Maud from an innocent, guileless child into a sentient creature—if something less than woman, yet more, much more, than girl.

She covered her face with her hands, her cheeks glowed with hectic warmth, she breathed with difficulty, and a tremor, not unpleasing, pervaded her frame.

When she withdrew herself from the embrace of Erle, an embrace impelled by her own yielding to that influence which the sudden application of the story they together read engendered, she uttered a despairing cry involuntarily, because it seemed to her that the dark menacing form of Philip Avon interposed with fierce gestures between them.

She up to this hour, had listened to the soft flattery of Philip Avon with indifference but not with dissent, because Lady Kingswood had prepared her to receive them as the preliminary advances to a proposal of marriage. She had accepted them without any distinct notion of the importance to be attached either to their meaning or to the marriage which had been planned.

Accustomed to pay deference to the wishes of Lord and Lady Kingswood in minor affairs, she had, without a demur, yielded to the proposition submitted—rather imposed upon her—to become the wife of a man for whom the only impression she entertained beyond apathy was a feeling of dislike.

There was a floating idea in her mind that she would far sooner be united to her cousin Cyril, for he was handsomer, gayer, franker, in all respects a more pleasing and loveable creature. But with this notion also came a conviction that he was destined for another, could never be more to her than he had been or then was, and that her liking for him would never be suffered to stand in the way of an alliance with Philip Avon.

Now Erle stood in a very different category. At her first embarrassing interview with him she felt herself to be strangely smitten with his appearance. At her subsequent meeting with him she was animated by a desire to steal glances at his face undiscovered, without being conscious that she was possessed by any such unrecognised inclination. A strange, hitherto unknown pleasure filled her while seated by his side, and her thoughts of him after he had saved her life were of a tumultuous character, absorbing all other contemplations and reflections.

She in her sweet disturbing, sought the old library, because, in its monastic silence and gray, dusky twilight, she could, without interruption, conjure him up to her vision dignified and graceful in mien and wondrously handsome in feature, but she found him there in the reality.

Still the intercommunion was in all simplicity regarded by her but as a delicious association with one she esteemed, only the pleasanter for being secret, because it was free from intrusion.

Now her eyes were opened.

Her liking, her esteem, her friendship for Erle were, in her innocency, but love symbolised. Her heart had acknowledged him from the first moment she saw him, but it was not until the word Love, which seemed to be written in words of electric light, met her gaze—it was not until he, by an impetuous, uncontrollable urging pressed his lips to hers that her mind saw with the eyes of her heart.

And so she cowered tremblingly upon the soft, cold couch, awakened to the discovery of the possession of a secret, whose wondrous influence on her future life she was as yet wholly unable to realise.

To one fact she became instantaneously and vividly alive—it was that her dislike to Philip Avon had increased tenfold, even yet more as she remembered that she had tacitly assented to accept him as her husband. A rebellious spirit sprung up within her, and with it a resolve to act to him in a manner at once so cold and reserved that he would promptly resign all pretensions to her hand.

She did not reflect that opposition mostly fans the flame of love, or that neither Philip, Lord nor Lady Kingwood were likely to see matters from her point of view. She could only see through a medium of rose-bloom the face and figure of Erle, and a future in which, conducted to him through some difficulties and, perhaps, many trials of faith and firmness, they would be united.

Yet a girl in her thoughts, she was at heart womanly in this: she feared not, cared not, for any danger, sufferings, sharp tests of endurance and patience, so that the young, new love kindled within her fond heart should be at last rewarded by the possession of the object of its adoration.

She felt that no change of circumstance would daunt her, no prospect of those inflictions which darken the prosperity, the ease, the comforts of social life. She was womanly in that her love rose superior to any unfavorable condition of existence into which it might lead her. It was the warm unselfish romance of her girlhood which beheld, in the possession of the being she loved, the subjugation of all the ills which might attend its progress or surround its realisation.

She knew nothing of poverty, toil and trial but what she had witnessed in her occasional visits to London or to the hovels of the most miserable of the tenantry in the vicinity of Kingswood; yet she could form a fair notion of the horrors which the contrast of a change from her present position to such a condition would impose, and she shrunk not from the contemplation of their endurance if they had to be borne for his sake.

Her reasoning took this strange course, owing to misgivings and strong doubts instinctively entertained by her that Lord Kingswood would not sanction her love for Erle, because he had no such wealth and county influence as Philip Avon. Indeed, she could not disguise from herself the impression that Erle was not only a family secret, but one of a painful kind.

She was too well acquainted with the expression of Lord Kingswood's features and his manners not to readily perceive this, and likewise that his lordship would be very glad to be rid of one whose presence, from some hidden but powerful motive, was most unwelcome.

She pitied Erle, and would have been overjoyed at soothing his bruised spirit, and she certainly found her antipathy to Philip Avon strengthened, because he possessed those worldly advantages which Erle lacked.

Hour after hour did she sit and ponder thus, and as Cyril was ill, and neither Lady Kingswood nor his lordship visible, save at a cold and formal dinner, immediately after which they separated, she had the opportunity of indulging in the same description of thought day after day.

At length a week had passed, and her anxious eyes had not once fallen upon the form of Erle.

She had gazed from her window upon the lawn slope, the park glades, the garden terraces, with a yearning to behold him, to watch him, to gaze with admiring eyes upon him, unseen. She peered out at early morn, at midday, and when the sun was declining, but saw him not.

She glided about the corridors occasionally, and with purposeless errand, if he were not there, into apartments into which he might have wandered, but she did not meet with him

Each day she thought of the drear old library, and a glowing blush lit up her cheek when the thought presented itself. She wished, yet feared, to meet him. Perhaps she feared more that he would not be there if she visited it again. At all events, she strove to dismiss the thought, because she re-enacted always the scene which had taken place within its solitary precincts, and with difficulty she kept down the incitings of an inclination which did not acknowledge the supremacy of her will.

But a week is an age to the imagination of one who loves when it is a question of absence, and Lady Maud began to entertain an impression that she should never see Erle again. Perhaps her precipitated flight had brought offence, and he now, in consequence, studiously avoided her. She felt that she would be both grieved and vexed if such an effect had been produced by her conduct.

One morning, about the old time of meeting with him, she found herself within the grim and silent chamber alone. A spirit in her feet seemed to have borne her thither. She gazed around her with shivering fear, but her anxious eyes were not rewarded by beholding him in his accustomed place.

She sat herself in the seat where they had sat together, and she waited.

Waited hopelessly, for he came not. No sound of footfall, known or strange to her timid ear, disturbed the solemn stillness of the antique hall. She was alone—alone with the living words of a past age.

Aye, her eye wandered in search of that book which had, in revealing the loves of others, unfolded her own. She saw it in its place on the case, and impulsively moved towards it. With a throbbing heart and trembling hand she drew forth the book, and with it took her way to that seat whereon she sat when the thrilling words its pages contained unveiled her eyes.

There was no intention in the whole proceeding. Her movements had been mechanically performed under some vague, undefined impression that the glowing language which had taught her she had a heart, even by a knowledge of its loves, must be perused and stored in her memory for reproduction at some future period—probably an eventful epoch in her life to come.

At the very place where they had ceased to read did she open the book.

There was some pencilling on the broad margin. She knew that it had been recently placed there, and she readily guessed whose hand had inscribed the lines which met her eye.

With suspended breath and with eager avidity she read as follows:

"Your eyes may again fall upon this page—I feel that they will. I entreat your pardon; for oh my rash, frenzied indiscretion, was no intended insult, but the passionate impulse of a fond heart, which, seeking a loving reciprocity, found unexpectedly the object of its adoration. Aye, I, too, have found friendship but another name for love. I love—oh, I love deeply passionately, truly. I dare not ask reciprocity—I do not. I see, I know that it may not be, yet I may ask a thought in gentleness, a memory in kindness, and a prayer in pity. The reflection that this hope may be granted will cheer a lonely wanderer in desolation and despair."

The face of Lady Maud bowed on the old page, and she sobbed bitterly. Many times did she read those pencilled words, written in no unsteady hand. With tearful eyes she copied them, and placed the words she had copied in her bosom.

Then she, too, wrote on the margin beneath the lines she had transcribed, and her words were,

"Pardon! for the proud offering of such a heart as thine! Nay. It is not a word befitting thy lips. Am I not indebted to thee for life itself? If thy friendship hath proved to be love, shall mine be less generous, tender, devoted? Oh, speak not of desolation or despair. Oh, my love, my heart acknowledges no other lord but thou."

With blushing neck, face, forehead, she wrote those words with rapid haste, and amid falling tears. Then she turned her humid eyes restlessly and swiftly round her, hurriedly pressed her lips to the sentences he had written, restored the book to its old place, and then fled from the silent, grim old library, even as she had done when she quitted it with Erle's kiss burning on her lips—even as now it did.

Flushed, disturbed, excited, she entered her little sanctuary, with the intent of remaining there alone enjoying and feeding those fond thoughts which she had been unable after all to peacefully indulge in within the solitary chamber she had visited for that purpose.

Further disguise from herself was useless. She loved Erle, and she had penned the acknowledgement in a place where his eyes might meet with it she knew not how soon—it could not be too soon if it spared him that desolation and despair which he had so touchingly mentioned.

Even while she thought this, she was summoned to a reception-room by a servant sent to her by Lord Kingswood.

For a moment she hesitated, but a latent hope of seeing Erle induced her to follow the man-servant almost immediately.

She entered the room, and beheld in it, to her dismay, Philip Avon and Lord Kingswood only, and they were engaged in a close and earnest conversation.

Philip Avon was ghastly pale, but his cheek flushed when she entered the room.

He instantly quitted Lord Kingswood, and advanced towards her, and his bright, dark eye seemed to peruse her fair features with a stern, suspicious scrutiny, as if there he could read all that had occurred in his despite during his temporary illness.

She paused as he approached, nay, rather shrunk back as he drew near to her, and he bit his nether lip passionately, for his quick eye detected her involuntary movement.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, touching her reluctant hand, and pressing it as she withdrew it somewhat hastily, "I am glad to find that you have not suffered from your untoward accident, and I am equally pleased to be able to assure you that my own mishap has been productive of the inconvenience only of confining me to my chamber for a short time, an inconvenience which has been chiefly vexing because it has precluded my offering to you that tribute of respectful attention I, of all men, was most anxious to pay."

"I am rejoiced to think, Mr. Avon, that your accident was less severe than I understood it to be," replied Lady Maud, with downcast eyes and in a formal tone. "I regret, however, it should have happened at all, and especially that I should have been the occasion of it."

"And I regret it, too," he said, with marked emphasis. "Believe me, Lady Maud, but for the cursed obstinacy of my horse, mine would have been the hand to have saved your life. No interloper should have crossed between myself and your safety."

Lady Maud's face crimsoned, and she said, with grave haughtiness,

"If, sir, by that most ungracious word, interloper, you allude to Mr. Gower, you may take my word that I, at least, am thankful he was near to me on that momentous occasion."

"That person's name I do not desire to repeat in your presence, Lady Maud," rejoined Philip Avon, brusquely. "I hardly expected it to fall so roundly from your lips. I hope I shall never hear them mention it again."

"I do not understand you, sir," she returned, with evident indignation, and her eyes fell upon Lord Kingswood, who listened in uneasy embarrassment.

"Pardon me, Lady Maud," answered Philip, with the same abruptness of speech, "but I am particular in the choice of associates. I like to know whence they spring; besides I hate men who are mere dependents, cringing for the crumbs that fall from their patron's table."

Lady Maud's face and neck crimsoned again. She turned her eyes upon Lord Kingswood, and said, with lips that quivered so she could scarcely articulate,

"Surely, my lord, you do not hear Mr. Avon's observations as applied to Mr. Gower. He appears to labor under some singular misconceptions which force him into insults. Your lordship will probably, explain them away, so that Mr. Avon may not forget his own position in condemning that of a gentleman of whom he appears to know nothing, and whom, in disparaging, he most unjustly traduces."

She turned to quit the room in haughty anger.

Philip hastily arrested her departure. He saw that his temper had carried him too far, and he said,

"Stay, Lady Maud, I pray you. I had no intention, I most earnestly assure you, to offend you. I shall some day cure myself of my bluntness, even at the expense of my honesty. But I hope that you will pardon and forgive me if I have unintentionally offended you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Avon," she answered, coldly. "Good morning."

"Nay, Maud, do not go—remain, remain; Mr. Philip wishes to speak to you," suddenly exclaimed Lord Kingswood, ringing a bell violently as he spoke. "I will hereafter set him right about Mr. Gower; that is an affair of little moment. Mr. Avon desires some conversation with you upon matters which supersede all others. Oh, Pharisee," he exclaimed, as the sleek valet glided into the room and made up to him, "find Lady Kingswood, and inform her ladyship that she would oblige me by stepping here as quickly as convenient to her."

"Lady Kingswood has just conducted Mr. Gower to the portrait gallery of your lordship's ancestors, my lord," returned Pharisee, in a low tone but sufficiently clear to be heard both by Philip Avon and Lady Maud.

Lord Kingswood started as if bitten by a serpent.

"Is her ladyship mad?" he exclaimed, between his teeth, and rushed out of the room with frantic haste.

Pharisee glanced furtively at both Philip Avon and Lady Maud, and then glided like a fiendish phantom after his master.

Lady Maud felt a pang of vexation at this intelligence. She knew not why. Wherefore did Lady Kingswood press her attentions so upon Erle? There was something very strange in such conduct from her.

Before she could answer herself this unpleasing question Philip Avon touched her upon the arm to recall her from the sudden fit of abstraction into which she had fallen. She started and drew back. He gazed at her with surprise and anger which he strove to keep from bursting forth. She had not treated him thus distantly previous to the arrival of the accursed Gower. Though he hated her apparent fondness for her cousin Cyril, still she had not suffered it to prevent her being gentle and agreeable in her behavior to him. Now she acted to him as if he was positively distasteful to her.

Afraid of the personal attractions of Gower, he had risen from a sick bed before it was safe even to do so, in order that he might declare himself, and secure Lady Maud.

He was sure of Lord Kingswood's assent, and resolved to employ his influence to obtain Lady Maud's; to wring it from her if that were necessary; and now that he found himself alone with her, he decided upon quenching any presumptuous hopes Erle might entertain respecting her by at once making a formal proposition.

Accordingly, as with a slight, haughty bend, she sought to pass him, he placed himself before her, and said,

"Lady Maud, I have especially requested Lord Kingswood to obtain for me a private interview with you. His lordship consented, as you find by his request for your presence here, and at my wish we are alone, in order that I may lay before you a confession of which I have for some time wished to disburthen myself."

Lady Maud looked at him with a frightened aspect.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Avon," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "I cannot listen to you now—I—I see my cousin Cyril upon the lawn; I have not spoken to him since his illness. Do not think me rude in leaving you; Lord Kingswood will be here in a few minutes——"

Philip Avon interrupted her.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, with a malignant scowl upon his sickly face, "this is the merest subterfuge; I must be plain, even at the expense of being for the moment, less pleasant than I would wish to be. My business with your ladyship is of far greater moment than a girlish offering of congratulation to a stupid fellow who has got his head bruised in a brawl in the wood, or to discuss the merits of an obscure personage pitchforked into a noble house.

Lady Maud looked at him in speechless surprise.

If he thought to woo her, as William the Norman did Matilda of Flanders, he found out his mistake speedily.

"Sir," she exclaimed, with a dignity ennobled by her indignation, "I am unequal to the task of defining the limit to which an insult may be extended without giving offence. I decline further to listen to you."

She swept past him with a swift, gliding step, and in another instant was gone.

He clenched his hands, he smote his breast, the veins on his forehead swelled like cords, foam bubbled from his lips. For a moment it seemed that the tremendous inward struggle he was enduring would slay him. At length a species of howl burst from him, and he muttered between his gnashing teeth,

"I see it all. The hound has improved the occasion, and with battered, honied words, has lured his tercel. Oh, but we will have our meeting yet. Let Providence spare him, I will not. Ho! there!" he cried, with harsh tones, as a servant passed the door. "Conduct me to Mr. Gower's apartment; I wish to speak with him."

With hasty step he hurried from the room, and followed whither the servant led.

CHAPTER XVII.

'Tis to create, and in creating live,
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thoughts, with whom I traverse earth
Invisible but gazing, as I glow,
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.—*Byron.*

THE sudden blast of wintry wind which created so wild and deafening a clangor as it swept fiercely through the antique gallery, committing havoc on rusty hauberks, surcoats and mouldering banners, seemed to have expended its fury when it hurled to the ground the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood.

With the uproar of the falling picture, the gust died away in one long, mournful moan, which the arched roof echoed again and again.

In a paroxysm of mortal fright Pharisee fled, and Lord Kingswood was left alone with his senseless wife and unacknowledged son.

In horror, as in amazement, each stood regarding the other, until a dead and almost awful stillness prevailed once more in the old gallery.

Erle was the first to recover himself, and he advanced towards Lord Kingswood, as if to assist in the recovery of Lady Kingswood, but his lordship motioned him away with vehement gestures.

"Stand back!" he cried, with angry fury. "Thou art here as a curse to me! I summoned you not, but you appear as a destroying spirit, come to crush my peace and annihilate my hopes. Go—leave me—away! quit Kingswood for ever! I will dare all, endure the worst realization of my wildest apprehensions, rather than continue to submit to the torture of thy accursed presence. Go, wretch! a lifetime cannot repay the evil you have already wrought here!"

Erle felt, as he listened to this vituperative burst from Lord Kingswood, as if every word had stabbed him. Wonder, pride and haughty resentment struggled with a desire to preserve a show of respect to the rank and position of Lord Kingswood as the head of the house of Kingswood. Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to conceal the agony which this indignity inflicted upon him, and even Lord Kingswood, excited as he was, almost cowed beneath the gleam of indignant wrath that flashed from Erle's glittering eyes.

He, with a strong effort of the will, however, controlled his bitter anger, and with a mien of dignified loftiness, he said,

"I go, my lord, at your bidding; thine the responsibility, not mine."

He strode towards the door, and, moved by an irresistible influence, he turned and faced Lord Kingswood, who had watched him stalk away with something of the same demeanor he would have gazed at the slow evanishment of a spectre.

He extended his hand pointedly to Lord Kingswood.

"A higher power than yours directs my future," he exclaimed; and raising his voice, he added, emphatically—"My lord, we shall meet again!"

"We shall meet again" was re-echoed through the gallery, it seemed by another voice, but without heeding it, because it seemed to him that the vaulted roof had flung back his words, he departed, and hastened to his own chamber, leaving Lord Kingswood alone still supporting the lifeless form of Lady Kingswood.

He flung himself upon a seat with a purpose of allaying, as far as he could, his irritated and perturbed feelings, before he determined upon the direction he should pursue on leaving Kingswood.

Goaded almost to madness as he had been by the stinging words of Lord Kingswood, he still did not intend to be so unwise as to act with precipitate recklessness. Remain beneath the roof which then sheltered him longer than imperative necessity compelled him he would not. But where to go?

He had the address of Ishmael Malpas, but he recoiled from making any use of it. Ishmael might, as he had declared himself to be, prove a friend, yet not in the sense in which he interpreted the word. During his past life he certainly had educated, clothed and kept him, but had never visited him. He had placed him beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall, but upon what terms?

His forehead burned and his cheeks tingled as he recalled Lord Kingswood's latest words.

No; he decided that he would not seek Ishmael, but fight his own way in the world, with no other aid than his head, his good right arm and a stout heart.

Still, with a burning flush upon his forehead, he thought of the mystery which surrounded his birth.

"Better let it remain to me a mystery," he said, with a burst of emotion, "than I should have to hear matters, every word of which would contract and petrify my heart until it became a deadened mass of stone."

And thus he sat and pondered. One charm alone had bound him to Kingswood, but that had been rudely dissipated; what mattered it to him where henceforward he wandered!

It occurred then to him that Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, had spoken to him of London, and he remembered that he had heard strange stories respecting the mighty city; how humble boys had risen to mighty wealth; how a village boy of wild, irregular habits, had won India for England; how equally humble youths had commanded fleets and vast armies, leading them to great victories, by which they were themselves immortalised.

A glow of enthusiasm pervaded his frame and lighted up his eloquent eyes.

"Thither will I go," he cried, earnestly. "The prize of fame and honor will not be denied to him who zealously, ardently and unceasingly seeks to win it."

Within an hour from that time he had packed his valise and had despatched it by one of the men working in the grounds to the railway station, situated a few miles distant, there to await him.

"A few hours," he soliloquised, "and I shall be far from all who have known me, and among strangers, caring less for me even than those I have parted with. So be it. I bear with me at least a memory they cannot rob me of!"

He drew from his breast the flowers and the glove he had found in the library, and he pressed them to his lips.

A low, contemptuous, harsh laugh grated upon his ear as he did this, and raising his moistened eyes, he beheld Philip Avon standing in the doorway.

"Love tokens, by all that is namby-pamby!" exclaimed his unwelcome visitor, scornfully. "Pray, from what pretty fool did you purloin them?"

Erle rose up, and sternly regarding Philip, restored the flowers and glove whence he had taken them.

"I am told, sir, that you are a descendant from an old family!" exclaimed Erle, his anger obtaining the mastery. "I do not believe it. A gentleman, I am sure you are not; a boor's changeling, doubtless. You could not otherwise be so obtusely ignorant of the commonest courtesies of life."

"Dog!" ejaculated Philip Avon, fiercely, advancing towards him.

Erle raised his hand to put him back.

"Remain where you are," he said fiercely and disdainfully. "This is not the spot at which you appointed to meet me; this floor is not the ground on which to settle the hostility to me which you have paraded, unless you desire to raise suspicions you profess to desire to avoid."

An oath intemperately escaped Philip's lips, and he clenched his hands as though he designed to strike Erle to the earth. The latter, however, only regarded him with more contempt than before, and continued in a tone of voice which made Philip writhe with torture:

"I kept the appointment you made. I wandered about the deserted glade morning after morning, from dawn until long after the sun had tipped the trees, but as I might have expected, the solitude was disturbed by my own step alone."

"Illness kept me confined, raging within my chamber," champed Philip furiously. "You knew it, and lorded the ground like a pigeon of the woods which flies at a footstep from the spot on which it has been strutting."

Erle's lip curled yet more scornfully.

"I was pacing on the appointed spot this morning at dawn; and you—you are well enough to swagger here like a Gascon—less his courage."

"Now—now this moment, we can adjourn to the Chace," exclaimed Philip, foaming at the lips.

"No," replied Erle, coldly. "I am not anxious to raise suspicions: too many of the household are about. To-morrow, at dawn, I will be at the place named, and alone."

With a chuckling growl of vindictive hate, Philip rejoined:

"Oh, but I will be awaiting you to-morrow at dawn in Kingswood Chace."

"To-morrow, at dawn," repeated Erle.

With a triumphant fire in his black eyes, and a scowl of hatred on his brow, Philip, waving his hand with a contemptuous gesture, hurried from the apartment.

But for the following morning's engagement thus contracted, Erle would have taken his departure from Kingswood too; as it was he flung himself again in his chair to remain beneath the now hated roof yet a few hours longer.

He had an impulsive wish to pay Cyril a visit, to say a few words to him ere they parted for ever for he liked him, notwithstanding his first unfavorable impression, but he restrained the inclination for fear he would put some question to him concerning Philip Avon which he might find it difficult to answer.

He therefore kept his chamber, and watched the red sun sink down behind the distant hills, with the sad feeling that upon its rising its ruddy beams might either tint his lifeless limbs in their last repose upon the green turf in the Chace, or his retreating form as he made his way towards the haunts of men, the most friendless stranger among the homeless and the outcast.

In the gray dusk he sat, his thoughts wandering from his earliest childhood, through his boyish tasks, struggles, few pleasures, even down to his meeting with Lady Maud; there they rested and nestled.

Should he not write a word to her? No. He had written all he cared, or indeed he could say, upon the margin of that leaf, upon which he felt sure she would again cast her sweet tender eyes. What more could he say? He loved her, and he prayed her kind remembrance of him. That remembrance would hang over his forest grave, if he fell, like a wreath of immortelles above the tomb of one beloved, or it would shine before him, if he lived, as a lodestar leading him on to high and ennobling actions, that he might, though never more his solicitous eyes might be gladdened by her presence, become worthy of that gentle memory.

Wearied out by excitement and over-wrought reflections, he sank into a fitful, disturbed slumber, from which he started to find Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, bending over him, scrutinising with strange eagerness every feature of his face.

He rose up, and Pharisee fell back, assuming a respectful attitude. Erle eyed him for a minute curiously, and then said, with evident surprise, "Why do you visit me at this late hour, Pharisee?"

"For more than one reason, Mr Gower," returned the man, with an obsequious air and a sidelong glance at him. "I must request your pardon if I appear obtrusive and officious; it is not my design to be either, yet I feel that the step I have taken, and the observations I may make may wear that complexion. I entreat you not to misconceive me. I have enjoyed the confidence of Lord Kingswood for many, many years, and that of her ladyship also—that is partly—partly Mr. Gower—for Lady Kingswood is of that sex which delights in reservations. I honor and respect both, but I honor and respect you, too, Mr. Gower."

Erle's lip curled.

"Respect and honor me," he said, bitterly; "I am an unknown, a creature to be placed in unfrequented chambers, to be located in sequestered quarters, to have prescribed limits set down for the controlment of my wanderings, to move in a circle whose point of contact at any part comes not in collision with the revolutions of my Lord of Kingswood's sphere. Honor me! for what, man? Am I——"

"A secret," interposed Pharisee, in a sharp, sibilant tone. "A secret, Mr. Gower. Pardon me for the observation. It is not a suggestion of my own, but the spontaneous presumption of the whole household. A secret which they believe you can reveal if you will. I, however, I——"

He paused, glanced furtively at Erle, and then made a figure with the point of his foot upon the carpet.

"Proceed," exclaimed Erle, impatiently.

"I do not believe that you are able to make, if you feel so disposed, this revelation."

"Wherefore?" inquired Erle, haughtily.

"Excuse me," replied the valet, with a slow inclination of the head, "some day I will be more explicit on this head."

"Some day" echoed Erle, bitterly, "still the same story."

Pharisee looked steadfastly into Erle's eyes, but with a sinister glance nevertheless.

"Be assured, sir, of one thing," he exclaimed, with a marked and peculiar emphasis, "there is one fact which cannot be kept secret from those who have eyes in their heads, and brains in their skulls; you are a Kingswood!"

Erle started, and turned a wild, eager and unsettled look upon Pharisee. A rush of thought raced through his mind. He remembered vividly at this moment Lady Kingswood's emphatic question to her husband in the ancient picture gallery. He recalled Ishmael's strange observations respecting the claim he had to be received beneath the roof which now covered him, and that it was a duty he owed to another to enforce that claim. A hazy remembrance of dreams with which he had been visited while sleeping in the old portion of the building crossed his brain. His face and lips became of the hue of marble. He stood motionless as a statue, and involuntarily he murmured—

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
Shall solve the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

"Ah! Mr. Gower, there lies the difficulty!" exclaimed Pharisee, shrugging his shoulders. "What is the Wonder of Kingswood Chace? Nobody knows. The present Lord Kingswood became Lord Kingswood after his father's death. He was the heir of the race; he has never solved the mysterious riddle nor his father before him. His father, by-the-bye, like all the heirs of this barony since the bad baron, lived unhappily and died miserably."

"A Kingswood!" ejaculated Erle, not seeming to heed what he said. "A Kingswood—I a Kingswood?"

"A veritable Kingswood, I'd be sworn," responded Pharisee.

Erle pressed his hand upon his forehead. If he truly were a Kingswood in what relation did he stand to Lord and Lady Kingswood and their son?

A hot flush of scarlet scorched his brow; a quiver of intense agony wrung his heart; a suffocating emotion almost rendered his voice inarticulate as he asked,

"Has Lord Kingswood been twice married?"

"I do not—nay, the world knows not that," returned Pharisee, musingly, as if a new suspicion rose up in his brain; "but," he added, "I do not believe, though difficult, it would be impossible to ascertain that fact. If it pleases you I will make the necessary inquiries, and acquaint you with the result."

Erle pressed his clenched fist upon his chest—

"It is a point upon which I greatly wish for information," he rejoined, rather as if soliloquising than replying to Pharisee's offer.

"You may rely upon me," returned the valet, with a promptness the celerity of which was a little remarkable; and he added, with some volubility—"Indeed, Mr. Gower, the object of my visit to you has some connection with an inquiry of this kind. To tell you the truth, sir, you are at this moment, if not the Wonder of Kingswood Chace, the Wonder of Kingswood. Every guest visiting here recently has betrayed an extraordinary desire to know who you are. They talk, they question, they surmise, until Lord Kingswood is flung into a paroxysm of frenzy, by the notice you have excited. His lordship's design, therefore, in order that his life may sail down the unruffled channel it has hitherto pursued as smoothly as before, was to keep you a prisoner in the unfrequented part of the household, and confine your rambles to the unvisited portions of the Chace. Circumstances have altered this intention——"

"What circumstances?" inquired Erle, sternly.

"Well, Lady Kingswood's uneasiness respecting you," he replied. "Lady Kingswood is yet comparatively young; she is exceedingly handsome; looks younger by much than she is. She is a lady one might love burningly—passionately—madly love——"

"Fellow! are you mad?" cried Erle, in a loud, fierce tone.

Pharisee's features seemed to congeal and turn blue.

"I—I—I—I—I beg a thousand pardons," he stammered—"a million pardons, for my exaggerated expressions—a—a—a—what I sought to convey was that Lady Kingswood's jealousy of Lord Kingswood might lead her to imagine many erroneous things. His lordship, quite aware of this fact, has determined to make such alteration in his designs respecting you, as to resolve to remove you from England to some far place where the climate would work a fatal result with more certainty than even knife or poison."

"I will not bear such villainous suggestions respecting his lordship from any lips—especially from yours. Leave me instantly. I will not further listen to you," cried Erle, angrily.

"I was fearful that you would misconceive me, Mr. Gower," observed Pharisee, deprecatingly. "I do not, I beg you expressly to understand, even by implication intend to assert that Lord Kingswood would dream of employing such horrible weapons to remove you from life, but I do assert that he is very anxious to be relieved from your presence."

"I know that," Erle replied, gloomily.

"I came here, therefore, to counsel you to take the first step," he continued, "to remove yourself—say to London—that is the place. Within its vast recesses and extensive districts you may remain, if you please, concealed, or you may, in its open and high places show yourself at will. There you may dictate terms to his lordship, here you would have to accept them. There, free and untrammelled, you can live as you choose, and roam where your fancy leads you, indulging in gaieties and pleasures of all kinds, for which, if needful, I will advance the money——"

Erle frowned, and with an imperious gesture, said, indignantly,

"Leave me. I have heard too much. Begone!"

"You misapprehend me, Mr. Gower," urged Pharisee, adopting a humble, obsequious manner.

"Do not misapprehend me," returned Erle, haughtily. "If you do not this instant quit me I will fling you out of my chamber. The fault was mine to listen to you, or I would do so now. Do not tempt me. Go!"

There was no possibility of "misapprehending" Erle's earnestness of his intention to keep his promise. Pharisee, therefore, shrugged his shoulders, bowed humbly, and retired, saying,

"I did all for the best. You will appreciate my motives some day, Mr Gower."

He closed the door behind him, and he bit his colorless lips, when alone, until the blood almost came.

"Aye," he muttered, "you shall know me better—you shall some day appreciate my motives, when I have more thoroughly gauged your nature, and I know how to work upon it to revenge your insult, boy. Base born, I will swear, and will prove at the moment when, crushing you, it crowns my fortune."

With noiseless steps he slunk away, leaving behind him the lamp which he had brought with him.

Leaving behind him, too, the fruitful source of distracting thoughts to Erle, who flung himself upon his couch, a prey to reflections and conjectures of a character almost maddening to him.

He tossed and rolled wildly, until, unable to endure the torture of mind he was suffering, he resolved to pass the remainder of the interval between then and his approaching meeting with Philip Avon in the cold air and black tree-shadows of the Chace.

He arose, threw a broad cloak around his shoulders, caught up the lamp, and without casting a glance even round his apartment, he stepped lightly out into the corridor, made his way to that part of the building where he had previously obtained egress to the Chace, and with the key he yet retained, unlocked the door leading to the flight of old stone steps.

He descended them, gazing, by the aid of the lamp, upon the ancient, crumbling stone walls which he had not before the opportunity of observing, and at length reached a door situated, he was sure, far above the depth to which he had formerly descended.

He applied the key he possessed to the lock, and the door opened readily. A blast of night air blew out his lamp, but he saw stars twinkling above him, and the sky, gray with the light of a crescent moon, slowly descended from the meridian towards the horizon.

This, then, was the door by which it was originally intended he should make his way from the rear of the building to the Chace; the one he had pursued was therefore a secret entrance, which he had discovered by accident.

He thought little of this; it was easy to conjecture that it had been formed in early and troublous times, when such precautionary modes of egress or approach were important to safety. Fastening the door he stepped out upon the grassy sward which extended in this part down to the very walls. The building threw a deep shadow upon the turf, extending for some distance, and to the limits of this shadow he proceeded, and then turned his face towards the building.

It uprose against the sky a solid but straggling mass, here castellated with turrets and battlements, there with pointed roof and pinnacled crests of an ecclesiastical character, and anon tall, square and compact, fringed with abutments, and overlooked by a campanile tower, from the sharply defined edge of whose dark, square, soaring form appeared a portion of the diminished disc of the moon.

He stood with folded arms, and gazed upon it long and earnestly. Many strange thoughts passed through his mind, mingled with hopes, aspirations and even simple wishes. The sombre, silent and solemn aspect of the building, which seemed to him to have contumeliously ejected him, gave the very saddest and most painful turn to his contemplations; and the remembrance that a few short hours would find him in the throes of a mortal struggle, tended to lighten but little his heavy dejection.

"Farewell, Kingswood!" he exclaimed, in a low and mournful tone. "It must be long ere again I look upon your tall turrets or tread your proud halls. It may be that I now look my last. I could have parted from you without a sigh. I could have turned my back upon you with a smile of scorn, but that you hold encased the fairest, gentlest, loveliest creature the breath of Heaven ever called into being. Yes, I could have quitted you with high disdain, but that within your walls I leave all that I have ever loved. Oh, Lady Maud—sweet, pure, innocent as beautiful—I cannot leave thee without a sharp pang of agony—I cannot tear myself from the spot wherein you dwell a star in the cold, gloomy shade of haughty exclusiveness, and not feel the full bitterness of my utter desolation."

For a moment his emotion choked him, but conquering it, he added, as he outspread his arms,

"Farewell, Maud, farewell! The Great Being who looks down upon me standing here, lonely and isolated from all the living world but you—and you save in thought—sees my heart, and He knows that in its unstained depths you reign queen, sovereign and supreme. That if I am spared in the coming encounter with a vindictive and merciless foe, there shall you still reign, your dominion unshared by other created being, or invaded by crime or any meaner vices; for I will thrust myself out of life rather than be guilty of an ignoble act which, by association, should shame the unflawed integrity of the kingdom you rule and shall ever. I go to my banishment—I go with a full, proud, but a sad heart. Oh, Maud! one thought of me when surrounded by the gay and happy—one thought while circling with the joyous throngs in brilliant, gilded saloons—one thought in the deep quiet of night in your silent chamber, while I keep my lonely vigil with earnest eyes turned to that fair star in the unclouded expanse of Heaven, most nearly in my vision representing your bright loveliness and lustrous purity. I ask but that, and the cares, the dangers, the hardships and trammels of toil, the bitterness of isolation, will set lightly upon the spirit whose only aspiration now is to greet with hopeful yearning the time when, in the better land—perhaps, for me, not afar—my shade may meet thy gentle spirit on fair terms of equal love and bliss unclouded. Farewell, Maud, dearest one and only beloved. May the blessings of a smiling Heaven be strewn as flowers in thy life-path. May thy gentle heart never, never know the cruel misery and the deadly anguish which now crushes mine. Farewell!"

He sunk upon his knees and clasped his hands fervently as he offered up to Heaven this orison; and when he had completed it, sprung to his feet, turned his back upon the Hall, and set his face to the dark and seemingly intricate mass of trees, whose boughs and branches, though shorn of leaves, yet screened from observation that secluded part of the old Chace where he had engaged to meet, for a passage of deadly strife, his malignant foe and rival, Philip Avon.

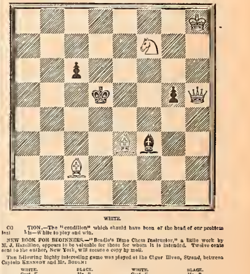
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frere, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 277.—By E. H. C., Baltimore. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CO[illegible]TION.—The "condition" which should have been at the head of our problem last [illegible] is—White to play and win.

NEW BOOK FOR BEGINNERS.—"Beadle's Dime Chess Instructor," a little work by M. J. Hazeltine, appears to be valuable for those for whom it is intended. Twelve cents sent to the author, New York, will secure a copy by mail.

The following highly interesting game was played at the Cigar Divan, Strand, between Captain KENNEDY and Mr. BODEN:

WHITE. *Capt. K.*	BLACK. *Mr. B.*	WHITE. *Capt. K.*	BLACK. *Mr. B.*
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	24 Q to K B 3	P to Q B 4
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	25 B to K B 2	P to K Kt 3
3 B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	26 K to Q 3	Q R to Kt
4 B to R 4	Kt to K B 3	27 P to Q B 4	K to R
5 P to Q 4	P tks Q P	28 R to K (d)	Q to K Kt
6 P to K 5	Kt to K 5	29 B to Kt 6	B tks Kt
7 Castles	B to K 2	30 P tks B	B to Q 3
8 Kt tks P	Castles	31 B tks B (e)	R tks B
9 Kt tks Kt	Q P tks Kt	32 P to K 7	K R to K
10 Q to K 2	Kt to Q B 4	33 P tks P	Q tks Kt P
11 B to Kt 3	Q B to B 4 (a)	34 K R to K 2	K to Kt 2
12 Q Kt to B 3	Q to K (b)	35 R to K 6	R tks R (f)
13 P to K B 4	P to K R 3	36 R tks R	Q to Q Kt 8 (ch)
14 Q B to K 3	Kt tks K B	37 K to Kt 2	Q tks P (ch)
15 R P tks Kt	Q to Q 2 (c)	38 K to Kt 3	Q to Q 3
16 Q to K R 5	Q R to K	39 P to K R 4	P to Q R 4 (g)
17 Q R to Q	Q to K 3	40 P to K R 5	P to Q Kt 4
18 P to K Kt 4	Q to K Kt 3	41 K to R 4 (h)	Q to Q Kt 7 (i)
19 R to K B 2	P to K B 3	42 R to K 2	Q to Q B 8
20 R to K Kt 2	B to Q B	43 R to K 3	Q to Q B 7 (k)
21 P to K B 5	Q to K R 3	44 R to K 2	Q to Q B 8
22 P to K 6	Q R to Q	45 R to K 3, and draws.	
23 B to Q 4	P to Q Kt 3		

(a) Black's best play is, probably, to take K B with Kt here, and then play B to Q B 4 with an even game.

(b) A lost move, as the sequel shews.

(c) This shows that playing the Q to K sq was of no avail.

(d) By taking K Kt P with Pawn, White might have won a P for a time; but as Black would have replied with Q to K Kt 2, the Pawns being broken up would, in all probability, have fallen ultimately.

(e) Instead of this move, which allows Black to escape with a pretty even game, White should have pushed P to K 7, and then taken Q B P with B, having a decided advantage.

(f) Black's best play; from this point the positions become very instructive and interesting.

(g) Perhaps P to Q Kt 4 would have been better for Black, as he would have threatened by next advancing P to Q B 5, to move Q to Q 6, so as to exchange Queens whenever White plays Q to K B 6, the terrible move he is preparing for by advancing the Pawn on the K's file.

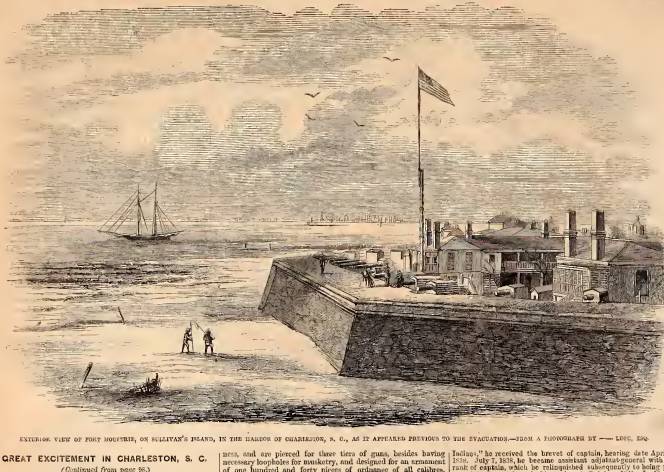
(h) To prevent Black's checking with Queen at K Kt 8, when White moves Q to K B 6.

(i) The only move to save the game, for had Black played any indifferent move, White placing Q at K B 6 would have given him a won game.

(k) The situation is very critical, for had Black instead moved Q to Q 7, White would have won the game by moving Q to K B 5.—*Eds.*

A YOUNG rustic told his priest at confession that he had broken down his neighbor's hedge to get at a blackbird's nest. The priest asked him if he had taken away the young birds. "No," said he, "they were hardly grown enough. I will let them alone until Saturday evening." No more was said on the subject; but when Saturday evening came the young fellow found the nest empty, and readily guessed who it was that had forestalled him. The next time he went to confession he had to tell something in which a young girl was partly concerned. "Oh," said his ghostly father, "how old is she?" "Seventeen." "Good-looking?" "The prettiest girl in the village." "What is her name? Where does she live?" the confessor hastily inquired, and then he got for an answer the phrase which has passed into a proverb, "Try that upon somebody else, Mr. Fisher of Blackbirds."

A MAN was mobbed the other day through a wag's saying that his wife was daily imprisoned in an iron cage. It turned out that the cage was a steel hooped skirt.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF FORT MOULTRIE, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, IN THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AS IT APPEARED PREVIOUS TO THE EVACUATION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY —— LUCE, ESQ.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

(Continued from page 98.)

Fort Sumpter.

Fort Sumpter is one of the most powerful military works in the United States. It is built on an artificial island, immediately within the mouth of Charleston bay, between Fort Moultrie and the site of old Fort Johnson, of Revolutionary memory, and equidistant from those points about three-fourths of one mile. The ship channel leading from the sea to the city of Charleston is between Forts Sumpter and Moultrie, and is entirely commanded within half range by them. Between Forts Sumpter and Johnson the water is very shallow, only available for vessels of very light draft, and then only at high water. The artificial island on which Fort Sumpter is built is constructed of the refuse from the granite quarries of New England. Ten years were consumed in its completion, at a cost of half a million of dollars. The fortification is of a pentagonal form, built of solid brick masonry. The walls are fifty feet in height, and from eight to ten feet in thickness, and are pierced for three tiers of guns, besides having necessary loopholes for musketry, and designed for an armament of one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibres. Two tiers of the guns are under bomb-proof casements, and the third or upper tier open, or, in military parlance, *en barbette*—the lower tier for forty-two pounder Paixhan guns; the second tier for eight and ten-inch Columbiads, for throwing solid or hollow shot, and the upper tier for mortars and twenty-four pound guns.

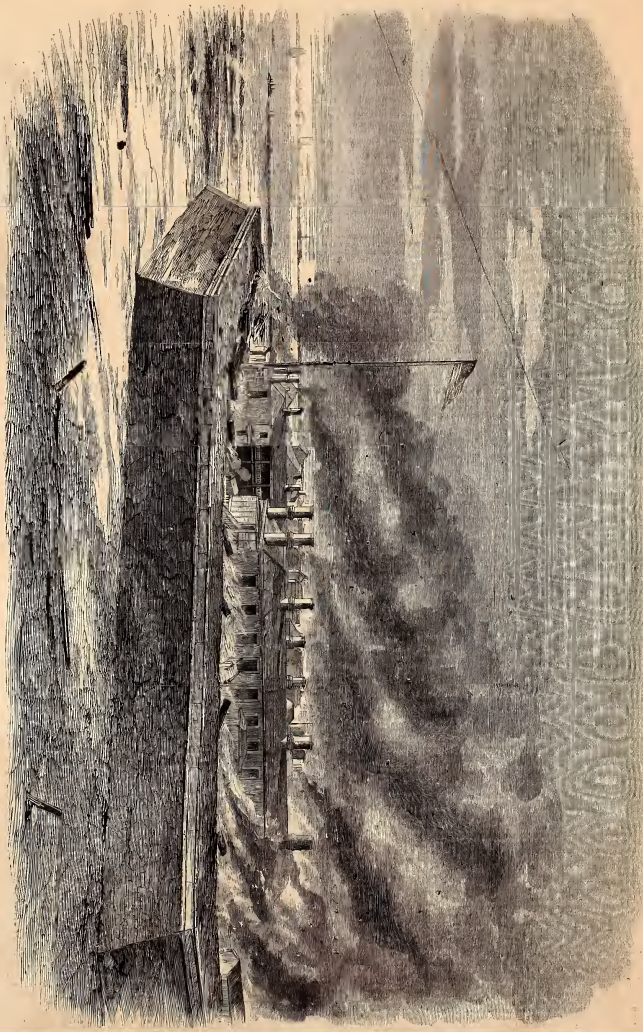
A brief account of the man who is now exciting so wide a discussion will interest our readers:

Major Robert Anderson, U.S.A., the commander of Fort Moultrie, was born in September, 1850, and graduated with high honor at West Point, July 1, 1825, the date of his commission as second lieutenant in the Third Regiment. He served in the Black Hawk war, and in 1836 was assistant instructor and inspector at West Point. In 1839 he became aide-de-camp to Major-General Scott, and in the following year published "Instruction for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot, arranged for the service of the United States." For gallantry and successful conduct in the war against the Florida Indians, he received the brevet of captain, bearing date April 7, 1838. July 7, 1838, he became assistant adjutant-general with the rank of captain, which he relinquished subsequently to being promoted to a captaincy in his regiment, October, 1841. In March, 1841, he was with the Third Regiment of Artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz—being one of the officers to whom was entrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with equal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During these operations in the valley of Mexico he was attached to the brigade of General Cadwalader, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise, and for gallant and meritorious conduct in this battle he was promoted to the brevet rank of major, dating September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the Post Artillery, which he now holds. He is a man of "clear grit pluck" and high-toned honor, and a devoted lover of the Union.

Postscript.

The last news from Charleston states that Forts Moultrie and

VIEW OF THE RAMPARTS OF FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY —— LUCE, ESQ.



EVACUATION OF FORT MOULTRIE, AND BURNING OF THE GUN CARRIAGES, ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, BY MAJOR ANDERSON, U. S. A.

Pinckney were taken possession of by the South Carolina military, and that the Palmetto flag was flying over those forts, as well as the Custom House and Post Office. It was also said that the South Carolina Commissioners at Washington had demanded from the President the immediate surrender of Fort Sumpter, or this shall be their last interview, and they will return to South Carolina and prepare for the worst.

CAPTURE OF THE SLAVER SUNNY SOUTH BY THE BRITISH WAR STEAMER BRISK.

In the present day, when the navies of the world have driven piracy almost entirely from the ocean, or confined it within remote limits, the most exciting thing upon the wide waters is the pursuit and capture of a slaver. However right in principle the law which declares slavers to be pirates, it is indisputable that it has materially increased the horrors of the traffic, since the wretched slaves are generally thrown overboard to lighten the ship, to better the chances of escape when pursued. It is gratifying to know that the men principally engaged in this trade are Portuguese and Spaniards. The Persia brings us the following graphic account of the capture of the Sunny South on the 10th, August, in the Mozambique Channel.

At 11.30 A.M., on the 10th of August last, as her Majesty's ship Brisk, Captain de Horsey, bearing the flag of the Rear-Admiral the Honorable Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B., was running to the northward in the Mozambique Channel, a sail was reported as seen from the masthead. Steam was got up without delay, and sail made in chase. It being hazy, the stranger was shortly afterwards lost sight of. When the weather had partially cleared the stranger was reported four points on our starboard bow, and the ship's course was altered in that direction. We were now going eleven knots and a half an hour, and the captain, feeling convinced that it must be something out of the common that could alter bearings in that distance at so short a time, proceeded himself, with his glass, to the fore-topmast-head, officers mounting the rigging.

That a general excitement prevailed was evident from the manner in which sails were trimmed, taken in, and set again. Hottentots and bandsmen, who on other occasions only looked at ropes, now laid hold of them with a will. The captain's order from the masthead to keep her away two points, showed that he had observed something suspicious—in fact, he had noticed a sudden alteration in the course of the chase, and pronounced her to be a long, rakish-looking ship, too large for a slaver, but that there was something very suspicious in the alteration of her course, the crowd of sail, and the unusual number of staysails.

At about three P.M. we could see her hull from the deck, and, carrying with us a fresh breeze, while she was in the doldrums, we closed her rapidly. When within half a mile we hoisted our colors, when every glass was pointed towards her peak, and all sorts of conjectures were made as to what colors she would show. No one could imagine that so large a vessel could be a slaver.

On closing under her lee, and when within a cable's length, a white package was thrown from her into the sea; and the experienced then exclaimed, "A slaver, and there go her papers!" A few minutes more, and we sheered up alongside to leeward of as beautiful a model of a ship as ever was seen. Some forty dejected-looking individuals, apparently a mixture of all nations, stood on her deck; still no colors, nor did she appear inclined to shorten sail or heave-to. The captain then determined to run ahead and lower the quarter boats to drop down and board; and as this manœuvre was being carried out a blank gun caused her to square the main-yard, which she did with studding-sails hanging to the yards, and luffed up into the winds.

It was an anxious five minutes to those on board while the boats were away. A small white ensign run up at her peak showed that she was a prize, and then a voice hailed us, "Eight hundred and fifty slaves on board!"

She proved to be the Sunny South, of seven hundred and two tons, built at New York in 1854, and sold at the Havannah in 1859, valued at twenty thousand dollars, and considered the fastest vessel in that port. She sailed from the Havannah, on the 5th of March, under the Chilian flag and name of Manuela, having cleared for Hong-Kong. Her slave-deck is seven feet high, and, although there were eight hundred and forty-six slaves on board, she was not at all crowded in comparison with other vessels so employed. In addition, she carried a crew of forty in all, including a captain, mates, pilot, and a doctor. Her dimensions are—length, one hundred and fifty-four feet eight inches; breadth, thirty-four feet four inches; depth, sixteen feet six inches. She was intended originally as a New York and Rio packet.

BRADY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, BROADWAY AND TENTH STREET.

For many years past Brady's Gallery has been one of the recognized institutions of the metropolis. No matter from which point of the compass the travellers come, whether from the South, West, East or North, one of the sights to be seen—one noted down before they arrived to be first visited is Brady's Photographic Gallery. We have known Brady in his various localities, have watched his gradual upward flight from place to place, and each change has been for the better until improvement has culminated in his present unrivalled location, and in his New Gallery, which is probably unequalled in the world.

The whole history of the Daguerrean Art is within the knowledge of the present generation, from its first feeble efforts to its uttermost perfection, and the beautiful variations which have sprung from it and eventually eclipsed it, as in the case of Photography. Brady made a brilliant reputation in his early experiments in the art, not only as an exponent of its mere mechanics, but in the higher attributes of taste, judgment and refinement—qualities which transform the mere dead transcript into a living picture. It is this fact more than any other which raised Brady to, and has maintained him in, the foremost position among the celebrated photographers of the world.

He has been actively engaged in experimenting and perfecting the art for over eighteen years, during which period he has accumulated more than ten thousand portraits of noteworthy individuals from every section of this country and from every quarter of the globe. This does not include the tens of thousands of private sitters whose plates have not been preserved.

Before speaking of his New York Gallery we must mention that he has had for several years a branch establishment—a very fine Gallery—in the National Capital, Washington. His first idea in establishing this branch in Washington was to secure greater facilities for adding to his New York Gallery, as all the distinguished men of America, European diplomatists, and the leading ladies of the country, were to be found in Washington during the sessions of Congress. His experiment, however, proved a great pecuniary success, and must be looked upon now as a distinct and independent establishment. Within the last few days he has taken a superb picture of the House of Representatives, with portraits of all the members of the present Congress. At any time this would be an important historical record, but in the present aspect of affairs its value can hardly be calculated, and it would be well that it should be purchased by the Government and placed in some conspicuous place in the Hall of Representatives.

Brady's New Gallery is situated on the west corner of Broadway, extending down Tenth street some one hundred and fifty feet. Lorillard's house is above it, on the north; Grace Church, the resort of the pious fashionables, is opposite it, to the east; and Stewart's New Store will face it directly to the south. It is in the heart of the city, and as a location for that peculiar business is certainly unsurpassed, nay, unequalled in the city. The Gallery is fitted-up in admirable taste, and is richly and handsomely furnished. A costly carpet covers the entire area, while elegant and luxurious couches abound in liberal profusion.

The elegant and artistic gas fixtures were specially designed and manufactured by Mr. Morgan L. Curtis, of No. 141 Elm street, with reference to the richness and harmony of the whole design of the Gallery. They are of the finest material, and the workmanship is of the first class in character, equal to the rarest specimens which Mr. Curtis has furnished to decorate the palatial residences and stores of many of our wealthiest citizens. Mr. Curtis brings much artistic taste and sound judgment to bear upon his business, and this combination has secured to him the first position among the manufacturers and designers of gas fixtures in the city.

The heating apparatus, consisting of a series of Littlefield's Heaters, was put in place by Tibbetts & Co., 690 Broadway, and is admirably designed to promote the health and comfort of visitors, a desideratum in such establishments seldom found. The ventilation, light and heat, being under complete control, give the finishing touch to this most artistic and altogether unique establishment.

But the crowning attractions of this splendid Gallery are the countless exquisite pictures which fill every available inch of the walls. So vast a collection of masterly photographs, plain and colored, was never before brought into one Gallery. The subjects are not of the common-place John Smith and John Jones sort, but to use the words of a brilliant writer upon the subject:

> Here may be found a historic collection of our great and venerable dead—many of them men who have led the van in the Revolution and whose memories are embalmed in the hearts of a grateful people. The ecclesiastics of America are well and ably represented in the compartment devoted to the remembrance of these great men. Here we find the portraits of some of the greatest American bishops and scholars of the United States, among whom the honored names of Hopkins, Doane, Delancy, McCoon, Anthon, Hawks, Cummings and Tyng are to be seen. The visitor can at a single glance observe all the principal merchants, bankers and millionaires of this city. He can see the Grinnells, Taylors, Aspinwalls, Whitneys, and a hundred others of the men who have earned large and princely fortunes in this country, and the pictures have the double value of being exact likenesses, true to life, and at the same time the highest specimens of photographic art. And so with every department of public life in this country. Our leading lawyers, medical men, orators, statesmen and others are duly and faithfully represented and if a casual visitor to the city were to spend two or three hours in this gallery he would leave it with better information concerning our mercantile and public men than he could collect after two or three years' residence in the country. The dead are brought back to life here so faithfully and so perfectly that those who knew them in the flesh can scarcely fail to recognise the impress of their shadows on the magic glass. The department allotted to the great and distinguished dead must particularly recommend itself to visitors. From the rude forefathers of the country, to the men who built up the superstructure of the republic on the foundations which they laid, and down to the men of the present day, when our power is spreading abroad with electric speed—every important face will be here found represented. The learned historians of America, her naval heroes and her conquering warriors are reproduced by the silent yet eloquent camera.

These superb works of art form a portrait-history of the times of incalculable value, as great in the variety of their subjects as in their artistic finish and marvellous perfection in detail.

The operating-rooms are replete with all the modern conveniences and improvements; among the latter we must mention the successful use of colored glass, which Mr. Brady has found to work with magical effect, and to enhance in an extraordinary degree the life-like beauty of his pictures.

One other point requires mention. There is a private entrance in Tenth street, for ladies in full dress, which leads directly to the operating-rooms, thus obviating the unpleasant necessity of passing, so attired, through the public gallery.

If Brady lived in England his Gallery would be called the Royal Gallery, for it was specially honored by a lengthy visit, by appointment from the heir-apparent of England, the Prince of Wales and suite. The Prince visited no other Photographic Gallery, that special honor being reserved for that establishment, acknowledged on all hands to be the first and finest of its kind in America.

In connection with our beautiful illustration of this famous Gallery, the visit of the Prince of Wales has peculiar and appropriate interest, and we consequently subjoin a brief account, from a contemporary, of that memorable occasion:

> At half-past twelve the carriages of the Prince and his suite were seen approaching from the direction of the Fifth Avenue, and a rush was made for the private entrance where they were to alight. His Royal Highness acknowledged the cheers of the crowd and the salutations of the ladies, through a long file of whom he had to pass, by uncovering and bowing frequently. On entering the splendid new gallery, which has just been completed at so much expense, the Prince gave expression to the gratification which the spectacle of this magnificent collection afforded him. He inspected, with curious interest, the portraits of the statesmen and literary and other celebrities of this country, pointing out to the members of his suite such of them as he had been familiar with by reputation.
>
> After remaining a short time in the gallery he was taken up to the operating rooms, where, singly and with different members of his suite, he gave the artists a number of sittings. First were taken three imperial groups of the whole party, with his Royal Highness as the central figure. Next was executed a full-length imperial photograph of the Prince standing alone. His Royal Highness had then a number of miniature photographs of himself and the young noblemen of his suite taken singly and in groups, to serve as *cartes des visites*. All the impressions were admirably distinct, the day being peculiarly favorable for the operation, and the members of the royal party to whom the proofs were subsequently shown were loud in their commendations of the accuracy and perfection of the apparatus used in the establishment.
>
> Returning to the gallery, the Prince again spent some time inspecting the collection. He seemed particularly pleased with the colored photographs, which are finished in the most elaborate style, and admitted to be *chef d'œuvres* of art. The collected heads of the members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives appeared to interest greatly the party, but more especially the Duke of Newcastle, who devoted a good deal of time to the examination of the portraits of politicians.
>
> Several large commissions were given by the Prince, the Duke, Mr. Englehart and other members of the suite, for immediate execution. Amongst those given by the Duke was one of the President and his Cabinet, and one of each of the Presidential candidates.
>
> Before leaving the royal party inscribed their names on the visitors' book. The following is the page as it stands inscribed—a proud memorial for Mr. Brady:
>
> OCTOBER 13.
>
> Albert Edward
> Lyons.
> Newcastle.
> St. Germans.
> Robert Bruce.
> C. Teesdale.
> Hinchinbrooke.
> Charles G. L. Eliot.
> G. D. Englehart.
> Hugh W. Ackland.
> G. F. Jenner
>
> As the Prince stood at the head of the staircase, on the point of taking his departure, an interesting incident occurred. An old man, bowed down and tottering with the weight of years, was presented to him by Mr. Brady, who stated that he happened to be in the palace on the night his Royal Highness was born. The Prince addressed him in the most kindly terms, and seemed touched by the circumstance. On leaving his Royal Highness extended his hand cordially to Mr. Brady, and expressed the great gratification he had derived from the inspection of his collection. The visit of the royal party lasted over two hours, and on entering their carriages they were greeted with enthusiastic cheers by an immense crowd which had been waiting patiently all that time to get a glimpse of the Prince

It need hardly be said that the *éclat* of so distinguished an honor brought the fame of Mr. Brady freshly and prominently before the country, into every section of which accounts of the visit penetrated, or that Brady's Gallery became the "lion" of fashion and its followers from all parts of the United States. Such were the results of the Prince's kindness and condescension, and as a necessary consequence, not only his Gallery but his extensive and commodious operating-rooms have been, and continue to be, crowded by people eager to be "taken" by the Prince's photographer—the man he visited, shook hands with and complimented so warmly. In conclusion, Brady's Gallery is a "sight" that every one should see.

CARRICKSHOCK;

OR,

A PLEASANT EXCURSION.

By Lieutenant-Colonel H. R. Addison.

"Harry, my boy, you have never been in the county of Waterford?"

"Never."

"Well, then," rejoined my gallant relative, Major Vokes, "you have now a good opportunity. I have some little business to transact there, so I've ordered my travelling carriage at six in the morning. We shan't be more than two days absent, therefore don't bring much luggage. The weather is remarkably fine, so we shall have a very pleasant trip;" and away went my excellent friend whistling a cheerful air.

Now, although Vokes took my assent for granted, I felt somewhat doubtful about accepting it. That I had often expressed a wish to see the country into which he was going I fully admit, and for this single reason I suppose he felt certain that I should snap at his proposal. But on the other hand, though I fully intended to see Curraghmore, yet I was by no means desirous of becoming the travelling companion of a man against whom a thousand oaths of assassination had been recorded; and as we were about to traverse Tipperary, a notoriously ill-disposed county, and going to a spot hardly fifteen or twenty miles from the scene of the most savage butchery that ever disgraced the annals of Ireland, namely, the murder of nineteen policemen and their officers, which had only taken place at Carrickshock the week before; I seriously hesitated about accompanying Vokes. So far from it, I should—in any other case—have not only given it up myself, but have endeavored to dissuade the worthy magistrate from his contemplated journey. I well knew, however, in his case, that the more vividly I portrayed the danger, the more delighted he would feel in courting it; so I held my tongue, and after dinner allowed myself to be persuaded, partly by coaxing and partly by the fear of being laughed at, into joining my friend. We accordingly started the following morning, and after traversing the wretched bog which stretches itself between Limerick and Tipperary, arrived in safety at the latter town without meeting with any occurrence worth noticing.

Vokes ordered a substantial breakfast, and appeared in high spirits. He did not, however, tell me the object of his mission, and I refrained from inquiring. That it was a pleasing one I drew an inference from his cheerful manner, and I already began to laugh at my foolish fears.

The meal over, we descended, and to my utter surprise I found two horses ready saddled, standing at the door. The carriage had returned to Limerick; we were to complete our journey on horseback. I should probably have asked some questions, but Vokes enforced silence on me by a look, so we mounted and trotted off on the road to Nenagh, which my friend readily found, from the directions afforded to him by the hostler of the hotel, a most respectable-looking young man. We had scarcely, however, proceeded above three miles, when Vokes turned, without any apparent reason, down a cross-road, and further increased his speed.

"What are you about? Where are you going?" cried I.

"Why, to Waterford, to be sure!"

"Why, I fancied you had changed your mind, and had intended to go to Nenagh—at least so you said."

The major burst out laughing. "Harry, I didn't think you were so soft. Why couldn't you see, with half an eye, that the hostler was a bad boy—a spy—so I threw him off the scent, by coming round this way. By this time there's more than one carbine loaded to shoot me on that road. Don't be flustered, there's no danger here. Yonder is the main road, and Sergeant Magrath waiting for us."

We were now joined by that active policeman, who was well mounted and admirably dressed as a groom. He had, however, a pair of holsters, out of which a brace of pistols appeared; but as many country gentlemen in those days carried arms when riding through the disturbed districts, this fact did not betray the sergeant's calling.

When we came to a certain spot, just beyond the thick woods of Bansha, Vokes paused. "There's Lismackew; just in that corner poor Baker was murdered in the middle of the day." I confess this little slaten-cat, and a subsequent full detail of the assassination, with which my friend favored me as we rode along, did not add much to my comfort, and I began to wish I had remained within the barracks at Limerick, where I was at this time quartered.

Presently a carriage dashed past us, surrounded by police. These men I recognised as belonging to Vokes's especial force; they, however, took no notice of him, but galloped away in eager haste.

"Bless me, major, what does that mean?"

"Oh, it's Quin, the approver; they are taking him to Kilkenny, to give evidence against Kennedy, the chief murderer at Carrickshock, who will be tried the day after to-morrow."

"But is this witness so unwilling as to require this guard?"

"By no means. My men surround the carriage to protect him, and even to do that they would not be able, if they had not relays of horses to enable them to gallop all the way. They go through no towns, and they travel too fast to be overtaken."

"But why?"

"Harry, my boy, you're as green as any Englishman I ever met. Don't you see that if they could be caught, they'd soon be surrounded, and the approver dragged out and torn to pieces."

I shuddered and rode on to Clonmel without uttering another word. Here we remained for several hours, Vokes evidently wishing to arrive late at Piltown, the cleanest and prettiest village in Ireland, which he now condescended to tell me was to be our ultimate destination; and where, according to his settled plan, we alighted at Anthony's snug hotel, about nine o'clock the same evening. We supped and went to bed. The room in which I slept was, however, unfortunately near the stable, and I was awakened more than once by hearing the voices of several persons conversing in a foreign language. This, though an annoyance, did not utterly destroy my slumbers; I was thoroughly tired, and did not rise till nine o'clock next morning. Vokes was seated at the breakfast table when I entered. He had evidently received and dispatched several letters before I came down. He was sending off a mounted policeman as I opened the door.

After our meal, Vokes proposed a stroll through the village, at the same time expressing his intention to call on some of the cottagers, whom he well knew, as he had resided for some time after his marriage at Belline, a very handsome mansion in the neighborhood, formerly inhabited by the brother of his wife, then acting as agent to the Earl of Bessborough, but who was now abroad.

We entered a very pretty cottage, and, to my surprise, I found the interior as clean and neat as any similar establishment in England. It appeared that the noble landlord insisted on this; he might spare a man who could not pay his rent—indeed, he often did so—but he inexorably evicted a dirty or drunken tenant, and thus made Piltown the prettiest and best village in the south of Ireland.

The old woman whom we called to see was almost blind, but she instantly recognised Vokes, and to him she related her griefs. Her grandson (a policeman) had been killed at Carrickshock, and she now hoped "the major" would get her a pension from government. She evidently believed he was all-powerful; and I fancy she was not far wrong in her conjecture.

In the next house we found two handsome girls. They had similarly lost their father, and the magistrate elicited important information from their loquacity. I now began to observe that my friend was anxious to ascertain the details of the affair, for in every cottage we visited he managed artfully to derive some information on the subject. On two occasions, the doors, as we approached, were slammed in our faces, and I could not help remarking that we did not meet a single male during the whole time we were out. On these points I questioned the major, who explained to me that the owners of the two residences where we had been excluded had both fallen at Carrickshock, but as they belonged to the murdering part, their relations refused him admission, looking upon him as a dangerous monster. I expressed my wonder that they should be thus acquainted with his arrival.

"My dear fellow, we had not gone to bed last night when every soul for ten miles round was aware that we were here, and it's precisely for that reason that all the men are out of the way. To-morrow or next day we shall probably see them back."

This was by no means reassuring; and though I said nothing, I felt vexed at the idea of remaining in Piltown for several days longer, which was evidently Vokes's intention.

During dinner my friend explained the affair which he was evidently investigating. It appears that about a week only before the then present time a party of nineteen policemen, commanded by a chief constable, went out after dark in order to seize some arms, which they expected to find at a certain farm-house. These men were dressed in uniform, and armed as soldiers, and fine efficient soldiers they were. They each carried a musket, a bayonet and thirty rounds of ball cartridge. Their officer was mounted on horseback, so of course they anticipated no danger, even in a country where every man's hand is against the law, and where every man—at least, it was so in those times—looked upon a policeman as his bitterest enemy.

The party, being disappointed in their search, were returning home towards

nightfall, and had arrived at a spot on the mountains called Carrickshock, when they were met by a countryman, who volunteered to tell them where the arms they were in search of lay hid. The chief-constable fell into the trap, and ordered his men to turn down the lane, at the end of which the peasant stated the weapons were buried (as is often the case), and to which spot he would guide them. So down they marched, the commander going first, and beside him a civil officer, who had taken advantage of the strength of the party to serve some notices of eviction under the shield of their protection. The lane did not exceed a couple of hundred yards in length; it was narrow, and had a high bank on either side. It was what is generally styled a "borheen" in the south of Ireland, and admirably fitted for an ambuscade. Suddenly the guide gave a loud whistle and disappeared. In an instant the notice-server fell dead, while on either bank appeared a large party of men and women. Before the policemen had time to come to the "present," a volley had been fired into them, which told with fatal effect. They fired, but it was too late, the crowd had now rushed down and hemmed them in. The chief-constable was one of the first killed, and before five minutes had elapsed every policeman lay dead or wounded on the ground. The former were mutilated and dragged about with yells of triumph. The wounded were pierced with innumerable wounds. The arms were seized with avidity, and then the murderers (of whom only three I believe were killed) marched off, glorying in the act and even singing songs of delight. They left behind them the body of the civil process-server, the chief-constable and nineteen fine young men, several of whom were natives of this town.

I naturally inquired if the assassins had been seized, as they must be known.

"Known! to be sure they are. But what's the use of taking them up, when no one will give evidence against them? Oh yes, you may be astonished, but such is the state of Ireland. The man's life who identified one of the murderers would not be worth half an hour's purchase. So government has only got hold of one of them, a certain Kennedy, but although the case is clear against him, although it will be as clear as light, you will see that the jury will not dare to convict him. Even at this instant he is standing before them. But enough of this; let's go and take a ride. Here, waiter, order our horses out, and request the landlord to come up."

Mr. Anthony appeared.

"Anthony, I am going to take this young Englishman to see Belline; we'll take a gallop through the park and be back in two hours. We shall gain appetites by our ride, and would like something nice for supper. It is now eight o'clock, we should like to have it served at ten. Can you get us some trout? and mind there's a cucumber, you know how fond I am of it; and if its not too late for peas, let us have some."

The landlord (a most respectable man) promised all this should be attended to, and we descended and jumped on horseback. I observed that we had military saddles, and that holsters were attached to each. After the narrative I had just heard I confess I was not astonished at this; nor was I so when I subsequently found that Sergeant Magrath had a sword on under his horseman's cloak.

We rode direct through the grounds at Belline, and then went on to a road which led abruptly up the mountains. There was a wooded angle which hid the onward course of this mountain pass. Vokes walked his horse round it, but no sooner were we out of sight of the main route than he uttered an exclamation to Irish, and galloped on. The sergeant did the same, and, of course, I accompanied them.

"Ride faster, man, ride faster, we shall be missed; keep up, sergeant!"

"But why this haste?"

"You ride for your life. If they overtake us we are dead men; and even as it is, there may be parties out looking for us! Ride on, man—don't spare the spur!" And thus we galloped on over six miles of the most hilly road I ever met with. Vokes now pulled up. "Harry, my boy, I think we've distanced them; so now walk your horse a little, for we have a long ride before us."

"My good and respected relative, are you gone mad, or what does all this mean?"

"Simply this. I clearly heard the voices in the stables of which you spoke this morning."

"Why, you denied it."

"Yes; fearful of alarming you. The fact is, they assembled last night for the purpose of destroying me. But as they thought it might prejudice Kennedy's trial, they put it off until to-night. At eleven o'clock they are to shoot us as we sit at supper. The sergeant is to have his brains knocked out. In fact, every arrangement is made. Let me see, I find by my repeater it is past ten; they are now beginning to assemble, and will soon miss us; so we have no time to spare."

"But how is it they were so incautious as thus to proclaim their plans?"

"They spoke in Irish, a language I happen to understand. So there can be no mistake about it."

"Had we not better hurry on?"

"No, no. We are going up a terrifically bad road, let us go as easy as we can till eleven, and then, as they will have discovered our flight, we must ride as fast as our nags can carry us."

At this moment the moon burst forth, and we saw a ragged, barefooted urchin close to us. As is usual in Ireland, he at once joined the party and entered into conversation. Vokes whispered to me to be cautious. This I thought a ridiculous hint, but still I attended to it, though his "*Cave canem*" appeared uncalled for in the present instance.

"What's the name of the town yonder, Pat?" asked Vokes, who at once assumed an Irish accent.

"Where, yer'e honor?"

"Ah, now, can't you answer without making a bosthoon of yourself? Sure I'm a stranger, and I want to know."

"I'm thinking it's Newmarket! Is it through that town yer'e honor's about passing?"

At this moment the sergeant's sword clanked. The major uttered an exclamation of annoyance. The boy, however, did not appear to notice the sound, and went on talking.

We now came to a wind on the road. Round this we had to pass in order to arrive at Newmarket, which made the distance considerably above a mile, though, by cutting across the valley, the village might be reached to three hundred yards.

"Where's the boy?" suddenly cried the magistrate. We looked round—he was gone, but in less than a minute we heard three distinct notes whistled from the centre of the valley.

"Ride, ride on, now's your time!"

And away we dashed at full gallop. As we came in sight of the village we saw a fine fire blazing in the smithy, and lights in almost every window, but as we approached the smith's shop was suddenly closed, shutters were put up, and every light extinguished. It was evident we were betrayed.

"Keep up—keep up, Harry—that's all right!" and we dashed at racing speed through the town.

We had just cleared it when a shot was fired. The ball went through the sergeant's cloak, but did not injure any of us. When we had proceeded about a mile, the major pulled up.

"There, that will do—we are safe now; there is no fear of their following. There are not half-a-dozen men in the village, or they'd not have let us off so easy. Depend upon it, they are all gone to Kilkenny, to hear their comrade tried."

Vokes was singularly gifted with perspicuity. He calculated every chance, and drew inferences from apparent trifles. It was thus he sifted evidence, and seemed almost to foresee occurrences which to any other mind appeared unimportant and improbable.

We had not gone very far, when Vokes suddenly turned down a lane. As a matter of course I did the same. The major, to my surprise, jumped off his horse and beckoned Magrath to do the like; then, leading their horses up to me, he asked me as a favor to hold them for a few minutes. Of course I assented. In another moment the magistrate and the policeman were searching about for something which they appeared to have dropped. They examined about, and seemed occasionally to pick up something out of the mud. At length Vokes suddenly called out to his sergeant,

"I've found it—I've got it here—this will complete the evidence. If it fits his hand it will at once convict him. Oh, I am so glad I've discovered it!"

At this moment the moon burst through the clouds, and I glanced with horror at the object which Vokes held up in triumph. It was a human finger, or rather half of one, evidently severed from the hand by a sabre cut.

"What have you got?" demanded the major.

"I've a portion of skull with human hair attached to it. I've the stock of a broken pistol, and a knife rusted with human blood," said the sergeant.

"Providence preserve us!" ejaculated I. "Where are we?"

"In the Borheen of Carrickshock. Don't you see the bank all broken where the struggle took place? This dyke ran with human blood only a few days ago."

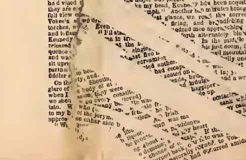
"Do let us go on; I don't like this place—it makes me shudder," said I.

"Well, as you like; I've got all I want. Here, Mick, take this finger, we'll fit it on Teddy Malony when we return. You may throw away the skull, but bring the knife along with you. Come, we'll warm ourselves with a sharp trot. We are only [illegible] eight miles from Kilkenny, where we shall sleep. *Allons!*" and away we [illegible]

We were [illegible] four miles of the city, when we heard loud shouts, mingled with [illegible] shouts; an extraordinary glare of light was apparent in the distance, [illegible] we one rains, and reduced our pace to a walk, wondering what it [illegible] the major was puzzled for a few minutes; at length he divined [illegible] my head, Kennedy has been acquitted, and they are [illegible] triumph." Another ten minutes brought us in full view [illegible] first glance, we read the correctness of Vokes's [illegible] bring, and brandishing lighted torches, [illegible] hundred men approaching. Drunk and inflam[ed] [illegible] forth alternately blessings on Kennedy [illegible]. In the middle sat the released [illegible] his just doom, in consequence [illegible] small mountain pony, and was [illegible] ally unequal to sit upright [illegible] his fair partisans [illegible] a wr[illegible] fiddler [illegible]

On the [illegible] By the glare of [illegible] when I [illegible] we shou[ld] [illegible] tain. [illegible] to my [illegible] approa[ched] [illegible]

"W[illegible] [illegible]



"Giggy-ma-gow," replied the major; "be alive, and there's no danger."

"What shall we do?"

"Follow me!" and, in one moment more, he had cleared a low hedge beside the road. We did the same, and, in another, we were all well concealed by a stack of wheat, which served us providentially as a shield.

On came the fearful multitude; they were now close upon us—they were not twenty yards from us—the slightest indiscretion, and we were dead men. It was a perilous moment. I do believe I trembled. The infuriated wretches were, however, far too excited to think of turning their eyes away from their hero; and I can now, in cool moments, believe that even had we not been thus luckily concealed, they would not have perceived us.

They were fully five minutes filing past us. They halted a couple of minutes, to raise a drunken man who had fallen, and seemed in no hurry to proceed. How I outlived that period I cannot divine; my every pulse seemed to stop, and I certainly did not breathe—at least, such is my impression.

Without a word, the major stealthily stole out, and, about a hundred yards in their rear, jumped back into the road. He and I succeeded in doing so without attracting any attention; but, unfortunately, the sergeant's sword was loose in its scabbard, and, as his horse sprang over, it gave a loud clank.

The crowd at once recognized the well-known sound; for an instant, they shouted, the "Army;" in the next, they cried out the "Peelers." They turned round, and saw us by the bright moonlight. Half-a-dozen shots were fired by them in as many seconds; but they were far too intoxicated to take good aim, so none of the balls or shot touched us. A party instantly quitted the main body and started in pursuit of us—a fact by no means pleasant, as these men, when sober, can run for a short distance almost as quick as a horse can gallop. "On! on!" roared the major; and again we started at our utmost speed, and soon left our pursuers far behind us.

In half an hour more I sat at supper, in Kilkenny, with my darling relative, who laughed at my agitation, and endeavored to assure me that it was "nothing at all!"

"It may not be," said I, as I drank his health in a glass of old sherry; "it may not be! But if ever you catch me on such an excursion again—if ever I accompany you on such a perilous trip—may St. Patrick withdraw his protection from Erin!"

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. S.—To be played over again.

M. S., Newburyport, Mass.—Send full particulars, and we can answer them.

LOGANSPORT, Ill.—The word "raccroc" is the French term for our old familiar expression, "scratch."

W. McC.—You are right. Refer to the rules.

*—Three.

SAM.—The point you refer to is one on which more misunderstanding has occurred in billiards than on any other in the whole scope of the game. We have done all we could to elucidate and put it beyond dispute. You will find it fully discussed in the "Game of Billiards."

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Phelan has returned from Philadelphia, after having assisted M. Berger in inaugurating his entertainments in the Quaker City. On Saturday evening, December 8th, M. Berger played at the rooms of the Philadelphia Club, 75 points up, with Mr. Bird, in which Mr. Bird made 15 points. M. Berger afterwards played with Mr. Victor Estephe, 100 points up, Mr. Estephe scoring 32 points. On the evening of Monday, the 10th inst., M. Berger's exhibition to the gentlemen of the press took place in a room in Mr. Bird's establishment, which was placed at M. Berger's disposal by the proprietor, who kindly fitted it up at his own expense. From one hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty gentlemen were present. The exhibition opened with a game between Messrs. Berger and Phelan, 100 points up; Mr. Phelan scoring 20 points. On Tuesday, M. Berger played with Mr. Victor Estephe, in the afternoon, a game of 100 points, Mr. E. making 24; in the evening, another game of 100, Mr. E. scoring 31.

On Wednesday afternoon an entertainment took place before the ladies and gentlemen of the Philadelphia Club. A game was played by Messrs. Berger and Phelan, 100 points up, in which Mr. Phelan scored 42. In the evening, Messrs. Berger and Estephe played 100 points up, the latter gentleman scoring 31 points. On Thursday afternoon, M. Berger played a discount game, 100 up, with Mr. F——, one of the best amateurs in Philadelphia, Mr. F—— scoring 21. In the evening, a discount game, for same number of points, with Mr. N. T—— was won by M. Berger, Mr. T—— scoring 42 points.

PHELAN'S COMBINATION CUSHIONS IN FRANCE.—M. Berger's admiration of the Combination Cushion was so great and his approval of it so unqualified, that he suggested to Mr. Phelan the idea of having it introduced into France, where, he was perfectly sure, it would achieve a wonderful success, and, ultimately, universal adoption. On M. Berger's representations, Messrs. Phelan & Collender agreed to have application made to the proper department of the French Government for the issue of a patent for the invention. We learn by the last arrival from Europe that a patent has been granted. M. Berger will be the sole agent for the sale of Phelan's Combination Cushions throughout the French empire.

We have received a letter from M. Berger, stating that he intended to leave Philadelphia for Baltimore on the morning of Monday, the 24th inst. He intended commencing his course of exhibitions in the latter city on the evening of that day. Mr. Phelan will meet M. Berger in Baltimore towards the close of the week, and will also assist him in his exhibitions in Washington, St. Louis &c. M. Berger's exhibitions in Baltimore will take place at Mr. McElroy's establishment.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.—We wish the readers of our column sincerely and cordially the compliments of the season. In bidding farewell to the old year, it is usual to cast a parting glance at its events. The year 1860 has been a remarkable one for billiards, and has had its share of noteworthy occurrences connected with the game. It has been marked by such interesting occurrences as the tournament of the American Universities at Worcester, Mass., the tournament in San Francisco, the visit of M. Berger, and the general interest in billiards caused by the exhibitions of his remarkable skill; the great tournament in New York, in which the best players in America contended. In England, the annual University matches have taken place with increased eclat, showing that the billiard excitement here has had an echo at the other side of the Atlantic. The billiard year of 1860 will be also remarkable for the participation of ladies in the pleasure of witnessing public billiard exhibitions of first class players, a pleasure heretofore almost entirely confined to the sterner sex. Several exhibitions have been given specially for the entertainment of the ladies. We hope the year 1861 may exceed that of 1860 in billiard interest, though if it only equals it there will be no cause for complaint. There is indeed good promise of rare amusement for the coming year, in the announcement of the grand Annual National Billiard Tournament, which is to take place in June, in this city, and for which, we understand, all the prominent players in the country are whetting their cues. We take the liberty of reiterating our wishes for the enjoyment of our friends during the coming year, and hoping that their pleasure may never be less.

Shot made by Mr. Kavanagh in the late Tournament.

SOME HOSS.—Once on a time, a Yankee, who was travelling through Kentucky, had a fine horse and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches, when the bridle was pulled very hard. Our traveller saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down. "There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and, sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, three hundred dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and, with characteristic hospitality, the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay, when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible. The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied coolly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"

ANY one who has lived in the West Riding will remember Emerson, the tailor, one of the oldest and best of his craft, as well as one of the jolliest—always as ready to take a joke as to give one. It used to be considered the "fair thing" to send persons to his shop for articles at variance with what usually constitutes the stock in trade of members of his profession. One day one of his friends encountered a greenhorn, who inquired of him where he could purchase a Jew's harp. Of course he was directed to Emerson's shop as the establishment where they kept the largest assortment at the most reasonable prices. Our friend proceeded to the place indicated, and found Emerson (who by the way is troubled with an impediment of speech), waiting on a customer, and after stating his wants was politely requested to "w-wa-wait a few mo-mo-moments." After despatching his business with the customer he gravely approached his new customer with a pair of glove-stretchers, and observed in a very mild tone, "W-we shall h-have to t-take your mum-mum-measure," whereupon he inserted the stretcher into his mouth, spreading open his countenance to the full extent of the "stretch," and with a face indicating the utmost seriousness remarked to the astonished customer, "Y-young man, we-we haven't ger-ger-got any of y-your siz-e."

"I WANT something for a hypocritical affliction," said Mrs. Partington to Dr. [illegible]. The doctor, with that smiling urbanity which is a distinguishing feature [illegible] the West-end, told her that he could prepare something that he thought [illegible] her. Filling a small bottle, he handed it to her. "This isn't the [illegible] syrup, is it?" she inquired. "Because," continued she, "that creates a nashus, and raises my expectations. I only want a simple tucubrat on for the throat." He assured her it was just what she wanted. She thanked him and departed.

HARPOONING A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WE had been some nine months from home, and were nearly out of wood. Sailing lazily down the Mozambique Channel, but seeing no signs of sperm whales, we arrived at the Bazaruta Islands, whither the "skipper" had determined to go in search of a stock of wood. These isles are situated in the Mozambique, at but short distances from the mainland of Africa. They are thickly wooded, and but sparsely inhabited, both which circumstances contributed, in the present instance, to make them a favorite place of resort for our captain.

We sailed into the little bay formed by the islands and the neighboring mainland, about seven o'clock one morning; and after coming to anchor, furling sails and clearing a space in the hold for the reception of the wood, took axes in the mate's boat and proceeded to an inspection of the facilities for cutting and boating off firewood afforded by the different little islets.

It must be premised here that our ship lay at the distance of about two and a half miles from the mainland, the different isles being from half a mile to three miles distant.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise is a work requiring some days, and often weeks; and it had been determined that the first, and if need be the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible. Consequently we (the mate's boat's crew) had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the breaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed the boat to the nearest island.

Landing here, we found naught but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place where to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said, "Trim aft, Tom—there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland."

Accordingly the boat's head was laid shoreward, and we spread ourselves at full length upon the thwarts, enjoying an unusual treat of some cigars, which our chief officer had good naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the mainland we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet—deep.

"I saw a black skin glisten in the sun just then," said the boat-steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow thwart to take a nap.

"It was nothing but a puffing pig," said he, drowsily.

"There it is again, and no puffing pig either, nor porpoise, nor—no," said he, with some degree of animation, "nor anything else that wears a black skin, that I ever saw before."

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable "black skin."

"There he blows—and there again—and over here, too," said several voices in succession.

"It ain't a spout at all, boys; let's pull and see what it is."

We took to our oars, and the boat was soon darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

"Stern all!" suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat brought up "all standing," against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the muddiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us down into the bottom of the boat.

As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

"What is it?" was now the question, which no one could answer.

"Whatever it is," said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, "if it comes within reach of my iron I'll make fast to it; so pull ahead."

We were again under headway, keeping a bright look-out for the reappearance of the stranger.

"There they are, a whole school!" said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. "Now, boys, pull hard, and we'll soon try their mettle."

"There's something broke water just ahead," said the boat-steerer.

"Pull easy, lads. I see him. There—way enough—there's his back."

"Stern all!" shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's.

"Stern all! Back water—back water, every man!" And the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as, in his agony and surprise, he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognised at once the hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round as he seized the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, sank down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep and we could see the direction in which he was travelling along by a line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

"Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time."

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

"Here's two or three of them astern of us," said the boat-steerer. Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation, the wounded beast unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead of us.

"Pull ahead a little—let us get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around, so—now stern all," and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim.

With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.

"Back water! back water, I say! Take down this boat-sail, and stern all—stern all for your lives!" as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it into his mouth.

"Slack out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and I'll soon settle him with a lance?"

This was done; and as we again hauled upon the still furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart.

With a tremendous roar and a desperate final struggle of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and, after sinking momentarily, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as the whale does when he dies.

His companions had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for victory, towed the carcase to the not far distant shore. It was luckily high tide, and we got the body up to high-water mark, where the speedily receding tide left it ashore.

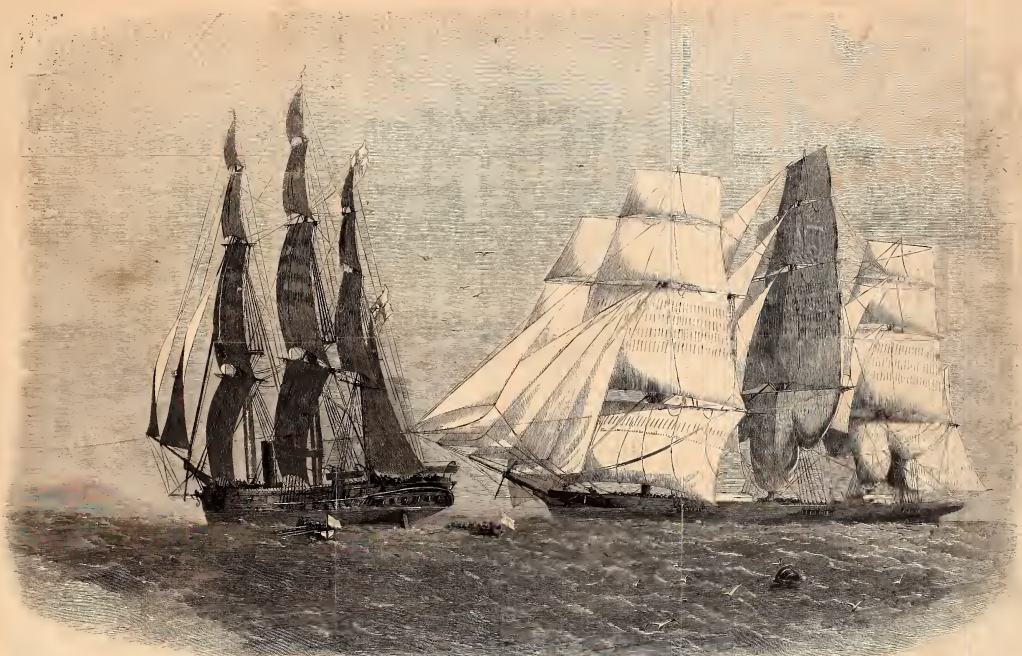
On measuring, we found our prize to be a few inches less than fifteen feet long, from his head to the commencement of his short, hairless tail. We could not measure his girth, but his bulk was enormous. His legs were disproportionately short, giving him, conjointly with his short neck and very large head an awkward, stolid appearance, which the agility he displayed in the water by no means justified.

We had not been long on shore when several natives made their appearance. They testified much joy at the sight of our prize, and went through a most lively pantomime, from which we gathered that the beasts were a great plague to them, that the meat was good to eat, and that they would like a portion. The hint was not lost upon us who had not tasted fresh beef for six months.

"What say you, boys; will you try a piece of hippopotamus steak?" proposed the mate, and as no one dissented, we got the axes, and after considerable chopping and hacking got off the head, when we were enabled to cut ourselves about twenty five pounds of what appeared to be tolerably tender meat off the fore-quarter of the animal.

Our steaks were cooked for supper, and whether it was that we were blessed with an unusually good appetite, or that the meat was actually well flavored, certain it is that they tasted delicious, and that we ate heartily of them.

M. B. BRADY'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND TENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—See Page 106.



CAPTURE OF THE SUNNY SOUTH, SLAVE SHIP, WITH 702 NEGROES ON BOARD, BY THE BRITISH WAR STEAMER BRISK, IN THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL, ON THE 10TH OF AUGUST, 1860.—See Page 108.

MISSING MAN.

L. D. Wilson, of Reading, Pennsylvania.

Mr. L. D. Wilson, whose portrait we publish to-day, left his home in Reading, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of June, 1860. He left for New York with the understanding that he would return in a few days, but from that time no tidings have been heard of or from him. His age is about thirty. He leaves a wife and three children.

Any information on the subject forwarded to Harvey Birch & Bro., Reading, Pa., or to the office, will be thankfully received, and immediately forwarded to his disconsolate wife and family.

GARIBALDI IN HIS RETREAT.

A Times letter in the *Sun* has the following: "I have just had an interview several days, I guess, with the gallant and genuine old sea-dog. The general has a nice cozy little cottage with two acres, passes him, and how he sees with him only his son and daughter, his friend Dobbs and his private secretary Basile. Two mules of letters he receives from all parts of the world to encourage and some of the enemies arrange proposals. Dr. Riboli, a distinguished physician of this city and a great admirer of philosophy, has written to Garibaldi exhorting him to allow his head to be examined by phrenology that he believes it to be one of the best organized and most remarkable head in the world, and has procured in the island. The son of the colonel of the Italian Legion at Monte Video passed some days on a visit with the general, and as the colonel was a great friend and companion in arms of Garibaldi when in America, every attention was shown to young Mr. Chiavo. When the general's pantaloons are old, he either sends a quote to draught at the jewelry, and an entire head pattern may be convey him in a vessel, he parcel out a postal, and before it is over he gives it to the first poor lad in his breast. Garibaldi, having the report, hurried up, and did not stop until he had given the poor boy, exercise in a few hours. No other reason can be assigned for Garibaldi's rash act than the general's enthusiasm for Garibaldi was so great that he could not bear to be separated from him."

FACTS EVERYBODY.—The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number that can be learned to do it in one or of one men. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before 7 years of age; one-half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of age, and more than one to 500 reach 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 33,333 die every year, 91 924 die every day, 7 755 every hour, and 129 every minute, or every second. These facts are to be all balanced by an equal number of births. Marriages are regulated by the births, the weight, and above all, those who observe sober and industrious conduct. The rule is the same. Thus short ones. Women have more chances of life—possess a few days of fifty years to the men's fewer years. The number of marriages are in the proportion of 100 to 105. Marriages are more frequent after the expenses, that is, during the months of June and July, than in December. Marriages are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by day than by night. The number of men capable of bearing arms is not form 10 of the population.

EXTRACTS FROM PUNCH—TO CAPITALISTS.—Be best paper to invest in at the present time is railway s-tarvecrapes. Never was such interest can be derived from them than from any other investment. They will pay for your support and interest to your wives, children and friends a remarkable interest at the end of twenty years. Recommend them.

A QUERY FOR THE STATESMAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.—In case of a dissolution of the Union, will anybody take the Sockery Cotton Velvet Dressing Vases? Let the curious buy a quantity and watch.

THEY FOR ANYWAYS INSTANTANEOUS VERS.—Are the tales made enough to make you laugh and asleep? A trial will be made on the first animal hospitals.

CONSUMING.—Two men made a bet as to the cost of cutting off eight in. Quoit and two hundred and six-pence, the other cut the hundred and more. He got the money. Query—Which of the two would say he? and we hope every-by-bit keep eating all day, till sold and Day's Patent Anthony's No. 301 Broadway, and bought their Stereo-graph Vases, their Photographic Albums and their gold pencil trains of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Co-Guelph, Garibaldi and all the celebrities of the day.

A ROCKING CHAIR WITHOUT ROCKERS.—The "Prospero" Rocking Chairs sold by Terry & Wells, N. Y. do. 52 Cortlandt, stand on patent rock without rockers. They are made to all the varies as styles of the ordinary arm-chairs used in parlors and c-mbers, and present a similar appearance. The easy movements are to be secured by a cam, and the chair held rigidly either upright or at any reasonable incline desired. The spring is very convenient for invalid chairs, for such persons can rest at any of these three positions with perfect satisfactory. As a library, or study chair, it is unsurpassed for the ease of body thereof obtained, relieves the fatigue of long confinement to the desk or writing table, and renders it as pleasant to an aged parent or invalid as to a child. Also, for sale, rocking chairs with casters to adjustably, and are ever in the way, as the one great feature of this new invention.

Bronchial Complaints, &c.

REV. D. F. LYLE-MOORE, Editor of the Chicago *New Covenant*, says of Dr. Wm. Brown's Bronchial Troches: "We have frequently had occasion to test the merits of Brown's Bronchial Troches, and have found them to be all that is claimed for the preparation for which they are recommended. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, we know them to be a superior remedy. Public speakers will find them useful in clearing the throat for reading, singing, because we have confidence in Dr. Brown, have a long acquaintance with him, and always with success.—*Chicago Christian Herald.*

$40. Parker Sewing Machine, $40.

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Is the result of careful chemical research. Bread of all kinds, made by using it, is light, more digestible and sweet, has an appetizing, nutrient taste, is free from sour, will retain its moisture longer than by any other process, and is a valuable preparation for the crisp and tea cakes and pastries.

DIRECTIONS IN EACH PACKAGE for making Plain Soft and Tea Rolls—Loaf Bread—Brown Bread—Buckwheat Cakes—Sponge Cakes—Soup Cakes—Cup Cakes—Lemon Cakes—Wafers Cake—Muffin —Light Puddings—Plain Cakes—Sponge Cakes—Rich Cakes—Short Cakes—Rich Puddings—Cream Tarts Cake—Sponge Cakes—Sponge Cakes—Indian Cakes—Sponge Cakes—Sponge Cakes—Sponge

Miscellaneous.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'Ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecary's, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard?" says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention till too late to be remedied, and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches. Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it neither; but perhaps ye'll be after knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relieved her before.

DRUGGIST.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

BRIDGET.—Och! sure now and you've sed it; here's the quarther and give me the Pills, and don't be all day about it either.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness or sedentary habits, it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases such as Malignant Fevers, Abcesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

Cephalic Pills,
CURE
Sick Headache,
CURE
Nervous Headache,
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits, they are valuable as a Laxative, improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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SYMPTOMS.—Pains in the Stomach and Sides. Fulness and Oppression with a feeling of Weight or Load in the Pit of the Stomach, particularly after eating. Acidity—sour and bitter Eructations, Nausea, Vomiting of Food—of Sour Phlegm; Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Constipation and Irregularity of the Bowels, a Sinking and Goneness at the Pit of the Stomach; Great Flatulence and Rumbling.

Palpitation of the Heart—occasional Difficulty of Breathing, with short dry cough; Fluttering and Beating (pulsations) in the pit of the Stomach; Pains in the Head, Back and back of the Neck; Sick Headache, Giddiness, Swimming in the Head.

Debility, Languor, Weariness, Indifference, Nervousness, Excitability, Irritability, Sleeplessness, Great Depression of Spirits, Fears of approaching Evil or Death, Melancholy Hypochondria, Frightful Dreams and Nightmare.

DR. FOOTE (late of Tennessee), begs leave to call your attention to his Special Treatment of this distressing complaint and to assure you that you can rely upon receiving immediate relief, and an effectual and permanent Cure. The study and experience of seventeen years, devoted principally to this one disease, has enabled him to master the hydra that has for ages baffled all the skill of the profession. Reliable testimonials of the most gratifying success furnished. Hours from 2 P. M. to 8 P. M. No charge for consultation. Treatment by mail. 266-59

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SEWING MACHINE.
PATENTED FEB. 14, 1860.
SALESROOM, NO. 335 BROADWAY.

This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanics. It possesses many rare and valuable IMPROVEMENTS—has been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced SIMPLICITY AND PERFECTION COMBINED.

The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:
1. Excessive fatigue to the operator.
2. Liability to get out of order.
3. Expense, trouble and loss of time in repairing.
4. Incapacity to sew every description of material.
5. Disagreeable noise while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine
IS EXEMPT FROM ALL THESE OBJECTIONS.

It has a straight needle, perpendicular motion, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVEL and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as GLASS, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE.

It requires FIFTY PER CENT less power to drive it than any other Machine in market. A girl of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without fatigue or injury to health.

Its strength and WONDERFUL SIMPLICITY of construction render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is GUARANTEED by the Company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article to call and examine this UNRIVALLED MACHINE.

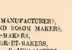
But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of

MERCHANT TAILORS,
COACH-MAKERS,
HOOP-SKIRT MANUFACTURERS,
SHIRT AND BOSOM MAKERS,
DRESS-MAKERS,
CORSET-MAKERS,
GAITER-FITTERS,
SHOE-BINDERS,
VEST AND PANTALOON-MAKERS.

Religious and Charitable Institutions
WILL BE LIBERALLY DEALT WITH.

PRICE OF MACHINES COMPLETE:
No. 1—Or Family Machine.......... $50
No. 2—Small size Manufacturing.......... 65
No. 3—Large size Manufacturing.......... 60

Agencies Established:
WILSON & CO., 1 & North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
D. GRIFFIN, 14 North Gay st., Baltimore, Md.
JOHN B. PUSS, 2?2 River St., Troy, N. Y.
JAMES TOD, Commercial Buildings, Cincinnati, Ohio.
AGENTS WANTED.
000 T. J. McARTHUR & CO.



Liquid and Extract Triesmer,

THE genuine English preparations, purely vegetable, and pleasant to the taste, prepared by J. T. BRONSON, M. D., Holborn, London. Liquid TRIESMER is guaranteed to effectually eradicate all traces of premature decay, Spermatorrhœa, &c., restoring the functions of either young or old with an astonishing permanency. EXTRACT TRIESMER is warranted to cure in every case (for which mercury and sarsaparilla is used), infallibly eradicating all disease and impurities from the body. Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5. Sent by Express to any part of the country. All orders must be addressed to DR. W. S. HOWELL, No. 149 Spring Street, New York City. 250-75

Boar's Head Six Cord Spool Cotton,
ESTABLISHED 1783.

Superior to any ever imported in Strength, Smoothness and Elasticity, for MACHINE OR HAND SEWING.

On Spools of 200, 500 and 2,400 Yards, the lengths warranted.

G. CARVILLE,
Sole Agent, 186 Fulton St.

A New Discovery
FOR THE
Retention and Radical Cure of Hernia, &c.
White's Patent Lever Truss.

This instrument, which is now offered to the public in this city, radically different in principle and action from all others in use, combining every valuable point in other Trusses, besides several points of the highest value never before attained. Among some of the advantages claimed for this instrument are these: It has a SOFT, PLIANT, METALLIC BOW; graduating pressure power PERFECTLY CONTROLLABLE, INWARD AND UPPER ACTION combined; no uncomfortable pressure on the BACK, and none on the SPERMATIC CORD; does not work out of place; PERFECTLY CLEAN; SMALLEST, LIGHTEST, CHEAPEST, most DURABLE shows least, holds the rupture in every case, requires less than one-half the usual pressure, and is a radical cure. The ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS are on the same principle. Pamphlets gratis. Elegant rooms are fitted up for Ladies and Gentlemen by the Proprietors, GREGORY & CO., No. 25 Bond St., N. Y. for their adjustment.

These Instruments are also offered at wholesale by Messrs. D. S. BARNES & Co., Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row; Messrs. SCHIEFFELIN BROTHERS, No. 170 William St., and by all first-class drug houses throughout the country. nw

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

PUBLISHED for the benefit and as a warning to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying the means of self-Cure. By one who cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. Single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y., by inclosing a postpaid addressed envelope. 255 67

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY HAIR?—Use LYON'S KATHAIRON, USE LYONS KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR. It is, beyond question, the finest preparation ever made. Its immense sale proves its excellence. Nothing has ever given such universal satisfaction. It restores, preserves and beautifies the Hair, and imparts a delightful odor. 261-73

A. LANGE,
PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS
FRAMES
AND
CORNICES FOR ROOMS
MADE TO ORDER, AND REGILDING DONE
206 William St., cor. Frankfort, New York.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM, YONKERS, N. Y.
Winter Session commenced on the 1st day of Nov.
TERMS:
Board and Tuition.......... $150 per Session.
For Circulars and particular information, apply to
V. N. WISEWELL
Yonkers, 1860

HANDSOME WOMEN.
TO THE LADIES.

HUNT'S "BLOOM OF ROSES," a rich and delicate color for the cheeks and lips, WILL NOT WASH OR RUB OFF, and when once applied remains durable for years, mailed free in bottles for $1.

HUNT'S "COURT TOILET POWDER" imparts a dazzling whiteness to the complexion, and is unlike anything else used for this purpose, mailed free for 50 cts.

HUNT'S "BRITISH BALM" removes Tan, Freckles, Sunburn and all eruptions of the skin; mailed free for 50 cts.

HUNT'S "IMPERIAL POMADE," for the Hair, strengthens and improves its growth, keeps it from falling off, and warranted TO MAKE THE HAIR CURL, mailed free for $1.

HUNT'S "PEARL BEAUTIFIER," for the Teeth and Gums, cleanses and whitens the Teeth, hardens the Gums, purifies the Breath effectually, PRESERVES THE TEETH AND PREVENTS TOOTHACHE; mailed free for $1.

HUNT'S "BRIDAL WREATH PERFUME," a double extract of orange blossoms and cologne, mailed free for $1.

This exquisite Perfume was first used by the PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND, on her marriage. MESSRS. HUNT & CO. presented the Princess with an elegant case of Perfumery (in which all the above articles were included), in handsome cut glass with gold stoppers, valued at $1,500, particulars of which appeared in the public prints. All the above articles sent FREE by express for $5. Cash can either accompany the order or be paid to the express agent on delivery of goods.

CO., Perfumers to the Queen, Regent ... London, and 707 Sansom St., Philadelphia. The ... supplied.

THE READERS OF
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Desiring to purchase any article in New York, no matter how trifling or costly, can have their orders promptly and faithfully fulfilled by addressing

JAMES W. FORTUNE,
Care of Frank Leslie, Esq.,
19 City Hall Square, N. Y.

In all cases the necessary funds should be inclosed in the communication.

PIANOFORTES.
JOHN B. DUNHAM,
MANUFACTURER OF THE OVERSTRUNG
Celebrated Dunham Pianofortes,
GRAND AND SQUARE
MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS,
75 to 85 East Thirteenth Street near Broadway,
New York.
ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

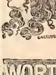
Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the quality of tone and touch desired.

Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these instruments. They are warranted for Five years, and prices are moderate.

TADMAN'S CAMPHOR CAKE WITH GLYCERINE, for Chapped Hands and Lips, requires no artificial heat in applying it, as it dissolves readily when applied to the skin, cures in a few hours, and makes the skin delicately soft and white. Observe, the color is YELLOW, and the name, "CAMPHOR CAKE WITH GLYCERINE." TADMAN & CO., DRUGGISTS, 268 Fourth Av. and 1 Bleecker St. By mail 25 cts.

$1.500 PER ANNUM.—Agents Wanted, local or travelling in every Town and village in the United States, for the sale of an article on which eighty per cent. profit is realized. For particulars inclose red stamp to Box 101, care B. Lockwood, Broadway Post Office, New York City. 26..75

ESTABLISHED 1843.



BOOLE'S CELEBRATED HYPERION FLUID overtops everything as the greatest restorer and best dressing for the Hair in the world. You who have been deceived by nostrums, try this and be convinced. It never fails. To be had at

W. BOOLE'S
Hairwork, Perfumery and Toilet Store,
102 Washington St., Boston and for sale everywhere.

WORTH HAVING

"The Mine of Wealth."

A Book that instructs how to make one article that three men are making each $15 a day from. Also two articles that are paying persons who travel from $5 to $8 a day. Also four articles that Agents are making from $3 to $6 a day with. The Book also contains 161 other rare and valuable recipes never before made public, some of which cost over $100. Price $1, sent free by mail for the price.

GARRISON & CO., Publishers,
263-74 126 Randolph St., Chicago, P. O. Box 3871.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

IMPORTANT INVENTION FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—For particulars address, inclosing stamp DR. H. HIRSHFIELD, Surgeon and Accoucheur, 438 Broadway, New York. 259-71

Kennedy's Medical Discovery CURES SCROFULA.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Erysipelas.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Canker.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Nursing Sore Mouth.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Humor of the Eyes.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Scald Head.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Running of the Ears.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Ulcerated Sore Legs.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Rheumatism.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Salt Rheum.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Dyspepsia.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Bowels.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Kidneys.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Liver.
Kennedy's Medical Discovery has cured Dropsy.

When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is, perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medical Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

WOOD, EDDY & CO.'S
LOTTERIES!
AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF
DELAWARE,
MISSOURI
AND
KENTUCKY

Draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of Sworn Commissioners.

☞ The Managers' Offices are located at Wilmington Delaware, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM
$2 50 TO $100,000!
TICKETS FROM $2 50 TO $20.

☞ Circulars giving full explanation and the Scheme to be drawn will be sent, free of expense, by addressing

WOOD, EDDY & CO., Wilmington, Delaware,
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WOOD, EDDY & CO. St. Louis, Missouri.

DOESTICKS

TO APPEAR IN

The New York Mercury!

Remember that Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B., will open the New Year in that great family Paper, THE NEW YORK MERCURY, with those wonderful Doesticks burlesques, which have placed him at the head of the humorists of the world. Dont miss the sublime, the inimitable Doesticks. Send two dollars immediately to CAULDWELL, SOUTHWORTH & WHITNEY, of THE NEW YORK MERCURY, and secure a year's stock of Doesticks. 267o

THE

Fort Edward Ledger.

Advertisers who desire to attract the attention of the reading public in Northern New York, can find no better medium than the FORT EDWARD (Washington Co.) LEDGER. Agents in New York, S. M. Pettengill & Co., 119 Nassau St. 267o

Charles Heidsieck
CHAMPAGNE.

The undersigned have for sale the above popular Wine, for which they are

THE SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA.

The stock they have now on hand is identical in quality with that for which Messrs. CHARLES HEIDSIECK & Co. received the first premium at the

Bordeaux Exposition of 1859.

It is well known that the Wine Connoisseurs of Bordeaux are the first in the world. In informing the public of the fact that the Charles Heidsieck Champagne took the premium as above mentioned, tested by the most prominent Wine Growers and Merchants of the Champagne District who had in the exposition samples of their best growths and stocks, we believe we furnish sufficient evidence of its great merits. The medal awarded by the Judges of the Exposition can be seen at our office.

T. W. BAYAUD & BERARD,
267o No 100 Pearl St., N. Y.

For the Holidays.

EVERY FAMILY should have one of our Assorted Cases, containing One Dozen bottles of fine old Liquor, as follows:

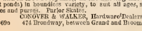
2 Bottles S. O. P. Brandy,	1 Bottle Madeira Wine,
1 " Holland Gin,	1 " Scotch Whiskey,
1 " Port Wine,	2 " Old Bourbon do.,
2 " Pale Sherry do.,	1 " Jamaica Rum,

One Bottle Cherry Bounce.

ONLY $7 FOR THE ENTIRE CASE,
DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

GREENE & GLADDING, Importers,
No. 62 Courtlandt St., New York. 267o

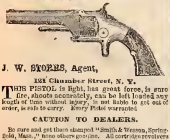
The Most Useful Holiday Present,
GROVER & BAKER'S
Celebrated Noiseless Sewing Machine.
$46 and upwards. 495 Broadway.
GIVE THE BEST. 266-67o



SKATE OF ALL KINDS, from 25 cts. to $25, and in fact everything in the Skating line (except ponds) in boundless variety, to suit all ages, sexes, tastes and purses. Parlor Skates.
CONOVER & WALKER, Hardware Dealers,
256-69o 474 Broadway, between Grand and Broome Sts.

Ladd, Webster & Co.'s
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES,
500 Broadway, New York. 000o

Smith and Wesson's Seven-Shooter.



J. W. STORRS, Agent,
121 Chamber Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every Pistol warranted

CAUTION TO DEALERS.

Be sure and get those stamped "Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass.," none others genuine. All cartridge revolvers that load at the breech are infringements. Suits are commenced, and all such infringements will be prosecuted. Be sure the cartridges have Smith & Wesson's signature on each end of the box 247-72o

SILSBEE, CASE & CO.,
Photographic and Daguerreotype
ARTISTS,
299½ Washington Street, Boston.
Up but one flight of stairs.

G. M. SILSBEE, J. G. CASE, W. H. GETCHELL
251-76

Sent Free! Sent Free! Sent Free!

A NEW and Beautiful Art, for which we want Agents everywhere. Agents make $50 a month. Terms and Specimen sent FREE. Address, with Stamp for return postage, L. L. TODD & CO.,
257-62o Lowell, Mass.

TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED—To sell a new and valuable article required in every household. Salary paid or commission allowed. For terms and particulars address, with stamps, J. W. HARRIS, Boston, Mass. 264-67o

MISSING MAN.

L. D. WILSON, OF READING, PA., MISSING SINCE JUNE 16TH, 1860.—SEE PAGE 110.

SKATES FOR THE MILLION,
From 25 cts. to $20 per Pair,
And everything in the Skating line.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPOT,
424 Broadway, New York.
SKATES GROUND AND REPAIRED.
Wholesale and Retail. 266-67o

The Singer Sewing Machines.

IN order to place THE BEST FAMILY MACHINES IN THE WORLD within the reach of all, we have reduced our LETTER A, OR TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINES, beautifully ornamented, in $56.

Singer's No. 1 and 2 Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and manufactory. Prices reduced, respectively from $135 and $150 to $90 and $100.

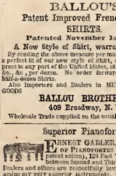
Singer's No. 3 Standard Shuttle Machine, For Carriage-makers and heavy leather work. Price, complete, $125.

Also, to complete the list, an

ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE,

unequalled for manufacturing purposes; NOISELESS, RAPID, and capable of every kind of work! Price (including iron stand and drawers), $110—cheaper at that in view of its value than the machines of any other maker as a gift.
000o I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway

Patented November 1st, 1859.



The measures are A, the distance round the Neck. B to B, the Yoke. C to C, the Sleeve. D to D, distance around the Body under the armpits E to E, the length of the Shirt.

BALLOU'S
Patent Improved French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Patented November 1st, 1859.
A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.

By sending the above measure per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at $12, $15, $18, $24, &c., &c, per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half-a-dozen Shirts.

Also Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

BALLOU BROTHERS,
409 Broadway, N. Y.
Wholesale Trade supplied on the usual terms

Superior Pianofortes.

ERNEST GABLER, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOFORTES (with or without patent action), 129 East Twenty-Second St., between Second and Third Ave., New York. Dealers and others are respectfully invited to call and examine my very superior instruments, made with full iron frame and warranted equal to any in the market for strength and beauty of finish, sweetness and power of tone. My instruments are warranted for three years, and I guarantee to sell at lower prices than any respectable manufacturer in this city. ERNEST GABLER,
274 129 East Twenty-Second Street, New York.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is done by FILMER & Co., 17 Dutch Street

A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.
Willcox & Gibbs' Sewing Machine.

Every gentleman who will present his wife, or some industrious female who is toiling for an honest living, with one of

WILLCOX & GIBBS' SEWING MACHINES,

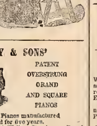
Will receive in return grateful thanks that cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. JAMES WILLCOX, Manufacturer, 508 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas. 267o

THE

Fort Edward Ledger.

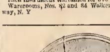
Advertisers who desire to attract the attention of the reading public in Northern New York, can find no better medium than the FORT EDWARD (Washington Co.) LEDGER. Agents in New York, S. M. Pettengill & Co., 119 Nassau St. 267o

JOY TO THE WORLD.
Clothes Washed in One Minute by
JOHNSON'S UNION WASHING MACHINE.
Patented April 10, 1860.
PRICE $8 TO $10.



A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT. Washes every spot. Sure and certain, without soaking or boiling. Call and see it in operation at 457 Broadway, New York, and 312 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. JOHNSON & CO.,
660 Proprietors.

STEINWAY & SONS'



PATENT OVERSTRUNG GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured. Each Instrument warranted for five years.
Warerooms, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y 000o

A. Rumrill & Co.,
264 BROADWAY.
THE RIGHT KIND OF A PRESENT FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.

One of those fine, adjusted and chronometrically-rated three-quarter plate American Watches of the new series, made by the

American Watch Company,
OF WALTHAM, MASS.

The finest and most durable time-keepers ever made. For sale until January 1st at manufacturer's prices, by

A. RUMRILL & CO.,
264 Broadway. 266-67o

100 Pages Complete. Price 10 Cents.

BEADLE'S
Dime Biographical Library No. 1.

THE ONLY COMPLETE AND RELIABLE

Life of
GARIBALDI,
The Washington of Italy.

Complete to the close of

THE NEAPOLITAN CAMPAIGN, 1860.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.
For sale at all News Depots.
BEADLE & CO., General Dime Book Publishers,
267o 141 William St., New York.

Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator,
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

For curing and preventing Baldness.
For removing Scurf and Dandruff.
For beautifying and making the Hair soft and curly.
In fact the only safe and effective compound of the kind in use.
Be sure and get the right article.

Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator.
Price 25 cents per bottle.
Wholesale Depot, 56 Dey St., New York.
Also,
PROF. L. MILLER'S INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE
Price 50 cents per box.
Warranted superior to all others.
Try them, and you will acknowledge the fact.

Exposition for the Holidays.
TIFFANY & CO.,
No. 550 Broadway—No. 79 Rue Richelieu, Paris,

Respectfully invite the attention of all who anticipate the

Christmas and New Year Greetings,

To the unprecedentedly large and varied stock of *Jewellery, Clocks and Watches, Bronzes, Articles in Silver and Plate, Sevres, Dresden and other Porcelains, Dressing, Jewel, Papeterie and Diplomatic Cases, in Rosewood, Ebony, Buhl or Leather*, and innumerable fancies in the way of

ETRENNES,

now open for the inspection of their Patrons.

The assortment of Jewellery in

DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES, SET AND UNSET,

is not only more comprehensive in design and costly in single instances than ever before offered to the American Public, but more extensive and general than any single stock in any Old World mart.

The list of

WORKS EXCLUSIVELY ARTISTIC,

Comprise PIECES ORNAMENTAL OR USEFUL IN SILVER, designed in accordance with the finest appreciation of art and utility.

BRONZES FOR THE MANTEL, NICHE OR CONSOLE, by Clessinger, Duret, Pradier, Carrier, Rosa Bonheur, Mene, Nieuwerkerke, Kampff and others.

NEW BOUDOIR CLOCKS, after Jean Goujon, or in the exquisite African Onyx—the last Parisian fancy, from the designs of Platt, besides a thousand adaptations from the antique or grotesque conceptions, in the shape of Inkstands, Coups, Flower Vases, Ash Receivers, &c.

In view of the fact that their Patrons invariably regret the experience of a late inspection of their Holiday Stock, TIFFANY & CO. would respectfully invite the mutual favor of an early call. 266-67o

MUSICAL BOXES,
Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24 and 36 tunes
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Boxes repaired. 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y

New Popular Song.
"OLD DONALD GREY,"

Words by "Percival." Sold at all the Music Stores, and sent, postage paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of the price, 25 cents, by the Publisher, JACOB ENDRES, No. 52 Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

N. B.—In press, and will be issued in a few days, the new song of the Florences', "Ridin' in a Railroad Keer."
Price 30 cts. 265-68

TO THE LADIES.

Our lady readers who desire a fair complexion will find an efficient agent in BURNETT'S KALLISTON. Those who have used it are loud in its praises as a preparation which imparts a clear, soft and beautiful hue to the skin, without being attended by any injurious effects. It is pronounced one of the best toilet fixtures ever prepared.—*St. Louis Evening News.*

Tiffany & Co.,
LATE
TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS,

Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury
No. 550 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
HOUSE IN PARIS, TIFFANY, REED & CO

PHELAN'S PATENT BILLIARD TABLES.
MANUFACTORY & WAREROOMS
63, 65, 67 & 69, CROSBY St. NEW YORK.

FINKLE & LYON'S
SEWING MACHINES.

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair of the American Institute, with the highest premium for fine Sewing Machine work.

They also took the highest premiums at the New Jersey State Fair, at the Mechanics' Fair, Utica, N. Y., the Franklin Institute, and so generally wherever exhibited.

Late of No 503 Broadway,
REMOVED TO 538 BROADWAY 00C

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 275—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.

From Cincinnati to Columbus—Arrival at Columbus—Escorted to the Governor's Room—The President at Cleveland—The President waits Ex-President Fillmore at Buffalo—Arrival of the President at Albany—At Troy—Arrival at New York—The President at the City Hall, &c.

From Cincinnati to Columbus.

In our last number we left Mr. Lincoln at Cincinnati, which city he left on the 19th. His departure was attended with little ceremony. At nine o'clock the President elect with his family drove to the depot, where a large crowd had gathered. An eye-witness says that his appearance was careworn, and his face wrestled with wrinkles. It must be confessed that, although he travels only in the daytime, yet the labor is great, since the stoppages are very numerous, and he is obliged or expected to make a speech at all of them. On his way from Cincinnati to Columbus he made nearly half a dozen. The principal ones were at Hanover, Xenia and London, at all of which places there were great concourses of people. At Xenia they acted more like crazy people than American citizens. Here rather an amusing episode occurred. We quote from our friend Howard of the *Times*, and knowing his appreciation of the good things of this world, we cordially re-echo his sorrows:

"It was about one o'clock when we reached that point, and as we had breakfasted quite early in the morning, the anticipated and promised lunch was regarded most favorably by the several eyes of faith, and the various complicated digesting apparatuses that fleeted and uncomfortably moved from one to our most restlessly. Imagine the feelings of the President elect, of all the corporals, of the high and mightiest, of the four reporters and the unfilled hangers-on, when it was announced by the chairman of the gastronomic department that a lunch, varied and extensive in its duration, had been prepared, had been left on the table in the depot, and had been devoured by the voracious and Democratic crowd, who now, with well-filled paunches, with bread and buttery hands, and with the most comfortable abdominal sensations, were clamoring for a third speech from their dear old Rail-Splitter!"

The philosopher of the party seems to be the Prince of Rails, or the President Lincoln's eldest son, for the historian relates that he took out his memorandum and puffed vigorously.

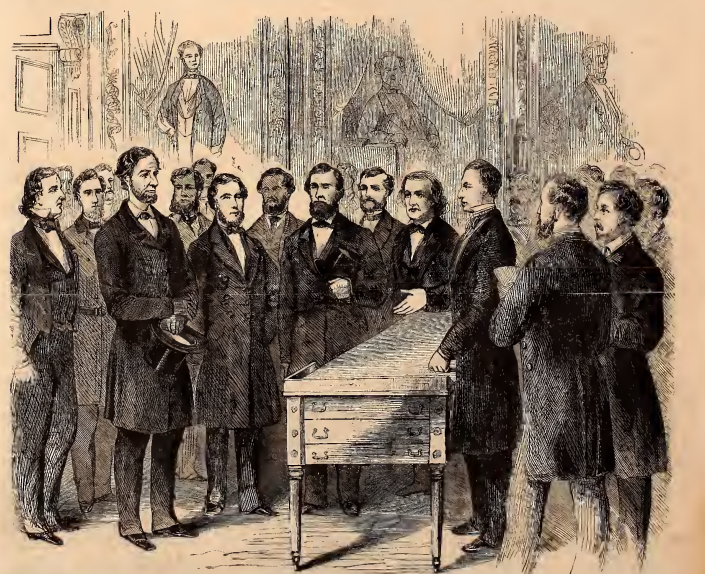
We have not space to dilate upon the little passage of arms between Miss Mary Jane Stuart and Old Abe, although it involved a nosegay and a kiss, nor will we say anything of the young damsel who begged the President to let his whiskers grow. The gravity of the occasion compels us to skip these episodes.

The Arrival at Columbus.

The State House of Columbus is a fine imposing building, and the reception was worthy the occasion and the people. Great credit is due to the various State and local officials who managed it, prominent amongst whom was Adjutant-General Curtington, of the State, on whom devolved the entire charge of the party during their trip through Ohio. Drawn up before the depot was a very fine array of military; at one end of the line was a cannon, which momentarily thundered out a hearty bow-wow-wow; carriages for the guests, one and all, little and big, were provided at the other end of the line, while far off, as far as the eye could reach, and in numbers so great that no mortal man could easily number them, stretched thousands and thousands of cheering, hurrahing, welcoming citizens. A fine band of music preceded the procession, and while the multitude rolled after, like the waves of the ocean, and their voices roared afar off like the sound of many waters, the President elect was drawn in hospitable triumph to the State Capitol.

He is escorted to the Governor's Room

Through lines of unarmed men, in which elegantly furnished cham-



FOR PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY.—RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY BERNARDO WOOD, MAYOR OF NEW YORK, AT THE CITY HALL, ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ARTHUR

her Governor Dennison felicitously greeted him. After a general shake around Mr. Lincoln was led into the hall of the Legislature, where were sitting in joint session the two bodies—the Upper and the Lower—while in beauteous circle vast numbers of smiling ladies with graceful courtesy waved their savory handkerchiefs and gladdened the heart of the nation's choice by their encouraging smiles and bright, loving glances.

Lieutenant-Governor Kirk had the honor of welcoming Mr. Lincoln, and may congratulate himself upon having drawn from the lips of the wary Illinoisian a speech which, for kindly sentiment, and for cheering import, has not been equalled in many a day, and which, ere this, sent as it has been, by the lightning wire, into all parts of the country, has gladdened the hearts of patriots, and set at rest the fears of statesmen. After the speech he went upon the left extreme of the western steps, from which point he commanded a splendid view of this most imposing pageant. Here he again addressed the crowd.

The same assemblage, undaunted by the mud upon the streets, followed the carriage which conveyed him to the Governor's private residence, where with the family of Mr. Dennison and his immediate circle, Mr. Lincoln dined and subsequently rested prior to the ovation of the evening. In the evening he was the guest of Mr. Dennison, whose charming wife and daughters lent a grace to the scene.

At seven o'clock the next morning the whole party started for Pittsburg.

(Continued on page 232.)

Barnum's American Museum.

SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, at three and half-past seven o'clock. Old Adams' California Menagerie, the Living Black Sea Lion, Aztec Children, Mammoth Bear Samson, Albino Family from Madagascar, What Is It? Thirty Monster Snakes, Living Seal, Living Happy Family, the $150 Speckled Brook Trout, Double-Voiced Singer, and 850,000 Curiosities.

Admission 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1861.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The Queen opened Parliament in person on the 5th. She was received with the usual deep devotedness of British loyalty. She alluded to the satisfactory close of the Chinese war, and hoped that the moderation of European potentates would preserve peace. The Italian question was thus treated

"Events of great importance are taking place in Italy. Believing that the Italians ought to be left to settle their own affairs, I have not thought it right to exercise any active interference in those matters. Papers on the subject will be laid before you."

The passage, however, which most concerns us is the following allusion to our present troubles:

"Serious differences have arisen among the States of the North American Union. It is impossible for me to look without great concern upon any event which can affect the happiness and welfare of a people purely allied to my subjects by descent and closely connected with them by the most intimate and friendly relations. My heartfelt wish is that these differences may be susceptible of satisfactory adjustment. The interest which I take in the well-being of the people of the United States cannot but be increased by the kind and cordial reception given by them to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the Continent of America."

Mrs. Gore, the novelist, Birkett Foster and Burford, the artists, are dead.

France.—The Emperor opened the French Legislature on the 4th of February. He is very vague. He says that his sympathy with an unfortunate king induced him to keep his fleet at Gaeta for a month, but finding his actions mis construed, he had withdrawn it.

The London *Times*, in reviewing the speech, finds nothing whatever that is reassuring. It says the speech "gives no reason for the immense increase of the army and navy; no account of the foreign relations of the country, and no assurance of her good understanding with any other country. We seek in vain for the slightest hint of the policy which France is about to pursue. Such a speech cannot, ought not, to reassure any one. The presence of a French squadron at Gaeta shows how lightly the policy of non-intervention can be thrown aside at the bidding of mere sympathies and antipathies; and, as regards the future, who can feel reassured by being told that France will act on the principles of right and justice, as if Savoy and Nice had been rightly and justly annexed, or as if any nation ever went to war proclaiming that it drew the sword in a case of wrong and injustice?"

The Syrian question is to be settled by a Conference at Paris.

The Patterson and Prince Napoleon case is pending.

The Prussian General, who went to announce the death of the late King of Prussia, was so offended at some remarks of the Emperor that he refused to attend the Court ball.

Everything was very active in the army and navy department.

Italy.—The siege of Gaeta still continues. The Italian elections had resulted in Count Cavour's favor.

Prince Carignan had gone to Mola di Gaeta. The journey is said to be in connection with negotiations for the surrender of Gaeta.

It is stated that in the Abruzzi the war has been most sanguinary—no quarter given or asked for. An official report by General Rocca announces that confidence and tranquillity were returning throughout the whole frontier of the Abruzzi.

It is stated to be Count Cavour's intention to propose the following four points to the Italian Parliament: First, a loan of from three to five hundred millions of francs; second, a declaration conferring the title of King of Italy upon Victor Emanuel; third, the calling out of all the military reserve; and fourth, full powers to be granted to the King for an unlimited period.

Sardinia had claimed the restoration of the soldiers made prisoners by the Papal Zouaves, and had arrested the Bishop of Sabini as hostage.

A telegram from Berlin says: "General La Marmora has repeatedly declared to the Prussian Government that Sardinia has no intention of attacking Venetia; he made no other political declaration."

The General is reported to have been much dissatisfied with his reception at the Prussian Court.

Garibaldi.—It was currently reported and believed that this famous man had suddenly left Caprera with his suite, and was on his way to Dalmatia; but the latest news contradicts this. On the 3d of February he was still among his cabbages and goats at Caprera; but how soon some flight of fancy may take him to new adventures none can tell.

Denmark.—The Diet had closed its sittings. The King, in his reply to the President of the Chambers, had said, "Should they come near us my people will defend themselves, and I call upon them to do so."

The semi official *Berlingske Tidende* observes:

"Should German troops enter Holstein without being called upon to do so by our sovereign and contrary to his wish, a violation of territory would then take place, and the Federal Diet would, in fact, have to declare war against Denmark. War at the present moment would be inconvenient for Germany, and is, consequently, convenient for Denmark. A state of armed peace exhausts the strength of a country, and weakens popular enthusiasm, without which a small people cannot make war. By a blockade we can now damage the commerce of Germany, and ruin the Prussian ports for a long period. The conflict must therefore now terminate either by war or by negotiation."

Japan.—A Calcutta telegram of the 11th of January says news had been received there that the landing of the American Ambassador had been repulsed at Japan. As we have sent no Ambassador to Japan, and as Mr. Harris has been landed nearly three years, this must be an error.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

IN the Senate on Saturday, the 16th, Mr. Seward's amendment to the Tariff bill extending the time for the payment of duties to three years instead of ninety days, leaving the warehousing system without alteration, passed by a vote of twenty-five to eighteen. The Conference Committee on the Deficiency Bill reported that they had come to an agreement respecting the amendments. The Chiriqui amendment has been stricken from the bill. On Monday the Tariff bill was again discussed. An amendment to reduce the duty on books was rejected. An amendment levying a duty of four cents per pound on tea and half a cent on coffee, and reducing the duty on sugar, was agreed to by a vote of 23 to 19. An amendment reducing the Government loan from twenty-one millions to ten millions, with a promise that no part of the loan be applied in the present fiscal year, was agreed to.

In the House the Military Committee reported a bill supplemental to the acts of 1795 and 1817, providing for the calling forth of the militia for the execution of the laws of the Union, the suppression of insurrection and repelling invasion, so as to extend their provisions to the case of insurrection against the authority of the United States, and authorize the President, in cases where it may be lawful, to use the militia in addition to the army and navy; to accept the services of volunteers as cavalry, infantry and artillery, and officer the same. Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, objected to the second reading of the bill, and the question being taken on its rejection, it was decided in the negative by a vote of 67 against 110. Mr. John Cochrane, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill appropriating $50,000 for the survey of northern water courses and islands in the Pacific Ocean and Behring's Straits, in view of telegraphic communication from the mouth of the Amoor, in Asia, to some point on the confines of the Russian possessions, thus telegraphically uniting the United States with Europe. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. The Senate bill organizing the Territory of Colorado was passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to speeches on the crisis.

In the Senate, on the 19th, the Tariff Bill was the only theme of discussion. In the House, Mr. Fenton, of New York, presented a resolution affirming, as the judgment of the House, that the existing troubles of the country should be referred to the National Convention, to be called in the mode prescribed in the Constitution. The bill authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers was then taken up, the question being on its third reading and engrossment. The bill was strongly opposed by the Democrats, and the discussion was warm and irritating. Mr. Bocock moved to lay the subject on the table, which was decided in the negative by a vote of 68 to 105. The Senate resolution repealing the act of last session for the benefit of Degroot was adopted. The Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up, the question being on agreeing with the Senate's amendments. The amendment providing for the construction of additional steam sloops-of-war was discussed till the recess. The evening session was devoted to debates on the crisis.

On the 20th, in the Senate, the House Bill authorising the discontinuance of the mails in States where the postal service is liable to be interfered with, was taken up. An amendment was offered, that the Postmaster-General be directed to discontinue the mail service in the seceded States, and make arrangements with the Government of the Southern Confederacy for inter postal communication therein. Without taking action on the subject the bill was laid aside, and the discussion of the Tariff Bill was resumed. The amendment reducing the duty on sugar, and placing a duty on tea and coffee, was agreed to, the tax to continue two years. A five per cent duty on wool was also agreed to. Several other amendments were adopted, and the bill was passed by a vote of 25 to 14.

In the House, Mr. Bocock of Virginia, occupied the morning hour in an elaborate speech in opposition to the bill empowering the President to call out the military forces of the country and accept the services of volunteers. He characterized the Bill as a declaration of war against the seceded States. The Naval Bill was taken up, the question being on agreeing to the Senate's amendment providing for the construction of seven steam sloops-of-war. The proposition was warmly opposed by the Democrats, but the amendment was agreed to by a vote of 111 to 38. In the evening session, Mr. Ruffin, of North Carolina, made a speech in favor of secession. In the course of his remarks he spoke of Mr. Buchanan as a driveller, and General Scott as guilty of usurpation.

PEACE CONGRESS.—The very magnitude of the interests at stake has made the deliberations of this body cautious, almost to vacillation. On Saturday the plan of adjustment was the subject of a long and most earnest debate. Mr. Baldwin, of Connecticut, moved to substitute his proposition for a National Convention in lieu of the committee's plan. Mr. Guthrie opposed the motion, and urged the Convention to take immediate action. There was considerable difference of opinion respecting the meaning of the plan of adjustment as regards the Territorial question—whether it applied to existing territory only, or also to that to be hereafter acquired. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, said he should move an amendment so as to exclude future acquisitions of territory from the operations of the compromise. The discussion lasted until three o'clock, when the Convention adjourned till next morning, when several amendments to the Guthrie proposition were made, as well as a substitute for it, but after considerable debate they were all rejected. This is considered as decisive in favor of the Guthrie proposition. The discussion on Monday turned chiefly on the Territorial question. Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, made a strong anti-compromise speech. He is, indeed, one of the Northern fire-eaters.

The 19th February may be called the *dies non* of this famous Congress, for the whole sitting was spent in discussing whether the members shall confine themselves to half hour speeches or be allowed to speak *ad infinitum* and *usque ad nauseam*. Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, and without any chance of No. 38 coming to put it out, is but a poor parallel to such a waste of precious time. It must, however, be conceded, that the public has lost all confidence in this assemblage.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS AT MONTGOMERY.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Provisional President of the Southern Confederacy, arrived in Montgomery, on the 17th. His progress from Mississippi to the capital of Alabama was a complete ovation. He made twenty-five speeches *en route*. The tone of all was the same. He said "that the time for compromises was past—that the South was determined to maintain their position, and make all who opposed them smell Southern powder and taste Southern steel. That their separation from the Union was complete, and that no compromise could or would be entertained. If the North attempted coercion there would be war." It is needless to add that these ultra sentiments were loudly cheered by large multitudes.

On Monday, the 18th February, the important ceremony of his inauguration was performed. The solemnity of the proceeding gave it an almost unnatural grandeur. At one o'clock, President Davis delivered his Inaugural Address. It breathed the same sentiments as we have noted above. The most emphatic parts are these. After declaring that the separation of North and South was a fixed fact, he went on and said, "An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace, and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell, and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the North-eastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth."

How far he was justified in this sentence, the reader can judge. "Actuated only by a desire to preserve our own rights and to promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon others, and followed by no domestic convulsion. Our industrial pursuits have received no check, the cultivation of our fields progresses as heretofore, and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own. This common interest of producer and consumer can only be interrupted by an exterior force which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets, a course of conduct which would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad."

At night the city was splendidly illuminated, and the President of the great Southern Confederacy held a levee at the Estelle House.

The Congress of the Southern Confederacy was engaged on the 19th in discussing their Tariff. Breadstuffs are to be admitted free—so are all other provisions; and also munitions of war. A very important resolution was also adopted, viz.: That goods and merchandise of every description bought of the Northern States before the 1st of March, and imported into the Southern States before the 14th, were to be admitted free of duty. After that period, all importations, with the before mentioned exceptions, are to be subject to duties.

It is said that the President of the Southern Confederation has selected the following gentlemen as his Cabinet:

Secretary of State	Herschell V. Johnson, Ga.
Secretary of War	P. O. Hebert, La.
Secretary of the Navy	S. R. Mallory, Fla.
Secretary of the Interior	W. Porcher Miles, S. C.
Post Office Department	J. H. Hemphill, Texas.
Attorney General	John A. Elmore, Ala.

Unpaid Thought.

WHEN a man eminent in letters or in politics obtrudes himself *à la* Lamartine on the public as a fit recipient of a heavy tribute, and clamors for thousands as a proper reward for the good he has done, we are very properly disgusted. And we regret such an instance the more because it benumbs the charity which would otherwise have flown spontaneously to many other deserving objects. The world, seeing a rich man begging to be made richer, exclaims against the avarice, folly and unthrift of genius, and the upshot is that one weak brother seriously injures a score of the more deserving.

If we look at plain facts and common sense we shall, however, find that the world does great injustice to its leading minds and to itself by requiring of men of genius that they should do its work and fight its battles entirely at their own expense. It is scarcely possible to name a thinker, a writer, a reformer, an art-critic, a journalist, a man urging improvements in agriculture or education, or a poet, who has not a very great influence on the world and its ways. We are warranted by experience and inquiry long directed to this subject in saying that the action on the world by men of this stamp is not merely enormous—it is fairly incalculable. It was once a mystery to the world how it was that strange plants sprung up in strange places—how germs developed themselves in soil whence all visible seed had been carefully excluded—and at the same time the world was wont to be entertained with much philosophising on the spontaneous growth of genius. The microscope and statistics of general information have done away with much of this marvel. Thought, like love, is all penetrating.

> "Over the mountains
> And under the waves;
> Over the fountains
> And under the graves."

Over and under all fly the white-winged soul-butterflies of printed sheets, awaking, like Psyche, life and light wherever they go.

Yet the world, almost to an individual, exacts of its leaders, its teachers, of the men who conduct its faiths and opinions and tastes, that they shall do all this in a great measure at their own expense, in a state of semi-poverty, with the cheering prospect of an old age of destitution. Is not this the case with a great majority of those men of genius to whom the world has acknowledged its deepest obligations? What more hazardous experiment can any man try than to leave the beaten track of industry and of money-making for the extremely dangerous career of exerting genius, of acting philanthropically, of promoting reforms, of expanding art, of doing good? Possibly his books may sell; he may (if he will sacrifice the main question so as to be "entertaining") become a tolerably "popular" lecturer. Unfortunately, a by no means insignificant proportion of the most important books ever written have not been "popular," so as to sell in a remunerative manner. We know of one American book which has made the author an undying reputation, which has been translated into half the languages of Europe and called forth the correspondence of a hundred bodies of savans, yet from the sales of which the author never received more than a hundred dollars. According to the vulgar judgment of the world which was greatly benefited by this book, its author made a very poor investment of his years of study. And the more shame to the world for thinking so.

In England the obligations of the world to genius are occasionally admitted and honorably acted on. Mr. Cobden, who has devoted so much time and talent to the industrial and commercial interests of his countrymen, has been, and is the recipient of substantial tributes from those whom he has obliged. With the harassing pressure of poverty removed, genius draws a much freer breath and acts with far greater decision. When we look around and see how limited is the number of such thinkers we are amazed at public ingratitude. Among our thirty-one millions there are not more than two thousand minds of the stamp to which we refer, and among these there are not in all probability two hundred who enjoy full facility for self-development. The artist must give lessons to live, the reformer must plough with one hand while he fights with the other; and while the rich as well as poor admire immensely the ability of their favorites, instances of practical aid are so rare that the gift of a silk dress (such as most ladies give their governesses at Christmas) from a quadruple millionaire to an eminent authoress is trumpeted through the newspapers as though the lady were one of the luckiest creatures in existence!

Take away the men of genius from a country and it becomes a wretched, characterless place. Its citizens when abroad are not individually held to be of much account—they sink into mere nobodies. What is a German if you take from him compatriotism with Luther, Goethe, Schiller, and their like? What are we so proud of as of our great men—and what costs us so little as this our greatest source of pride! Of all the necessaries of life, of all its luxuries, of all sources of pride, there is not one more essential to a nation than its Men of Thought—yet for these men, for their support, you who read do not in all probability, either directly or indirectly, pay one single cent per annum!

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The World publishes a curious wager between two well-known citizens of Buffalo. If Mr. Lincoln were elected, one of the parties was to saw half a cord of wood before the American Hotel, and present it to the poorest negro in the town. If Lincoln were defeated, then the other was to saw it, and present the wood to the editor of a Buffalo newspaper. The choice of the recipients of the wood is somewhat remarkable. How do the Buffalo editors like their associate negroes? Are they all *Black* Republicans? as the Paris *La Presse*

announced, when Mr. Banks was elected Speaker, that a colored person had been chosen for that high distinction.

Alexander Hamilton Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, is thus described by a Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*:

"The *personnel* of Mr. Stephens is very striking. He has the appearance of having undergone great bodily anguish, and his advanced age and gray hairs contribute to give to his eye a restless, nervous movement. His size is medium and figure remarkably slim. His forehead is much wrinkled, and his locks flow over the shoulders, which stoop very much. A habit of wearing the hat advanced to the left gives to his whole contour an appearance at once remarkable and prepossessing."

We quote the above with the double purpose of giving a personal portrait of a famous man, and of showing in what our friend of the *Courier* considers the prepossessing to consist. We are afraid the *fair* ladies of Carolina would not endorse his opinion.

Spinola, of Albany, is a wag. During the debate in the State Legislature on Monday, as to the manner in which Mr. Lincoln should be received, he got possession of the floor, and gravely moved these resolutions:

"Whereas, There is an irrepressible conflict existing between members of the Republican party, relative to the reception of Mr. Lincoln; therefore,

"Resolved, That we request Mr. Lincoln to switch off at Troy, and go straight to New York, and that the clerk be directed to telegraph to the President elect the request of the Senate.

"This excited great merriment, but Spinola kept a steady face, and continued as follows:

"Mr. Chairman—This resolution is an eminently proper one. What is the use of bringing Mr. Lincoln here, when the members of his own party are fighting about the section which should have charge of him? I am glad enough to see this row (laughter), for these two sections are like the Kilkenny cats, eating each other up. (Loud laughter.)

"Several Senators—Withdraw the resolution.

"Spinola—I think you had better pass it. It is a very sensible resolution. (Laughter.) But if you really want to see Lincoln, I'll withdraw it."

As the people of Albany did want to see the Coming Man of the White House, he did withdraw it!

We copy the following from the news by the Jura:

"The news from India is unimportant. A famine prevailed in the north-west provinces."

This is a straw to show what the journalists consider important. A quarrel between Palmerston and Napoleon would have been considered important, but the starvation of millions is not a sensational item.

Our Readers will remember that some time ago a few of our wealthiest merchants visited Washington, for the purpose of saving the Union. Did these patriotic millionaires find the work impossible or distasteful? For after passing the following resolutions they departed for New York:

"Under these circumstances your committee can only suggest that all possible means be used to neutralize the efforts of men at the North, who are acted on by views and purposes as hostile to the Union as those which govern the leaders of Secession; of men who encourage resistance to every reasonable concession that conflicts with party dogmas and party ends.

"Many Representatives in Congress, patriotic and good men, need but to know the public sentiment of the North in order to be governed by it. Failing to acquire it through other channels, they look to the papers published North for guidance and direction. If immediate and good results are to be obtained, your committee would recommend that it be exerted through these organs wherever established."

The inference is inevitable that the merchants went as agents for the Associated Press of New York.

A Contemporary somewhat given to praising itself publishes the following little bit of epistolary flattery:

"Le Roy, Dodge County, Wis., Feb. 15, 1861.

"*To the Editors of the* ——.

* * * I raise wheat for a living, and work hard to raise it, and have to live poor into the bargain. I have just sold some as good wheat as ever was ground for 62½ cents per bushel, to get a little money to send you for the ——.

"W. H. W."

The place it is dated from suggests whether it may not be a dodge. At all events, the fact that a man had starved himself merely to pay for his paper is most remarkable, and we suggest that the editors return the money forthwith. Sam Johnson pawned his coat to buy a Scaliger; but what is that to selling one's loaf for a newspaper? The man must have been cursed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The President at the Academy of Music.

We did not go to the opera to see Mr. Lincoln, we went there to hear the charming music of "Un Ballo in Maschera," and as we were there first we consider that our new President came to see us, and we tender him our thanks for the distinguished compliment. There was a very brilliant assemblage present, and a most unusual display of female beauty, enough to dazzle any one unaccustomed to the magnificent features of metropolitan society. There was but little apparent excitement, but countless fair heads were turned to the right and to the left, as though undecided in which quarter the expected apparition would appear. But the Introduction passed over and no sign being given, the audience settled down to listen to the music. Brignoli sang most charmingly, and Miss Hinkley warbled her Arietta like a bird. We were silently enjoying all this, when a buzz and burr aroused us, and turning to the left, we beheld one thousand double-barrelled opera-glasses all turned in one direction to the right. We followed the stream of glances, and saw the largest amount of President the country has yet afforded. We do not speak under oath, nor even from positive conviction, but we think we saw seven feet of President—at least calculating from the knees upwards. The lower extremities were hidden by the front of the box, and a wild wish flashed across our mind, that when he sat down he would put his feet on the cushioned front, that our calculations might be more accurate, and satisfy us that *all* we saw belonged to our new President. There was so much of him that we thought, if we could only divide him up, we could spare half for the new Confederacy, and the correspondence being perfect between the two halves of our omnipresent President, the most perfect harmony would ensue, and the Union would ultimately be made whole.

The remainder of the music in the first act went for nothing. The audience was all eyes, and the universal ears were unnaturally shortened, and for the time functionless. We all glared at Lincoln, we mentally devoured him, but we are bound to confess that he did not seem to be in the least degree disturbed by this double-barrelled opera-glass attack. He examined the house, and we are rather inclined to think that he made some jocular remark upon the subject to his friends. He seemed to take a profound interest in his growing beard, he fondled his chin, he pulled the stubbly hair on either side of his face as though he longed to stretch it out to regulation length. We are satisfied that he believes his coming beard improves his personal appearance. Well, perhaps it does, but that's a matter of opinion. Well, the curtain dropped upon the first act, and as yet there had been no demonstration, but then arose a thunder of applause and a whirlwind of cries of "Lincoln! Lincoln!" Amid the din of cries and applause, the President commenced to uncoil himself, and as foot after foot unfolded itself before the public gaze more deafening became the noise and clamor. He bowed his acknowledgments and bowed them again. Calm and self-possessed, he gave one the idea of power, stern, rugged and uncompromising; but still there was in the smile something gentle, benevolent and kindly, giving the assurance that justice would be tempered with mercy, and that stern principle would be leavened with that wisdom which springs from a knowledge of the human heart and a sympathy with human weakness.

Before he recovered his erect position—we did not measure the time—the curtain rose, discovering all the artists and chorus of the Academy, and the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." What a shout of welcome went up to the roof as the well-known air was recognized by the people! Up rose the audience in a mass, and up rose the President, when from the top of the proscenium slowly descended the glorious flag of the Union, the beloved Stars and Stripes, and the voices grew hoarse with shouting, and the hands grew tired with clapping and waving hats and handkerchiefs, and the faces of the people flushed up and tears were in many eyes; and Americans felt that night the enthusiasm of loyalty—loyalty to their country—loyalty to their brotherhood, and loyalty to that glorious flag that has covered millions of freemen and has ever waved in the van of civilization and progress.

It was a scene such as we have never seen save in the Old Country. We Americans have too often sneered at that word "loyalty;" but to the people of the Old Country it comprises love of the soil, love of kindred and home ties, pride in the deeds of their sons, pride in the ancient glory of the land, in its legends of triumphs in war and peace, and in all that comprises the nationality of a great people. This is loyalty, and when the people greet the sovereign they honor, the shout is for the country they love, its honor, its glory, themselves and the head which is a component part of the whole. Our troubles now make us comprehend the meaning of loyalty—loyalty to the glorious past of our country—its institutions, its homesteads; loyalty to its great Present, and loyalty and brotherhood to all in the sublime Future which is before us. The shouts which rent the air in the Academy that night as the President elect rose up was the heart homage of a free and truthful people, loyal to the traditions, the virtues and the glories of their common country. And long may such loyalty

——wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

When the curtain fell three cheers were given for Lincoln, three for the Constitution, and three loud-mouthed, rousing cheers for the Union.

The Queen's Speech.

It is seldom that a Royal speech departs so far from grim official precedent as to indulge in anything of a personal nature; but the speech delivered by Queen Victoria to her Parliament on its opening on the 5th of February contains an exception so gratifying to the brotherhood of nations that it deserves special mention. It comes also at a time when such an exhibition of true Queenly womanhood is doubly grateful. In our Foreign News we have quoted the passage *verbatim*, and we need not, therefore, repeat it here. There is no doubt but that part has been read throughout the length and breadth of our Republic with unmixed satisfaction, for it shows that all selfish sense of rivalry has been forgotten in that genuine homely sentiment which a noble woman would feel on hearing of the misfortune of a household where her eldest son had been cordially welcomed and affectionately entertained. It may truly be said that on that occasion the mother spoke as well as the Sovereign. That her kindly interest may be emulated by our American women is not too much to ask from the fair descendants of those whose blood cemented the glorious fabric of our Union.

It is also pleasant to know that she spoke the sentiments of her Parliament, for in both Houses there was an unaffected expression of sympathy eminently worthy of a great and kindred people.

Lord Granville, one of the Cabinet Ministers, said that although many foreigners had half congratulated him upon the weakening of their giant rival, he had not heard so narrow-minded but still natural sentiment issue from the lips of an Englishman. All honor to the Queen and her Parliament, who towered above worldly considerations, and publicly avowed their regret at the present unhappy position of our national affairs.

Let us trust their words will not be lost upon the hot-headed politicians, who, in their blind pursuit of vengeance, would destroy the great beacon of Liberty in the New World.

A New Sensation—If we could only have it.

Do any of you know *Bruno Wollenhaupt?* Yes or no? The majority says No. Then we will tell you who Bruno Wollenhaupt is: A good while ago—away back in the fifties—there was a young lad who gave promise of a fine talent as a violinist. He was quite a boy, but he had the quiet, earnest ways of a man. Reserved and thoughtful, though so young, he was already an artist in feeling, and we were satisfied, even at that time, that he only needed the fostering influences of art-surroundings to become anything he desired in his profession. There was one who viewed the matter just as we did, but he had a more deep and natural interest in the welfare of this young boy—this was his own brother, Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, himself a fine pianist and admirable composer. Hermann was quite young, but he was an able and a prosperous teacher, and he determined that his brother should have all the advantages of a European art education, so he sent him to Germany. Young Bruno was here in his element. He was surrounded by art students and a people, whatever their social position, full of art feeling and the refinement which springs therefrom. Year after year passed by, and still young Bruno studied, every day developing his extraordinary mechanism, and feeding his enthusiasm for his profession. He became known as one of the rising men, and his reputation spread in musical circles. He studied with most of the great masters, became familiar with their schools, but imitated none of them. He sought to learn all their peculiarities of *technique*, in order to master all their difficulties and become a perfect interpreter of their works. All this he accomplished, and with his native genius untrammelled he commenced his artistic career.

His success in Germany, where he appeared on several occasions, was very decided, and he was justly marked by the most learned critics as one who would soon take his place among the great masters of the violin. A little later he went to Paris, and was received at once into the art circles of that city, and was distinguished for his intelligent reading and his brilliant rendering of the classic quartettes of the great composers. He appeared but once publicly in Paris, when he was summoned back to America by the sickness of his father. His success on that occasion was brilliant. After his arrival in New York he contented himself for some time with hard practice and composition; but at length he was drawn from his shell by an offer from the management of the Academy of Music to accompany Piccolomini in a concert tour through the West and South. His performances in every place elicited the utmost enthusiasm of the audiences, he was encored in every piece, and a third appearance frequently demanded. He rather more than shared the honors with the fascinating little prima donna. But his artistic feeling revolted against this predatory existence, and he returned to his darling studies, and from them he could not be lured by the many brilliant offers tendered to him by concert-tour speculators.

Once he played at our Philharmonic concerts, and the sensation he produced was profound. No violinist, since Paganini, ever received a more enthusiastic ovation, and those who are competent to judge placed him in the front rank among living violinists. We heard him frequently since then, and we give our readers our impressions.

Bruno Wollenhaupt is a slender youth of ordinary height, with a frank intelligent face, and an expression tinged by dreamy thought, but flashing into animation under the excitement of playing. His whole frame seems nervously strung, and he feels so intensely the spirit of inspiration that the strain upon his physical organization is very severe—the electric forces are so rapidly expended, that a state of mental and physical exhaustion is the result. Bruno Wollenhaupt has in him all the elements of a great artist. He has creative power, executive power, imagination, passion, sympathy, and with all a steady, enduring perseverance, which ever urges him on to the acquirement of higher perfection. He is well read in the repertoire of all the violin composers, and his own repertoire, selected from the great classic and romantic schools, is, in extent, extraordinary. So wonderful is his memory that he can play by rote over *sixty* great concertos, besides many of his own, which display fine taste and poetic sentiment, and an unlimited number of smaller pieces. His style is eminently attractive. His tone is large and sympathetic; his execution clear, brilliant and inevitably certain; his manner modest and graceful, and he executes the most startling difficulties without effort or gesticulation. His *bravura* playing is brilliant, bold and characteristic; his *cantabile* smooth, flowing and exquisitely tender, and his *adagio* grand, sustained and profoundly emotional.

Such are the qualities which Bruno Wollenhaupt brings to bear upon the art which he has chosen. The combination is unusual, only appearing in the rarest and most sensitive musical organizations, and maturity alone is needed to develope them into that crowning genius at whose shrine the world bows down and worships. We want to hear Bruno Wollenhaupt once again in public, and we want our friends to hear him. Why does not the Philharmonic Society solicit him to play at their next concert? His name would add prestige even to its brilliant and well-earned reputation. It would be the greatest art-boon it could offer to its subscribers. We suggest this, for in the present dearth of musical ability, it is a sin and a shame that so rare and so glorious a talent should remain unexercised, and in a measure unknown and unacknowledged.

We have received from a new contributor the following kindly, pleasant and clever poetic squib upon the action of a sister State. Its geniality and good feeling will make it welcome to all classes of readers:

Miss Carry—Our poor little Sister that's out in the Cold.

In the deep heart of manhood with sympathy quivers
When tales of misfortune ideal are told,
What pity awaits the poor lambkin that shivers,
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

She is pettish and proud, and scarce knows what she's wanting,
Not lacking in courage—indeed she is bold—
She has a strange passion for strutting and ranting,
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

We love her, we do, though at times she's presuming;
She's so like ourselves, though of delicate mould,
If she only would cease from the fretting and fuming,
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

How sad were our hearts when we suddenly missed her
We sought her in Greenwood, in glen, and in wold,
For we felt so uneasy about our dear sister,
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

She'll waken some morning, quite rid of the vapors;
The mist from her eyes will be happily rolled,
And won't we be glad when she's done with her capers,
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

No charges preferring for her to reply to,
We leave the one half of her whimsies untold,
And rebellion's a very rude word to apply to
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

The worst of it all is, that Georgy and Missy
Have got that they're neither to bind nor to hold,
And silly Miss Lou has now followed her sissy,
Her poor little sissy that's out in the cold.

Sure kindness beseems us, the big whiskered brother,
We'll soothe her and bring her again to the fold,
For we cannot be hard with the child of our mother,
Our poor little sister that's out in the cold.

Sam Pindar.

Something New to Play.

We have something very charming in the way of pianoforte music to recommend to our readers this week. Foremost among them are some new compositions by *William Mason*, who stands at the head of the writers in this school in the country. He is, in truth, the only American, if we except Gottschalk, whose works take rank with the higher compositions of the modern European masters. He studied his art assiduously in Germany, and being possessed of a fine musical organization, he became thoroughly imbued with its esthetics, drawing from the purest springs those draughts of inspiration which are life-long in their influence, and exhaustless when wooed with earnestness of a matured mind. Mason went abroad an artist in spirit, and came back an artist in spirit and in fact.

His latest compositions are *Deux Reveries*. The first is called "Au Matin," and is as fresh as the first breath of summer morning, as joyous as the carol of the up-springing lark, and as *picturesque* as a mountain valley when the sun glances athwart and showers gold-drops through rocky crevices. The main subject is supported throughout by a sparkling and restless figure in triplets, which gives an aerial lightness to the whole. The second subject is quaint in its character, and as fanciful as though the musician's thought was *en rapport* with the nymphs and the fawns, the dryads and the hamadryads of a past poetic generation. Taken as a whole, it is a thoughtful, fanciful and poetic composition, and worthy the consideration of the refined musician. It does not possess startling difficulties, but it requires a clean, delicate touch and an educated taste to render it justly.

The second *Reverie*, "Au Soir," is a tender, dreamy and sensuous melody, richly harmonized and cleverly sustained. It is a twilight thought, a compound of languor and happy and regretful memories—a thought too light for sorrow, yet fraught with gentle sadness. It is a love sonnet deliciously expressed. It is not difficult, but requires a scholarly and loving interpretation. These *Reveries* are published in splendid style by Firth, Pond & Co., and we cordially commend them to the attention of all lovers of good music.

Firth & Pond have also published the *Clarabella Schottisch de Salon*, composed by Charles Wels. It is a graceful, flowing and most melodious schottisch, brilliant and not difficult, and popular in melody without being commonplace. Its several subjects are in perfect keeping, and are so well contrasted that the performer is interested until the close. Mr. Wels writes these pleasant *morceaux de salon, con amore*, and there are few who write more gracefully and spiritedly. The *Clarabella Schottisch* will certainly become very popular.

A Flowery Compliment to President Lincoln.

There is some poetry even in politics. As the future President was passing the St. Nicholas Hotel a young man forced his way through the crowd, and approaching Mr. Lincoln's carriage, presented to him a magnificent bouquet. It was very large, and was composed of the costliest and rarest flowers. In the centre was a red star, within the points of which were letters forming the word "Union." It was gracefully accepted by the President. This beautiful floral offering was the gift of Messrs. Chevalier & Brower, 523 Broadway, who rendered themselves so famous by their exquisite bouquets at the Prince of Wales's ball. They are true artists in their business.

The Bond Street Homœopathic Dispensary.

We have received the Sixth Annual Report of the Bond Street Homœopathic Dispensary, which is, in every respect, encouraging and gratifying. Over three thousand cases were treated gratuitously, and nearly ten thousand prescriptions were dispensed. This charitable and admirable institution is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, raised at the personal solicitation of the founder and manager of the dispensary, Dr. Otto Füllgraff, who has devoted his time, energy and talent to build up this noble and charitable institution, where the poor can go for advice and receive it without feeling that they are asking for charity. We cannot speak too highly of the devotion which Dr. Füllgraff displays in this excellent cause, and we hope to see a more liberal response to the claims which this institution has upon public sympathy from those whose wealth enables them to indulge in the luxury of doing good.

Dr. Füllgraff has very recently added to the stock of the dispensary a new instrument, called "Laryngoscope" (the first one, we believe, made in this country), an instrument of recent invention, and of great importance in diseases of the throat, through which means physicians are now enabled to see the exact locality, nature and extent of the disease, hence giving them greater facilities in the more successful management of diseases of that class.

Many eminent physicians assist Dr. Füllgraff in the duties of the Bond Street Dispensary.

English Opera at Niblo's Garden.

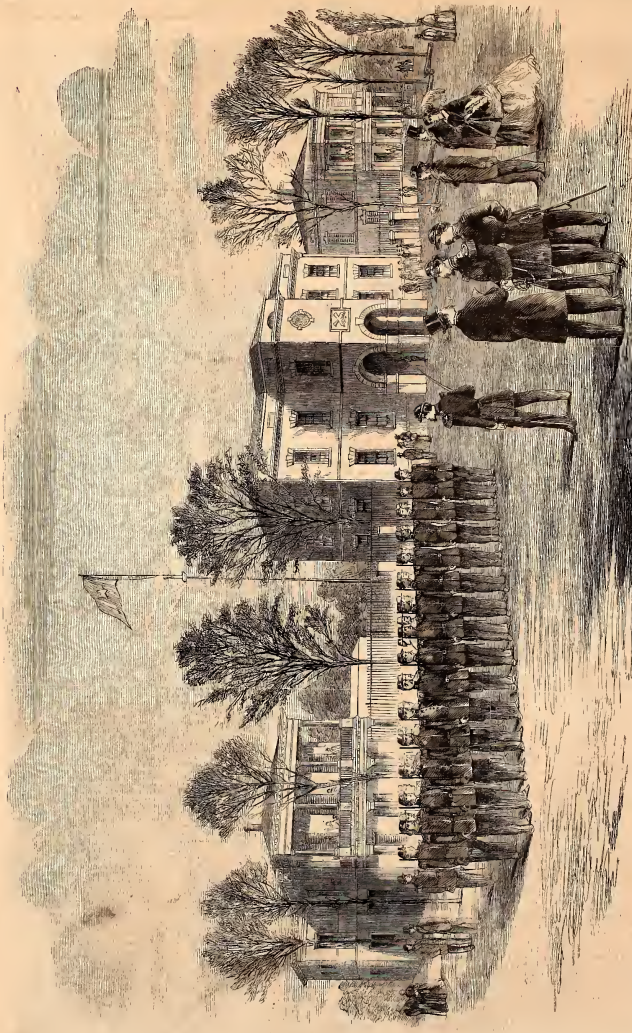
The "Bohemian Girl" was produced by Madame Anna Bishop's company at Niblo's Garden on Tuesday evening last. It was a wonderful improvement upon the previous opera. The choruses were well drilled, the orchestra excellent, and it was put upon the stage with great care.

Madame Anna Bishop performed the part of Arline for the first time, and achieved a decided success. She looked and dressed the character charmingly, and sang the music better than we ever heard it sung before. Her "Marble Halls" was a delicious piece of vocalization, and was honored by a tremendous encore. She sang the entire rôle most admirably, and gave a life and a charm to the character of Arline which have not been vouchsafed to it within our knowledge. It must be classed among her most successful representations.

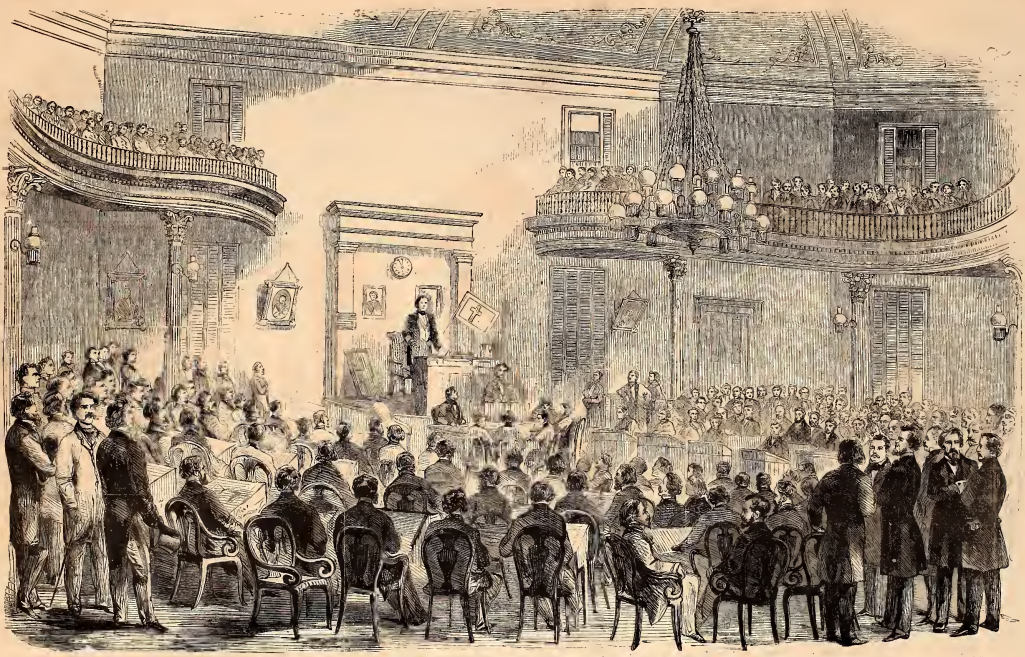
The Gipsy Queen found a most able representative in Miss Paine, who sang and acted with great spirit and effect.

Mr. Miranda made a pronounced success, being encored in both his songs "Then You'll Remember Me," and "The Fair Land of Poland." Mr. Brookhouse Bowler was a most acceptable Floresten, and Mr. Aynsley Cook was the best Devilshoof we have seen since Seguin's time. He made it a marked character; too exaggerated, perhaps, singing the music most effectively, and sustaining the action of the scenes with rare tact. The production of the "Bohemian Girl" was a decided success, and warranted its repetition every performing night last week.

The next opera, we understand, will be the "Sonnambulist," Madame Bishop appearing as Amina. It is rumored that after that opera, "Fra Diavolo" will be produced, Madame Anna Bishop sustaining the character of Fra Diavolo, and a lady of this city of fine musical ability appearing as Zerlina. That cast will assuredly attract great attention.



THE ARSENAL, AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA—REVIEW OF THE CLINCH RIFLES, BY CAPT. C. A. PLANT, ON THE PARADE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE ARSENAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN AUGUSTA.—SEE PAGE 227.



THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY—SENATE CHAMBER IN THE CAPITOL AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, DURING OPEN SESSION—THE HON. HOWELL COBB PRESIDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 227

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Guilt begun must fly
To guilt consummate to be safe.—*Young.*

Where should this music be? in earth or air?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some god of th' island.—*Shakespeare.*

At the very moment that the Marquis of Chillingham, surprised out of his usual frigidity, would have seized the hands of Ishmael, the falling figure of Violet interposed, and he had to step back as hastily as he had advanced.

Although betrayed into a momentary excitement, it was but momentary. The very following instant he beckoned with his finger to Ishmael, and drew aside a long, magnificent damask curtain, which seemed to conceal a window, but in reality masked a door, and Ishmael, bearing the senseless form of Violet, accompanied by the marquis and Erle, disappeared behind it.

The whole incident was so rapidly enacted that the two principal characters engaged in it were gone ere those who were the most deeply interested in their appearance could draw their breath.

As the heavy, massive drapery fell back into its long, graceful folds, still and motionless as before, Lord Kingswood gasped audibly, nor was the inspiration of his breath less deep than that of Lady Kingswood. Her attention had been wholly absorbed by the unlooked for appearance of Erle, and it remained so until, like the shadow of a dark cloud, the figure of the Marquis of Chillingham interposed and hid it from sight.

But the face remained, the pale, clear, bright, haughty face—the Kingswood face, the face of two centuries back and of now—the face more vividly resembling that of her husband than did her own son's.

Pharisee's fearful suggestion struck her to the heart like a poisoned arrow at this moment.

Oh, it was a sharp agony she suffered as she remembered his words even as if they were being now hissed into her ears. She involuntarily pressed her hands over her aching eyes, scalding tears were excoriating them; but even in this bitter moment she remembered her position in society, and made a desperate exertion of self-control to conceal her convulsive emotion from the eyes of those who would not have beheld it without making it the subject of an extensive scandal. The salons of the Marquis of Chillingham, thronged as they were by thoughtless, worldly, reckless and cold votaries of fashion, was no place in which to give way to a wild ebullition of overwrought feelings, and she made a choking effort to appear still calm and passionless.

She removed her burning fingers from her fevered lids, and the glare of the lights blinded her, as the loud clangor of the instruments, still performing a wild and joyous air, deafened and distracted her. She threw again a hurried glance around her, but Erle was no longer visible. He and those who accompanied him had disappeared.

She had, however, seen only him. It was upon his face and form she had brooded for weeks, and when, like a spectre in a blaze of splendor, he appeared abruptly before her, she noticed not who came side by side with him.

Ishmael she would not have recognized; Violet she did not know. It would have been impossible for her not to have been struck with the unearthly beauty of Violet's face, with the delicate and refined symmetry of her form, or the remarkable character of her attire, which, unexceptionable in taste, rendered her so much more like a fair, pure, immaterial spirit than a human creature; she would undoubtedly, as all present were, have been startled by her singular aspect, but beyond that she would not have been affected.

Erle alone attracted all her sense of vision, all her mental faculties. No sooner did his face glare in her eyes than she beheld—thought of no one else—save her husband.

To him she turned now.

Him, Lord Kingswood, a Minister of the Imperial Government, his honors thick upon him, the congratulations of the high and powerful yet ringing in his ears. Him, the proud representative of a long line of ancestry, the haughty, the imperious noble, standing cowering, shuddering by her side as a beaten hound.

She saw his ghastly face, his quivering limbs, his palsied figure, and notwithstanding there were eyes fixed upon her face, and open ears to catch her words, she would have repeated that question, a true answer to which was of such vital import to her.

Before she could carry her intention into effect, a finger was laid lightly upon her arm, and she observed the calm, set face of the Marquis of Chillingham close to her shoulder, and his cold, pale blue eyes fixed upon her own.

"Lady Kingswood, will you permit me the honor to escort you to a seat I have ordered to be reserved for you?" he said, in calm, even tones. "A young singing creature of great promise will make her debut here to-night, and I much wish to have your ladyship's opinion of her voice."

Lady Kingswood, half-suffocated, unable to utter a word, bowed her assent, and though a consuming fire raged within her breast, she smiled up into the marquis's face with an expression which made Lord Kingswood, who beheld it, involuntarily groan.

Lady Kingswood heard it. She beheld the inexpressible agony which brought the clammy drops upon her husband's forehead and the deathy hue upon his face, and her eyes glittered in revengeful triumph.

With lips quivering under the indescribable torture he suffered, Lord Kingswood turned to Cyril, to bid him find Lady Maud and conduct her to Lady Kingswood, but Cyril had quitted his side, and was no longer visible. He, therefore, with ill-acted indifference, followed in the direction in which the Marquis of Chillingham had conducted Lady Kingswood.

As he moved off, a hand touched his. He turned as though a scorpion had stung him, but he beheld, instead of the face he had expected to behold frowning malignantly upon him, only that of Sir Harris Stanhope.

His daughter Beatrice still rested upon his arm, but her eyes were fastened upon the long folds of massive drapery behind which Violet had been borne.

"I have a word to say to you, Kingswood; will lend me your ear for a moment?" exclaimed Sir Harris, hurriedly, addressing his lordship. Then, turning his face towards the spot where his son Carlton was still pouring flattering nothings into the unheeding ear of Lady Maud, he beckoned to him hastily.

Carlton approached with Lady Maud still leaning upon his arm.

"Take charge of Beatrice for a few minutes, Carlton," he said, in a short, quick tone. "I have some little matters to speak to Lord Kingswood privately upon."

Beatrice was consigned to her brother, and Sir Harris had guided Lord Kingswood into a corner, where he was not likely to be overheard, ere a minute had elapsed.

"The boy—the boy," murmured Sir Harris Stanhope in his ear. "You saw him?"

A thousand recollections flashed through the brain of Lord Kingswood.

It was his turn now to clutch the wrist of Sir Harris Stanhope.

"The boy who passed before us both a minute since I know. What of him?" he muttered.

"His face—his face," continued Sir Harris Stanhope. "You have not forgotten that face?"

"Stanhope, it is the face of an avenging spirit," returned Lord Kingswood, in low, solemn tones, which made the blood of the knight run cold. "An avenging spirit, Stanhope, which will glare down upon you in your death hour as terribly and as pitilessly as upon me in mine."

"No, Kingswood," returned Stanhope, with husky accents, "I have something to answer for, but not——"

"Peace," interposed Lord Kingswood, sharply; "this is neither time nor place to discuss this matter. It is enough that the earth has given up the dead; that I have been fooled, tricked, cheated, betrayed by those whom I have most trusted—you more basely than all the rest. But this I will settle with you at another time——"

"You wrong me, Kingswood," interrupted Sir Harris, with an air of wounded pride. "I hazarded much for you, Heaven knows——"

"We will leave the name of Heaven out, if you please," again interrupted Lord Kingswood. "The marriage——"

"Was a mock affair, you know," whispered Sir Harris, quickly.

"Can you prove this?" said Lord Kingswood, eagerly.

"I can," answered Sir Harris.

"Enough," ejaculated Lord Kingswood. "Do this, and you remove a mountain from my breast."

"I have already done it, Kingswood, as you know," continued Sir Harris Stanhope. "Years since——"

"Bah! you must do it now, Stanhope," interrupted Lord Kingswood. "You remember Horace Vernon?"

"Ye-es—yes," answered Sir Harris Stanhope, thoughtfully. "He has not been heard of for years."

"He passed under your very nose a moment since," exclaimed Lord Kingswood between his teeth. "It was he who caught that young creature as she fell swooning while walking by the side of that boy who is born to be my curse."

The breath of Sir Harris Stanhope came thick and short.

"Horace Vernon living and here!" he ejaculated.

"Living, and burning for revenge," returned Lord Kingswood, with slow emphasis. "It is he who has suddenly produced this boy, who, he insists, is the heir to my title and my name. He must be met, and his dire intentions defeated. He is no less your bitter enemy, Stanhope, than mine. I know how far he can injure me; you he can utterly destroy. He has wealth and power, and he can crush you as easily as he can and will—unless we are bold as well as skilful—ruin my happiness."

The face of Sir Harris Stanhope changed to many hues. He revolved in his mind which would be most conducive to his interest, to stand by or betray Lord Kingswood.

"I have long repented that mad, youthful folly," he involuntarily exclaimed.

"Your repentance comes late," observed Lord Kingswood, drily. "If you are not, however, firm and true to yourself and to me—to me, remember, Stanhope—you will most bitterly repent your weak and useless vacillation."

"Your lordship does not, surely, doubt me?" returned Sir Harris, looking furtively at him.

"I confess, after Vernon's stern asseveration to me concerning the part you played—you remember, Stanhope, played by you at your own suggestion—I lack much of the faith in you that I once possessed," rejoined Lord Kingswood.

"You have seen Vernon, then?" said Sir Harris, gnawing his finger-tips.

"Seen? Spoke with him," returned Lord Kingswood. "He has assured me that vengeance has only slumbered; it is now awakening, and when fairly aroused, all who have wronged him or aided in wronging him—and one other—will have need to beware of a terrible retribution."

Sir Harris Stanhope uttered an exclamation of uneasiness.

"This menace bears so much weight and value as we may permit it, and no more," continued Lord Kingswood, in an almost inaudible yet earnest voice. "It is for you, Stanhope, to go back to the past, remember well each important and petty circumstance, gather together all proofs in whatever shape or form they may exist, and stand firmly and bravely to your post. You cannot recall what has taken place, therefore be true to yourself and to me, as I have suggested, or you are lost."

"But," urged Sir Harris, with an expression of distrust on his face.

"No more here," interposed Lord Kingswood, almost petulantly. "You must call upon me at my house. Make your own appointment, and I will attend to it. Closeted in my library, we can determine on our course; but, mind me, you must be prompt in the matter, for Vernon is already acting, ay, and he will act too with remorseless persistency and savage determination."

"You said Vernon was here; where is he?" inquired Sir Harris, with a nervous glance over his shoulder.

"That is a point, Stanhope, which has seriously disturbed me," answered Lord Kingswood. "I knew not that Chillingham was personally acquainted with him. It seems to me that they have been on terms of close friendship in years long past; yet it is strange that I, who was Vernon's first, I thought almost his only friend, should be ignorant of this. See; we attract attention. You will write to me?"

"Do not be uneasy, my lord; your official position and my diplomatic office will afford a solution to the inquisitive gaze with which we are favored," responded Sir Harris Stanhope; "nevertheless, it will be wise to separate now. Your lordship will hear from me in the morning."

"Enough!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood; "for the present, farewell."

"Farewell, my lord," returned Sir Harris, and waving his hand, quitted Lord Kingswood to rejoin his daughter.

Beatrice Stanhope, who had been left by her father with Carlton and Lady Maud, scarcely interchanged a word with either. Lady Maud appeared to be in no mood for conversation, and Carlton rattled on incessantly, without giving her a chance to make an observation, scarcely a reply. Beatrice contented herself with keeping her eyes fixed upon those massive folds of drapery which not alone concealed the entry to a private chamber, but it kept hidden from her one whom she yearned again to see and to speak with.

It was something of a relief to her when her father came up and said to her,

"Atrice, love, there is to be some singing; you would, I know, like to hear it. Lady Maud, you will, perhaps, join us. Lady Kingswood has already been escorted to a seat by the Marquis of Chillingham."

"Oh, with pleasure, I am sure," exclaimed Carlton, quickly. "Lady Maud, your exquisite taste will unquestionably draw you thither, and your graciousness will extend to me the honor of escorting you. I am not too presumptuous, I hope, Lady Maud?"

Lady Maud's eyebrows slightly contracted, and she hesitated.

Beatrice did not utter a word to induce her to comply with her father's suggestion.

"Lady Maud, you will not be so cruel as to decline," chimed in Sir Harris. "I promise you you shall have a seat by the side of Lady Kingswood."

This promise seemed to decide her, and with a slight bend of assent she accepted the proffered escort of Carlton.

"Beatrice," said Sir Harris Stanhope to his daughter, in an undertone, as he hurried her on to put some distance between her and Lady Maud, "did you see Mr. Gower to-night?"

"I did, sir. His appearance was too remarkable for it to escape me—or, I imagine, any one present," was the reply, in a tone as low as his own.

"It was somewhat singular, certainly," rejoined Sir Harris. "Very singular, truly. By the way, Beatrice, my love, during the month or so that Mr. Gower was on a visit to Carlton, you, of course, had many opportunities of seeing him."

"Many, sir," returned Beatrice, in a somewhat faint voice.

"Did you observe his face with especial attention?" he inquired, thoughtfully.

"Sir!" ejaculated Beatrice, looking up at him with surprise.

"I mean, did you observe his features—the lineaments of his face—closely?" continued Sir Harris.

"Excuse me, sir," responded Beatrice, her face suffused with a burning blush. "What an odd remark!"

"But worthy of a reply, nevertheless!" exclaimed her father, impatiently.

"Oh, to be sure," she muttered, with some embarrassment. "I remember his features, certainly—a—quite well enough to recognise him again at any future meeting."

"You are absurdly childish, Beatrice," sharply subjoined Sir Harris. "I wish to know whether you observed anything in his face which made an impression upon your—your mind?"

"I thought him—handsome, if I may be permitted to acknowledge so much," she returned, in a slightly faltering tone.

"Strikingly handsome," responded Sir Harris; "but you still do not appear to comprehend my meaning. Did it occur to you that you had seen the face before, or at least one which resembled it?"

"No; unhesitatingly no," she answered.

"Think," said her father, emphatically. "You know that you offend me by inconsiderate replies."

The hue of scarlet, which a moment before had quitted the brow of Beatrice, again returned to it.

"There may," she answered, with some hesitation, "be many faces bearing in some respects resemblance to it, but none that I have seen even approached it as a counterpart."

Sir Harris's face wore a disappointed appearance.

"You surely remember seeing it so strikingly exhibited in the park on that day on which, after riding with you, he abruptly quitted our party, to re-appear in so marked a manner even as he did to-night? Did it not either then or now remind you of one you knew well?"

"No!" she exclaimed, thoughtfully.

"Tut!" ejaculated Sir Harris, angrily. "Have your eyes been closed, girl, in the presence of Cyril Kingswood or his father?"

Beatrice uttered an exclamation of surprise, vexation, even anger.

"I do recognise the resemblance now," she muttered.

A very romantic theory of hers was now very abruptly demolished. It was true, as Carlton Stanhope had declared, that he had interested her in the history of Erle before she met him, on account of his strange isolation from all friends. When she first saw him, his face struck her as being singularly familiar to her, and as she knew that she had never before seen him in life, she jumped to the conclusion that she had seen him in her dreams—upon which belief she built up a very pretty poetical fiction. This agreeable day-dream her father dissipated by one fell swoop of his tongue.

There was certainly a remarkable resemblance between Cyril Kingswood and Mr. Gower, and this resemblance it inevitably was that led her to conceive Erle had been presented to her dreaming eyes by Fate.

It was disagreeable to be suddenly awakened out of so pleasant a conceit. Yet though it pained her, it consoled her to assure herself that the superiority of Erle's attractions over those of Cyril might fairly have prevented her making the discovery her father had done for her.

Sir Harris Stanhope, wholly unconscious of what was passing in his daughter's mind, said, hastily—

"Did you ever hear Mr. Gower speak of Lord Kingswood?"

"No, sir," she replied readily.

"Yet I remember that Carlton said Cyril Kingswood expressed to him a great wish to see Mr. Gower," urged Sir Harris.

"So I believe he did, but I think—in fact, I am sure—he did not explain to Carlton wherefore, or even what was the nature of his intimacy with him," replied Beatrice.

"Well, well, my love, Mr. Gower will visit us again," rejoined Sir Harris, patting her on the arm, "and he will be sure to pay to my pet those interesting attentions her beauty will command from an elegant young fellow like him. My little Atrice will then extract from him the nature of his relationship—or acquaintance, as the case may be—with Lord Kingswood. Strange as it may seem, the information you will elicit will be of importance to me, and may be to you, my love. I need not repeat this conversation. You will communicate to me at the earliest moment the information I am very anxious—mark me, very anxious—to secure; of that I am sure. See, there sits Lady Kingswood; we will make our way to her. Carlton, follow up close. My dear Lady Maud, we shall within a minute rejoin Lady Kingswood. See, there she sits."

Aye, there sat Lady Kingswood in what might have been deemed the seat of honor, if such a term can properly be applied to priority of place.

She rested in a magnificently decorated armchair, one, indeed, of regal appointments, but she sat ill at ease. She saw not the elegantly-arranged orchestra for the vocalists before her; nor did she observe the glances, some satirical, some envious, some malignant, which were freely directed at her by the throng moving near and around her.

She listened not, heeded not the honied flatteries which the Marquis of Chillingham, with calm, imperturbable face, poured into her ear. She saw only the face of Erle Gower—she thought only of the words the marquis had uttered in an undertone to her husband, "Kingswood, here is your *family secret.*"

So, then *he* knew it; perhaps all the world knew it—the whole sarcastic, unfeeling world, who held her up to scorn and ridicule—all knew it but her, who should first have known it.

Her blood bubbled, boiled, ran scaldingly through her veins. She bit her trembling lips—was now in a burning fever, and anon frozen to ice. Ay, no doubt as she sat there she was the object of mockery and derision to all who smiled obsequiously in her face and laughed contemptuously at her behind her back.

With flashing eyes she turned to the marquis, who had whispered in her ear words she had not interpreted, even if she heard them.

"My lord marquis," she said, abruptly, though in a scarcely audible tone, "you pointed out Mr. Gower to Lord Kingswood, and styled him his family secret. What did you mean by that?"

"My dear Lady Kingswood," answered the marquis, quickly, "I trust my inadvertence has not given your ladyship any cause for any feeling——"

"My lord marquis," she interposed, in a voice rendered husky by her emotion, "you will infinitely oblige me if you will reply to my question."

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"Your ladyship will remember that Mr. Gower occupied a peculiar, and I think I am justified in saying, a somewhat mysterious position at Kingswood Hall," he rejoined.

"I am aware of that," responded Lady Kingswood, quickly, "but you spoke to Kingswood in a tone as if you were conscious that Mr. Gower was a family secret for reasons for which you were well acquainted."

The marquis remained silent, apparently admiring a brilliant ring upon one of his fingers.

"You invited Mr. Gower here to-night to meet us, my lord marquis," she continued, turning her flashing eyes upon him.

His cold blue orbs sustained their fiery glitter unmoved.

"I assure you, Lady Kingswood, I did not," he answered.

"But you know who did, my lord?" she rejoined, quickly.

He bowed.

"I am scarcely at liberty to answer that question," he said, quietly.

"I must know. Oh, my lord marquis, I am frenzied, mad, about this wretched affair," she murmured, with considerable emotion. "I must, I will know all, at any sacrifice. I will know all."

The marquis bent his head a little nearer to hers.

"I am afraid Kingswood has behaved ill to you," he whispered. "If so, he deserves no consideration, and you ought to punish him. I can ascertain everything if your ladyship will trust in me and favor me with that meeting alone which I have prayed you to grant me. I will put you in possession of all the facts."

"I will meet you," she said, so hoarsely, that the words were scarcely distinguishable.

"I will arrange it all," he whispered, adding, as he still seemed to be inspecting the glitter of the magnificent diamond upon his finger; "Kingswood and others are swarming up. Courage, do not lose your self-possession for your life."

Before Lady Kingswood could reply, Lord Kingswood, accompanied by his son Cyril and Eleanore Cotton, made their appearance. Ebenezer Cotton had seized Cyril as he was gliding from the *salon*, and led him to his daughter, with whom Lord Kingswood had found him, and the latter secured his son, that he might place him as a check upon Lady Kingswood. Cyril, dull-spirited and heartbroken, had yielded, for he lacked spirit to oppose his father's commands.

He took his place by his mother's side, and Eleanore, leaning upon his arm, looked wistfully and sadly up in his face, for she grieved to see him so cast down. She only too correctly guessed the cause.

Immediately adjoining them sat Lord Kingswood with Lady Maud at his side, and Sir Harris Stanhope with his son and daughter behind them. Spread far and wide were the guests, prepared to criticise the *débutante* and to give the "singing woman" the cold shade of their favor, if she proved herself a marvel.

And now the voices were hushed and the *débutante* appeared.

The heart of Cyril leaped out of its seat, for, as his listless eyes fell upon her, it seemed to him that Violet stood before him even as she had startled him by her presence a short time previously.

Another glance, however, told him that he had been mistaken. There was the same style of floral crown, the same description of pale-green robe, but, oh, not the same sweet, loving, innocent face.

Still, the *débutante* was young, and fair, and timid. It was plain she trembled where she stood, but more assuring sounds were heard to give her confidence.

The music played a plaintive prelude, and the young girl commenced, in a richly, melodious voice, to sing. Her tones were tremulous, but every word was clear and distinct.

They rang in Cyril's ears, and beat deathblows on his heart.

The first verse ran thus:

"When we two parted
  In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
  To sever for years;
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,
  Colder thy kiss,
How truly that hour foretold
  Sorrow to this."

Cyril felt his heart swell and ache; blinding tears opening into his eyes, and he was not sure if he should speak or not.

At the same time a low, convulsive sobbing close to her startled Lady Kingswood, and she, on looking round, to her astonishment, beheld Lady Maud striving to hide a torrent of hysterical emotion.

Ere she could move to approach her, a voice—but this of the singer, but one even more beautifully melodious, but wild, passionate and unearthly—gratefully, requested she would—

"Oh, how truly dost bear friends—
Borrow to this."

They rang through the vaulted roof distinct, clear, forcible, and then died away, although the tones were those of a spirit flying rapidly from the scene where they were uttered.

While yet the last echo lived, the lady, in a paroxysm of every one present, was thrusting Cyril sternly from his seat and cried, in agonised accents:

"Violet, sir—for death, mine!"

He would have made a dart toward the orchestra, but a dark figure sprang before him, seized him fiercely and thrust him back, crying, in a low, fierce tone:

"No; see it life, nor death, hear!"

It was Julius Brand who thus confronted him; Schmael's eyes which glared in his; Schmael's hand which thrust him back into his seat.

He fell back as if paralysed, and in the confusion which ensued, no one saw how the tall, dark, Arab man vanished.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Of mortal love, joy, sorrow, hope and ire,
His hollow eyes shook forth a sickly light;
A
The other was a fell, benighted hour.
Just such a scene as Milton drew before:
By pride and wit, and rage, and matice bound;
So much for Satan, if none of God about.

PHARISEE, the more he brooded over the appointment he had made with the lad, Mr. Lord Kingswood, the more was his anxiety to keep it.

This mysterious personage evidently was in possession of important secrets which Pharisee considered it of importance to the success of his schemes to make himself master of. This secret object was the grandchild of a mad parson he had entertained some years past in Kingswood.

This indiue attachment had been created in his breast entirely by the voluptuous beauty of her person and expression, and by the other qualifications either of mind or position; for men and women are most blinded when they imagine they are making a show their passion, simply because they are ladies or gentlemen, and for no other reason.

This was not the case with Pharisee, and therefore his love was a more blinding, consuming frenzy—with a tendency to make him run into an excess however desperate and irreconcilable.

It is true that he himself considered he was not so, because his ferocious as were his instincts, he knew no more tremendous mode of revenging himself upon Lord Kingswood than to offer his hand to him that he had been the paramour of his highborn, proud, outdoor wife.

Like all men gifted with low, base cunning, he overlooked one or two considerations that to his more honest foe, he who killed Lord Kingswood had placed herself from her fatal tendency to believe the worst that could be said against her by her enemies, and as she even intended, and to credit the assertion of any one rather than him she was bound first to believe was a lie, and then the truth would it not sing fire from any such creature, but it sprang from the refined and pure nature of a lady, who would think the very thought of vile treachery in the weaknesses and foibles of women, knew how to resist upon them to her injury, but to whom such a thought had never brought over the ruin he created.

Nevertheless Pharisee had cool faith, not only in his own unerring, but in circumstances and the complexion which a skilful villain could put upon them, that he could win the confidence of the situation, he must become master of every little incident, but no encounter with Lord Kingswood would that be, for Pharisee, he was, as we have said, most anxious to secure his interview with the unknown child of Reverend Peregryn, and he considered that he entertained a belief the singular old stranger was in possession of some secret relative to the birth of Violet Kingswood which would ensure him, all of which it would be of extreme value to him to secure.

At ten o'clock on the night on which the incidents narrated in the last chapter took place, Pharisee stood before his accustomed mirror in part of Gray's Mansion. The front room of a neighbouring one-lamp house upon the door, and by the same light he was busily engaged in shaving his head.

This must be it," he mumbled, and glided up to the door.

He listened for a moment, but as the sound, which, being unanswered, after the lapse of five minutes, he repeated with no better effect. As he gave a single knock, and waited for very nobly, he came to the conclusion, at the end of a quarter of an hour, that he either had not been called or that no one was at home.

He therefore decided to make a louder and more forcible appeal to the knocker, which purpose he carried into effect, and which, effective, however, it could descend, the door was suddenly pulled open with such a violent jerk as to bring nearly off the hand thereof buried into the passage and its violent collision with a mug.

The next instant he was seized by the throat, his forehead with his collar with both hands, shook him fiercely. As he had not spirited his knife, and as his knocker, and as his throat was in a position his feeling, every time she shook him he knocked at the door, and that with a violence most fatally and dangerous to the door.

Such conduct much increased the ire of the lady, and naturally the commotion, until Pharisee, by a desperate effort, released himself, and retreated to the door, which, however, he had not time to protect to be still, gasped, muscular, and no mean match for one of the ill-fed feminine species.

"I don't understand this, madam!" he exclaimed, out of breath, as the verge of suffocation.

"Don't you?" she cried, shaking her bony fist, and wriggling her hard-featured face at him; "then I'll myself soon make you. We want none of your games here."

"My games," declared Pharisee, bewildered.

"Yes, your games," retorted the lady. "But I'm a match for the best of you. Come along with me, you villain, or I'll rap on the crown of night—I know what."

"Rap on what?" cried Pharisee, excitedly. "You cannot possibly tell the nature of my errand here!"

"Can't I, indeed? Then I'll soon tell you, with an expressive nod of the head. "Suppose I had been a child—which I don't happen to be quite—you'd have pulverised every soul, bar, or small parcel within your reach; as you see it is, me you've got a bragging'ster ready, an' we must go together, strong, or I'll bring a policeman to hurry you off, you low, sneaking thief, I will"

Pharisee shook with rage.

"Madam—woman—you are mad with drink!" he cried, utterly carried away by the unfounded fancies of the lady, and as he was once he not, live how! that is all I want to learn from you."

"Aha! of course I make the name put enough," retorted the lady of the house; "but I should like to know what you can want with—ah!" She interrupted her own query as a very wild scream.

It had her closed the tall old individual Pharisee had come to with—and he held between the finger and thumb of his left hand a sufficient piece of the lady's nose to make her pause, and, garnished with his presence. In his right hand he held a lamp, with it he made a most bewildering gesture to her, and in a low, fierce tone, requested silence then spoke to the lady:

"Madam, I am sorry to have hurt you, but I have been exposed to this gentleman's violence."

Virgo leaped aside, as if she expected that Neziah Pengregyn would take off the lobe of the rather large fleshy appendage at the side of her head, and cried:

Pharisee followed Pengregyn, who passed along the passage and ascended the stairs, while Virgo descended to her nic ternerly, prepared to refresh herself with a comforting measure, having a strangely powerful resemblance in its fragrance to brandy, and to spring out upon any other invader of her premises not properly qualified to make as much free with them.

Pharisee was not quite so much at ease with respect to this visit, after his reception from Miss Virgo, as he was before it, and he eyed every step during his progress up the stairs with distrust; but he could not help admiring the grand, but ruinous, he looked about him with inquiring and an evident readiness to make a bolt of it, if circumstances should in the least degree warrant a retreat.

The room he entered was dusty and dingy. It contained many iron boxes, with dates painted on the front of them, a table was covered with books, and a few chairs completed the furniture. The papers were strewn in hideous confusion. It was evident that the old gentleman had not been accustomed to any opposition in his apartment.

A glance showed Pharisee that the window had iron bars, and the door which admitted him was plated with iron, and sewn heavily.

Pengregyn sat down at the table and pointed to a chair.

Pharisee started up to Pengregyn, and laid his hand on his wrist.

"No trouble," said Pengregyn, in a low tone.

"No trouble," answered Pengregyn. "Besides, if it were, it is necessary to my safety. Sit down, sir, and tell me what business you have here now. What the sum take in the month very often lets out. What is your business with me? Be quick, sir, for I quickly lose the gift of acute hearing, and the not only exercises it but also tires it. Speak, sir. I don't know that the talks—that I am a patient, I do know that, but I mean to say I do not know the kind of person you are. Be quick, sir, for I talk, and I am not to be kept out. So, if you please we will shut the door close and listen it is."

Pharisee cast a look of astonishment at the old stinking at the heart, but he could not help himself, and was therefore obliged to take the best of it.

Sauce or thicke his eyes roved rapidly over the contents of the room, and it could not be denied that everything about his former presented the impression that he was in a lawyer's office—a very busy lawyer's office.

"You are a—lawyer, I presume" he at length faltered.

"Presume nothing," answered Pengregyn, with a grim smile. "My occupation is, however, mostly philanthropic. The world is indebted to me for the invention of lip reading, and help, I have for them—through a friend. When needy men come to me for assistance, and they do, I help them to the extent of seven months —perhaps four. We agree to name a day of payment, and the borrowers put it down in writing. If they do not pay on the day they take; then they find a kind friend to record their name on the little list I have here, and they get their money easily, and I gratify my philanthropy. I have nothing more on my friend."

"Do you lend this money for nothing?" inquired Pharisee, with astonishment.

"No—no—no—no—no!" grinned Pengregyn. "Not exactly for nothing—but I have no interest in it."

"When do you practise the law?" asked Pharisee with surprise.

"Law—law—I practise no law, sir," replied Pengregyn, "I only turned Pengregyn, still grinning. "I despise a man who don't keep his word. I am a—a—a—what you call it—a help, I help those who not paid, then I write a note, and follow it up with formal process and summons. Then I get my money, and I help the other, and then——" But we did not meet, Mr.—Mr. Lord Kingswood's left. What's your name, sir?"

"Pharisee," answered that individual, in a low, hesitating tone.

"Gently—gently, sir," cried Pengregyn, as he put a shudder. "I have made the necessary inquiries, and have found them satisfactory. You are the friend of Lord Kingswood's Kingswood's valet.

"Valet is the name of the devil have you been doing?" exclaimed Pharisee, starting up from a seat into which the moment previously he had subsided.

"Be seated, my friend; nothing but what is perfectly right and proper," answered Pengregyn, motioning to his seat. "I am a benefactor to make inquiries, and always perform my task in a manner which I am sure you will approve of in his face.

"Humph!" grunted Pharisee, not altogether satisfied. "Well, I have had no reason to doubt you, and as I said I never have any secrets from my friends. I have come to meet you by arrangement. You have written to me, and I have come to see you as you desired. Here are to Lord Kingswood. I have come to know what that is."

"And you shall know," answered Pengregyn, with cunning look. "Now, sir, I am ready to hear your business. Be quick, sir, for I am not to be kept out."

"You," replied Pengregyn, quickly.

"Yes, you," repeated Pharisee. "You might glean all you wished to know from me, and yet reveal nothing."

"Listen," said Pengregyn, "I have come with one gentleman upon the other. "I know the youth called Mr. Erle Gower; I know his father; I know Violet Kingswood."

"I know!" repeated Pharisee, incredulously.

"Did I not say so?" asked Pengregyn, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He, he! you are precise as to terms. Well, knew or know, it matters not to me."

"Oh, but it does," cried Pharisee, with excitement. "It is of the most momentous importance."

Very well," responded Pengregyn, "I will grant it is of the most momentous importance to you, and I will act that, and we will go on. I know where the boy was born and when."

"Before—before!" cried Pharisee.

Now, don't interrupt me, my good friend," exclaimed Pengregyn, with a smile, "or I shall be apt to get angry, and when I am angry, my hearing is apt to leave me."

Pengregyn suddenly stopped.

"Well?" inquired Pharisee.

"Is he dead?" said Pengregyn, in a low tone. "I was about to say, when you interrupted me, the name of the—a—boy's father."

Pharisee remained silent, and with his hand over his mouth and down his chin.

"Is he dead?" repeated Pengregyn, but old Pengregyn's eyes only twinkled; he made no other sign that he expected any answer to his question.

He proceeded—

"You see, I know a great deal that you do not, but still I wish to learn further, in short, what you know and I do not."

"I will tell you," answered Pharisee, "and will tell me a certain secret, to be put in the possession of the only individual whom I have mentioned, Violet Kingswood, the only person in existence which cannot possibly concern you?"

"Will you tell me the name, straight on to judge of that matter for myself," returned Pengregyn, in a rather decided tone, adding, "I am not accustomed to be trifled with, sir, and I am positive, secret for secret. Now, as you are reluctant to begin, I will open proceedings. The name of the boy's father—the name of Mr. Gower built from Kingswood Hall?"

Stop, stop a moment," cried Pharisee, eagerly. "You make a bold assertion. Will you—can you prove it?"

"I can," answered Pengregyn, with a confident nest of the head. "There—it shall was certainly born to Lord Kingswood before his wife was betrothed to Mr. Gower."

He! ejaculated Pharisee, excitedly, "you can prove that?"

"I can," returned Pengregyn.

"Can Lord Kingswood be acquainted with my lady at the time?" asked Pharisee quickly.

He! he! he! chuckled Pengregyn, with a malicious expression on his face. "Why, man, he was at the very time betrothed to her. He was betrothed to her, and married her, and, I tell you, before he even knew of the existence of the supposed mother of Mr. Erle Gower."

"This is good, that is very good, that is magnificent," muttered Pharisee, in soliloquy.

Pengregyn looked up at him under his bushy eyebrows inquiringly as heard these expressions.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "Lord Kingswood married his wife under a mere intrigue, and after the birth of the child never again saw the mother."

"But the child?" asked Pharisee, anxiously.

"It was reported to have died years ago," answered Pengregyn.

"But this Mr. Gower," questioned Pharisee, "who is he?"

"Ah! you go on too fast," said Pengregyn. "You want to know too much for your position and information. Besides, don't you find this place very cold—very cold?" He observed a little extravagantly.

"There is no fire," observed Pharisee, looking round.

"We cannot trust one another when the wind is in the east, for then the smoke all rolls into the room instead of going up the chimney," remarked Pengregyn, rubbing his hands sharply. "The wind is in the east now, and it is bitter cold. What say you to a little hot spirits and water, sir, just to cheer us and thaw our tongues? Mine, I assure you, is struck so way, for fear of having an inch snipped off the tip of it, sir, by mistake."

Pharisee assented, at the same time urging Pengregyn to be quick, as he had business of the most pressing nature on hand that night.

From a shelf in an iron safe, which he carefully unlocked, Pengregyn produced a bottle of brandy and a glass, and then produced the "Watchdog" from the lower regions.

"Now, sir," said Pengregyn, in kind tones, "some hot water for the gentleman, my good friend, and some cold for me. You know my constitution, I think, sir."

Virgo, with her "awful frost," scanned Pharisee rather curiously as she left the room, and then, muttering of the dear, Pengregyn jumped off the floor and came down on both feet with a crash which made Miss Virgo jump and the "Watchdog" growl.

"Quick, Virgo, quick!" he cried, fiercely, "our time is precious." The hot water was produced very quickly produced, and the elongated spinster, with a sour expression on her face, disappeared. Pengregyn mixed the brandy and water, and, shaking off the remainder of it to be brandy and water to Pharisee boiling hot. He could therefore only sip it, but his manner to Pengregyn, produced as he saw that brandy had not lowered.

"Now, sir, to business," said Pengregyn. "I am glad to hear you say so. Now, I don't mind telling you that young tower is the son of Mr. Gower, who, they say, died in Kingswood Hall."

Pharisee reflected a moment, and then said,

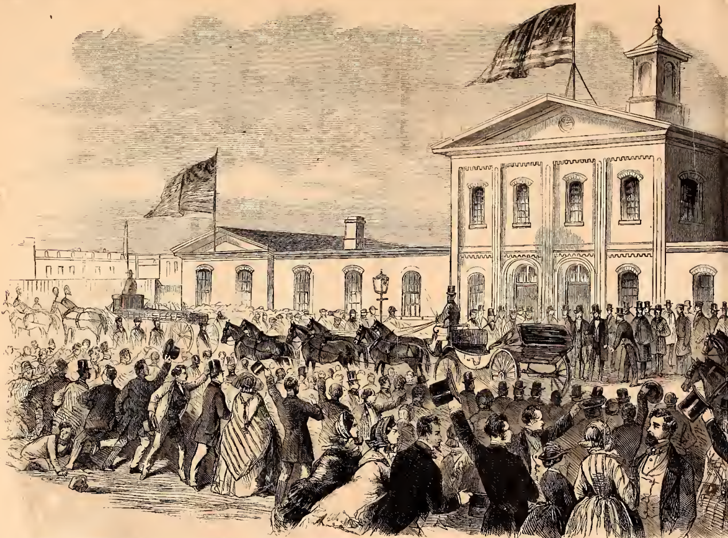
"Is the boy living?" he asked, with a groan, shot him before he was prepared, and stabbed him in several places afterwards, though he had not the heart to finish him.

"Ah!" ejaculated Pengregyn, "and this is the truth?"

"Yes, sir, it is the truth," he replied.

Now, pray, tell me—I only want a slight sketch of what took place—how you managed to get rid of him?"

Pharisee kept sipping his mixed spirits and water, and seemed to feel strengthened by the warmth of his body by the potation. He consequently communicated to old Pengregyn the information he had gained from Violet Kingswood's letter, the opening of the fire by the young stranger, which Pengregyn forced off, assuming him at the same time with a determination to have the boy's life, and the subsequent attack, and his attachment which overcame scruple, pity, ruth and remorse, and the boy's being pitched into the river, and his supposed death. Pengregyn listened to this story, which he received from Pharisee his acknowledgment of the hatred he bore to the child, and the fact that he had been employed by Lord Kingswood to despatch Clarkington was playing, and, in fact, the whole of his proceedings from the time he first saw Violet Kingswood, and when he concluded Pengregyn rubbed his hands together with delight, and when he concluded Pengregyn rubbed his hands together with delight, and when he concluded Pengregyn rubbed his hands together with delight



THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY—RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN NEW YORK, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPECIAL TRAIN AT THE HUDSON RIVER R. R. DEP

THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

(*Continued from page 226.*)

Mr. Lincoln Arrives at Cleveland.

Mr. Lincoln arrived at Cleveland at half-past four P. M. on the 15th, and was received by an immense crowd. The President and party were placed in carriages, surrounded by a body of mounted young Republicans, and, *nolens volens*, put on a spirited charger, and in a few minutes after the arrival the procession was moving up Euclid street, one of the finest avenues in the West. Mr. Masters, the acting Mayor, welcomed the President elect on behalf of the city authorities, and Judge Andrews did the same on behalf of the citizens. Mr. Lincoln made a response in which the most remarkable thing was his declaration that the crisis was artificial.

Separate levees were held in the course of the evening by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. The
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Stevens, A. S. Bem
nam, D. S. Hunt, F.
Verplanck, N. K. Ha
N. D. Davis, M. C
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Their Arrival

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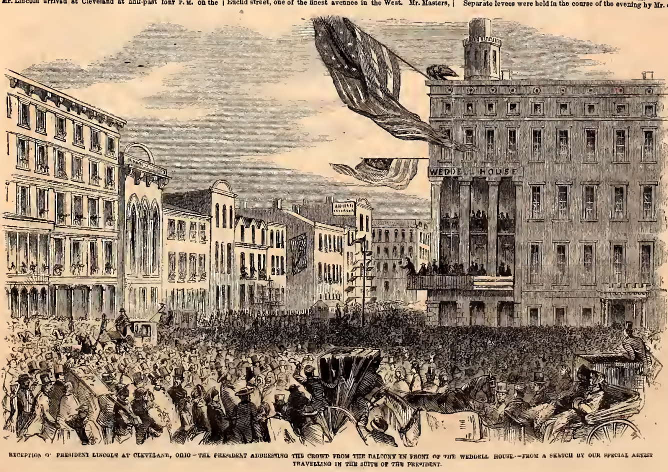

RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT CLEVELAND, OHIO—THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY IN FRONT OF THE WEDDELL HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELLING IN THE SUITE OF THE PRESIDENT.

POT, THIRTIETH STREET, TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1861—SUPERINTENDENT KENNEDY CONDUCTING THE PRESIDENT TO HIS CARRIAGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR RESIDENT ARTIST.

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN BUFFALO, N. Y.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT AND ESCORT IN FRONT OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELLING IN THE SUITE OF THE PRESIDENT.

the assembled crowd. At eight o'clock they reached Rochester, where there were gathered at least five thousand people. Here Mr. Lincoln said a few words expressive of his appreciation of the compliment paid him.

At Clyde he was received with a salute from a cannon and by a shouting and welcoming crowd.

On his arrival at Syracuse there were at least ten thousand persons, and a live eagle was placed on the platform.

Little Falls, Amsterdam, Schenectady, all were passed, the President receiving loud cheers at every town.

At twenty minutes past two the train arrived in Albany, where the Twenty-fifth Regiment, Colonel Bryan commanding, appeared on the ground, and a pathway was opened to the carriages and the platform cleared. Mr. Lincoln then appeared on the platform, and was received with deafening cheers. He was met by Mayor Thacher, who welcomed him in a neat speech. Mr. Lincoln replied in a few appropriate words, carefully avoiding the slightest allusion to politics. He appeared very pale and careworn.

The whole party then took carriages and drove to the Capitol of the Empire State, when Lincoln was conducted to the Executive Chamber, where he was introduced to Governor Morgan, the State officials and his staff. The Governor then led him to the top of the steps of the Capitol, where a storm of applause welcomed the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. The Governor then made a few remarks, to which the President elect replied. Mr. Lincoln then was conducted to the Assembly Chamber. After a few introductions the cortege then proceeded to the Delavan House, attended and cheered by an immense concourse of people. Here the Committee took their leave, and Mr. Lincoln received a few calls from particular friends. He then proceeded, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, to the residence of Governor Morgan to dinner.

After dinner he returned to his quarters at the Delavan House, where, during the evening, he received visits first of ladies and then of male citizens. The Delavan House was crowded to suffocation during the entire evening.

Mr. Lincoln and suite left Albany at eight o'clock on the 19th. The Burgesses turned out as an escort, and were much admired. Some of them are the handsomest men in the State. Mayor Thacher, Alderman Johnson, and some other officials conducted the party to the depot.

In consequence of difficulty in crossing the river, the special train was taken up to Waterford junction. Not many persons were out on the line of the road, except in Cohoes and Waterford, in consequence of the early hour at which the train started. At Green Island quite a number of persons assembled, and at Cohoes, the people turned out *en masse*, thousands of factory employees, including a large number of females, welcoming the train with hearty cheers. At Waterford there was also a large assemblage. No stoppages were made at these villages, but the train passed slowly through, affording the crowds an opportunity to gratify their curiosity and give vent to their patriotic feelings.

At Troy.

From Waterford the train proceeded to Troy, where the first stoppage was made. The new and spacious depot was found full to its utmost capacity, apparently fifteen thousand people being congregated inside, and as the train approached, a deafening roar of cheers and shouts greeted the arrival. A raised platform had been prepared to afford the vast crowd a better opportunity to see Mr. Lincoln; and ascending this he was welcomed by Mayor McConihe. Mr. Lincoln replied very briefly.

From Troy to Hudson.

Mr. Lincoln was conducted to the cars of the Hudson River Railroad. The Troy City Guards surrounded the platform.

Arrival at New York.

At a few minutes to three the great Rail-Splitter arrived at the terminus, Thirty-first street, New York.

Opposite the depot was a raised platform, on a level with the high fence, which had been erected by the employees of the Hudson River Railroad Company, and which was occupied by their families for the purpose of viewing the presidential party as they entered the carriages. In front of the depot in Thirtieth street, the twenty-five carriages supplied by Mr. Van Ranst for the procession were in waiting, as were also two express wagons furnished by Westcott, Dodge & Co., for the conveyance of the baggage of the party. The carriage in which Mr. Lincoln rode was an open barouche, drawn by six beautiful black horses, which were driven by J. L. Hewitt, who also had charge of the Prince of Wales's carriage. One of the baggage wagons was drawn by six white horses, and the other by four black horses.

Escorted by Colonel Sumner and Alderman Cornell, the President elect entered the carriage, into which also ascended Hon. D. Davis, of Illinois, Col. Sumner and Alderman Cornell. The procession then passed down Ninth avenue to Twenty-third street, then to the Fifth avenue, then to Fourteenth street to Broadway, and from Broadway to the Astor House.

There was little enthusiasm but much respect evinced. He was conducted to his rooms at the hotel, and said a few words. In the evening he made a longer address, but of little importance.

Mr. Lincoln at the City Hall.

On Wednesday Mr. Lincoln, attended by a part of his suite, breakfasted at Mr. Moses Grinnell's, and met a select few. It is said that he pretty plainly intimated that he did not intend to adopt the Abolition chair designed by some of his ultra advocates. Our Artist has in the present number shown what sitting on bayonets resembles. Soon after his return from Grinnell's he was taken by Alderman Cornell to the City Hall, where he was received by Mayor Wood in his usual bland manner. The Mayor stood behind the famous writing table of George Washington, and made a short address, full of force and meaning. Mr. Lincoln replied in an equally short but comprehensive speech. Our Artist has sketched the President elect at the minute he is being introduced to the Mayor by Alderman Cornell. The scene was very impressive, for never since the birth of our great Republic has any President been called upon to fill the Presidential chair at so momentous a crisis. It is not too much to say that the history of the world has no parallel to our present juncture.

After this had been completed Mr. Lincoln took his stand at the base of the statue of Washington, and received the citizens of New York. Till twelve o'clock he greeted every comer in the true democratic fashion of shaking hands, and then till one he exchanged the courtesy of a bow, and a few words. Our space will not permit us to quote a tithe of the things, good, bad and indifferent which were interchanged between the great Rail Splitter and his visitors. This ordeal over, he took leave of Fernando Wood, and returned to the Astor House, where he received a number of his personal friends, among which were our friend Barnum, Colonel Fremont, Fry, and other celebrities.

We must not omit to thank the courteous Janitor of the City Hall, Mr. George W. Roome, for his politeness to our Artist, who was thus enabled to give the public a sketch of this most interesting event. We think it, also, only right to add, that ours was the only Illustrated Paper which had an Artist present.

In the evening he visited the Academy of Music, but as we have mentioned this in Our Weekly Gossip we refrain from further remarks. On Thursday, at eight o'clock, he took his departure for Trenton, which he reached at noon. His programme is this:

Leave Trenton at half-past two P. M., and arrive at Philadelphia at four P. M.

Friday, Feb. 22.—Leave Philadelphia at nine A. M., and arrive at Harrisburg at one P. M.

Saturday, Feb. 23.—Leave Harrisburg at nine A. M., and arrive at Baltimore at one P. M.; leave Baltimore at three P. M., and arrive at Washington at half-past four P. M.

We conclude our brief accounts of the Lincoln progress with the following little domestic incident at Poughkeepsie: Mrs. Lincoln, who was recognised in the cars, was warmly welcomed by the crowd. In response she raised the window and returned the salutations of the people. "Where are the children? Show us the children?" cried a loud voice. Mrs. Lincoln immediately called her eldest son to the window, and he was greeted by a hearty cheer. "Have you any more on board?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "here's another," and she attempted to bring a tough, rugged little fellow, about eight years of age, into sight.

But the young representative of the house of Lincoln proved refractory, and the more his mother endeavored to pull him up before the window the more stubbornly he persisted in throwing himself down on the floor of the car, laughing at the fun, but refusing to receive the proffered honor of a reception. So his mother at last was constrained to give up the attempt to exhibit the "pet of the family."

Arrival of the Vice President.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice President elect, arrived in this city, via the New Haven Railroad, at half-past four P. M., on the 20th. He was received at the depot by a deputation from Republican Clubs of New York and Kings county, who had in waiting a carriage and four horses to convey him to the Astor House. Mr. Hamlin is accompanied by his wife and by a part of the Congressional delegation from Maine. Soon after his arrival at the Astor House he dined privately with Mr. Lincoln, spending over an hour at the table. After dinner he received a deputation from the Young Men's Central Republican Committee. Mr. Hamlin continued his journey to Washington on the 21st.

THE DEMON SPECTRE:

A True Ghost Story of Virginia.

Some years ago, while travelling with a friend through that portion of Virginia which forms the south-west corner of the State, we stopped for a day or two at one of those old-fashioned wayside inns which are now rarely to be met with beyond the boundaries of the Old Dominion. The weather was delightful, the scenery in the neighborhood varied and beautiful, our quarters more than comfortable, and as we had travelled many weary miles without making any lengthened halt, we determined to "put up," as the phrase is, in these parts, and recruit a little before proceeding on our journey, which had originally been undertaken more for pleasure and pastime than with any other object. We had adopted the fashion of the country, and were travelling on horseback, with a change or two of linen stowed away in our saddlebags and an overcoat and umbrella strapped behind, ready for use in case of emergency. Our horses were strong, well gaited and spirited, capable of carrying us safely over roads and through a country but little adapted to any other kind of locomotion, and enabling us to take bypaths and short-cuts through regions but little known abroad, though abounding with objects of remarkable and rare interest.

We had been sojourning with our kind and obliging host of the inn but a day or two, when one morning he informed us that one of his neighbors, who was a candidate for a seat in the State Legislature, would that day give a "fish-fry" to his numerous friends, personal and political, and that we had been invited to attend. Never having witnessed "a real old-fashioned Virginia fish-fry," we gladly accepted the invitation, and were soon on our way, in company with several others, to the place selected for the festival. A ride of a mile or two brought us to the place. It was a beautiful spot of grass, shaded with great oak trees, in one of those beautiful dells which abound in the mountainous regions of Virginia, and near it a clear mountain stream went murmuring and dashing along over its rocky bed.

When we arrived many had already assembled. Rustic tables and seats had been erected, huge fires were blazing in various directions, before which every variety of meat and fowl were roasting, while numerous parties, with line and net, were invading the sparkling waters of the brook for specimens of the finny tribe, with which to give name to the entertainment. Nearly every one present took part in the sport, and thus the greater part of the morning passed away. By noon, large numbers of delicious mountain trout had been caught; they were soon dressed, the tables spread, and all sat down to the tempting repast with appetites well whetted by the pure air and morning's exercise.

After dinner, while the apple-jack and old rye circulated freely, the candidates favored us with their views of State and Federal politics, into which, however, nothing offensive or personal was suffered to intrude, and then the remainder of the evening was spent in horse-racing, cards, social discussions on agriculture and politics, and such other amusements as the time and the place suggested. All passed off as merry as a marriage bell, and the pleasures of the day would no doubt have been drawn out into twilight and the early hours of the night, had not an approaching storm warned us that it was time to seek shelter elsewhere.

My friend had some short time before accepted an invitation to spend the night with an acquaintance he had met with during the day, and had gone off home with him, and I was about taking my solitary way back to the inn when a gentleman, with whom I had been in conversation during the evening, one of those specimens of genuine hospitality almost always to be met with in the Virginia planter, came up and insisted that I should accompany him home. He said that he lived but a short distance off, and urged, as an additional reason, that the approaching storm would overtake me before I could make half the distance to my place of destination. The argument was conclusive, and I gladly accepted his kind invitation. A short ride brought us to his mansion. It was a large, old-fashioned two storey brick house, consisting of a centre building, with two extensive wings, one of which was used as a kitchen and servants' hall. The building stood on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the rich lowlands that surrounded it, and shaded by a magnificent grove of fine old forest trees. Supper was soon announced, and, after having done ample justice to the tempting fare set before us, we adjourned to the front yard to enjoy a cigar, accompanied by the fair lady of the house.

The threatened storm had passed by, and instead of coming over, as we had anticipated, was sweeping along a distant mountain ridge, much to the regret of my friend, who informed me that the tobacco crop stood greatly in need of rain. Various topics were introduced and discussed as we sat thus sipping our mint-juleps and puffing our highly-perfumed havanas, until at length we got upon the subject of dreams, supernatural visions and ghosts. I had never been a believer in such things, and expressed myself so very freely.

"No," said I, in reply to my friend's wife, who asked me if I had ever seen anything of the kind, "ghosts and hobgoblins have had their day, and, like other superstitions of a barbarous and ignorant age, have passed away with the great cause which usually engenders such beliefs; and like the idle tales of witchcraft, definitions and so forth, of former times, would have been forgotten long ago but for the pernicious teachings of colored servants, who are proverbially superstitious, and with whom children are too often heedlessly left by their parents."

My friend was silent and looked grave, while his wife looked at me with an expression so peculiar as to attract my attention. At length he said,

"I do not think any one who knew me a year or two ago would have charged me with possessing any inordinate share of superstition, and yet it is said that this very house in which we live is haunted—" and then, after a pause, in which he seemed evidently striving hard to bring himself to the acknowledgment, he said, "and I believe it!"

I was much astonished at the acknowledgment, and looked at him closely to see if he was in earnest. He was very pale, and seemed evidently troubled with some unpleasant recollections of the past. That he was joking I could not for a moment believe, and yet he was a man of superior intellect, well educated and refined, and in mental capacity much above the ordinary standard. My curiosity was much excited to know by what combination of circumstances a man like him should have become so fully possessed with what I could not help thinking was a very childish belief, and after some persuasion, in which I was seconded by his wife, he consented to gratify me. The ordinary bedtime having arrived, the lady arose and bid us good night. After she had retired, we replenished our juleps, lit a fresh cigar, and having resumed our comfortable armchairs, my friend began.

"I have always," he said, "resided in this neighborhood; having been born on a farm about twenty miles from here. When I was a boy I remember frequently to have heard it said that this place was the theatre of strange and unaccountable sights and sounds, and was even at that day known as the 'haunted house.' There was a dark tale of crime connected with one of the previous owners of the place, but as the circumstances had occurred long years before, and the man had since died, it had in a great measure been forgotten except by the older inhabitants of the neighborhood. Like many of the young men of my State I was sent at an early age to a Northern College, where I remained until my education was completed, only returning home for short periods each year during the vacation. On my final return home, after graduating, I found that the old stories about this place had been revived. The house had remained shut up for a long time, but had finally fallen into the hands of a new owner. This gentleman repaired the buildings, and had taken possession of the premises but a short time when he suddenly broke up his establishment, offered the place for sale, and removed from the neighborhood. Another purchaser was soon found, but in a few months he also left nearly as suddenly as his predecessor, without assigning any reason for his strange haste. The place was again and again sold with nearly the same result, until finally no new purchaser could be found. It was then offered for rent, but no tenant would remain in the house longer than a few weeks, sometimes only a few days, throwing up their leases, and often submitting to quite serious pecuniary losses for the sake of getting off. It again began to be rumored that strange and mysterious sights and sounds were of frequent occurrence there, and that the annoyance arising therefrom was so great that no one could be found willing to submit to it. The place was finally offered free of rent to any one who would live there and take care of the premises. Several tried it, but no one could be found who was willing to remain, and finally the place was deserted, and the house again shut up. It had remained in this condition for some years when it was once more put up at auction. I attended the sale. There were but few persons present, and no bidders. Seeing that no one seemed disposed to buy, I bid what under ordinary circumstances would have been considered a very small sum for the estate, and was much astonished to find that after a few minutes it was 'knocked down to me.'

"Several of my neighbors jestingly congratulated me upon my 'splendid purchase,' and wished me joy in my future abode among the ghosts and evil spirits of the place.

"Being at that time a bachelor, but little preparation was needed in the way of repairs, fixing up, &c., and I soon found myself the occupant of my new home. At first I used often to think of the stories I had heard of the place, especially when alone at night. But as days and weeks and months passed without seeing or hearing anything supernatural or unusual, I at length came to the conclusion that all that had been said was only the result of gross ignorance and superstition magnified by timidity and cowardice. I had absolutely seen nothing, and the long nights of winter passed without other sound than that produced by the howling of the wind about the chimney tops, or the scampering of rats through the empty rooms of my 'Bachelors' Hall.'

"About this time I was married. I had newly furnished the house, and everything was gotten in readiness for the reception of my bride. That room," pointing to the windows of one just above our heads, "being the most convenient and pleasant chamber in the house, I had fitted up with extra care for our sleeping apartment. My wife's family lived in an adjoining county. We were married in the morning, and immediately after the ceremony came over to this place, accompanied by our mutual friends. I had invited several of our neighbors to spend the evening with us, and most of us had retired to our rooms to prepare to receive our company (it was then about early candlelight) when the whole house was startled by a loud report like the discharge of a pistol, followed by a terrified scream from the ladies assembled in my wife's room. Everybody hastened to the spot. We found the ladies in a terrible state of alarm. They told us that while completing their toilets they were gaily chatting together when they were all startled by the explosion, which had taken place immediately in the room they were occupying. My wife had been sitting at the time before a large full-length mirror, placed between the two front windows of the room, with her back turned towards it, and upon examination they had found the mirror broken into a thousand pieces, and the fragments scattered over the floor. There, true enough, were the scattered fragments of the glass, but after a careful search nothing further could be found. We, however, assured the ladies that the accident could be easily accounted for—that the wooden frame of the mirror had shrunk by having a fire lighted in the room, and that the breaking of the glass from that cause had produced the explosion. Though I must confess that several of us, and myself among the number, were not at all satisfied with our own explanation. The reason assigned seemed, however, to allay the fears of the ladies, and the evening passed off without any further incident.

"A few nights after my wife awoke me in great alarm. She told me that she had been awoke from a sound sleep by hearing a noise in the room, that she had listened and had heard the tones of a female voice pleading apparently with some one, with great earnestness of manner, accompanied with frequent groans and sobs. That a rough, harsh voice seemed to reply, though neither were sufficiently distinct for her to catch any of the words. She was greatly agitated, and it was some time before I could soothe her, and I utterly failed to convince her that she was mistaken. Afterward this thing was of frequent occurrence. At length one night she awoke me in a fearful state of agitation and alarm, crying, 'Look—look there!' I looked in the direction indicated, and fancied I saw something resembling a thin white mist rapidly moving across the further end of the room. In a moment I was wide awake, and endeavored to persuade her that it was only fancy; but I could not divest myself of the idea that I had myself seen something not altogether natural. My wife told me that she had been awakened some short time before by what seemed to be an earnest conversation between two persons in the passage near our door; presently the door seemed to open, and a figure dressed in white glided in and paused for a moment near the foot of the bed. The form was that of a young female; her hair was long and dishevelled, her look wild and terrified, and in her arms she carried the body of a dead infant. She cast a most imploring look at my wife. At that moment she called me, when the figure at once moved off and disappeared on the opposite side of the room. Again and again the same occurrence took place, and each time my wife seemed more and more alarmed. I tried still to persuade myself that it was mere fancy on her part. I had as yet seen nothing unusual myself, except the occurrence above mentioned, although I must confess I had more than once heard sounds that could not easily be accounted for. We had now been married several months, and my wife was in that interesting condition in which ladies, and especially very young ones, are apt to have all sorts of strange imaginations. Her excitement was at times very great, so much so that I became seriously alarmed for her safety. I could not convince her that she had not seen a supernatural vision, and, as it only seemed to visit her in that room, I determined to change our sleeping apartment to another part of the house. We accordingly removed into the far wing where you see those lights. After that I was delighted to find that she was not again troubled.

"Some months passed by, and as nothing was heard of the ghost we began almost to believe that it was only fancy after all, when an old friend of mine came to visit us. Our former room being decidedly the most comfortable and best furnished room in the house, was selected as his chamber while with us. The day after his arrival, while at breakfast, he asked if some of the family had not been sick during the night, as he had heard a great deal of noise as of persons walking about, and at times groans and other indications of distress. I told him that one of the servants was very sick, which was the case, but did not tell him that he was far from the dwelling in an out-house, and that no one had been in that part of the house since he retired. Nothing more was said during the day about the noise. The next night between one and two o'clock (I had been called out from the house in the early part of the night and had not yet retired) I heard a door slammed violently to, and a moment after some one coming rapidly down the passage and up the steps towards our room. I hastily took up a lamp and went out to see what was the matter. I found it was my friend. He seemed greatly agitated, and his face was deadly pale. He told me he had been awakened in the same way as my wife had often been before; that he had seen the female figure enter with the dead child, had noted the imploring look; but at that moment a dark, terrible object had entered the door (he believed it was the devil); that the other figure uttered a piercing shriek and disappeared, when he too jumped out of bed and rushed from the room in extreme terror he scarcely knew where. No inducement could persuade him to again enter that room, and he slept for the remainder of the night in a room adjoining our own.

"The next day he seemed none the less impressed with the reality of what he had seen, stoutly declaring that it was no fancy, as he was wide awake at the time. What struck me as not a little strange was that I had known this gentleman for a number of years, having been at college with him, and knew well that he was not at all superstitious, and, so far from being timid, that he had always been considered daring even to recklessness.

"After this the noise in that room seemed to increase. At times the bell would ring violently. Then hurried steps would be heard as of persons moving about in great excitement. Then screams and groans, and at times a female voice as if pleading for mercy. I had the bell-wire from that room taken off, but it made no difference—the bell still rung. I then had all the bells in that part of the house unhung and taken down, but it made no difference, the sound as of bells ringing was still heard. I set a watch in every room, in fact resorted to every expedient that human ingenuity could devise, but to no effect, the sounds were still heard, and the mystery, instead of being solved, was only increased. We have never since occupied that room; sometimes a friend staying with us has requested to be put in it for the night; but I have never known even the most daring among them desire to repeat the experiment. That one night was always sufficient for them. The noise at intervals still continues, and I assure you on my honor that I am at this moment as utterly unable to account for it as I was the first night my wife called my attention to it."

Such was my friend's story. When he had finished I said to him that if he had no objection I would like to sleep in that room myself. He seemed somewhat astonished at my request, and tried hard to dissuade me from the attempt, assuring me if I did that I would repent it before morning. I was, however, somewhat excited by the juleps I had drank, and as I had made the request was obstinately bent on doing so, being influenced no doubt by the fear of being laughed at if I now backed out. He at length reluctantly assented, and as it was quite late proposed that after we had taken a "nightcap" we should retire. He accompanied me to my room. It was a fine, large apartment, furnished with everything that could contribute to comfort or luxury. Setting the lamp which he had in his hand on a table, he remained for a few moments in conversation, and then bidding me good night withdrew. I hastily undressed, blew out the light and jumped into bed. It is true I thought some of the strange sights and sounds that had been seen and heard in that room, but being very tired I soon fell asleep, when ghosts and all other visions were for a time forgotten.

How long I had been asleep I have no idea. I must have been for an hour or two when I suddenly awoke with one of those strange, indefinable feelings of dread creeping over me—a consciousness of some supernatural presence which every one at times during their lifetime has felt, and which it is as difficult to account for as it is to describe. The moon, which had before been obscured, was again shining out, casting rays of pale fitful light through the branches of the trees which overhung my chamber windows. Within the house a dead silence reigned, a silence which at that moment had something painful in it, while without not even a breath of air stirred the leaves on the surrounding trees.

The incidents of the conversation of the last evening came one by one back to my mind with startling vividness. I will not say that I was frightened, but I could not conceal from myself the fact that there was a growing feeling of dread creeping over me which was not at all agreeable, and against which it seemed for the time vain to struggle. Unconsciously I placed myself in an attitude to listen, when suddenly I was startled by the sounds of a light footstep passing the door. It paused for an instant, and then seemed to enter an adjoining room, and then for a moment all was silent again. Then the echoes of a heavy footstep ascending the stairs sounded along the empty passages. There was something peculiarly horrifying in the very tread. It seemed to have nothing of human life in it, but was like the march of the dead keeping time to the music of the grave. It passed the door and ceased, and all was again still. A slight rustling noise caused me for a moment to turn my eyes towards the window, when there, full in the pale moonlight, stood the figure of the lady I had heard described, with the dead infant in her arms. She was looking straight at me and never till my dying day shall I forget that look. It was all of horror, remorse and anguish that I had ever conceived. A moment and the step in the passage was again heard. One imploring look, and the apparition had vanished.

The step approached the door. It flashed across my mind that I had carefully bolted it, and had turned the key before retiring. The step paused. I heard the knob turn—the click of the lock, and to my horror the door slowly swung open. I looked, and my God! there full before me stood the demon spectre, tall, lank, deathlike, wrapped in a winding sheet which but half concealed the naked bones beneath, with hollow, fleshless cheeks and grinning teeth, with eyes of fire which blazed with all the demon hate of hell, it stood peering into every corner of the room as if searching for something. Presently it crossed along towards the foot of the bed, and, turning, those hellish eyes glared full upon me. I endeavored to spring from the bed. All power of motion was gone. Then I tried to scream, but my voice had left me. The cold damp of death stood upon my brow. I could neither speak nor move. The

only power left me was to see, and my eyes followed every motion of the spectre.

Presently it moved towards the window and stood for some minutes gazing out into the moonlight. Then it turned again and approached the bed so close that I could feel the cold and chilling damps of the grave clothes upon me. Gazing still in my eyes it stretched forth its long skeleton arm and hand—a hand upon which the grave worms had done their office, and reaching forward placed it upon my face. The touch sent a chilling pang of horror through my very marrow. My blood froze; my heart stood still. I could stand it no longer. With one wild scream and a tremendous bound I sprang from the bed.

It was broad daylight. The sun was shining full into my room, and my friend stood beside me. He had entered some time before, with true hospitality bringing me a glass of his favorite beverage, and finding me in a sound sleep had hesitated for some time to awaken me, and in the meantime had left me to suffer from an attack of nightmare, induced, no doubt, by the "fish-fry" and the hearty supper of the night before.

PERSONAL.

SUCH has been the unhappy effect of our national troubles upon travel, that the proprietors of that fine hotel, the Girard House, Philadelphia, have announced their intention of closing it on the 1st March.

THE Buffalo *Courier* says that Capt. Brannan, who commands, in the name of the Federal Government, one of the Florida Forts, is the husband of the lady whose mysterious disappearance some three or four years ago caused so much sensation. It also adds that the lady in question is married to Mr. Wyman, with whom she eloped. They are living in Florence.

MR. FREDERICK GRAEFF, the well-known sculptor, has nearly finished the marble sarcophagus intended for the remains of Henry Clay. It is of fine white marble.

THE complete editions of Morris and Willis's poetical works are published in the neat and elegant blue and gold style, at seventy-five cents a volume. Either of these books can be had (free of postage) by remitting seventy-five cents, in stamps, to the *Home Journal* office, 107 Fulton street, New York.

RALPH H. AVERY, of Oneida county, N. Y., has sent Old Abe a turkey. It weighs eighty-one pounds. It will be on exhibition at Barnum's for a few days. Why doesn't the Prince of Showmen cook it? If it were a goose he would, for we know he is sound on the goose question, and can cook any man's goose for him without any trouble.

THE OPENING OF THE BASE BALL SEASON.—The opening season of the juniors will be commenced by a certain number of clubs, who are all to play the same day for the prize ball. The winning club will have to play all matches which the Committee on Championship may decide, due notice of which will be given in the leading base ball papers of New York and Brooklyn. The following is the Committee on Championship: John W. Dickens, Nassau Club, chairman; Daniel Manson, Mystic; F. H. Cowperthwait, Resolute; Geo. L. Hammond, Niagara; C. D. Walker, Active. The ball, which is made of silver, and weighs about eight ounces, was manufactured by the well-known firm of Wood & Hughes, of Fulton street, and engraved by Messrs. Horler & Van Saun, 71 Nassau street, and is intended to be the champion ball of the National Association of Junior Base Ball players.

MRS. CATHARINE GRACE GORE died on the 29th, in her sixty-first year. She was the widow of Col. Gore, of the British army. She has written about two hundred volumes of fictions, travels, &c. It is a curious fact that one of her best-known novels, the "Banker's Wife," was dedicated to Sir John Dean Paul, of the defaulting firm of Strahan, Paul & Co. In this story she painted just such a career of fraud, varnished over with sanctimoniousness, as Sir John Dean Paul's ultimately turned out to be; but in the dedication she expressly referred to the contrast between the character of her imaginary fraudulent banker and that of the banker to whom she inscribed her novel. Mrs. Gore lost much of her property by the failure of her trusted friend. Mrs. Gore's first work, published in 1823, was entitled, "Theresa Marchmont, or the Maid of Honor," and since that, till within a few years of her death, she was in constant communication with the public. But her writings are necessarily ephemeral. Treating in measured conventional style of fashionable life, her works, notwithstanding a certain sprightliness and faithful delineation of English society, have been of late years superseded by the passion of the Charlotte Bronté school, by the genial humor and sympathy of Dickens, by the telling satire of Thackeray, or the manly vigor of Kingsley and the later novelists. Mrs. Gore was an admirable talker, and happy in her social and domestic relations. One of her daughters, who was with her at her death, is married to an English baronet, and her son was one of the suite of the Prince of Wales during his late visit to this country.

MRS. JEANNETTE RIKER, widow of the famous Dickey Riker, the Recorder, *par excellence*, died on Sunday, in her seventy-ninth year.

PROF. SAMUEL ELIOT, formerly of Boston, has accepted the office of President of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., which was tendered to him some time ago. The appointment is a subject of congratulation to the friends of Trinity College.

J. P. ANDRE, announced as a "gentleman connected with the American press," is lecturing in England on the "American Revolution of 1860–61." He favors Secession on the ground that the cause of freedom will gain thereby.

QUEEN VICTORIA, besides giving a liberal donation to the starving Coventry weavers and also selecting various specimens of their skill, has just communicated the pattern of a ribbon of Chinese taste and manufacture found in the Summer Palace at Pekin, and ordered some pieces to be woven in the distressed district for her own especial use.

VERDI, the composer, will, according to the Milan journals, be elected a deputy for Turin to the new Italian Parliament.

IN his new Lectures on London, John B. Gough, unlike Wendell Holmes, has "dared to be as funny as he can." The *debut* of the quondam temperance advocate as a lecturer on another subject was quite successful on Friday, 15th ult. We understand that Mr. Gough declines to deliver his "London" lectures in churches, upon the grounds that the humorous character of these particular lectures is such as to make a church inappropriate for their delivery.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER lectured on Wednesday at Irving Hall. The subject, "Recent Events in Ireland." Apart from its one-sidedness, it was a brilliant and elaborated effort. There was in it, however, a little too much of the sweet Irish brogue.

GEN. BOSQUET, who stormed the Malakoff, is dead.

MARC CAUSSIDIERE, formerly Chief of Police in Paris, died on the 29th January in Paris. He was banished in 1849 by Louis Napoleon, and, after remaining a short time in England, came to New York. Being included in the late general amnesty, he returned to Paris on the 11th January, in a very bad state of health, and died on the 29th. His funeral was attended by many eminent men, chiefly Red Republicans. He was a man of enormous calibre, being about six feet in height and very stout.

MISS LANE, whom our beautiful portrait, published in No. 226, has made quite a household divinity, gave her last reception at the White House on Saturday evening, the 16th. It was a most interesting and touching event. Her unaffected manners and intellectuality have endeared her to all. President Buchanan was present. Miss Lane expressed to her numerous guests her regret at her separation from so many kind friends, and received the warmest wishes for her future welfare.

DR. SALTONSTALL, of Bloomfield street, gave a lecture at the Presbyterian Church, Hoboken, on the 20th. It consisted of Recitations from the Poets. It was well attended. The doctor reads with great discrimination and power. Judge Whitley and the chief inhabitants of Hoboken were present.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Garden.—Mr. Forrest, on Monday last, appeared for the first time during his present engagement as Jack Cade, in Judge Conrad's celebrated tragedy of that name. The great tragedian has always been thoroughly identified with this rôle, making it solely and entirely his own; consequently, an audience as crowded as that which greeted him on his opening night some five months ago assembled to witness the wonderful impersonation. The character of Jack Cade, as remodelled by Mr. Conrad, is especially adapted to a popular American audience, and has always held a firm place in the affection of the people. Bold, fearless and determined, placing liberty above all other earthly gifts, the hero's sentiments find a ready echo in every democratic heart, and, when uttered by Mr. Forrest with impassioned eloquence, are received with such applause as is seldom heard within the walls of any theatre.

That "Jack Cade" as a tragedy is lacking in many of the requirements of a great work of art we shall not here pretend to deny; we are well aware that the melo-dramatic element predominates largely, and that the verse too frequently is simply "stagey" where it should be sublime; but in triumphing over these shortcomings lies Mr. Forrest's great success. In the splendor of his bearing, the thrilling earnestness of his grand voice, the exquisite finish of the entire performance, the most radical defects of the work itself are forgotten, or, if remembered, only increase the amazement that from such unpromising material so perfect a work of art could be forthcoming.

The tragedy is well cast—Mrs. Conway especially receiving well-merited applause for her impersonation of Malomnie (Cade's wife), and put upon the stage with some care. It will probably be acted on Mr. Forrest's nights for the ensuing week.

Wallack's Theatre.—"Central Park," a comedy in five acts, from the prolific pen of Mr. Lester Wallack, holds possession of the stage at this theatre. It is exceedingly amusing, and serves to fill the house nightly. Of the literary merits of this production we cannot say a great deal that is favorable; but in all probability it was written up for the "late," and with no object in view but to please for the moment by taking advantage of the skating mania. If such was the motive it has proved eminently successful; for, after all, nine-tenths of an audience, if they can enjoy a hearty laugh, never pause to inquire into the merits of the work that excites their risibilities. It is almost useless to add that "Central Park" is capitally acted; what play ever fares otherwise at Wallack's? Blake is excruciatingly funny; Lester Wallack full of life and vivacity; Miss Gannon most effective, and charming little Miss Henriques confirms the good opinion so lavishly expressed after her first appearance some months since; she will prove an invaluable addition to any company.

The play is well mounted, and the scenery, especially the "Park by Moonlight," all that the most exacting could demand. The success of the comedy is pronounced.

Winter Garden.—Mr. James W. Wallack, jr., as Othello, and Mr. Booth as Iago, on Monday, and *vice versa* on Tuesday, drew large audiences to this house. We have before this recorded our impressions of Mr. Booth's Iago, and it is not necessary here to repeat them. Of Mr. Wallack's Othello we will only say that melo-drama, not tragedy, is this artist's forte. It is to be regretted for his own sake that he does not confine himself to the former, in which he has made many genuine successes.

On Monday next Miss Cushman returns to these boards.

Miss Keene still presents the "Seven Sisters" to the public, and what is more remarkable, the public still present themselves to the "Seven Sisters." We wonder if this state of things will continue throughout the season?

Professor Hows, whose "Falstaff" the printers last week made us say was full of "emotion, full of fear," when we wrote—we thought very distinctly—"full of unction, full of fun," generously tendered his valuable services to the Board of Education, and gave one of his admirable readings on Thursday evening, in aid of the Library Fund.

Barnum's Museum.—Mr. Barnum has had another week of crowded levees. On Wednesday he was honored with a visit from the family of the President elect, who expressed great gratification. The new dramatic entertainment is a play founded on Wilkie Collins's novel of the "Woman in White," which was heartily received. In connection with Mr. Barnum's Museum, we refer our readers to the prize rebus which will appear in Frank Leslie's next *Budget of Fun*. It is a triumph of ingenuity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ON Saturday, the 16th February, a horrible tragedy occurred at Fort Smith, Arkansas. A party of five overland mail and Little Rock coach-drivers entered the grocery of a German named Hagge. They soon commenced quarrelling, and pistols were fired. The barkeeper and the keeper of the saloon were shot, one dead and the other mortally wounded. The men were arrested, and will be tried for the murders without delay. An attempt was made to lynch them, but the authorities were too prompt and strong for the mob.

ON Friday, the 15th, a most miraculous escape from death occurred. The son of Officer Wilson, aged about four years' old, took advantage of his mother's absence to steal to the roof of the house. The mother, missing him, was about to search for him, when she heard a cry in the street. He had actually fallen from the roof of the house, which was four storeys high, and the child, in falling, went through a tin awning, making a hole similar to that which might have been made by cannon ball. The child does not seem a bit the worse.

A YOUNG vocalist, while singing at the Galeties last week, happened to go too near the footlights. Her dress immediately took fire, and although every effort was made to extinguish the flames, she died a few days afterwards of her injuries. She was only seventeen, and the sole support of her widowed mother and sisters. The jury severely censured the proprietor of the Galeties for not having proper guards to the lights. In such cases a deodand should be levied for the benefit of the sufferer.

THERE is much in Philadelphia to make its rectangular bipeds proud of it. In addition to great "brotherly love," there is great love of the Tariff. Now and then a little incident occurs calculated to outshine everything. The Philadelphia *Ledger* relates a case in point. In a palatial dwelling, not a hundred miles from Chestnut street, a fancy ball was given. A young and gushing thing from the South made her appearance dressed in white satin, in which Palmetto leaves were sown. Her head-dress had a single star in the centre, and her fair fingers grasped the Secession banner. The rectangular bipeds, including Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, frowned. Later in the evening a young lady appeared dressed as Columbia. Her dress was a star and stripe pattern. In her hand she carried the flag of Thirty-four Stars. When she saw her sister South Carolina, she wrested the Palmetto flag from her hand and broke it with the staff of her banner. The Philadelphia *Ledger* adds that the act was loudly applauded by all who saw it. We shall be sorry to believe this to be true, for the Thirty-four Starred lady had no more business to assault her Palmetto sister than she had to trample the tricolor under her feet. We hope the lady in question will explain or deny *in toto*.

SOME disreputable Southerners are doing a very handsome bit of rascality. When they want to get rid of a partner or a clerk to whom they are indebted, they get up a report that he is opposed to Secession, and the poor fellow has forthwith to fly for his life. A Mr. Gardner has been served this trick. Gov. Pickens should inquire into these infamous proceedings.

ON Saturday night, the 16th, a violent tempest burst over New York. The rain fell in torrents, and the lightning and thunder were very heavy. Such phenomena at this time is very rare.

THE butchers of Washington Market subscribed nearly $200 on Saturday last towards the sufferers in Kansas. There are not a kinder race of men living than the butchers. It arises, possibly, from their being so well-fed. Half-starved men are generally unfeeling.

DR. SOLGER lectured on Monday at the hall of the Historical Society on Syria. The proceeds were for the benefit of the family of the excellent and learned Dr. Schroeter, whose recent decease was so deeply regretted by the intelligent public. Schroeter's magnificent map of Syria, thirty feet square, was exhibited.

ON Monday Judge Ogden pronounced sentence of death upon Wm. Abson, the wife poisoner, at the Hudson County Court. The crowd was enormous, but through the judicious arrangements of Sheriff Francis, no accidents occurred. The judge, in performing his stern duty, dwelt upon the stolid indifference of the prisoner. Abson denied his guilt most emphatically, and laid the blame on Dr. Booth. Judges Fink and Pope were seated on the bench with Judge Ogden. Abson is sentenced to be hanged on the 10th April.

AT Cleveland, Ohio, the President elect showed a susceptibility to whiskers and women. He asked for the address of a lady who had written to him urging him to let his hirsute appendages grow. She was found, and Abe was happy.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire broke out on the morning of the 20th ult. in the large marble warehouse, Nos. 29 and 31 Park place. It was extinguished without much damage to the building, but the stock of Chapman, Lyon & Noyes, importers of fancy goods, occupying the four upper floors, was consumed. Their loss is about $70,000. That of Messrs. Watson & Co., who occupied the first floor and basement, was not large. Both were fully insured.

THE scandal-mongers of Williamsburg have been greatly exercised for the past few days by an assault and battery and flouring affair, that was said to have resulted from an attempt to levy black mail. On the 14th ult., Mr. H. Sumersgill, of No. 138 Grand street, received a note from a Miss Annie E. Cook, with the request that he would meet her in the evening on the corner of South Ninth and Sixth streets. Mr. S. gave the note to Mr. John Cassidy and one or two other gentlemen, requesting that they would keep the appointment and see what was wanted. Mr. Cassidy and his friends readily undertook the commission. As was expected, the lady was at the place of appointment. Mr. C. approached her and inquired if she was the lady who had requested an interview with Mr. Sumersgill; she inquired if his name was Cassidy. Upon being answered in the affirmative, she poured upon him a torrent of abuse that would have astonished weak nerves, and the gentleman rapidly beat a retreat. At a later period of the evening, and while Mr. Cassidy was standing in front of a cigar store in Grand street, Miss Cook again approached him, and drawing a paper of flour from her muff threw it at him. Mr. C. retreated into the cigar store, and was there met by a man named Millett, who is said to be a confederate of Annie. Millet charged Cassidy with insulting Miss Cook, and struck him several severe blows about the face and head, for which he was subsequently arrested. He was arraigned before Justice Walter on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Cassidy, to which complaint Millett pleaded guilty, and was let off with a fine of five dollars and the costs of court.

CERTAIN young ladies have remonstrated with the Chancellor of the Exchequer against putting off the hop-duties until March next! Talk of hard winter —indeed! Did ever hard winter in the world equal a winter without a hop?

AN illiterate person who always volunteered to go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied,

"Other gentlemen puts down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

A YOUNG, quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked what she thought of "snuffing and smoking."

"Well," she replied, "snuffing is abominable; but I would like ma man to be a smoker."

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Oh, because I see when ma father comes hame ever sae cross, as suno as he gets the pipe lighit, and begins a blast, he's a' pleased again."

A FRENCHMAN who had learned English wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to a lady, whose dress was fawn-colored, and that of her daughter pink,

"Madame," said he, "your daughter is the pink of beauty."

"Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter," said the lady.

"No, madame, I only do speak the truth," said he, "and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and your ladyship the drab of fashion!"

It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

MRS. PARTINGTON having heard that the Huguenots were Protestants, says she supposes then that Luther composed the "Huguenots," and Calvin wrote the libretto.

A POWERFUL MEMORY.—There is said to be living in Winchester a man who is possessed of such a powerful memory, that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T., Buffalo, N. Y.—It is a mere trick.

J. M. N., Newburyport.—From $155 to $500.

R. H. B., Detroit.—Shot received.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

A LETTER FROM M. BERGER.—We have received a very flattering letter from M. Berger a translation of which we subjoin:

"New Orleans, 8th February, 1861.

"My dear friends—I arrived in New Orleans in the very best health. My heart bounded when I first caught sight of the old French colony, whose soil has so often been moistened by the blood of my forefathers.

"The aspect of the city is quite European, and the manners and customs are those of our Continental European cities.

"I have been received here, as in your magnificent and eternal city of New York, with open arms. Mr. Millar, your agent here, has acted towards me like a brother.

"The billiard table, which I owe to your habitual generosity, is a veritable *bijou*. It is a model of elegance and excellence, and I am convinced that the American people, so prompt to recognize and adopt whatever combines merit and superiority with elegance, will be of my opinion, and will recompense you for your unceasing efforts to give them billiard-tables good, graceful, and, in short, possessing every desirable quality.

"For my part, I am most happy to testify to you my satisfaction; and if the American people, who have received me so well, have any confidence in me, they will eagerly secure for their charming and beautiful fellow-countrywomen, the billiard tables, *à la Française*, which you manufacture so admirably.

"I do not fear a denial of the opinion I have thus expressed, not as a friend, but as an artist, fully convinced of the excellence of your billiard-tables.

"You may use this letter as you please. I shall be only too happy if it shall help the development of the game of billiards, to which I have devoted my whole life.

* * * * * * * * *

"BERGER."

M. Berger continues his exhibitions in New Orleans, and also gives lessons to pupils. His next visit will be to St. Louis, where he may be expected about the middle of March.

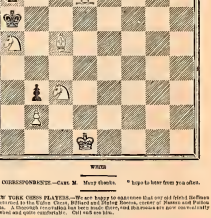
BILLIARDS IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—The following acknowledgment of the good effects of billiards on those who are afflicted with mental disease is taken from the Second Annual Report of John Leary, Esq., M.D., Physician to the St. Vincent Insane Asylum, St. Louis, Mo.: "Among the many sources of amusement, I must not neglect to mention the billiard-room, which is a great attraction to those gentlemen who have been adepts in the handling of the cue. In my former report I mentioned that we had such a room nicely furnished, but were in want of the table, which we recommended you to purchase. I am happy to say that in complying with that request, by making the purchase last spring, you have given a most useful source of enjoyment to many of the ladies and gentlemen who there display their skill and ingenuity in this excellent sport, and whose tempers are visibly improved under the influence of the game." We see also that A. S. Beckwith, Esq., a wealthy and benevolent citizen of Hartford, Conn., has purchased one of Phelan's tables and presented it to the Hartford Retreat for the Insane. Ex-Governor Allston, of South Carolina, some time since, purchased a billiard-table for the State Lunatic Asylum.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 285.—By W. C. C., New York. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—CARL M. Many thanks. We hope to hear from you often.

NEW YORK CHESS PLAYERS.—We are happy to announce that our old friend Hoffmen has returned to the Union Chess, Billiard and Dining Rooms, corner of Nassau and Fulton streets. A thorough renovation has been made there, and the rooms are now conveniently furnished and quite comfortable. Call and see him.

THE following game, hitherto unpublished, was courteously placed at our disposal by Mr. KOLISCH. It was played several years ago at the Vienna Chess Circle between that gentleman and Mr. JENEY, a strong Viennese amateur:

WHITE. Mr. J.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. J.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	25 Q to Q 6 (d)	K R to K B 2
2 B to B 4	Kt to K B 3	26 P to R 5	Q to B 2
3 Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 3	27 Q tks Q	R tks Q
4 Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	28 Kt to R 6 (e)	P to Q R 3
5 P tks P	P to K 5	29 Kt tks R	R tks Kt
6 Kt to Q 4 (a)	B to Q B 4	30 P to K Kt 3	R to K B 2
7 Q Kt to K 2 (b)	Q to Kt 3	31 K to Kt 2	P to B 6
8 P to Q B 3	P tks P	32 P to K Kt 4	P to B 5 (ch)
9 B to Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to B 3	33 K to Kt 3	P to R 5 (ch) (f)
10 Castles	Castles	34 K tks R P	Kt tks B P
11 B tks Kt	P tks B	35 P to Q Kt 5	B P tks P
12 P to K R 3	B to Q R 3	36 B to Q R	P to K 6 (g)
13 R to K sq	Q R to K sq	37 P tks P (h)	P to Kt 4 (ch)
14 P to Q Kt 4	B to K 2	38 K to R 5	Kt to K 5
15 Kt to K B 5	Kt to K R 4	39 B to K 5	P to Q 5 (i)
16 B to R 2	B to Q Kt 4	40 P to B 4	R to K 2
17 B to Kt 2	P to K Kt 3	41 P tks P (k)	R tks B
18 Q Kt to Q 4 (c)	Kt to K B 5	42 K P tks P	R tks P (ch)
19 P to Q B 4	B to Q B 5	43 K to R 4	R to Kt 3
20 Q to K Kt 4	Kt to Q 6	44 P to Kt 6	R tks P
21 Kt tks B (ch)	R tks Kt	45 R to R sq	B to K 7
22 K R to Q Kt sq	P to K R 4	46 R tks B	P tks B
23 Q to K Kt 3	K to R 2	47 R to K sq	R to Kt 7, and wins.
24 B to R 3	P to K B 4		

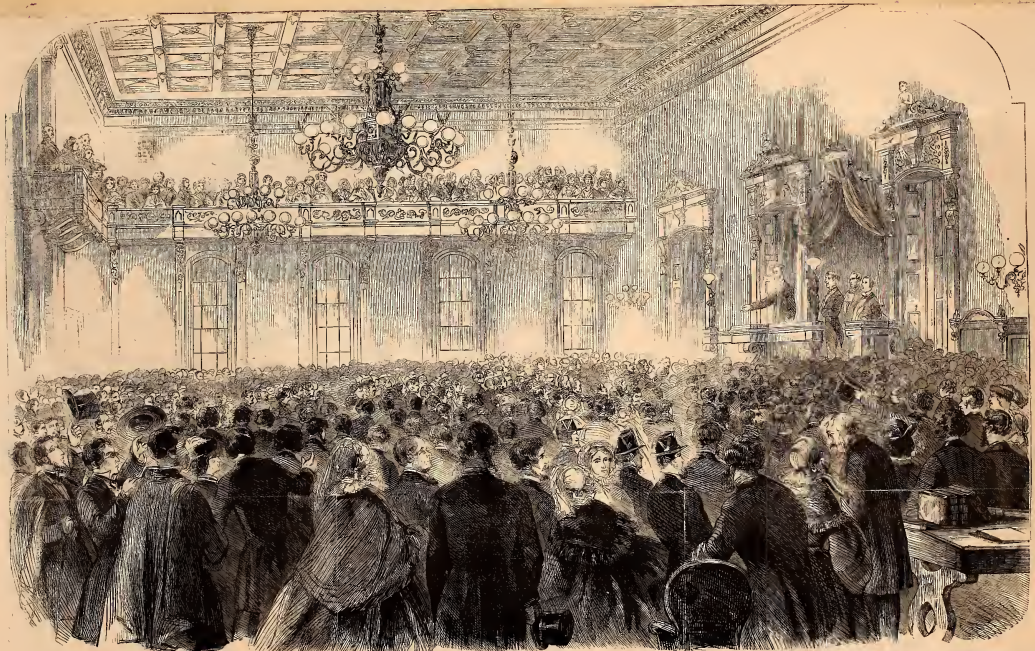
(a) A move which causes future embarrassments; the Knight should have been played to K 5 instead.
(b) Badly played; Kt to Kt 3 is the correct move.
(c) Much better than P to Q R 4.
(d) P to Q Kt 6 would have been of little avail, as Black would simply have replied with P to Q B 4.
(e) This, it is true, wins the exchange, but, considering the position of the opposing forces, Black's game is still preferable.
(f) Finely played.
(g) A profound and ingenious combination. This end game is played with remarkable ability.
(h) If B to K Kt 3, or B to Q B 5, Black efficiently replies with Kt to K 6.
(i) This is all very well played.
(k) Compulsory.—*Era.*

BRILLIANT GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. KOLISCH AND SCHULTEN.

WHITE. Mr. S.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. S.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 B to B 5	B to R Kt 5
2 P to K B 4	P to Q 4	15 R to K B 2	Q to Q 4
3 P tks Q P	P to K 5	16 K to B sq	Kt to Q B 3
4 Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	17 P to K Kt 3	B tks R P (d)
5 P to Q 3	B to Q Kt 5	18 P tks B (e)	R tks Kt (f)
6 B to Q 2	P to K 6	19 K tks R (g)	R to K sq (ch)
7 B tks P	Castles	20 B to K 5 (h)	Kt tks B
8 K Kt to K 2 (a)	R to K sq (b)	21 Q to K 2	K to B 2
9 B to Q 2	B tks Kt	22 Q to K Kt 5	Kt to Q B 5 (dis ch)
10 B tks B	Kt tks P	23 K to B sq	Q to K 6 (ch)
11 Q to Q 2 (c)	Kt to K 6	24 Q to Kt sq	Q tks P (ch)
12 B to K 4	Kt tks B	25 R to Kt 2	Kt to Q 7 (ch)
13 R tks Kt	P to K B 5	26 K to B 2	Q to K 6 mate.

(a) This is a weak move, as it gives Black time to develop his game.
(b) Black takes immediate advantage of his adversary's feeble play.
(c) B to Q 2 would have been the correct play. The move in the text allows Black to play his Kt to K 6, obtaining a decided superiority.
(d) A remarkably fine conception, as the masterly sequel shows.
(e) It would have been much better for White to decline the proffered Bishop.
(f) A beautiful link in the chain of combination.
(g) If R tks R, Black checks at K B 8 with Queen, regaining the Rook.
(h) Q to K 3 would, perhaps, have been better, as White would have remained with two Rooks for Q and Pawn.—*Era.*

A MAN asked another, whom he was about to help to some chicken, whether he wished a leg or a wing. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other. "And infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork, and resuming his own dinner.



THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY—RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE HALL OF THE LEGISLATURE OF COLUMBUS, OHIO—THE SENATE AND LEGISLATURE IN JOINT SESSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST TRAVELLING IN THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.—SEE PAGE 225.

SCENES ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND,

Charleston Harbor, S. C.

OUR Artist, with our Correspondent, while on a visit to the Richland Guards, stationed on Sullivan's Island, made many charming sketches during his two days' delightful sojourn with that gentlemanly and hospitable troop.

Of the sketches which we select this week, one represents the officers of the Richland Guards enjoying a sociable hour after dinner on the spacious verandah which encircles their quarters.

The other illustrates an incident which befel our Artist and Correspondent. They were proceeding, with the officer of the night, to visit the several posts, when they were suddenly challenged by a sentry, who demanded the countersign. They were, to use a familiar phrase, "stumped," having strayed apart from their companion, but they were relieved from their difficulty by the arrival of their friend, who gave the necessary password.

"Pass Frank Leslie's Artist and Correspondent!" said the challenger, and they passed.

The scene was one of rare beauty and interest.

THE RICHLAND RIFLES ENJOYING THE "AFTER-DINNER-HOUR," AT THEIR QUARTERS ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.

THE CLINCH RIFLES

Review, on the Parade Ground of the Arsenal, Augusta, Ga.

OUR Artist was fortunately present when Captain C. A. Platt reviewed the Clinch Guards, and we engrave his sketch of this interesting incident. The parade ground of the Augusta Arsenal is one of the finest in America, being nearly a mile square. It is well laid out, and overlooks the city and surrounding country. The view is splendid.

The Clinch Rifles are famous for their efficiency, and considered one of the best Companies in the State, holding the right of the Battalion Volunteer Companies.

They are named after General Clinch, the father of Major Anderson's wife. It was reorganized in 1851 by Captain S. C. Wilson, a veteran of the Florida War. It is at present commanded by Captain C. A. Platt.

CONGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

In Session at Montgomery, Alabama.

SHOULD the present unhappy difficulties not be arranged, the meeting of the First Congress of the Southern Confederacy will become an historical event of the highest importance. We therefore present to our readers a sketch of this memorable assemblage in full deliberation. In another part of our paper we have detailed the Inauguration of President Davis.

VISIT TO GARIBALDI.

IN connection with the two pictures in our last number, representing the island home of Garibaldi, the following letter from a Scotch gentleman, who has recently paid the Liberator a visit, will be found interesting. It is dated from the Island of Magdalena, the nearest one to Caprera. The writer is Mr. John M'Adam, of Glasgow:

"I found this truly great man surrounded by his own family, his brother, a frank, hardy sea captain, and a few friends, discussing freely the incidents of the times, on which cunninger, probably not wiser, men would have affected mystery. I was welcomed by Garibaldi in a manner which becomes a great man, and puts a plain man like myself at ease. He did honor to the good men who had sent me on this mission, when he placed me at every meal next himself, and pointed out my bed as one of the two in his own room. I accepted this honor proudly and gratefully—pride in the country of which Garibaldi could not speak too often, for the moral aid, even more than the material assistance, which it had rendered to Italy; and with gratitude to my countrymen who had sent me with their assurance of their abiding interest in him and his country in the coming crisis. Seeing that he was deeply engaged with his immense monthly receipt of letters, I left him with his two secretaries, to take a quiet survey of his island home. And as you are aware of the apprehension entertained in Britain as to any sudden attack on him, I scrambled up the highest dividing ridges to see whether facilities existed for his enemies from the opposite coast. The people here laugh at the idea of any body of men being found daring enough to attack him in front, and by any other way it would take a body of men hours to work their way, even in daylight, over the granite rocks, which, sea-worn and honeycombed to their very summits, are evidently of volcanic origin.

"During the day the General was very much engaged, but towards evening he mixed with his friends, and conversed freely; and when by ourselves in his own room, feeding the fire with roots—his only fuel—he spoke feelingly and warmly for the British people, and the stand made by Lord John Russell in favor of Italy. After supper, more writing, then to bed, where for hours he sat dictating to his two secretaries. I dropped over to sleep, and when I awakened all was quiet; but some hours before day he was at work with them again, and so continued until two hours after daybreak. I mention this mainly to explain how much he has to do, and to excuse him for any disappointment to his correspondents. Signora Teresa, the General's daughter, is a very pleasant and unaffected young lady, but she speaks no English, neither does her brother Mennoti; he is taller than his father, has very much the look of a fine young sailor, in his red shirt and bronze, not dark, complexion; he bids fair to be a very strong man, is now twenty years of age, and you are aware has already distinguished himself in the late campaigns. Nothing pleased me more than his modesty and self-possession in the various circumstances which I saw him placed in among his father's friends, both at home and elsewhere. When I left the General, he bade me assure my friends that he trusted in better times to come among them, and thank them for what they had done for his country, and to thank Joseph Cowen and the men of Newcastle for his sword and the telescope, which he has used through all the battles. I will reserve his remarks on the present circumstances of Europe for the consideration of the committee for whom I am acting; suffice it for the public that he is anxious but hopeful."

MOONLIGHT SCENE ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR—THE SENTRY CHALLENGING FRANK LESLIE'S SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT, WHO WERE GUESTS OF THE RICHLAND RIFLES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.

LADY FRANKLIN AT PANAMA.

ON the 21st ult. the United States steamer St. Louis arrived in this port, sixty days from New York, with Lady Franklin, wife of the late Sir John Franklin, and her niece, Miss Cracroft, on board. On the 22d her ladyship visited Aspinwall, and met with a most cordial reception from Col. Totten and other gentlemen belonging to the Panama Railroad Company. She was well pleased with her trip across the Isthmus; and also visited the Island of Tohoga, which is about nine miles distant from this city. On the evening of her arrival, Com. Wm. D. Porter, in company with some of his officers, waited on her ladyship, and offered his boat to her service, for which she expressed her thanks, and remarked that she would like to pay a visit to Old Panama on the 23d. On that morning Com. Porter sent his gig alongside of the St. Louis, in charge of his secretary, and at about eleven o'clock A.M. her ladyship and Miss Cracroft embarked. The gig then returned to the St. Marys, and her commander joined the party. The day was exceedingly warm, but the heat did not seem to affect her ladyship, as she kept up a most lively conversation, and seemed in excellent spirits. There was a very heavy swell in the bay, and it was an impossibility for her ladyship to disembark, for, as the party neared the shore of Old Panama, the surf arose to such an extent that any boat would have been dashed to pieces if it ventured to land. Com. Porter gave orders to keep the boat in as close as practicable to shore, for the purpose of showing her ladyship the old tower and ruins, and at the same time directed the boat's head to be kept to the surf, on which her ladyship wisely remarked, "If the boat is headed to the surf there is no cause to fear." She was delighted with the scenery and old ruins, and seemed not the least daunted while the boat was ploughing through the surf which was running very high. She was pleased as well as interested in information given by Com. Porter in regard to New Granada. The party returned to Panama City, where there was a carriage in waiting to receive her ladyship and Miss Cracroft. When expressing thanks to Com. Porter and his secretary for their attention, &c., while visiting Old Panama, Com. Porter remarked, "Lady Franklin, we sailors must be attentive to sailor's wives." Her ladyship spent the rest of the day in driving around Panama and its suburbs, and unfortunately the carriage broke down, and on a gentleman expressing his fears for her safety, she laughingly replied, "Oh, it is nothing; I am used to such accidents, as I have met with them frequently!" Fortunately neither of the ladies were hurt by this mishap. On the 24th her ladyship visited the flagship Lancaster, and was much pleased with the vessel, and expressed a desire to hear the band play the "Red, White and Blue," which was performed in a manner that would credit Jullien or Dodworth. On the 25th the St. Louis sailed for San Francisco with her ladyship and suite on board. Before her ladyship's departure, she presented Mr. W. G. Overend, Captain's Secretary on board, with a book, also one to Capt. Graham of H.B.M.S. Mutine.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS.

ABOUT the year 1837, Sir John Fenwick, of Fenwick Hall, England, married Clare Seymour. She was the daughter of a poor Cumberland clergyman, and of course brought to the union neither money nor influence. But she was beautiful and most amiable, and for seventeen years her husband loved her with a most passionate love. But at the end of that time two sisters of Sir John, despairing of what they had long hoped for—the death of his only son and heir, the true hero of this story—persuaded Sir John that his wife had confessed to them that her son was the offspring, not of her husband, but of a foreigner with whom, even during the honeymoon, she had intrigued at Paris. Overlooking in his rage the obvious interest his sisters had in deceiving him, Sir John banished both mother and son from his house. The former, after many painful vicissitudes, died, having previously sent her son to one of her relatives, settled on an extensive ranch or farm on the borders of Texas. While residing there he was carried into captivity by the Indians, from whom he escaped, penniless and half naked; and we next find him in a lawyer's office, and subsequently in that of the Clinton *Herald* newspaper. Here he made his mother's wrongs and his own claims known, was taken in hand by the British Consul at Chicago, and by that gentleman introduced to the Prince of Wales, who, being convinced of the truth of his story, took him with him to England. Arrived there, John Fenwick, the younger, proceeded at once to Fenwick Hall, and there found that one of his evil aunts was dead and that the other was fast dying, and in her agony of penitence or terror had confessed the whole thing to Sir John, who soon after died, and the hero of this story, now Sir John Fenwick, Bart., writes most affectionately to his American friends, sends presents to most of them, and in his letter to the most favored of them says: "The package I send you will, I hope, entirely clear you of debt and make you independent for life."

FORTY MEN LOST IN THE SNOW IN ENGLAND.

PERHAPS no more severe weather was ever experienced on the Yorkshire moors than that which prevailed during the past week. The snowstorms were continuous and heavy, occasionally attended with thunder; and in some of the valleys the drifts of snow are still twenty feet deep. All traffic was stopped, and the partridges and grouse were driven off the moors by scores, and were picked up in the streets of Malton half dead with cold and hunger. Vast numbers of crows and other birds are found dead.

The works on the Rosedale railway, now in course of formation, have been entirely suspended, and the laborers reduced to great distress. Forty of these men were driven from the works to seek shelter at the Esklitt Huts, on the bleak moors, where it seems they were snowed over and could not escape. Their continued absence caused a search-party to set off over the moors, and by dint of great labor a passage was made to the huts, where, on the door being opened, the poor fellows were found in a very exhausted condition. They had been prisoners for two days and nights, and had eaten their last provisions and used their last fuel.

THE WINTER IN LONDON.

THE scene on the Serpentine on Wednesday night was even more striking than any we had before witnessed. Nearly 1,000 yards, from the cascade to the bridge, were studded with tents, amusement courts, several military conical tents, fires in large iron machines for "devilling" chops, steaks, &c. Thousands of persons formed themselves into procession, headed by a band of bell-ringers and a brass band, and after passing up and down the river for some time, the skaters going through some extraordinary evolutions, such as fast skating, fancy skating, quadrilles, and the "Female Volunteer Battle Race," &c., the whole

party returned at "railway speed" to the east end of the river, and having formed themselves into military companies, they went through various exercises, and at length the word of command was to "advance." The ladies, the gentlemen and the roughs then wheeled first to the right, then to the left, and, having formed themselves into an immense square, the sport of the night began. A royal salute having been fired, the bellringers and the brass band struck up "God Save the Queen," after which fireworks, consisting of nearly 1,500 serpents, crackers, squibs, &c., were discharged at one time. The first attack, a very dangerous one, was upon the spectators on the north and south shores, and several persons were injured by the fireworks striking them in the face and eyes A great number of persons, probably over a dozen, were conveyed to the Receiving-House with cut heads. The ice is now thirteen inches thick.

A new fashion in ladies' stockings has come out in England. They are of woollen or cotton, but are parti-colored, as red and white, red and black, mauve and gray. When harmonizing in color with the dress, the effect is said to be very pretty.

Marine compasses used on board screw steamers are now made to float on glycerine, as being least affected by heat or cold, and less injurious to the copper hemisphere in which the compass case is made to float.

Joseph Veazie, of Providence, is willing to subscribe $1,000, if nineteen others will subscribe a like sum, to try the experiment of raising cotton in Central America.

A "general service of funerals" in France is conducted by a company in Paris, authorized by law, managed by a director, with a fixed tariff of prices.

There are one thousand one hundred and two newspapers and four hundred and eighty-one magazines now published in Great Britain. Nearly one-half of the latter have a religious character.

Mr. Silver, of Philadelphia, is now in Europe, attempting to introduce his plan of a new steamer, six hundred feet long, seventy-six wide, with two paddle engines, separate, and placed on the sides, and two screws to work under the centre. He proposes, with such a vessel, to cross the Atlantic in six days. Mr. Silver is the inventor of the marine governor, which works equally well whatever angle it lies in.

What is in a Name?—From a description of the "Chinese Capital" is extracted the following selection of names of Pekin streets: "Fetid-hide-street, Dog's-tooth-street, Cut-asunder-street, Barbarian-street, Board-of-Punishment-street, Dog's-tail-street, Boat-plank-street, Obedience-street, Water-wheel-street, Cow's-horn-bend-street, Newly-opened-street, Pay-and-Rations-street, Goddess-of-Mercy-Temple-street, Mutton-street, Sugar-place-street, Old-screen-street, Pine-street, Immeasurably-great-street, Proboscis-street, Handkerchief-street, Stone-tiger-street."

American invention continues to resort to the English patent office. Provisional protection for six months has been given to W. H. Stevens and B. R. Norton, of New York, for an improved archer's bow and bow-gun toy; to C. G. Paige, of Washington, for an instrument to improve the sense of hearing; to T. How, of Massachusetts, for an improved construction of bedsteads; to G. Holland, of Connecticut, for an improvement in cleaning, sorting and doubling threads; to E. T. Green, of Massachusetts, for machine work on boot and shoe heels; to William Kennisb, of New York, for an improvement in rotary machines, and the application of them to raising water. Notice to proceed has been given to R. Shaler, of Connecticut, in his application relative to improved floor skates.

Place on a sheet of white paper a piece of blue silk about four inches in diameter, in the sunshine; cover the centre of this with a piece of yellow silk about three inches in diameter; and the centre of this with a piece of pink silk about two inches in diameter; and the centre of the pink silk again cover with another circle of green silk about one inch in diameter; then cover the centre of the green silk with a circle of indigo about half an inch in diameter; in the centre of the whole make a black dot with a pen. Then look steady for a minute, on this central spot, and closing your eyes, hold your hand about an inch distant before them, and you will appear to see the most beautiful circle of colors that imagination can conceive, which colors will appear not only different from the colors of the silk, but will keep perpetually changing.

The Late Duke of Norfolk.—His courtship and marriage belong to the Romance of the Peerage. Travelling in Greece, when a young man, he was attacked with a dangerous fever. Sir E. Lyons, then British Minister to Athens, had the young nobleman removed to the Embassy, where he found an affectionate and devoted nurse in Sir Edmund's youngest daughter, then in her seventeenth year. With returning health and strength, the young patient drank in delicious draughts of a potion prepared by the cunning "archer god." When the young heir to the ducal house sought an interview with Sir Edmund, that high-minded and honorable papa refused to sanction his suit. Sir Edmund did more—he immediately wrote to the parents of his guest, expressing his regret at what had occurred, and his conviction that the heir of the great house of Norfolk ought to find a consort in a nobler and older family than his own. He added that the young traveller was now well enough to be removed from Athens, and suggested that arrangements should be immediately made for his return home. The parents of the young man highly approved of Sir Edmund's conduct, the patient returned to England, and it was hoped that time and absence would do the rest. But the lover displayed a noble constancy, and found means to overcome the objections of his family to the marriage, which was accordingly solemnized in 1839, the bridegroom being then in his twenty-fourth year, and the bride only eighteen. The union has been a happy one, has been blessed by offspring, and the eldest son, now in his thirteenth year, is Duke of Norfolk. He will be brought up as a strict Catholic.

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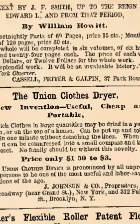

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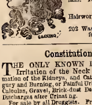

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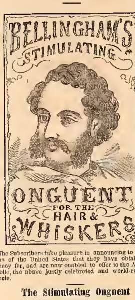

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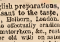

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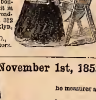

Patented April 10 1860.
PRICE $8 TO $10.
A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT. Washes every spot. Sure and certain, without soaking or boiling. Call and see it in operation at 457 Broadway, New York, and 312 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
J. JOHNSON & CO.,
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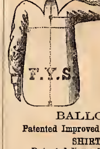

The measures are A, the distance round the Neck. B to B, the Yoke. C to C, the Sleeve. D to D, distance around the Body under the armpits. E to E the length of the Shirt.

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Patented Improved French Yoke
SHIRTS.
Patented November 1st, 1859.
A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.

By sending the above measures per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt and return by Express to any part of the United States, at $12, $15, $18, $24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a-dozen Shirts.

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FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

For curing and preventing Baldness.
For removing Scurf and Dandruff.
For beautifying and making the Hair soft and curly
In fact the only safe and effective compound of the kind in use.
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Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator.
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Also,
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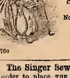
NOW WITHIN REACH OF ALL.



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No family can afford to be without one.
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Singer's No. 1 and 2 Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and manufactory. Prices reduced, respectively from $135 and $150 to $90 and $100

Singer's No. 3 Standard Shuttle Machine, For Carriage-makers and heavy leather work. Price, complete, $125.
Also, to complete the list, an

ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE,

unequalled for manufacturing purposes; NOISELESS, RAPID and capable of every kind of work! Price (including iron stand and drawers), $110—cheaper at that in view of its value than the machines of any other maker as a gift.
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THIS article of Nursery Furniture is different from, superior to, and supplies the place of everything heretofore used for that purpose. It combines, by simple changes, which may be instantly made, A SAFE, COMFORTABLE SLEEPING COUCH, A DELIGHTFUL BABY-JUMPER, A HOBBY-HORSE, NURSERY, DINING AND ROCKING-CHAIR, A SWING, A STYLISH CARRIAGE AND PERAMBULATOR, A PLAY AND WORK STAND. It is suspended from the ceiling, or a graceful standard, by a steel spring; is cushioned so as to require no bedding, and is tastefully trimmed in various styles, at prices ranging from $8 to $25. Sent by express everywhere.

It will save in washing, in bringing up one child, more than its cost, and MUCH OF THE TIME and attention of mother and nurse.

It gives the child entire freedom of action for body and limbs, insures a healthy action of the stomach and bowels, promotes and strengthens the natural motion and development of the system, preserving it from injury or the possibility of danger

It is compact, strong and durable, and to those having the care of infants or children under three years old it is indispensable.

N. B.—"The exercise obtained by our nursery children in one of your Baby-Tenders very much aids in their proper physical development, and enables us to dispense with the services of one assistant nurse."—*Matron of the Home for the Friendless.*

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

We had heard a great deal in reference to this article as a restorative and renovator of the human Hair, but were disposed at first to consider many of the statements exaggerated. A friend of ours who had lately been so ill as to have his head shaved was induced, at our suggestion, to give it a trial. The result is that in a week a very perceptible difference can be seen in the growth of the patient's hair. He assures us that he is thoroughly convinced of its beneficial effect from his own experience, and is fully determined to continue its use.—*Westmoreland Times, N. B*

Cough Lozenges.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—At this season of the year, when so many are troubled with Hoarseness, Influenza and Bronchial Difficulties, these TROCHES afford a grateful relief. We have seen instances of their good effects in cases of inflammation of the Bronchial Tubes and of the Hoarseness of Children. They contain nothing which can injure the constitution, and have a soothing effect very efficacious in assisting expectoration, and prevent the accumulation of phlegm. For public speakers, singers, and all persons troubled with Hoarseness, they are invaluable.—*Portland Transcript.*

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GARNITURES AND VEILS,
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Frank Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 277—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS OF MONTGOMERY, ALA., FROM THE BALCONY OF THE EXCHANGE HOTEL, ON THE EIGHT OF FEBRUARY 10TH, 1861, AND PREVIOUS TO HIS INAUGURATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 208.

THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF the Southern Confederacy, Addressing the People of Montgomery.

THE arrival of the newly elected President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, preparatory to his Inauguration, created the utmost excitement in the capital, Montgomery. He arrived on the 16th, and went direct to the rooms prepared for his reception at the Exchange Hotel. He was welcomed on his arrival at the depot to the hospitalities of the city by Judge H. W. Withers, who addressed him in glowing language as leader of the corporate authorities. The President responded in an appropriate and effective speech, which was loudly cheered by the people who thronged the place.

An immense crowd blocked up every avenue to the hotel, and vociferously demanded the presence of the President. The call was promptly acceded to, and President Davis appearing on the balcony of the hotel, addressed the people in the following words:

FRIENDS CITIZENS AND BRETHREN OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA:—Having come unexpectedly, not to mean necessity, to this place, but as it may be, of one to be, of mere convenience, I have not prepared myself to address you in the manner which I should otherwise have done. We have, henceforth, I trust, the prospect of living together in peace, with our constitution guarded and protected by the sovereign States who formed it. The way in which the future will be ordered is in the midst of storms; it may be that at this morning in sight with clouds and dark and rainy, we shall have an unclouded sky before we close it at the beginning; but as the sun rose, lifted the mists and dispersed the clouds, so I trust that the day will be ushered in, and we will be prepared as the Southern Confederacy entered upon its career, to unite the hearts of the people in earnest liberty and political equality. (Applause.) Hitherto, in what have nothing to fear or blame, because at times we have been compelled to act on the defensive, and to war abroad, because if war should come, and if we must again freedom in blood and groans to be won by battle and victory, as the Revolution has been won before, we are not dangerous ones, but will redeem the pledges they gave, and redeem, by the blessing and favor of Him from whom we hope that blessing, the soil from foe and restore as brightly as in 1776, to feel and to every other comfort. (Applause.) I will not longer detain you, but will say that I am grateful for the kindness that I should expect therefore, I will not longer detain you. I am unable to speak as my laughs, but I feel grateful as you, among other manifestations, for your present welcome. I will at this moment only say that I look forward to great duties therefore upon me by the kindness and confidence of the Congress of the Confederate States. I thank you, my friends, for the last manifestations of favor and appreciation which you exhibit on this occasion. Throughout my whole connection with the public service, I have received from my former brethren in regard and appreciation which I did not regard them as personal to myself, but as tendered to me as the humble representative of a cause which I thought was that of the Confederate States. I am deeply sensible of the high office to which I have been called all that I have at heart, of need and of trust. It is the experience of events, the knowledge of men, and the power to read the future by the wonder portents—if, so be again, necessity shall require that I shall assist some one in the ranks of the military. I have not sought place, and I have not shunned it. I [illegible] Now, my friends, thanking you for the manifestation of your appreciation, allow me to bid you good-night.

After a telling speech from the Hon. W. L. Yancey, the vast crowd, cheering again with hearty good will, quietly dispersed.

Barnum's American Museum.

SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, at Barnum's Museum. The Great Drama of the Drunkard's Children, the Living Statue of the Lion, Aztec Children, Monsieur Bonassa, Albino Family, Model Artists, &c. Would be Visitors will take notice, Living Seal, Living Happy Family, the Bird Speaking Horse, Beautiful Fish, Happy Family, and 500,000 Curiosities.

Admission 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1861.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write to us their name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that we receive photographs are sent us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, and we are frequently at a loss to know what and everything that transpires or occurs in all parts of the United States. To obviate any paper pecuniary loss to us, we intend to publish in every thing which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not enabled to do this unless something is sent us to go upon, and the result of our not reaching information. To have labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

The Grand Inauguration Ball at Washington.

In order to do full justice to this magnificent spectacle, we have been obliged to withhold our illustration till next number, when we shall publish a splendid picture, with an accurate representation of the dresses of many of the prominent ladies of fashion there present.

Another New Story.

We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful new story which we commence this week. "Santa Maria" is a Venetian story of rare interest; its merits will well repay perusal.

Our Weekly Gossip

Has grown of illustrated matter this week compels us to omit Our Weekly Gossip. It will be resumed in our next.

Inauguration of the President of the Southern Confederacy.

We intended to publish in our present issue an engraving of the ceremonies attendant upon the Inauguration of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, but the sketch by our special artist, who was present, did not reach us in time to enable us to do it justice. It will, however, appear in the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

The Buchanan Congress drags on to close the interest seems to intensify, as it is but old matters are on their dotheed consecutive attention is paid to their disputing words. This is a popular fallacy—what a dying man says is the most weighty one for truths. In the Senate, on Thursday, the 28th February Mr. Crittenden, from the Select Committee, presented a report from the Peace Congress. After considerable debate, in which Senator Doolittle declared that it would serve as an amendment to the first article of the Peace Congress—a proposition to the effect that no State has a right to secede, and that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, the debate was adjourned to the next day.

In the House Mr. Corwin's amendment was the subject of debate. It was agreed to yesterday. The proposition provides "that no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State." The question was taken, and the amendment was adopted—yeas 136, nays 65.

On Friday, the Peace Conference Committee was again before the Senate, but did not seem to meet with much favor. Senator Wade, the *John Adams* of the Senate, proposed to substitute for their resolutions his own anti-Seward resolutions. Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, offered an amendment in consequence of Mr. Crittenden. After considerable talk between sundry members, the Senate adjourned without coming to any decision. Mr. Seward's bill finding it every day being fleshed out. What a pity that we have only "blood and bones" of the Constitution, and that the "sinews" are wanting in the National architect, whose chief time ought to be "the Elms."

On Saturday the Senate spent the greater part of the day amending the Pugilist Bill—as Bill was passed by 29 to 28. Its extreme complaisance will very contagious among the Senators. It provides that a pugilist fighting in the place where he is said to have escaped; then away the power of the Sheriff to arrest—consequently, the fighter can't be arrested, except in case of a duel; and makes the fee of the judicial officer before whom he is brought, $10. In any case, whether he is fined or imprisoned. Another proposition remove two obstacles though not very important features in the old bill, but after the brilliant achievement at blundering, a bill unanimously passed. The reading of which gave no justice, which made the condition imperative on the demand of the Executive when the fugitive was found in any State, whether the demand was made by the decision majority of 116 to 67. The purpose Southern was to secure the rights of property against the Republican Party. Success.

On Saturday, the 2nd March, there was the usual excitement and confusion about the last days, as the Senate sat from 10 A.M. to Post-Office, Pension, Navy, Military Academy, Civil, &c., bills were passed. The House refused to concur in the Senate's bill to increase the salaries of the officers of the customs revenue. The resolution assuring Treaty, the Secretary of the Navy, for accepting the resignation of several officers who joined the Secession movement, then passed by 81 to 62. It is certainly not pleasant for a public minister to get out of office with the imputation of treachery.

The Senate continued its Sunday night session to nine o'clock on Monday morning, and the House sat all night, and adjourned at 8 o'clock.

The debate on Sunday night, on the motion to adopt the Corwin resolution, as it passed the House, was participated in by several members. The proposed amendment had been voted on and defeated, the original resolution was finally adopted by 24 yeas to 12 nays. Among the nays were Messrs. Douglas, Crittenden, Pugh, and they sailed by 19 yeas to 20 nays. Several efforts were then made to the Senate, and the committee on conference elected seven to the Tariff bill passed. At twelve o'clock Vice-President Breckinridge left the Senate chamber, after which Mr. Hunter took the oath as the new Vice-President, and the Senate was then declared adjourned sine die. Mr. Hunter then left with the chair, and the proclamation for the extra session was read.

The House sat all night, and all day. Great excitement and confusion prevailed, and, at sunset, in the hurry incident to the closing of a session, many bills were rushed through, and members left the House without the solemnity of a very important nature. At twelve o'clock Speaker Pennington delivered his closing address to the House, and announced the final adjournment of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-sixth Congress.

The President's Inaugural Address.

This important document, upon which was supposed to hang the fate of our beloved country, was delivered in Lincoln from the steps of the Capitol on Monday last, the 4th of March, dwelling all minor questions, he enters at once upon the present state of the country. He says that the South has by no way just for that his Government will prove inimical to their property, their peace or their liberty, and offers in proof thereof extracts of a conservative speech from his speech, and one speak of the Chicago platform, based upon the sentiments therein expressed. These he deems sufficient proof of his friendly feelings and just sense of his obligations to the people of the South.

Of the right to reclaim Fugitive Slaves, he considers it recognized, in the fullest sense, in the Constitution—a right which all Members of Congress have sworn to support. Whether this right should be enforced by the Federal or State Authorities, he believes could be easily settled by calm discussion.

He asserts that no State upon its own mere will has a provision in its organic law for its own termination." Dissolution is, therefore, impossible, unless with the consent of all the contracting parties. No one State can lawfully withdraw from the Confederacy, and all resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances. He therefore considers that, in view of the Constitution and the Laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of his ability, he will take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon him, the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States.

He repudiates all right to secede, and believes that no blood need be shed in sustaining his position.

He declares that the power confided to him will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imports; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere.

Where the citizens of any State refuse to hold Federal offices, the Government will not intrude the people of such State by filling such offices by force. Where none seem disposed, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.

He considers that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and he will take care that

a fine of ten dollars per day for each cow fed on swill, the unscrupulous rascals have sold these diseased animals to be slaughtered for food. What are our inspectors about that this poisonous meat is not seized and the vendors severely punished? In such weather as this it only requires such food to commence a pestilence.

There is an occasional impudence in the telegraphic wires which partakes of the sublime. Every one knows the immense efforts made by Chase and Cameron to secure a position in the new Cabinet. As a proof of this we have only to note the fact, which proves that they had resolved to swallow each other like a couple of anacondas. Now just read their *coy blushes* as reflected through the telegraphic wires of their favorite organ:

"The appointment of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary to the Treasury Department, was definitely settled to-night. Cameron can have the War Department if he chooses. It is not known whether he will accept, but his friends urge it earnestly upon him. At ten o'clock Mr. Chase had not decided to accept the Treasuryship, nor is it settled whether Mr. Cameron will take the War Department if Mr. Chase does the former."

How must Chase and Cameron cry out, "Save us from our telegrams!"

Things seem to need Rarey at Charleston. The *Daily Times* has a correspondent in that city, and putting this and that together, we made out the following sentence:

"There is so great a demand for horses for the exigencies of the service, that a daring thief stole, at dusk, the horse of the Quartermaster, just after he had left him tied to a post in King street, our most crowded thoroughfare. A man who has so little respect for Quartermastership deserves a dose of hempen cord."

The Daily News is very properly indignant at the abuse heaped on Mr. Buchanan. It says:

"Mr. Buchanan is a scholar and a gentleman. He has filled, creditably, positions for which his successor is not socially qualified. His reputation in European and American society is something for an old man to remember with pride. Those who assail him personally, besides thereby establishing their intellectual and social mediocrity, exhibit a large share of ignorance and malacity."

We find the following in one of the English papers:

"A Berne telegraphic despatch of the 13th ult. says it was through the medium of the Swiss Consulate at Algeria, that Mr. Cobden proposed that Switzerland should mediate between the contending States of America. The Federal Council had declined the proposition, on the ground that it was not qualified for such an office."

If this proves to be the truth, Cobden must be insane. A mouse mediating between elephants would be equally apropos. "Too much free trade has made our Cobden mad!"

In spite of the hard times the newspaper business goes on increasing. One of the results of this fact is that the enterprising wholesale news agents, John H. Feeks & Co., have been obliged by press of business to remove to more commodious quarters, and are now occupying the large store, No. 24 Ann street. There they will have elbow room to accommodate that increase of business which their promptitude and enterprise so justly merits.

A New Excitement.—In 1850 everybody rushed to California after gold; in 1861 every one rushes to George C. Allen's, under the Brandreth House, for gold and jewels of every description. Allen is one of our old residents, a solid and reliable man, having carried on his business for over twenty-two years in Wall street, in a regular way; but now, in obedience to the spirit of the times, he offers an immense amount of rich and elegant jewellery at panic prices. There are several large show-cases marked, "Everything in this case, \$1—\$2," and so on up to five or six dollars. We examined the various cases, and were astonished at the excellent finish and the tasteful and elegant patterns of all the articles they contained. Brooches, breastpins, earrings, bracelets, lockets, studs, sleeve-buttons, rings, pens, pencil-cases, in short every variety of article in the jewellery line, in every variety of style. How they can be afforded at the price is one of the mysteries of the trade, as they are now offered at least forty per cent. below the usual retail prices. But a rapid sale for ready cash at this time is an inducement not to be resisted. The public appreciate the sacrifice, and literally "go in with a rush," for Allen's store is crowded from morning to night, and the cases are emptied and replenished two or three times a day. The jewellery fever is raging in New York. Mr. Allen has also a large stock of rich and costly jewellery, watches, &c., which is displayed in another portion of his store. Whoever sighs for adornment can gratify their tastes at Allen's store at a merely nominal expenditure.

The New York Weekly is making great strides to keep its high place in our weekly literature. Its stories are written by the most popular authors, and every class is appealed to. In addition to the startling works of fiction there are other features in this excellent paper which recommend it to the household, such as its editorials and melange of reading, which, independent of its capital stories, render it one of the best family papers of the times. Messrs. Street & Smith deserve the support of the public for their spirited management of the New York *Weekly*.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Theatre.—Mr. Forrest having now entered upon the sixth month of his engagement, it is proper that the journalist should devote something more than an ordinary paragraph to a success so entirely unprecedented in the history of the acted drama. There can be found no record of a career more remarkable than that of Edwin Forrest. Commencing at the lowest round of the ladder, he mounted, it is true, step by step, but with such lightning-like celerity, that early contemporaries stood amazed, and while still on the threshold of manhood, while the glory of youth was just verging into the splendor of maturity, he found himself not only famous, but surrounded by hosts of friends, by whom he was fêted, caressed and applauded, as never was actor fêted, caressed and applauded before or since.

Fortunately, Mr. Forrest was gifted with a large share of that invaluable commodity, common sense, and this ordeal of adulation, which would have turned the head of a weaker man, only served to inspire him with a still more unalterable determination to attain the goal upon which he had fixed his ambitious hopes. With this object in view, he devoted himself with unwearying assiduity to the study of his profession, never descending to indulge in any of the dissipations or excesses that have dimmed the lustre of so many histrionic luminaries. Acting only at such times as the public voice actually demanded his appearance, Mr. Forrest passed forward to new triumphs, and each year saw his fame shine further, clearer and brighter, his fortunes increase, and his good name grow more secure "in mouths of wisest censure." A liberal patron of literature, he strove long and earnestly to call into being a strictly American drama, and it was his misfortune, not his fault, that in this endeavor he failed. He was most prodigal of his means, of his time and of his advice, but the authors, to avail of these advantages, were not forthcoming. One or two tolerably good acting plays only rewarded his efforts. A truly great original tragedy, by an American author, has yet to be written.

Thoroughly in earnest in his determination to become the foremost actor of the age, Mr. Forrest, at the very outset of his career, willingly turned aside from the laurels that were being woven for his brow and the golden stream that was flowing into his coffers, and retired temporarily from the active duties of his profession, in order to cultivate his taste and improve his mind by travel. During this period, all that was beautiful and truthful in nature and art was made subservient to his studies. From the magnificent natural scenery of his native land he had already drawn a breadth and grandeur of conception, and now from the art shrines, rich with the glorious works of the mighty masters of the pencil and chisel, from the mouldering but imperishable splendors of the classic ages, and from the historical associations that are so intimately blended with each river, valley and mountain of the Old World, he gleaned the grace and elaborate finish which were alone wanting to render his personations superior to anything that had hitherto been witnessed on the stage. It is not to be wondered at then, that on returning to the scene of his previous triumphs he at once assumed the position never since questioned, of the first histrionic genius and most brilliant dramatic artist of his time.

Before closing these desultory remarks we would refer to one feature connected with Mr. Forrest's career, which, to the uninitiated, is as singular as it is unparalleled; we allude to the persistent and vindictive assaults of which he has been made the object, both as actor and man, by a certain portion of the public. From such exhibitions of petty spleen and malice, Mr. Forrest turned to his audiences and demanded their verdict upon his merits as an actor, and for a quarter of a century his appeal has been responded to by a success unprecedented in dramatic annals, culminating in the present engagement at Niblo's. As to his private affairs, he rightly judged that in them the public had no voice. Still unabashed, however, this miserable minority pursues the great tragedian with relentless hate, and with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause seeks to extort from him some recognition of their existence—what success they are likely to meet with in their laudable endeavors those who know Mr. Forrest best, best know. It only remains now in a few words to sum up our reasons for placing Mr. Forrest as a tragedian so far above all who have preceded him. In the first place, then, his genius is of the very truest stamp; in personal appearance, he presents a combination and a form, indeed, "where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." His voice, as noble an organ as ever human being was gifted with, is capable of every variety of modulation, and his bearing graceful and majestic. To these qualifications add an intellect at once strong and brilliant, a mind thoroughly stored, not alone with the wisdom to be learned from books, but also with that higher knowledge gleaned from constant intercourse with man, and a keen insight into his thoughts, motives, passions; an iron will, and a thorough appreciation of the great minds with whose legacies his profession brings him constantly a communion, and we see a combination of qualities that finds no counterpart in the pages of dramatic history. We desired to follow Mr. Forrest through his principal rôles, but want of space forbids us that pleasure, and we conclude, therefore, by earnestly advising all admirers of "the youngest of the sister arts, where all their beauties blend," to avail themselves of every opportunity of witnessing the performances of its greatest exponent.

Winter Garden.—Last week Miss Cushman made her *rentrée* at this house, as Nancy Sykes, in a dramatic version of "Oliver Twist." As this was her first appearance in the part since the days of the old Park Theatre, curiosity was naturally on the *qui vive*, and the result was a house filled to repletion. Among the audience, too, we noticed many old playgoers, who are now rarely brought out, but when they do come add an air of dignity to any audience.

The play of "Oliver Twist" is about as bad a specimen of dramatic literature as it is possible to conceive. It has neither plot, interest nor unity, consisting merely of a collection of scenes (and those the most repulsive), from the novel after which it is named.

That Miss Cushman, however, should have made a success by her impersonation of the heroine, we do not wonder; we consider it a companion picture to her Meg Merrilies. Her make-up is admirable, and the rude energy she throws into the part renders some of its scenes thrilling in the extreme. The portraiture, it is true, lacks the pre-Raphaelite fidelity that Miss Heron invested it with; but, nevertheless, must be regarded as one of Miss Cushman's most successful impersonations, fully bearing us out in our often expressed opinion, that melo-drama, not tragedy, is this lady's forte. In fact, while she lacks the dignity of carriage and grandeur of conception necessary to a proper delineation of the great tragic rôles, her very angularity and style render her peculiarly fitted to enact such parts as Meg Merrilies and Nancy Sykes. The play is well acted. Mr. Wallack, as Fagin, making a vivid impression; he, like Miss Cushman, though he fails in tragedy, fully redeems himself in melo-drama. Mr. Davidge, as Bumble, is admirable, giving a picture that Dickens himself could find no fault with, and the remainder of the characters are fairly acted. The piece is put upon the stage with the same care as when produced for Miss Heron, the scene representing London Bridge and the final tableau being exceedingly effective.

"Oliver Twist" was played throughout the week to good houses, and replaced on Monday last by "Guy Mannering." Miss Cushman's powerful delineation of Meg Merrilies is too well known to need further comment.

Niblo's Garden—English Opera—Debut of Miss Watson.—We cannot but regret that the English opera season has been brought to a close at Niblo's Theatre. The public were only just commencing thoroughly to appreciate the increasing merits of the various performers when they are denied the pleasure of listening to them. That a pecuniary success commensurate with the artistic success should not at once have attended the efforts of Madame Bishop, is to be accounted for by many good and sufficient reasons, first and foremost among which is the fact of the opera nights being what are technically called "off nights." These "off nights" are terrible affairs for artists, pecuniary success seldom or never attending them on those occasions. If, however, the season commenced inauspiciously, a flattering increase in the number of the audience was observable on each successive evening, and on Saturday of last week the house was filled from parquette to gallery, to witness the debut of a lady previously celebrated in private circles, and who, if we mistake not, is destined at no distant day to take a front place in the ranks of English opera singers. We refer, of course, to Miss Eleanor Watson. This lady, a member of a family to whom the musical public of New York owe a deep debt of gratitude for their continued and conscientious endeavors to advance the art in this metropolis, has, of course, received a thorough musical education, and in addition thereto possesses a voice delicate in calibre, but clear, true and melodious, which she uses with admirable feeling and taste. Before she had sung a dozen notes all idea of failure vanished, and her delicious rendering of the charming ballad, "On yonder rock reclining," made not only success certain, but a success of the most flattering description. Throughout the opera Miss Watson fully confirmed the favorable impression made in the first act, being encored in the principal morceaux, and receiving the warm and enthusiastic plaudits of a very critical audience. Her acting was better than we had any right to look for from a novice, being at all times lady-like and refined, and altogether the debut may be regarded as a source of sincere congratulation to Miss Watson, her friends and the public. We trust we shall soon have an opportunity of assisting at her second appearance.

Barnum's American Museum.—While our President, Gulliver Abe, is about getting his White House Museum in order, President Barnum is reaping the fruits of his numerous crops of curiosities, and receiving hosts of admirers every hour of the day. What Seward is to Lincoln, Greenwood is to Phineas. What with the "What Is It?" and the thousand other curiosities, a month can be easily and agreeably passed at the corner of Ann street and Broadway. In addition to these, there is the new drama of the "Woman in White," which attracts large crowds. For further particulars see the Prize Rebus in *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun* for March 15th. It is a triumph of ingenuity.

THE INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Sixteenth President of the United States of America.

In presenting to our readers to-day a truthful and graphic picture of the solemnest and most interesting spectacle in the world, the inauguration of a man of the people to rule over the greatest republic of modern or ancient times, we briefly describe the ceremony we this day illustrate. In addition to the inherent importance of the event itself, the present unhappy condition of our national affairs gave it an additional interest and solemnity. For the first time in the history of our country the republic presented a broken front, and the inauguration took place in the face of an emphatic protest of six States against the accession to office of the President. All these considerations throw a momentous shade over the scene, which no one who witnessed it can ever forget.

The morning of the 4th of March, 1861, broke clear and beautiful, and though at one time a few drops of rain fell, yet the day turned out to be a very pleasant one, so far as the weather could make it. All business, public and private, was suspended, and the display of the national flag from innumerable buildings gave great liveliness to the scene. Hither and thither galloped and marched the volunteer soldiery, while the fife and drum and military bands made up an exciting picture which equally appealed to sight and ear.

As early as daybreak the crowds began to assemble in Pennsylvania avenue, and by eight o'clock the streets adjacent to Willard's Hotel and the Capitol were nearly impassable from the crowds of people.

The Procession formed.

At nine o'clock the procession began to form in front of the City Hall, at the corner of Louisiana avenue and Four-and-a-half street, under the charge of Chief Marshal French, who admirably fulfilled his arduous duties on this eventful day.

The Marshals were: J. J. Coombs, George H. Plant, John S. Paxson, James W. Deeble, W. Krzyzanowski, John L. Hayes, Lewis Clephane, Albert G. Hall, S. A. McKim, Foster Henshaw, Col. John S. Keyes, Hon. N. A. Thompson, William Simpson.

Besides these were thirteen Aids, twenty-nine Assistant Marshals, representing States and Territories, and eighty-three assistants who acted miscellaneously. The common uniform of these were black hats, black frock coats, black pantaloons and light buckskin gloves. The particular designations of the Marshals Aids were blue scarfs, white rosettes and blue saddle cloths, trimmed with gilt. Those of the Marshals were blue scarfs, white rosettes, white saddle cloths, trimmed with blue, and a baton two feet long, of blue color, with ends gilt about two inches deep.

The Assistant Marshals wore white scarfs, with pink rosettes, and had white saddle covers trimmed with pink. They carried batons of pink color, two feet long, with white ends two inches deep.

There was also a mounted corps of assistants to Colonel Selden, United States Marshal of the District, who were in attendance on Mr. Buchanan.

At eleven o'clock the *cortége* began its march through Louisiana avenue to Pennsylvania, past Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was staying, up Fifteenth street, where it countermarched and returned to Pennsylvania avenue, where it halted opposite Willard's Hotel. The military now formed on two sides of the hotel, and the whole *mise en scène* was most animating and effective.

Mr. Buchanan Arrives.

At half-past twelve Mr. Buchanan arrived in the state carriage with liveried servants. Alighting at the ladies' door of the hotel, he proceeded to Mr. Lincoln's room. After a brief conversation they entered the carriage, the military presenting arms at their appearance, and the band playing "Hail Columbia." Senators Baker and Pearce were in the same carriage. The procession then moved in the following order:

Aids. Marshal-in-Chief. Aids.
A National Flag with appropriate emblems.
The President of the United States, with the President Elect and Suite, with Marshals on their left, and the Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia (Colonel William Selden), and his Deputies on their right.
The Committee of Arrangements of the Senate.
Ex-Presidents of the United States.
The Republican Association.
The Judiciary.
The Clergy.
Foreign Ministers.
The Corps Diplomatique.
Members elect, Members and ex-Members of Congress, and ex-Members of the Cabinet.
The Peace Congress.
Heads of Bureaus.
Governors and ex-Governors of States and Territories, and Members of the Legislatures of the same.
Officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Militia, in full Uniform.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and subsequent periods.
The Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown.
Other Political and Military Associations from the District and other parts of the United States.
All organized Civil Societies.
Professors, Schoolmasters and Students within the District of Columbia,
Citizens of the District and of States and Territories.

The military escort was under the escort of Colonel Harris, Colonel Thomas and Captain Taylor. Mr. Buchanan looked very grave, and scarcely opened his lips, while President Lincoln was pale and composed. The carriage in which the two Presidents rode was entirely surrounded by military, in order to prevent the possibility of any attempt at violence. We will now leave Presidents Lincoln and Buchanan on their ride, and proceed in advance to the

The Capitol.

At five minutes to twelve, Vice-President Breckinridge and Senator Foot, of the Committee of the Arrangements, entered the Senate Chamber, escorting the Vice-President, Hamlin, to his seat on the left of the Presidential Chair. Mr. Hamlin had walked with a friend to the Senate Chamber just as a private citizen—offering a marked contrast to the military pomp of Mr. Lincoln's progress. As the clock with its twelve shocks of sound proclaimed noon the hammer fell, and the Second Session of the Thirty-Sixth Congress was no more.

Vice-President Breckinridge then took leave of the Senate over which he had so worthily presided, and administered the oath to his successor, Hannibal Hamlin, and conducted that gentleman to the Chair. At this minute the Corps Diplomatique entered the Chamber, and their gay costumes gave an additional brilliancy to the scene. The *tout ensemble* now was very striking—in one promiscuous conversation were men of all parties—Wigfall, Chase, Crittenden, Wade and Wilson were in one group, all chatting as though they had never differed in opinion.

At thirteen minutes to one o'clock the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States of America were announced by the doorkeeper of the Senate. On their entrance, all on the floor rose, and the venerable Judges, headed by Chief Justice Taney, moved slowly to the seats assigned them, immediately to the right of the Vice-President, each exchanging salutes with that officer in passing the chair.

Arrival of President Lincoln.

At ten minutes past one an unusual stir outside announced the arrival of the President, and in five minutes more the Marshal-in-Chief, Major French, entered the Senate Chamber, ushering in the Presidents, Buchanan and Lincoln.

Senators Foot and Baker followed them. Mr. Lincoln then, with Mr. Buchanan, Foot and Baker, went straightway to the President's Room on the Senate Floor, where the dust, with which they were all covered, was brushed off. He then re-entered the Senate Chamber, and the line of procession was formed to the Portico in the following order:

Marshal of the District of Columbia, Judges of the Supreme Court, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, Committee of Arrangements, President of the United States and President elect, Vice President, Secretary of the Senate, Senators, diplomatic corps, heads of departments, Governors, and others in the chamber. When the word was given for the members of the House to fall into the line of the procession, a violent rush was made for the door, accompanied by loud outcries, violent pushing and great disturbance. In other respects the crowd behaved themselves with exemplary propriety.

They reach the Platform.

After the procession had reached the platform, Senator Baker introduced Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States to the vast assemblage before him. He was received with cheers. After a minute's pause, the President, Lincoln, put his hand in his pocket, and taking from it a pair of spectacles, read his Inaugural Address, which the reader has doubtless read every word of, but which he will find epitomized in another column.

President Buchanan and Chief Justice Taney listened with the utmost attention to every word of the Address, and at the conclusion the Chief Justice administered the usual oath, on taking which Mr. Lincoln was heartily cheered. Chief Justice Taney was much agitated—as well he might be, for this was the eighth President to whom he had administered those solemn words. The President was escorted back to the Senate Chamber, thence to his carriage, and the military, taking up the same order as in the morning, proceeded slowly to the White House. Mr. Buchanan accompanied his successor to the main hall, where the two Presidents, past and present, took a cordial and affecting leave of each other. Mr. Buchanan then drove to Attorney-General Ould's house, where he remained till the next day.

Thus ended the Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and Sixteenth President of our Great Republic.

THE NEW CABINET.

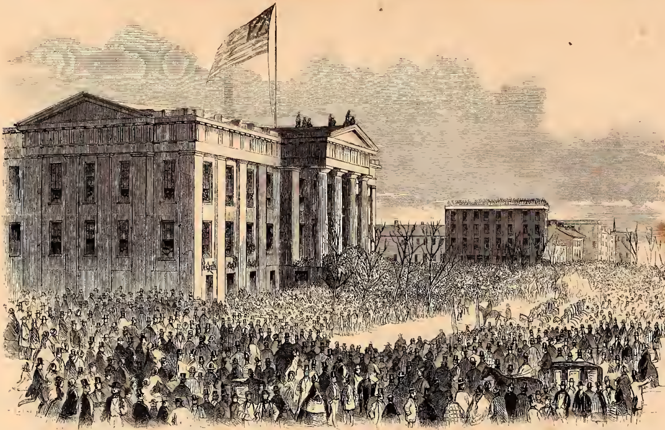
MR. LINCOLN has formed his Cabinet; they are all able and well-known men. How far Chase and Cameron can agree in the same cage remains to be seen. It has the look of a Compromise Cabinet.

Secretary of State	William H. Seward, of N. Y.
Secretary of Treasury	Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio.
Secretary of War	Simon Cameron, of Pa.
Secretary of Navy	Montgomery Blair, of Md.
Secretary of Interior	Caleb B. Smith, of Ind.
Postmaster-General	Gideon Welles, of Conn.
Attorney-General	Edward Bates, of Mo.

It is said that it required a great struggle to get Blair instead of Davis in the Cabinet. A deputation from Maryland called on Lincoln, and said that the admission of Davis into the Cabinet would revive Pluguglism and other Blood Tub manias. Davis, however, will be consoled by some lucrative appointment abroad. The *nonchalance* with which patriots now talk about the loaves and fishes would make the hair of our revolutionary fathers stand on end. It is, however, encouraging to know that our politicians do not add hypocrisy to their other virtues.

IN Philadelphia, a few days ago, a woman was found by the police lying dead in bed with her drunken husband beside her. The officer roused up the husband and told him that his wife was dead, when the brute replied that she was dead drunk, and struck the corpse in the face with his fist. He was arrested and taken to the station house. A little boy, three or four years of age, who had been sent out by the father for liquor while the mother was lying dead, was sent to the Northern Home for Friendless Children.

AS DR. CHABERT—so says the *Daily News*—was riding from Hoboken to Guttenburg, he was fired at by some men who endeavored to seize his horse. The balls whistled past him, but did no further harm.



RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE COURT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, KY., ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEB. 22, 1861, BY COL. J. H. HARNEY AND GEORGE D. PRENTICE, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEBSTER & BROS.

THE FLOATING BATTERY IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.

IN a recent number we published a sketch of the floating battery intended to assist in taking Fort Sumpter, as it appeared at that date. The present sketch, just received from our Artist in Charleston, shows it in a completed state, as it will appear when towed into position to attack Fort Sumpter. The following description will give an idea of the formidable character of this floating battery:

This huge structure is made of sawed Southern pine timber, twelve inches square. It is something less than one hundred feet long, about twenty-five feet wide. The bottom is flat, into which the side timbers are framed, which go up, not perpendicularly, but at an outward inclination of about forty degrees, presenting an uneven slope on the outside. These side timbers, which are set endways, are about twenty-five feet long. On the upper end are framed other short timbers, which present the appearance of rafters sawed off at the length of from three to five feet. The timbers are to be framed into these short rafters, reaching downward into the flooring, thus forming a chamber to be filled in with some resisting material, which, with the thickness of the inner and outer frame, will make a wall of at least six feet in thickness.

The projecting timbers, or short rafters, are to form a covering or roof for the men at the guns. The sides are to be timbers bolted together, something in the style of a trestle bridge, and in all will be between three and four feet in thickness. It is not the design to roof the structure entirely over, but for the most part, with the exception of the covering, it is to be left open. The design is to let in six or eight feet of water, above which, around the sides, under the protection spoken of, there will be a raised platform for guns and men. The idea of the water, it is supposed, is to destroy the effect of the bombs which will fall into it. The opening in the roof probably has reference to the effect of the concussion on the men serving the guns. It will, when completed, present a very formidable means of attack on Fort Sumpter, in connection with Forts Moultrie, Pinckney and the land batteries.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES

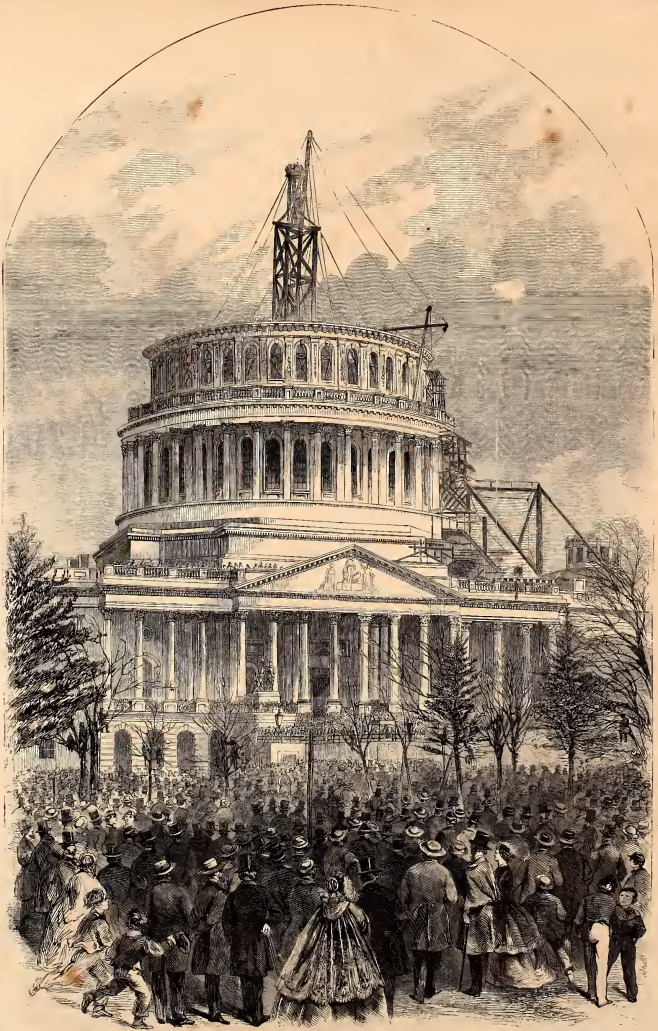
Over the Court House, Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of February, 1861.

IT was a great day of rejoicing—a perfect jubilee—in Louisville, Ky., on Washington's birthday. The whole mass of the people turned out in favor of the Union, and to assist in hoisting the American flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes, over the Court House. The Louisville *Daily Journal* thus describes the imposing scene:

From an early hour in the day the space before the Court House was crowded, and by the time the ceremonies were commenced, we do not think there were less than fifty thousand persons in its immediate vicinity; old and young, male and female, joined the throng; women with children in their arms brought them up to remember the glorious occasion, and "old age forgot its crutch" to join the patriotic assembly. From Third to Sixth streets, and at all intermediate crossings, the dense crowds rendered ingress and egress almost impossible, and it was with great difficulty that the marshal of the day and his assistants could keep a sufficient space of ground cleared for the military display. Our volunteer forces never looked more full in ranks, more complete in equipments, and more steady in their evolutions. The crowd continued to swell and increase until the hour appointed for the grand ceremonial of the day, and each heart seemed hushed in anxiety for the moment to arrive. Many an anxious glance was cast at the Court House by those who were wedged

(*Continued on page 262.*)

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE FLOATING BATTERY OF CHARLESTON, INTENDED FOR THE REDUCTION OF FORT SUMPTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHARLESTON.



VIEW OF THE CAPITOL, SHOWING THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DOME.—Taken during the Inauguration of Lincoln, Monday, March 4, 1861.—Photographed by Stacy.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES
Over the Court House, Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of February, 1861.

(Continued from page 205.)

in some manner aroused it, and there was an interval of delay for which we can find no reasonable excuse. But the moment came at last, and the great event was in the memory of Washington and the post-Office Union which he founded. We hardly know how to approach a description of the ensuing scene.

The mil tary, consisting of the Seventh State, Captain Symmes; the Home Guards, Captain Ormsby; the Chicasaw Rifles, Captain Chenoweth; the Louisville Legion, Captain Morris and Lieutenant Quigley; the Washington Riflemen, Captain Bruce; the Louisville Life Guards, Captain Hays; the Louisville Guards, Lieutenant Frazier; the Kentucky Rangers, Captain Crossley; the Independent Guards, Captain Hall, and the Cadets of Chickasaw Institute, were formed in front of the Court House, at 2 o'clock precisely, at Bullock's Hotel corner, which was the rendezvous for the great event of the day, the hoisting of the American flag upon the Court House. The distinguished invited guests, whose exact proper age addressed to the Thieves of Green by the Rev. Dr. Craik of the Reverend Clergy, for patiently complying with the request to favor a portion from the present event of this promiscuous gathering.

James Speed, who then appeared, was received with the hand, and made a speech full of noble and national sentiments and loyalty to the Union, which was hailed with repeated bursts of applause, concluding with the following words:

"As the volcano has power established and support the order and harmony of the universe, so must the human command the principles and harmony, of social, political and religious freedom, embodied in the American Constitution and Union. Let us cherish and defend it. Let us be true to ourselves and to our fathers. Let us be true to the memory of Washington, and have respect of all the nations of the earth. Let us, then, be as our great love we justly may from of that Constitution and Union under that flag. Let us, therefore, taking the advice of our fathers, cultivate and cherish it with the kind attempts of the kindly and fraternal feelings which have existed so long between us on a faith in spirit, in justice, in God! Let this flag be ever present and never due. Whenever, in any way, the spirit of disunion and faction shall manifest itself, let it be met and plucked from the American mind and heart all traces of

blank eyes on the streets below. Her flowers, her aviary, her music and books gave no pleasure now, could not pass the time away even—she could do nothing but sit in dreamy sadness and think of Emanuel. Where was he? What hardships had he to undergo? Could he find means of writing to her, or of sending some token of his love and remembrance? Could she find means of communicating with him, of sending him a line, a flower, or a lock of hair? Once in the first frenzy of her grief, a desperate thought had taken possession of her mind. She would leave father, mother, home and wealth and seek him, to remain with him, to comfort him, to share his prison if the need should be, his wanderings, his exile, and never, never be parted from him more.

She had grown calmer now. The religion that ruled her innocent, loving heart had told her that such would be a great falling off of duty, a sin in the eyes of God, a breaking of the commandment, which ordained love and obedience to one's parents. Her father was a stern, unloveable man; yet was he not her father, nevertheless, and her dead mother, would she ever be able to pray for her soul with such a weight on her conscience? No; she must bear it all, bear it and die. As she sat there, wan and fragile and despairing, it seemed as though Death, the consoler, could not be far off. She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of her father, who with flushed face and gleaming eyes, caught her in his arms and embraced her again and again. Quite speechless from surprise at this unwonted burst of parental feeling, poor Lucia submitted to it meekly, as she would have met his anger at another time, and tried to reciprocate his overflowing spirits with a smile.

"How pale you are, child," said the count, at last; "and now is the time when your cheeks should bloom like roses. We must find a lover for you, Lucia—is that what you have been pining for?"

"Oh, dear father," cried the poor girl, in great embarrassment, "I am not pining—do not be uneasy for me. I want—I have no wish to leave you——"

"No, no, all girls say so, and all the while kiss their hands to the young cavaliers at the back windows. But, Lucia, we will not hurry your wedding till—" he stooped down and whispered in her ear—"till every soul in Venice is free!"

Her thought flew to Emanuel.

"Oh, father, is such a thing possible? and will the prisoners be released?"

"Prisoners! yes, yes," he said; "but we must be free first, you know, and then we can do everything. And, Lucia, a step has been made to-day—we have joined hands with those we once hated of our own countrymen; there are no longer two factions in Venice—you understand?"

"The Pepoli and the Valletti are friends, God be thanked!" and with the mingled joy and hope her father's sudden words conveyed to her mind, and the crushing sorrow she had borne so many days in secrecy, the overwrought girl fell fainting into his arms. When she revived, her father was bending over her with unwonted solicitude, moistening her forehead, and holding a vinaigrette to her nose.

"Cheer up, my pretty Lucia," he said, again and again, "we must take more care of you, and not let you mope so much by yourself, or the cavalier will be discontented to find the roses all gone from your cheeks. Such a nice, gallant husband I have found for you! Cheer up!"

Left to herself, her mind was divided between the sweetest hope and the saddest apprehension. What if her father should force her to marry some one to suit his own interests? Should she confess her love for Emanuel, their clandestine meetings and vows? Could she do this? Could she be so brave? Would his stern heart be softened by her entreaties of forgiveness, and all be well? Alas! then came the dreary thought of Emanuel's imprisonment; of what use her father's consent, when he was torn from her, perhaps for ever?

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A tide of wondrous and unwonted bliss
  Rolls back through all her pulses suddenly,
As if some seraph who had learned to kiss
  From the fair daughters of the world gone by,
Had wedded so his fallen light with hers,
  Such sweet, strange joy through soul and body stirs.—*Lowell.*

The old adage that "seeing is believing," is not always borne out by actual fact, or else why do we have the antithesis, "appearances are deceitful?" Poor Violet saw, as she believed, Cyril Kingswood in felicitous communion with Eleanore Cotton, she herself being no more remembered by him, and this presumption was confirmed, when, knowing that he saw her, she looked at him appealingly for one little word, one fond, gentle glance, and he turned from her with downcast eyes and a cold apathetic manner.

She saw this and believed her eyes. She remembered the hoar old wood illuminated by the radiance of his handsome face, beaming eyes and loving smile. She compared it with its expression now; she coupled it with the experience of Miss Virgo, so ruthlessly communicated, and then she saw and remembered, for the time, no more.

When she recovered her consciousness she was lying upon a couch in a small chamber alone, and ringing in her ears the words—

"Oh, how truly that hour foretold
  Sorrow to this."

Instinctively she repeated, with passionate energy, and as passionate grief, the words, dwelling with trembling fervor upon them, until they faded into sobs, into a bitter prostration of anguish, which broke down all barriers of control, and rendered her unconscious and careless of the outer world and its movements.

She heard the whispered words of Ishmael fall into her ear without heeding them. She was aware that she was enveloped in a cloak, hurried to a carriage, whirled back to a hated mansion to which she had been consigned as to a prison, and replaced in the solitude of her chamber, without a gesture or word of dissent. She was hopeless and careless now of life or any pleasure or joy it might offer her.

She had seen and she believed. Her heart was crushed. What, therefore, was the world to her?

Erle, too, had seen, but his believing took another form.

He had been prepared by Ishmael to expect to see Lord Kingswood and bear himself with lofty haughtiness of manner, in order that his lordship might perceive and comprehend that he was neither unknown, friendless nor powerless. The presence of Lord and Lady Kingswood at the Marquis of Chillingham's brilliant assembly augured also the presence of Lady Maud.

So, from the instant he entered the mansion of the marquis until his longing eyes were gratified, he glanced in every direction for the fair, sweet face of Lady Maud.

And he beheld it, shining, fair and beautiful—a star among the fair and beautiful.

A turn of his eye enabled him to see that her eyes were downcast, and that the expression of her face was that of one who either listened with deep attention to the airy words poured into her ear by her young, elegant and handsome companion, or that she was in a fit of deep abstraction.

He was rejoiced to find that her companion was not Philip Avon—he perceived that it was Carlton Stanhope—he could have borne to see her leaning, clinging tenderly to the arm of any one but Philip Avon.

He gnashed his teeth at the bare possibility of her doing so even by compulsion. He thought it not unnatural that she should listen even with pleasure to the soft flatterings of Carlton Stanhope; he was young, handsome, frank, full of animation and agreeable observation, which, if amounting to nothing in themselves, are always acceptable to the gentle sex. But he felt it to be odiously preposterous for her to submit to the repulsive attentions of Philip Avon.

He felt that, had he beheld her, in that mild, listening attitude, hanging on Philip Avon's arm, he should have forgotten all—wildly, madly risked the happiness of his future career, and dashed his fist in the hated fellow's face.

He did not suffer his eye to dwell upon her pale and beautiful features for more than an instant; he did not seek to catch her glance, he knew not why; he was unconscious, therefore, whether she had perceived him as he passed, and having once quitted the brilliant hall, glittering with gay and distinguished throng, he seemed to have no heart to re-enter it.

Once only he was moved to retrace his steps. It was by the thought that, Lady Maud being present, Philip Avon might be there too, though engaged at some other part of the *salon* at the moment he passed through it with Violet. Then he remembered the severity of the wounds he had inflicted upon him, and doubted that, even with youth and strength in his favor, he could have so far recovered as to mingle in scenes of excitement such as the Marquis of Chillingham's assembly.

He had an almost irresistible desire to know of the condition of Philip Avon. Since he had fled from the Chace, leaving his bleeding body upon the ground, he had not heard his name fall from any lip, and he wanted to know whether it was his purpose to resume his wooing to Lady Maud, what fashion it would take, and under what auspices it would be prosecuted—whether the Lady Maud would turn a dull ear to his offensive protestations, or whether, tender and yielding in her nature, she would obey the commands of Lord Kingswood and become his bride. He turned cold and sick, and then hot and furious, at the thought.

He, too, had a strange yearning to revisit Kingswood. He had a strong desire to re-enter the old library once more and again reperuse the words which had opened the eyes of his heart, and to try and discover whether Lady Maud had touched it since he, after writing those lines on the margin, had replaced it in its old resting-place on the time-worn shelf.

If she had?

He passed his hand over his heated brow, and drew a long breath.

If she had, she might have added a word—only a word—either as punishment for his temerity, or in delicious confession that she had not been offended by the spontaneous offering of a faithful, undivided, unselfish, adoring heart.

He yet had the key which, by the ancient butler, would admit him to the haunted chambers. There he could obtain the key of the library, and in the silent night, by the aid of a lamp, he could gratify his longing wish.

He decided to again visit Kingswood in secret and in the night. If seen, he would be regarded only as the phantom said to flit about the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall and to wander about the Chace.

This was a resolution which, though abruptly formed, could not be carried out at a moment's notice; but he determined not to lose any opportunity which might at an early period be available.

In the meanwhile he submitted himself patiently to the direction of Ishmael. He was already a finished fencer, marksman, rider, and, in fact, was master of all manly accomplishments; but still he attended persistently the best schools in which the various manly acquirements were taught, and practised untiringly all those higher and more desperate feats in horsemanship and the use of the small sword which few men dare to encounter.

It was as though he was preparing for some deadly encounter, or some more than usually hazardous adventure, and he occasionally startled his masters, bold proficients in their various arts as they were, by feats of daring which made them turn pale to witness. Fiercely animated while executing these passages, he subsided into a quiet, cold, reserved manner when his exercise was over, and caused those who witnessed him to marvel at his singular reticence and impassibility, as by the savage impetuosity with which he fought or rode.

It was a strange regulation of Ishmael's that himself, Violet and Erle should each take their meals in their own apartment. Whether it was to prevent the familiarity of association diminishing the awe he sought to inspire was left unexplained. Erle and Violet but rarely met, and when they did, only for a second unattended by Ishmael. When he visited either, which was but seldom, it was only with a view of enforcing some point of action which should aid in furthering his terrible and relentless designs upon Lord Kingswood.

One morning, however, Erle having equipped himself for a ride, resolved upon taking this opportunity to make a morning call upon the Stanhopes. Ishmael had urged him to cultivate the acquaintance of Sir Harris Stanhope, with this counsel—that he was to listen attentively to all that fell from the old baronet's lips, but to keep a padlock upon his own tongue on all matters relative to himself and those connected with him.

He was directed to reap, not to sow.

As he was about to quit his apartment he was startled by perceiving Violet just within the threshold of the door.

She had closed it behind her, and stood gazing upon him with her finger upon her lip.

He had not seen her since the night at the Marquis of Chillingham's. He knew that she had fainted, for he assisted to convey her to the couch upon which, under the superintendence of the Marquis of Chillingham, she was laid; but Ishmael had dismissed him with a few words, suggesting that, unused to the excitement of so brilliant a scene as that she had entered hand-in-hand with him, she had been overcome by it. From that hour to the present moment he had not seen her.

By inquiry he knew that she was indisposed, but he was not prepared to find her with a face so wan and woebegone, a frame so feeble and delicate that it seemed as though she would, unless at once supported, sink, from mere powerlessness, prostrate upon the ground.

And it occurred to him by an instantaneous flash of thought, that the natures of the best of the human race are selfish; that their instincts are selfish; that even the griefs, the sorrows, the joys and the pleasures of life, are but a long succession of selfish emotions.

He had been thinking of his future, of his past, of Lady Maud St. Clair, of the revelations which awaited him, of the position he should eventually take up in society, of everything but her who shared with him the mystery which hung over their origins, the cloud that rested on their fate, the thraldom which made him restive, and her—what he beheld.

A pang smote his heart, and a hot-flush of shame passed across his brow, as he felt that he had thoughtlessly neglected her, and that she needed the sympathy and the solace of friendship yet more than he did.

It seemed to her that he stood long regarding her, and she lifted her clasped hands entreatingly towards him.

"You, too, will not turn from me?" she murmured.

He advanced quickly to her, and she sank into his arms and sobbed upon his breast.

And he whispered gentle, soothing words in her ears, and he prayed her to calm and compose herself, and told her if she had sorrows and wrongs to unburthen that she might do so freely to him, for he would serve her as a brother.

"I have already promised you," he said, "that I would be a true and faithful friend to you, because there exists a common tie of sympathy between us. Ishmael has told us this for that we have both been deprived of even the knowledge of our parents, and have both been reared in isolation. He has entrusted you, indeed, in his absence to my keeping, and you will hardly have forgotten the words with which he placed your hand, Violet, in mine."

She upraised her moistened eyes to his, and she said, in low, tremulous tones, but strangely clear and distinct, words which made him thrill to the very marrow with awe.

"I scarce know what I am, or what thou art. I am not a creature fitted to this place. My home is in the woods, in the shadowy coverts, in the leafy recesses, where my eyes can gaze upwards and see the bright, free sky between the many-shaped interstices, where my hands can pluck the bright, glowing flowers, and my feet press lightly the softly yielding grass. I cannot bear this massive, solid house, these gilded, heated rooms, this pomp, these strange beings, waiting about us, watching our steps, our movements, glaring at us. Take me away."

"Violet!" he softly ejaculated, gazing uneasily at the wild expression in her eyes.

"Take me away," she whispered, clinging closer to him, and bending upon him a passionately appealing look. "You have power. You are the spirit who roams at night, and in the moonbeams in the Chace. I have seen your form in the misty hollows. I have seen you glide like a fleecy cloud down the glade. I have seen your solemn eyes upturned to my chamber window in the old hunting tower. I have heard your long, long sigh of agony—oh, how its prolonged, pitiful moan has made my blood curdle and my flesh crawl and creep! I have heard your bitter wail of repentance for her—for her lost to you for ever, for her you loved—and slew—slew. Oh, go—go—go. No, I dare not trust you, for even you raised the red right hand you bear to crimson it yet deeper in the heart's blood of her you sought to love. Love—love; oh, men never love, they woo only to deceive and to destroy. Go, I will not trust you!"

She abruptly wrenched herself from his embrace, and made for the door, but he placed himself before her. He turned the key in the lock, and he placed his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Violet," he said, in his tenderest tones, "dear Violet, listen to me. Compose yourself. Think steadfastly what you are, and I will tell you what I am—I am no spirit. Neither are you, but a young, delicate girl, reared in the heart of a lone wood, and suddenly transplanted into the centre of a gay and exciting metropolis, which bewilders and terrifies you, and which saddens and prostrates you because you believe that within it you have discovered that man is treacherous, heartless, false, fashioned only to dupe, to plunder maidens' hearts, and to betray."

Violet, who had buried her face in her hands, withdrew them from before it, and raising it, said,

"It is so."

"No," he responded, emphatically.

She looked apprehensively around her. She turned her large eyes to the window, and looked up at the clear, sunny sky, and then spreading her hands to him, she exclaimed,

"Take me back to Kingswood!"

He took her hands in his, and looked sadly in her face. He remained silent, for his brain was full of strange, unutterable thoughts.

"It matters little what I am," she continued, in a plaintive voice. "Ishmael tells me I have a destiny to fulfil. Let me fulfil it there. I was happy there—I can be happy there again—in a grave. I ask only to be taken there to lay down and rest beneath a tree which overhangs the running stream, listening patiently to its never ending warblings. My happiness blossomed there—it perished when I was torn away from it."

She bowed her weeping eyes upon her hand.

He bent over her head, and whispered in her ear,

"Cyril!"

The effect was electric. She threw up her head with her white face turned towards him, and said, with bitter emphasis,

"Speak not his name to me; he is false!"

Erle gazed steadfastly into her eyes, and said;

"Who hath told you so?"

"I saw him," she answered, in a voice of forced articulation. "He turned his gaze from me. I appealed to him with beseeching look to speak to me—he turned from me coldly, silently, cruelly—cruelly!"

"Where did he do this?" he inquired, quietly but earnestly.

"In that great flashing, brilliant hall, where the sounds of music distracted my brain, and the throngs of human creatures bewildered me," she returned, excitedly.

"Yet you saw him?" he asked.

"And should had there been ten thousand lights and myriads of beings whirling and darting to and fro," she returned, quickly. "He, too, beheld me—and he would not speak one word. I would have dared all—even though I had fallen dead at his feet. I would have spoken to him, if but only one little word—his lips moved not even to speak to me."

"Violet," said Erle, with a tone of voice not stern, nor yet harsh, but so emphatic as to partake something of the character of both, "you have known Cyril Kingswood for years?"

"Since our days of childhood, when we first met in the depths of the Chace," she returned, in a faint voice.

"In all those years did Cyril ever break you a promise he had made?" he asked.

"Never," she replied, quickly and emphatically.

"He came to you at all times and seasons, in the storm as in the fair weather, in the driving sleet as in the sunshine; at the dawn, or at the sunset; never failing if he had promised?"

"Never," she returned, musingly. "He brought to me once a silver horn, and when I wished to see him, and he was not near, I sounded a note upon it. It was not always I could keep my tryst—the presence of Ishmael prevented me at times."

"But he came whenever you summoned him?" said Erle.

"Oh, yes. Ever—ever! I was as sure of his coming as of the sun at the dawning," she replied, eagerly, an expression of pleased remembrance passing over her features.

"And during all these years, Violet, he professed to love you?" he interrogated, earnestly.

"Indeed he did, fondly, ardently," she returned, faintly.

"And of the honor, the truth and the purity of his love you had no cause to doubt?" he asked, with a strong stress on the one most important word in the sentence.

She seemed to understand him, for a faint hue of crimson suffused her cheeks and forehead.

"He appeared to be honorable, and then all truth, as I take heaven to witness, to the purity of his love," she replied, speaking with ardor.

"When I met you in the moonlight, by the side of the stream of which you have spoken, and to which you have expressed a wish to return," continued Erle, gravely, "you said that Ishmael had separated you from Cyril."

"He did," she replied, in a low tone.

"In that hour what said Cyril Kingswood to Ishmael?" interrogated Erle, with a steadfast gaze upon her face.

Her countenance lighted up with a sudden enthusiasm. She clasped her hands together, and with animation, said—

"He upraised his hands to heaven, and said, 'If I have won her heart, my hand, my love, my life shall be devoted to her!'"

"And Ishmael?" asked Erle.

"Scorned, spurned him," she answered. "He fastened Tubal Kish upon him, and——"

"I know the rest," interposed Erle, and added with solemnity, "by the will of Providence, I broke through an impending thicket in arrest a ruffian's hand, grasping a wood knife, raised to plunge in his heart."

Violet uttered a low shriek of horror.

"The hand was that of Tubal Kish," continued Erle. "Cyril Kingswood, in his maddened struggles to rejoin you when borne from him, met with almost a deathblow. Tell me, Violet, and think before you answer me, what is there in all this conduct to raise a suspicion in your mind that Cyril Kingswood is false, treacherous, perjured?"

She uttered a faint cry and staggered back. She pressed her hands upon her temples and gazed on Erle affrightedly.

"For long years he has devoted himself to you," continued Erle, emphatically. "In every test—unintentionally, it is true, but not the less a test prepared for him—he has proved neither false, frivolous, weak, or infirm in his truth. You were separated from him, not he from you; what, therefore, is there in the history of the past that you should judge of him so harshly for one yet unexplained act of the present? What has he done beyond all extenuation or forgiveness, that you should weep your life away in hopeless sorrow? For your own heart, your own reason, your own hope in the future, find no plea for him? Do you believe the whole human race vile? No. Yet, if there are exceptions, why not he among them, Violet? You have seen strange and inexplicable things in your woodland life. You have beheld the bird chase the butterfly to destroy it—the hawk pursue the sparrow to slay it. You have seen the lightning stroke prostrate a fair and noble tree, and it has seemed to you strange and pitiful, and yet you have been taught that it is for a wise and beneficent purpose. Hard to believe, yet you have yet had FAITH in the wisdom and the goodness of Almighty Heaven. What is all your weeping and your sorrow, your repining and your heart-breaking? You are yet separated from Cyril by a stern edict of him who exercises power over you and over me. Would you have Cyril lack faith in you because he is kept from you, because he sees you not, knows not whither you wander, or with whom? Would you have him, upon an impression which might be explained away, believe you to be false, perjured, faithless?"

She wrung her hands, but could not utter a word.

"I, too, love," he cried, with sudden energy. "It may be that I may never more speak one simple word to her who holds my heart. I may never again touch her hand, or bend my fond eyes on hers, but I have unbounded faith in her spotless integrity. Though worlds divided us, I would laugh to scorn all calumnies, all imputations uttered to weaken my faith in her. She alone, by her words to me, more than by her acts to others, should undeceive me."

Violet, sobbing hysterically, leaned her head upon his shoulder. He took her hand and pressed it.

"Your position is a painful one, Violet," he added, gently and kindly. "You, as myself, are surrounded by mysteries which are like entangling webs, but I will cut my way free through them, and sister in isolation, in tribulation, in strange, undefined orphanage, I will lift you up to happiness with me, or heaven fail me when most I need its most beneficent aid."

"I am but a child in this strange world's ways," she murmured, through her tears, "but your words have made me stronger and more hopeful. I have been terrified by what I have been told; yet, oh, my own heart is faithful—and he so good, so generous, so noble, so pure—I will not believe he can be false to me."

"Yet we shall prove it," said Ishmael, harshly, as he suddenly appeared from a recess hidden by a curtain.

Violet shrieked, and retreated from him with a shudder.

An expression of indescribable pain passed over his face, and he almost closed his eyes, upon the lashes of which drops of moisture clustered thickly, as he said—

"Do not fear me, poor girl. Well, my lessons of the world are hard to counterfeit; I would save you from the agony of finding your faith to be a rotten reed; but take your own way now, indulge in your day-dream, the awakening will come, and too soon be it when it may."

He turned to Erle, who stood regarding him with a fiery and indignant expression on his features.

"I have played the part of the eavesdropper," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I did not intend to, but I, too, have learned a lesson by it. Boy, you reason readily, but your reasoning would conduct an unsuspecting lamb into the rapacious jaws of a remorseless wolf. Violet, my love," he exclaimed, turning to her, and addressing her in kind tones, but with a totally altered manner, "I wish you to accompany me in a ride. You will join us, Erle. I have news for you which may probably go some way to upset your golden ego theories."

Violet turned a grateful look on Erle, as in placid obedience, she quitted the apartment, and he, with a frown yet upon his bright young brow, followed the footsteps of Ishmael as he, too, left the chamber.

(To be continued.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. V. M., Detroit.—Your diagram was unfortunately lost after reaching the engraver. Will you send us a duplicate?

W. H. S., Williamsburg.—There will be no delay in furnishing you with a duplicate of the table manufactured for Berger, as there are several already finished. You had better call at the factory, 67 Crosby street, and judge for yourself about the size.

Morrisania, March 2, 1861.

Editor of Billiard Column—In reading the account of the Amateur Tournament, published this week, mention is made of an "around the table" game; will you define the term? and oblige yours, Tyro.

The around the table game is simply the American four ball game, with the pocketing of the red balls limited to once off the spot, or, as it is technically termed "barring the spot ball."

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

Billiards in the West.—Recent advices from Cincinnati inform us that Mr. Seereiter, of Detroit, and Mr. Tucker, of Milwaukee, have lately paid a visit to that city, and some fine billiard playing has been the consequence. Mr. Seereiter played a game of 500 points, caroms, with a very promising young player employed at the Buckeye Saloon, named Deering, and the Detroit player was beaten 165 points. Tieman also played several games at his rooms with Seereiter, and beat him the majority. There was also a public billiard exhibition given, the proceeds being devoted to a charitable purpose, in which all the above-named gentlemen participated. Tieman played with Parker and also with Deering, and conquered them both. Deering and Seereiter played together, and the Detroit champion was again defeated. Mr. S. seems to have played very badly in Cincinnati, or, perhaps, the players there are too strong for him.

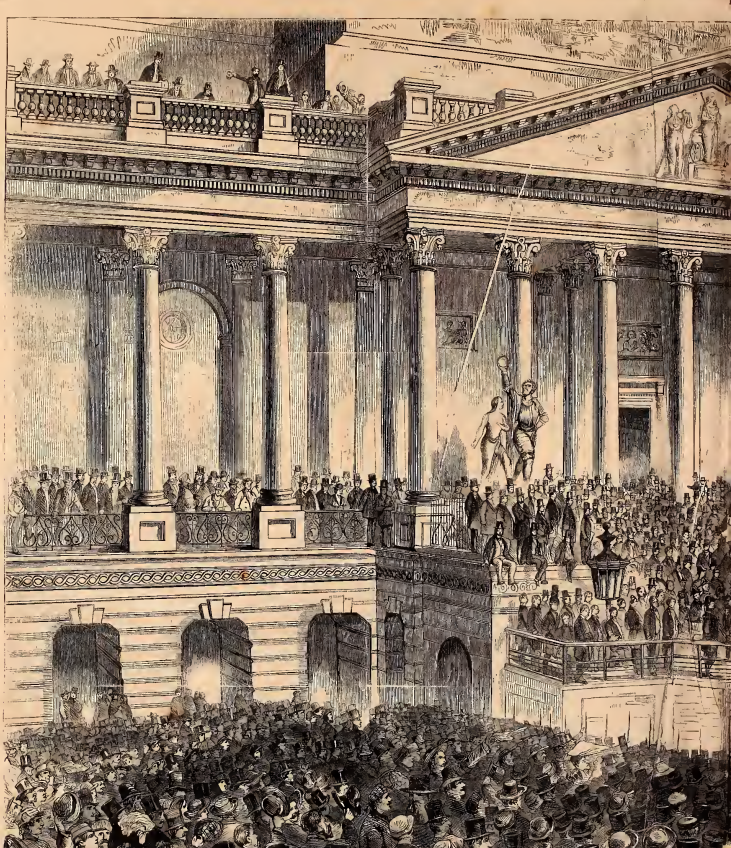
The Amateur Tournament, the progress of which we detailed in our column of last week, meets with greater favor than ever, and a great excitement was created last Friday evening at Phelan's by an extraordinary run, made by a young amateur, at the game of carom pool. This gentleman already stood highest on the list at this game, having made a run of 86 points a few evenings previous. On the evening in question, the player, in making the first stroke from the head of the table, left the cue ball in contact with one of the red balls, he attempted the difficult shot laid down in the accompanying diagram, and succeeded in making a fine stroke, and leaving the balls in the position marked A. In the diagram, ball No. 1 being the cue ball. From the break thus gained he made the astonishing run of 881 points, which, with the 7 already scored, gave him 888!—the last shot being missed by a each his play. With the exception of six 3 shots, the run was made entirely off the red and white balls; had they been the two reds, the score would have been over 1,000. The time occupied was about three quarters of an hour, and at the conclusion the player was warmly applauded, by an audience of nearly a hundred spectators, who, after the first hundred points had been made, gradually assembled around the table. This was as genuine and *bona-fide* run as could possibly be, there being not a foul shot or scratch made during the run.

The Tournament Bulletin stands, as we go to press:

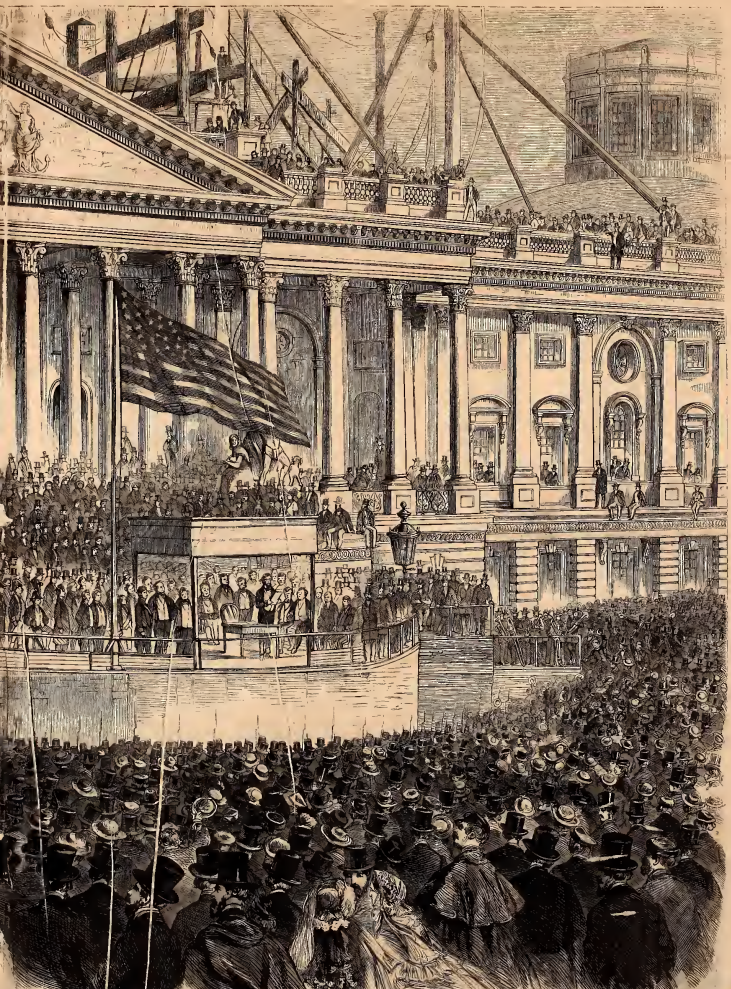
Around the table	67
Four ball carom	85
Three ball French	20
Carom pool	888

The run of 20 at the French game is also an extraordinary run, and will be found extremely difficult to beat. The prize table intended for this tournament will soon be up, for exhibition at Mr. Phelan's rooms, as will also the table intended for the prize next June. This latter table will be the handsomest ever manufactured in this country.

We have every reason to believe that the following named gentlemen, among others, will enter the lists of the tournament next June: Messrs. Tieman and Deering, of Cincinnati; Messrs. Bird and Estephe, of Philadelphia; Fox, of Syracuse, and White and Kavanagh, of this city. Should these players all enter, the contest will be grand indeed. If the health of Mr. Lynch (who played so finely in the tournament last year) will permit, he also will be of the contestants. He is improving in health, and, we hope, will be well enough by June to play with his usual strength.



INAUGURATION OF THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHIN
OATH OF OFFICE FROM CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY, MA



NGTON, D. C.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT-ELECT, READING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, PREVIOUS TO RECEIVING THE
RCH 4TH, 1661.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STACY.—SEE PAGE 250.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

OR,

MY FIRST TEMPTATION.

By Carrie Hoke.

CHAPTER IV.

Came came again, jasmin, bonding, bounding spring; but its warm, sunny days did not fill me with the same rich flow of animal life it had always brought before. Mrs. Wells said, I had grown sobery too children complained that I played with them no longer, and I was more thoughtful. Childhood was passing from me unnoticed. Coming events were casting shadows before, and that "some thing was owed," which "allows youth to be forgot," by a prodigality, owed to come again.

I was working in the garden, one morning, when I felt the magnetism of a well-known presence enter it, but I did not look up till it came near, and a low voice spoke my name.

He turned to see no one was near, and then bending, until his lips almost touched my ear, he said,

"Meet me by moonlight alone.
Do not be known to those who pass,
Move by moonlight alone.
And by the good world is dreamy and still.
Meet me when still slumbers lie,
Without loath breathing around,
Meet me when every eyelash sleeps,
And every heart forgets its woes."

"Do you understand?" Come to-night; I am going away, and not to appear until Monday. I will not forget, remember I trust."

I had not time to answer before he was gone, but I was to meet him secretly, and that was enough to make me breathe, under all the conflict that guilty joy and fear were having in my breast, and I felt that extraordinary consciousness which is born of more evil face from me in that hour.

I halted my faithful face again and again, and could not look at Mrs. Wells, but she should read in my eyes, or my beating heart, should tell it. It must would be revealed. I knew I was guilty, wrong to desire one who had been so kind to me and who still trusted me implicitly, and I knew I was to be punished for it; that to be wrong as one feels it who deceives for the first time, and sunshine and deeply dyed my soul. I was to be punished, and that unshaded whichings reached me from afar, but I could not yet realize the sunlight together that I should see, and the punishment of the next destruction.

I waited until it was still, and Mrs. Wells' heavy breathing showed she could not easily be disturbed, and then crept softly out, still unsuspecting the consummation that night was to bring.

The bashful flowers were sleeping, with folded petals and drooping heads, as I passed unseen, unseen, and the birds were all silent, but the soft, voluptuous moonlight, resting in the arms of dark-breasted night and odorous with the fragrance of summer flowers, breathed upon their chaste beauty unbedecked, while it hinted to me on its sip of secret light, quickly passing from the day to the dawn and the gull.

On this I felt something, for even my shadow disturbed me, as it followed along the path; but Mr. Wells was waiting at the gate, and once more my self-deceiving heart was overwhelmed with that very suspicious doubt vanished, and I trusted my erring master to my child's guide.

"I found you would not come," he whispered, and pressing my hand to his lips, led me on.

He seated me close to him, and did not speak until I could hear my heart to listen to the low, thrilling voice of silence.

"Ellen, you tremble; you are not afraid of me?"

"Oh, no!"

"You wonder," he continued, "that I sent for you, but I wished to anchor to be with you alone, I could not wait until Monday, and better I had left you to sleep. Is it so, darling? Have I done wrong?"

Had I thought it a thousand times, I could not have repeated the startling question in a manner by which it could be so, but I put my hands in mine and let that answer him.

"You are so kind," said he gratefully reverently as of Heaven, your hair, your eyes, your mouth, your forehead, your quiet, trusting voice. Oh, Ellen! I love to be with you, and if you could be always thus, I would think God and be content."

"You never have to go," I said.

No, I never have told you," he repeated, "the story was too sad, too bitter, but I will tell you now, Ellen, to-night.

"You seem so—oh, how long and wearisome they have been! my years to-night, as I sit here with you, and I feel as if I could be so quiet—all mine, and forever mine. I cannot tell you how she looked, only she was like you, and I loved her as I do you, and she was beautiful as you possessing. I poured out the whole wealth of my soul at her feet, and I loved her as I do you, and I doubted my faith, in the happy consciousness that she lived but for me—and my love was returned to only a woman could return it, and that but once."

"And she?" I asked.

"Oh, it she had died then, I might have forgiven myself this perjuring of my soul—I might have forgiven me for my sacrilege.

"It is an old story, but none the easier to hear.

"I had a rival, and in all the treachery and first love I never dreamed my friend could deceive or that my outward circumstances could have any influence to keep her from me.

"We were to be separated a short time, my first Ellen and I, and in my own way, I loved her. I knew how I should return, and I doubted not that she was more to believe me also.

"I went to her before I left, and trusted me. She would not even reveal the name of her murderer and mine, but my suspicions were confirmed, and I left her with a heart that was not doubted only, unable to wait, for delaying the hour of parting, but with a heart that was full of love for me, and this was right, evidently, before I became so exasperated, I could not tear out my power.

"Woman had but her choice, and among them all I had no choice left.

"In this morbid condition I met June; her quiet manner soothed her kind heart pitied me. She was surprised that I asked it, but willing to confide in one who appeared to be so interested in her, in her distant garments clad, often harms me more than this pity, in needed to be the object of sympathy.

"She did not love me then; she never loved me, and it was well she did not, for she would followed where I did not love much.

"Thus I lived, calmed in the dead sea of my despair, until a few months after I found a note upon my table. I knew the writing. I opened it to find that it was my whole heart thrilled beneath the touch, as though it had been the lips or her who had wrote it.

"The declaration was but a moment, but I knew the great gulf between us—all gulf is impassable as that which separates the damned from God's heaven, and the atmosphere grew stifling and how crushed, like a dread fear in my mind, a society that, for one inconsiderate act, condemned me to a life of wretchedness. I knew were that God, and not man, should part me from her.

"The letter was written in haste, and she had discovered her mistake, and only wished to confess that she wronged me in believing others, and she begged me, as I valued the great love that had once been, to forgive what a life of pain, on her part, must expiate. She knew her confession could not bring me back to her faith in me restored, she accepted the penalty.

"I tried to write her, but the pen mocked my desire, for self-expression and poverty and distance were the impediments of a change against my will. I made some feeble excuse to June, and in two hours I was on my way.

"The unavoidable delays of travelling seemed immeasurable, and the greatest spread of the railway most tormentingly slow, until I came in sight of her home, and then the atmosphere grew stifling with forebodings and sickened my heart, like the sound of the earth that falls upon the coffin of all we love in this world.

"I knocked at the door, and the sound was like a death-knell.

"The servant, in answer to my inquiries, said, 'Miss Ellen is ill, and none is allowed to see her.'

"I saw an old friend of hers and must see her.'

"Excuse me, she replied, with most formidable politeness, 'but I have orders with me to admit no one.'

"I must see her. I request more impatient than it was, and will see her.'

"My imperious manner disturbed her, and she looked somewhat frightened, yet she persisted.

"I wish you would go away. Miss Ellen was taken strongly were yesterday, and she would not know you.'

"Saying all remonstrance was useless, she left me standing in the hall, and through the opened door a wail reached me, and cold as the autumn wind sighing through leafless trees at midnight, and then I heard my name.

"Nothing then could delay me, and I hastened, unceremoniously, to her room.

"There was my Ellen, white as the pale conch upon which she lay. Her mother was watching beside her, vainly trying to soothe the wild ravings of delirium. She did not notice me when I took my bride she looked at me and then at her with a look so hopeless that I shuddered to see it. Her child was dying, and she knew it herself, and then with a groan she fell back senseless.

"The servants were all in the room, and overwhelmed by the kindness of the only one she could be truly my wife. My presence was needed, and looking up confidingly, as in the happy days gone by she was my child.

"I will come to-night. I know he will, the angels have told me so.' Then she turned her head away, and I left the room.

"He will come to-night—to-night. Oh, Clinton Wells, why did I love you, why did I trust you, why did I not remain shepherd and sheep? I watched and waited and prayed that my spirit might have rest, and so the hours passed.

"I knew you would come,' she said, with a sweet, and smile of welcome. 'I knew you would come to die alone.'

"And I could only clasp her in my arms and call her mine.

"Yes—yes, Ellen, I have, I have mourned, and breathing words of love and blessing, her life went out over to the bleeding fountain of my heart.

"I had listened intently, my head resting low upon his bosom, watching the pale face, and hearing the faint breath, but the sudden burning flood mingled with my tears, while I felt immolest rills, rushing from the heart of my darling, told me that my power was gone to replenish the exhausted fountain of his own.

"And this is why he is here, and this is why he is myself, and the thought, instead of giving me pain, made my heart leap in glad exhilaration to the consciousness that the one I once loved rose vastly through long years by one so noble and so worthy.

"Ellen, I have been thinking of you.'

"I come back to the desolate spot they called my home, scarred and wounded—scarred by the memories, wounded by no green coats, watered by no living stream—while I stood, almost at the entrance, a phantom of the past, and looked upon it. I felt a cold, cold hand and strove plaintively to kill and the fierce sun and lightning had scorched us to a blackened ruin.

"Oh it is sad, sad thing for one so young to be living thus, at least should be for one so young. I have no desire to see

"I deserve to be doomed for it, do I!" he continued, as if addressing some one.

"Damned or not, ten thousand hells shall not keep her from me, I swear it."

I did not shriek or scream, but writhing under a terrible, tangible presence, I rushed from it as from the jaws of death.

On, on I went, only wishing to blot myself out of existence; the dull owl hooted and mocked, the black shadows of the trees moved solemnly to and fro as if they mourned the fruits of sin, and the echoes repeated my despairing wail.

I stopped, where the mountain stream gave its first mad leap into the chasm below, and thus must I escape my first temptation.

Down, far down in the inky deep, where crazy imps danced to the mad chorus of darkness, giant arms, black and frightful, impotiently beckoned and extended to give me their fierce welcome; a cold hand seized me with a convulsive grasp. Shuddering, I drew back, and with a cry, agonizing as that which moved a world, I prayed, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Wet with the cooling spray that fell upon me, like the tears of angels, I arose from that prayer saved. A gentle presence hovered near and whispered of peace.

I went back to the house as the old clock was telling the hour of four, then the sound of my footfall and my beating heart was all that disturbed the deep silence. I passed the opened door where Mr. Wells was still sleeping; I dared not turn my eyes, lest the fatal spell might force my vacillating heart to yield again to weakness.

I took my satchel in my hand; the shrill whistling of the engine bade me hasten, and I obeyed.

The cars moved on with their full freight of human life, all going, and I—who knew and who cared where.

I saw Mr. Wells from the window; I knew, from the perplexed and troubled look with which he watched the hurrying cars, that he suspected the truth, too late to save his victim, and I leaned back in utter desolation, believing such sheltering arms would find me never again.

The air grew thick and stifling, a sea of faces whirled about me with divided, doubled and distorted features, and a stranger said, "You are ill," and offered me support.

"Your ticket, madam," said the conductor.

I half raised my head.

"Your ticket," he repeated, louder than before.

"The lady is ill," replied the gentlemanly stranger. "Do not disturb her."

"Where is she going?"

Of course he could not answer, and I endeavored vainly to separate a name from the chaos of my bewildered brain.

"You know where you are going, don't you?" he asked, eyeing me curiously.

I sank back into my former obliviousness, until I heard—

"Ellen, it must be her," and the arm of the stranger tightened around me.

I started up, but I could recall no familiar lines in that bearded face.

"Six years have changed me, Ellen, and I am no longer the boy I was when you saw me last; but look at me, my eyes and hair are the same."

"John, my brother," I faltered, "Heaven has sent you." And I hid my face in his bosom—a manly bosom—where I could fearlessly rest without danger of rousing the fiery throbs of passion to disturb the peace of its protection.

I told him all, of my temptation and my escape, and together we thanked the Infinite Father for his loving kindness; but even while I thanked, I felt the dull throbs of pain in the desolation of my heart's inner chamber, and yearning sighs echoed through its aching silence, for I could not forget the delicious joy that unlawful love had brought me; I could not tear away in an instant the artful work of years, and so I must listen to its mysterious voices, sadly singing, to the time of my falling tears, of what had been and what might have been.

CHAPTER VI.

Three years after and I was happy in my brother's home. I had learned life's bitterest lesson, but the syren lay powerless now, and my oft-banished love returned no more; sometimes I recalled its fearful tragedy that it might teach me to awaken only those life-chords, that, vibrating sweetly to the music of sinless love, lead higher and higher toward heaven and the angels; while those fascinating at first with delirious pleasure, thrill farther down in the lowest deep of woe.

Two years more and I had received no intelligence from the village where I had spent my early life. I had scrupulously avoided all communication with it, knowing the weakness that prays, "Lead us not into temptation," should not trifle when the heart pleads for sin, and though mine turned its longing eyes towards Sodom no more, I was still interested, for there my mother slept, and there my wicked love lay buried.

I had left Mrs. Wells; how had my strange conduct been explained to her, and what did she think of it? The little ones, too, that loved me first and truest, did they remember me? Poor little Annie! I could never forget how her sad thoughtful face reproached me as she said, "I wish papa loved me as well as he does you, Ellen; but he never wants me near him."

Chance brought me the desired information. I met a stranger, and in some way the conversation was directed toward the clergy, their relation to other men, the pernicious influence of free thought, unchecked by the strong hand of reason and principle.

"Not long ago," he said, "I was sailing rudderless toward the open sea where so many venturesome souls find shipwreck, when a circumstance checked me somewhat. It was this:

"The clergyman of our little town, Mr. Wells—you may have heard of him—a young man of growing reputation in the theological world, a man full of noble and generous impulses, of decided and promising talent, and in fact, possessed of everything a rising man could desire, but he grew tired of old things and plunged recklessly into new, until the restrictions of the church and society grew intolerable.

"For a time he preached in the old way, while with a few friends he talked privately of the new theories that absorbed him, but a man cannot deceive always, and little by little his new doctrines became incorporated in his Sabbath discourses, until his conservative hearers became alarmed, and we were soon a house divided against itself and brought to desolation.

"Mr. Wells, excluded from the fellowship of the churches, and stayed by no ballast of honor or principle, rushed into all manner of licentiousness.

"He left town in search of employment, but his name had everywhere gone before him, and he failed; but he did not return until the little he had saved was squandered with worthless women.

"He came back to his faithful and patient wife, wearied and discouraged, to madly start for another world that he might escape the punishment of this.

"He was found in the arbor, back of the house, weltering in his blood. Since then, I confess, free thought frightens me a little."

I felt the cold chills creep over me, and my heart stood still.

"You are cold by this open window," he said; "let me shut it."

Recovering my composure, I asked, "What became of Mrs. Wells?"

"Suffering, yet unrepining, she was devoted to her vagrant husband to the last.

"I saw her often; she wondered, she said, she could have lived so blindly, and then she spoke of some one she called Ellen, leaving her alone. I believe she went away while she, Mrs. Wells, was absent. I did not exactly understand the story, but it must have been bad enough, or else she loved her very much, for she never spoke of her without deep emotion.

"The society have given her the old parsonage—for they all esteemed her; she lives with the children, and a young lady, a beautiful creature, but the victim of that infernal fascination which Mr. Wells possessed above every other man I ever knew—a fascination perfectly incomprehensible to me—but I have made my story too long," he continued, and bidding me good morning, left me to thoughts he little dreamed of—thoughts of the friend I had deceived, a friend struggling in the lonely desolation of her poverty, yet remembering me with tears—thoughts of my own well-filled purse, and of the power God had given me to return the kindness of other years, and from an overflowing heart, now altogether grateful, I prayed—"My Father, I thank thee!"

THE END.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

PERSONAL.

Another of our ancient citizens has descended to the grave. Mr. W. Fox, President of the Manhattan Gas Company, died last Friday at his house in West Farms, in his seventy-eighth year. He was one of the last of our merchants of the old school.

The Louisville *Democrat* announces a bloody duel fought on the 8th of February, at Duncansville, on the Georgia and Florida line, between Edwin Hart, editor of the Florida *Sentinel* and Crittenden Coleman, a grandson of Senator Crittenden. They were both killed on the spot.

The French papers notice that, on the 3d of February, at a convent near Boulogne, there died at a very advanced age the woman who, seventy years ago, was enthroned and deified in Paris as the Goddess of Reason. She had long repented of her earlier career. In her youth she was famed for her vices and her beauty—in her age for her piety and unearthly ghastliness.

The Norwich *Bulletin* speaks of the New London *Star's* new editorial force in the following manner. "The editorial department of the *Star* has been increased. It inventories now - one brain, one bowel, and one bottle of small-beer. The beer commenced working last week." To which the *Star* replies: "The poor rum on which the 'editorial department' of the *Bulletin* is run, 'commenced working' some time since."

Some facetious gentleman has been making free with the name of Professor Wise, of balloon fame. Not content with that, he added insult to injury by establishing a stand at the corner of a street in Memphis, Tenn., where he dispensed peanuts, candies and penny cigars to an admiring and purchasing community. Professor Wise has written from his home in Lancaster, Pa., declaring his peanut namesake as an impostor.

General Twiggs, whose recent surrender of his trust has caused such indignation throughout the army, was the third in military rank, Generals Scott and Wool ranking before him.

The well-known comedian and playwright, D. E. Dorlvage, died in Memphis, Tenn., on the 22d of February, in his forty-fifth year. He had left the stage and literature for several years, and had devoted himself to agriculture. He was as much respected in both his professions. He had served with distinction in the Mexican War.

The Philadelphia *Press*, in alluding to the movement of Mr. Lincoln in passing through Baltimore, states that when "Mr. Buchanan left Lancaster, four years ago, he was threatened by the rowdies of Baltimore with personal violence, in any number of anonymous letters, and it made such an impression on him that, in company with a few friends, he took a private carriage, leaving his escort and a dinner that had been prepared for him behind."

Misled by a Sabbath periodical, we published the marriage of our friend John Clancy. The *Leader*, of which he is senior editor, denies the soft impeachment. We are afraid, therefore, that our excellent County Clerk is not as happy as we made him out, and as he deserves to be, for however pleasant "single blessedness" is, it certainly cannot be equal to "double blessedness," so long as twice one are two.

We copy, with due censure, the following spiteful epitaph on our Ex-President. *Requiescat in pace* "At noon to-morrow, the effulgent nose of the President will be an unofficial one. The venerable and slightly spiteful Old Public Functionary, will, for almost the first time in his life, be without an office. In these hard times, the discharged servant—discharged without a recommendation—will find it difficult to procure another place."

It is with unfeigned regret that we record the death of William Montgomery Martin, of Columbia, S. C., who died from the result of a severe cold, contracted while working at Morris Island, Charleston harbor. He was a volunteer in the ranks of the artillery company, being a sincere and enthusiastic believer in secession. He was an able writer and a fine poet—his verses to an "Æolean Harp," are equal to Milton's Sonnet to a Nightingale. It is strange and sad that political troubles carry from us our bravest and our best, while old hack politicians who do the mischief are preserved.

Col. Corcoran, whose disobedience to military orders has subjected him to a court-martial, is dangerously ill. It is supposed that mental annoyance has caused his indisposition.

Capt. Meigs has been restored to his official position in Washington.

The wretch, Gavilt, who murdered Joseph L. White, at Panama, is to be tried for that offence. The United States Consul is to watch our interest in the matter. It appears that Gavilt's enmity was entirely personal, on account of White having succeeded in gaining a contract to gather India rubber, which he had failed in.

Ex-President John Tyler, after the adjournment of the Peace Convention, went to Richmond, and, after a serenade from the citizens, in a speech bitterly attacked the action of the Peace Convention.

Edwin M. Pierce, of Norwich, Conn., late editor of the Hartford *Press*, died of consumption on the 14th March, aged twenty-seven. He was a clever writer and a kind man.

The Sunday *Courier* says: "It is consoling to learn that, in spite of the crisis, every dollar of the stock of the Brooklyn Academy has been subscribed for and paid." We do not see the consolation.

The New York Zouaves have now their semi-weekly early morning drills, rising at four o'clock and marching in double quick time to the Battery. They have their regular evening drills every Tuesday and Friday. Some of them sleep at the Armory on the bare boards, in order to accustom them to military discipline. The armory being situated at the corner of Washington Square and Fourth street affords them easy access to the Parade Ground, where they drill in fine weather. They are forming a good library of books on military tactics and other subjects. They expect soon to number a hundred men.

Mr. Oscanyan, the Oriental lecturer, of literary celebrity, has returned from a very successful tour in the West.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Some two years ago we chronicled the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Rowe from the hotel in which he was staying in Oxford, Benton county, Ohio. King, the keeper of the hotel, said that the doctor had been called away to see a patient in some town about thirty miles off, and that was all he knew of the matter. As, however, the missing man had $2,000 about his person, it was strongly suspected that he had been murdered. After two years' quiet but active inquiry by a detective, it has been discovered that King, with the assistance of two men, Rogers and Haggett, inveigled the doctor to a farm-house on the pretence of seeing a patient, and that when there he was murdered. King has confessed, and the three villains are in custody awaiting their trial. They will doubtless be hanged.

There is a quiet earnestness in the Western method of ridding itself of rogues eminently reassuring to one class, and terribly suggestive to another. The Memphis *Pioneer* states that lately a Mr. Kimbro, a planter, saw a suspicious character hanging about. He was arrested, and some burglarious tools found on his person. He was warned to leave those parts, but he did not heed the advice. Two days afterwards he was found dead, hanging to the bough of a tree. His executioners are not yet discovered. He gave his name as Cornelius Watkins.

The Sunday *Mercury* has a very graphic account of the manner in which the plot against Abe Lincoln's life was ferreted out by two New York Detectives, Devoe and Sampson, who were detailed by Sup. Kennedy to proceed to Baltimore to find out what was going on. We do not consider it wise of the police authorities to show their secret machinery, and how was it that Mr. Kennedy knew there was a plot? We don't believe a word of it.

The deleterious nature of coal gas is not sufficiently guarded against. Last Thursday, a young man, working at the saleratus factory, Twentieth street and Tenth avenue, lit a fire in the counting-room and sat down. He was found some hours after in a state of insensibility. It appears that he had left the door of the stove open, and the damper was down. He died soon after he was discovered.

Some time since the Hudson County Artillery applied to Brigadier-General Hatfield for permission to form a third regiment. The General has now issued an order making them a special artillery regiment. A special election for officers has been ordered for Wednesday next, and it is understood that Captain Hexamer will be elected Colonel. This will be the first artillery regiment in the State.

A most infamous case of false accusation and arrest has lately happened at Bergen, New Jersey. A man, named Dickonson, who now and then quarrelled with his wife, was missing. As he had a few dollars in his possession, the shrew accused a young man, who had been seen in her husband's company the day he was missed, as being implicated in his disappearance. He was arrested, and was about to be committed to jail on the serious charge of murder, when a telegraphic dispatch came from Dover Plains, Duchess county, where his father resides, saying he was there and in health. Mrs. D. ought to be punished for her conduct.

Cozzan's famous and popular hotel at West Point was burnt to the ground on Friday, the 1st March. It was the result of an accident.

Six stevedores were arrested last week, charged with robbing the cargoes they were employed to unload. It appears that for six months numerous packages have been missed from Pier 44, North River, where the London, Liverpool and Philadelphia boats are loaded and unloaded. A detective was employed, and the six stevedores detected in their nefarious conspiracies. Finding the evidence so clear against them, they confessed their delinquencies.

Despite Beecher's preachings, the new Academy of Music, and its sixty churches and three thousand clergymen, Brooklyn is as unsafe for human life as a lion's den. A few days since, a most sober and respectable man, named John McCamrey, was brutally murdered in open day by a ruffian, John Cowan, and several others of the same class, because he would not go into a vile groggery den and treat the rowdy crowd. He leaves a wife and four children. The greatest curse to our cities are the corner groceries. No liquor ought to be sold in any place except licensed taverns.

The new Cuban railroad is to be built by a New York contractor, who recently departed for Havana with a hundred laborers. Another New Yorker has taken a contract, amounting to $5,000,000 for paving the streets of Havana. Mr. Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, well-known among steamboat men as owner of the cigar steamship, is said to possess a fortune of more than $12,000,000, which he accumulated mainly through a contract with the Czar Nicholas of Russia, for the construction of a railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. We may also gratify our self-love by adding that the positions of trust on that railroad are filled by Americans. It is to Train that London and Liverpool owe their horse-railroads. Ferryboats are likewise about being inaugurated on the Thames.

A very exciting scene occurred on the 2d March at Pier No. 13 North River. A fugitive slave was brought down by two marshals to be shipped south. When he got to the wharf the negro appealed to the sympathies of the mob for protection. A policeman thereupon demanded to see the warrant for the negro's extradition. This the marshal had most unaccountably forgotten, and he went for it, leaving his sable prisoner in the hands of his associate marshal. Encouraged by the mob, the negro made tracks for the hospitable shores of New Jersey, pursued by the marshal, who, impeded by the mob, was finally tripped up. The darkey made his escape to Jersey City or Hoboken, where he was speedily put on the underground railroad.

At Sing Sing, recently, a man having buried his wife, called for his little girl, whom he had left at a neighbor's while he went through the mournful ceremony of the funeral. At midnight the neighborhood was aroused by the flames bursting from his house. Sad to say, both he and his little child were found burnt in their beds. It is supposed that he fell asleep while reading. Thus one week closed the graves of all the family.

The census of New Jersey foots up a population of 672,024, of which 644,080 are whites, 24,938 free colored people and eight slaves. Of the slaves yet remaining in the State, there are in Hunterdon county three, in Middlesex, one, in Morris one, in Passaic two, and in Somerset one. The largest county is Essex, containing the city of Newark, population, 98,875. The next in population is Hudson, containing 62,717. The total population of the city of Trenton is 17,221, and of this number 627 are colored.

THE OPEN DOOR.

(*Continued from page 270.*)

"Hallo!" I cried, 'what do you want here?'

"He plodded on round the corner without looking back, and, by the time I had reached it, he was gone.

"'Bolted into the plantation,' I said to myself, 'he might hide away there in a minute. No mystery in that. Next time I'll not scare my visitor off.'

"But, though I was convinced that the gardener himself was at the bottom of the whole thing, I could not catch him out. Once, indeed, I found the door open without any fault of his. It was a bright, moonlight night. I was going to bed, when I looked out of a staircase window, and saw distinctly a man hide himself behind a bush in the garden. Stepping into the yard, I loosed Phiz—it was his last exploit, poor fellow, for the next day he was driven over and had to be killed—loosing Phiz, I slipped along, in the shadow of the wall, and pounced at the intruder. He made straight for the garden door, which stood wide open. I could not catch him, though I was near enough to remark that he had only one arm—his legs made up for the defect—he ran like a hare, and the only success gained was by Phiz, who had a turn-up with his dog.

"But to return: I suspected the gardener of the whole thing, and, had he merely tried to keep my curiosity alive, I should not have cared; as it was, he scared the women so much, that not a servant staid. Evidently he liked short holdings and long intervals between them.

"It was a part of my agreement to keep him on when I took the place. Well as this arrangement ought to have suited him, he evidently preferred doing nothing on his own account to doing little more on mine. Indeed, I heard that the servants of previous tenants had been so worked upon by his report of the ghost, and their own supposed evidence of his visits, that their frequent changes must have made a very appreciable item in the drawbacks to the place, and, therefore, increased his chances of an idle interregnum.

"I expected the rather to detect him, as I had had some experience in ghostly apparatus when I was a boy, and, indeed, was very successful on several occasions with the brick. Don't you know the charm? Take a heavy, rough brick; tie a long, black thread round it, and put it on the floor, under somebody's bed; carry the thread under the door, and at night, when the candle is put out, and you know that your victim has settled himself between the sheets, though not yet gone to sleep, pull your thread a little—wait, and pull again. By judicious management, I have known a brick take, at least, a quarter of an hour to journey across the room. The creeping, grating sound it makes, unlike the step or movement of any living creature, is so miserably suggestive of something uncanny, that I have known great cowards come down the next morning as sallow about the gills as if they had sat up for a week.

"Holly is not bad, either; it makes a horrible and singular sound when rubbed against a window. I have thus silenced a room full of talkers for the whole evening. Kittens shut up in a piano create only passing distress; but a lanthorn, which throws a large disc of light for a considerable distance, may be so managed as to keep a hamlet in terror for weeks.

"Now, the appearances testified to by our cook one evening, when the door was open, answered so well to the effect of such an instrument, that I became convinced of the gardener's guilt.

"Taxed with it suddenly, however, he most positively denied having any hand in the matter. Cook gave warning, so did the housemaid. This was very tiresome, as the next would probably inherit additional suspicions.

"To settle the matter, therefore, I called the whole household out on the next occasion of the door being found unaccountably open, and walked through it backwards and forwards half a dozen times in their presence, shutting it to when I had done, and putting the key in my pocket.

"That same evening also I had them all out again, and, with a bull's-eye lanthorn, produced the appearances which had threatened to upset our relationship. Thus reassured, cook staid with us, and a fortnight has now passed since the expiration of the six months subsequent to my first defiance of the spell, which was, indeed, only a week after my coming to the place; but no chaffing or loss of credit shakes the gardener's professed belief in the danger of that act."

"Can you," said my friend, laying down his manuscript, "suggest any further means to dispel a superstition which has found believers in this village for the last score or so of years, and helped a lazy knave to additional months of idleness?"

"No," I replied, "unless you build up the door."

"That would be an admission of my own credulity," he answered. "No; I like giving the ghost his chance."

Thus speaking, he took up the newspaper which lay beside him, and I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and was leaving the summer-house, when I heard him say, "Good heavens! look here!"

I turned quickly round, and saw him grow pale, while the paper shook in his hand. He pointed to a paragraph, which ran thus:

"This village," mentioning a place about ten miles off, "has lately been the scene of a horrible tragedy. A tramp was found in a barn, suffering from what at first appeared a fit, but afterwards proved to be hydrophobia. The man, who had only one arm, stated, in an interval of consciousness, that he had been bitten by a dog, which formerly accompanied him, and had subsequently gone mad; he had destroyed the animal, and put some balsam into the wound, which he thought had neutralized the venom, for the bite had speedily closed up, and he had felt no further inconvenience. But he died after great suffering."

"Look there!" said my friend, pointing with a trembling finger at the passage; "that was the man I tried to catch, and the same beast slightly bit my hand, when I dragged off my dog."

The death stroke had been given within the time.

In another month the house was vacant once more, and this morning I saw it advertised in the *Times*.

HON. JAMES SIMONS,

Brigadier-General of the Fourth Brigade of S. C. M., and Speaker of the S. C. House of Representatives.

We give in our present issue a striking likeness of the Hon. James Simons, Brigadier-General of the Fourth Brigade S. C. M. and Speaker of the S. C. House of Representatives.

General Simons is a native of Charleston, a descendant of the Huguenots, and his family is one of the oldest and most respectable in the State. His father was an officer in Colonel William Washington's covalry, and distinguished himself at the battles of Cowpens and Eutaw, at the latter of which he was severely wounded. After the Revolution he held the office of Collector of the Port of Charleston, under the appointment of General Washington.

General Simons graduated at the South Carolina College in 1833, with the first honor of his class, immediately commenced the study of the law, entered the bar at the early age of twenty-two, and soon became distinguished in his profession.

He has been in the Legislature about nineteen years continuously as a member of the House of Representatives, and has been uniformly elected Speaker without opposition for the last ten years, the robes of which office he now wears; and he is considered one of the best expounders of Parliamentary law in the country.

General Simons is Vice-President of the Cincinnati of South Carolina—the venerable and Hon. Henry A. De Saussure being the President.

General Simons has been in the military service of the State for twenty-six years, and was Colonel of the First Regiment of Artillery at the time of his election as Brigadier-General.

The brigade of which he is the present commander consists of one regiment of artillery, one regiment of rifles and four regiments of infantry (one of which is the distinguished Seventeenth), and numbers about five thousand men in the aggregate.

The General is courteous in his manners, and much esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Some few weeks ago—I write with the occurrence fresh in my mind—I paid a visit to a friend whose house had the reputation, not only of being haunted, but haunted by a ghost of a peculiarly venomous kind. It had the credit, he told me in his kind note of invitation, of being concerned in the death of at least two previous occupants of the place. "However," he added, "having rather a taste for game of this kind, I have kept a record of my investigations, which you shall hear; and if you think I have not laid the spectre sufficiently, we will join our forces, and utterly break the spell."

Two or three days after I had been under his roof, he came into the library with a small manuscript in his hand, and said, "If you are disengaged, I will read you my notes about this ghost."

"By all means," I replied; "only let me get my pipe before you begin." So I ran upstairs for it, while he threw up the window which opened on the lawn, and his wife gave some directions to the servant, who had entered the room to clear away the breakfast.

On my return, he called out, "I'm going to read it in the summer-house, and Mary, who has heard it already, shall skim the news off the paper, and give us the cream when we have done."

Arrived at the summer-house, I lit my pipe, flipped a spider off the stem, which had let himself down from the roof at the smell of a lucifer, and put my feet up on the bench, while my friend, spreading his manuscript on the rough table which stood in the midst, thus began:

"To be let furnished, in excellent repair, and most salubrious situation, a country house, with good gardens and outbuildings, near the D—— station, on the Great Western Railway. Rent, thirty pounds. Inquire of Messrs. Lettum & Co., Baker street."

"Look there," said I to my wife, handing the paper across the breakfast table, with my finger on the paragraph, "what would you have, if that does not suit you? I'll go and see about it this morning."

In an hour I got off the top of one of the Atlas 'buses, and presented myself in the office of the agents.

"Why is the rent so low?" I innocently asked. "Is there a soapboiler's next door, or a smallpox hospital?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir," replied the clerk; "we are instructed to say there is no drawback in the neighborhood, but good society, excellent fishing, a popular preacher, and a pack of hounds within easy reach. I believe, though, that the present owner, an eccentric gentleman, lets it for a low rent because he believes that it is haunted—an absurd fancy, sir; but all the better for the next tenant."

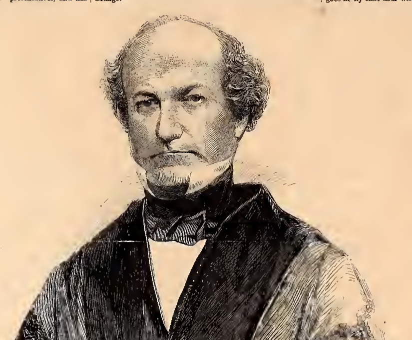
"This notion, I confess, made me rather take to the prospect than otherwise, and determined me to run down to the place and see for myself.

"We had for some time been looking out for a residence in the country, but hitherto we had gained nothing by the verification of several advertisements, beyond a change of air for a few hours, down one of the many railroads leading out of London—one house was too damp, one too dark, others small, bleak, lonely, staring or tumble-down.

"The following day I went—half hoping the inspection would confirm a growing disposition to give the whole thing up, and live, not without precedent, in town.

"Arrived at the station, I yielded to the pressure of the solitary flyman, and bade him drive me to the Grange, for this was the title of the house I sought. We had not left the cluster of sheds, which had grown up near the station, above ten minutes, when I caught glimpses through a fence of a low, gray stone building, with mullioned windows, half hidden in a clump of cedars, the whole set in the corner of a pleasant park-like paddock. I was just saying to myself, I wish the Grange may be like this, when the driver touched his hat, and said, 'Shall I drive you in by the back way, sir? the front is open.'

"This seemed an odd reason for choosing the approach he suggested, but I replied, 'Oh, yes, certainly;' thinking that the person in charge, most probably, lived somewhere in the rear of the premises I wished to visit—for we really had reached the Grange.



HON. JAMES SIMONS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL OF THE FOURTH BRIGADE OF S. C. M., AND SPEAKER OF THE S. C. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES – PHOTOGRAPHED BY COOK, CHARLESTON.

"As we drove up, I could see at a glance that the place had been untenanted for some time. The box edging had become a dwarf hedge; ants had piled up little tumuli of fine earth on the lawn, over which the grass had already crept; and the fruit trees were choking themselves with an inner growth of barren wood. On entering the stable-yard, the wheels of my vehicle bumped unevenly over the stones with which it was paved, proving how deeply the rain had scooped out the soft soil in which they were first bedded. I noticed, too, that a horseshoe, nailed to the threshold of what appeared to be the stable-door, had become rough with rust, and established a little brown puddle, like the drops under the spout of a chalybeate pump, while a fringe of weeds had sprung up round the kennel of a former dog.

"Now no noise of dragging chain marked his interest in the advent of a stranger. There was not a sound in the place, except from some pert sparrows who had settled themselves in an empty dovecot, and the short puffs of the broken-winded fly-horse.

"'Shall I knock, sir?' said the driver.—'By all means.'

"Getting down, and giving a wet-sounding slap to the hot beast, as an encouragement, he tapped at the door with his knuckles, and held his head on one side, to listen.

"'Louder than that,' said I, hearing no stir.

"So he knocked louder, till the fastenings rattled. Still no response. Justified by this delay, he put his thumb on the flat latch, and clicked it, pushing it at the same time; but though the upper part of the door gave about an inch, the lower remained firm, as if fastened by a bolt within, a few inches from the ground.

"'Please wait a minute,' said a small voice from about the height of his knee, but so clear it sounded as if it had come from lips on this and not on the other side of the door. The speaker, however, was inside, for the voice went on: 'Father will be here directly, and undo the bolt; he has gone to see that no one comes through the door, because it is open.'

"'Who is your father?' said I, addressing the keyhole.

"'Death,' said the voice; 'Mr. Death.'

"This handle took off a little of the unpleasantness of the reply; but still, I thought, now I had better wait till he comes. Turning, therefore, to the flyman, I said, 'Why didn't you drive in by the front gate? We should have found him there.'

"'Ah, sir! I see you doesn't know this place. No one ever goes in by that door when it opens of itself. Leastways, whoever does is sure to be struck with death within the next six months. The last gent but one as lived here walked through one day promiscuous like; and sure enough, he died five months and seventeen days afterwards. The last went out that way when he was a-leaving home, and got wrecked within six weeks.'

"'Probably,' I said; 'most people who die or are wrecked have passed through an open door many scores of times shortly before.'

"'Well, sir, I don't know how it is, but so it is, and folk about here believe it.'

"This was a settler. Folk believe it! What better reason can be rendered for some more rational articles of popular faith? It is unanswerable. Folk is a universal sponsor. Folk is king, pope, and master of the ceremonies.

"Having had my logic thus suddenly chopped up for me, there was nothing for it but to wait for Mr. Death.

"I hoped, for the sake of the fruit and flowers, he was not the gardener. While I listened for his step, I pictured his appearance. There was no doubt now of the house being haunted. I had just missed an interview. The ghost might even then be somewhere about the place. My reverie was interrupted by a heavy step along the passage; then came a pause; the door opened, and Mr. Death began to apologise for his delay.

"I confess I was rather disappointed. He was short as a crab, and red as a lobster. With a cheery voice, which bubbled up out of a large blue waistcoat, he begged pardon for keeping me so long at the door, and offered to show me the house and premises at once. His little daughter—for it was she who had first responded to our knocks—was just like him. Thus the promised air of mystery grew suddenly commonplace, and I walked from room to room engaged in vulgar queries about drains and grates. But when we had gone over the building, and passed into the garden I recognized the door, and said, 'Very well, the place seems likely enough to suit me. I will see the agents when I get back to town, and let you know whether I shall take it or not. Meanwhile, I may as well go back this way; it is the shortest cut to the station. Then, suddenly lifting the fastening of the front gate, I pushed it open, and passed through. No protest followed; but the man did—carelessly enough—talking still about the greenhouse, which he hoped, if I come, I would repair.

"'Why,' said I, 'is not this the forbidden door? The driver would not enter here because it was open, and now you walk through as if there were not a ghost in the world.'

"'He is gone, sir,' replied he, in quite a matter-of-fact way, as if he had been speaking of the postman; 'he passed through three times this morning, and now he will be away for a month. 'Tis not often he is so busy as he was to-day. When he is, it shows he is off somewhere for a while. You may go through the gate safe enough as long as you open it yourself; but he can't bear any one to use it when he is about.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'if I come, I shall keep the key and lock him out, unless he asks to be let in.'

"'Ah, sir, he won't wait for that, I'll be bound. He is sure to come if you do.'

"This was positive and pleasant; so I feed my friend, and made my way to the station, determining, as I walked, to tackle this strange visitant if ever I took the place.

"Which I did. In six weeks we had packed up all our household stuff, down to the kitchen mustard-pot, and Pickford transferred it to the Grange—leaving a charwoman in my old home with a large perquisite of broken bottles and scraps of bass matting. We found the pulse of life beginning to beat irregularly in our new house. Fires, mostly of deal splinters and straw, warmed the grates; porters were coaxing obstinate angular furniture upstairs; a little crowd of washingstands and limbs of dislocated bedsteads were waiting for their turn in the hall; the

(Continued on page 270.)

VIEW ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, MONDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1861—MR. LINCOLN, ACCOMPANIED BY PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, ON HIS WAY TO THE CAPITOL TO BE INAUGURATED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE OPEN DOOR.

(Continued from page 268.)

piano choked up the passage, as if it had set out to escape from a scene of discord, and had missed a turn; while the chairs, with their legs sticking up, sat upon each other.

"I found my dog, Phiz, under the dining-room table, making a point at Mr. Death's cat, who, with a tail as big as a muff, was trying to terrify him by ventriloquism. Taking him off to air in the old kennel, I kicked over the cat, incited the porters, lent a judicious hand here and there, until by eventide the neck of the business was broken (besides a few small chattels), and the additional furniture we brought with us fraternized with that of the Grange.

"It was, of course, several days before we had made final dispositions; but ere long the heavy baggage was arranged, the three-deckers were brought to an anchor, and only the gun-boats had to be placed.

"All this while I had heard nothing of the ghost; but when the more solid claims of my new household had been attended to, I asked the gardener whether he had lately paid a visit.

"'He is here now,' was the reply.

"'Where?' I cried.

"'Ah, sir, I can't tell that; but he came in about a quarter of an hour ago. The door is wide open still."

"Popping on my hat, I ran into the garden. The door was half closed, and moving as if some one on the other side held the handle. When I approached it quickly, it was shut to with a slam. I pressed the latch and pushed; it yielded at once, and I passed through. There was no one, but a man walking leisurely away down the lane, about sixty yards off.

(Continued on page 267.)

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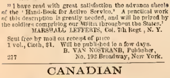

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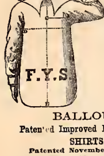

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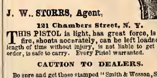

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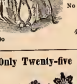

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GRAND BALL IN HONOR OF THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, IN THE HALL ESPECIALLY ERECTED FOR THE OCCASION ADJOINING THE CITY HALL, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 285.

SANTA LUCIA.

(*Continued from page 276.*)

fair match for his daughter? Rich and influential, as he knew the family to be, could he anywhere find for Lucia a more suitable connection? And besides, after all that had happened, that might happen, would it be politic to marry his daughter to Andrea, and thus renew that feud, which was the very thing most obnoxious to the safety of the republic? He knew the character of the Pepoli well. It was not to be doubted but that one and all would, in such a case, look upon him as a traitor, espouse their young kinsman's cause, and—what might be the result?

"Oh, Venice! oh, my child!" he groaned aloud, in the trouble and perplexity of his heart; "would that I could die, and leave ye both in peace."

Fain would Lucia have thrown herself on his bosom and soothed him, as she had been wont of late to do, but now she dared not. She could only cover her face with her hands, and pray for herself and him; had she not added another drop of bitterness to his cup? would Heaven forgive her for her undutifulness? would she ever be allowed to be happy with Emanuel, since even her love for him had been a crime?

Broken-hearted, and without one kind word from her father, she retired to her room. Alas! it was not to sleep. With streaming eyes, and her long dark locks thrown off from her burning temples, she walked to and fro in the moonlight, raising her clasped hands to Heaven in an agony of supplication.

"Oh, God! give me strength. I do not ask for happiness; I only ask for courage to bear my sorrow. I am so weak! Mary, mother, have pity, and intercede for me."

Thus, brokenly, and with low sobs, she raised her voice to God—the brave, struggling voice of a woman who would fain suffer His will and be patient.

When the morning dawned she dressed herself, and sitting down, wrote the following letter:

"Emanuel—You know how well I have loved you; you and God only ever can know. Knowing this, you will not think I am faithless to you, even though I obey my father's wishes, and give my hand to another. Never seek to see me, or to send me a token of thy love or remembrance; it would make me too unhappy, would be harmful to both of us, and I would wish now to fulfil my duty to my husband. All the love of my youth and happiness are yours, yours only, yours ever, my Emanuel; but these are past—and as a maiden who takes the veil, and looks on the faces of her friends for the last time, so do I look now on those bygone days, and after to-day must never, never remember them more. Be strong, oh! my Emanuel—be strong, and live for others, and for your country. I could have borne this better hadst thou been here, and thy home was happier; but even now I can bear it with the help of Heaven. Emanuel, mine whilst I write this, mine no longer when the ink is dry, farewell! My love, my youth, and hope and happiness, farewell!"

As the count passed out from his room in the morning, Lucia met him; and with her large, sad, beautiful eyes raised to his, said,

"Forgive me, father, and give me your blessing. I am ready to obey you in all things, as a loving daughter should; say that I am forgiven."

"We must speak of these things another time," he answered. "I have no time to stop now to listen to your recantations; better had you come to this opinion last night, you would have saved me a great grief."

He would have gone, but she caught his hand imploringly.

"Your forgiveness, your blessing, father, before you go, that I may spend the day in peace."

He pressed his other hand lightly on her head, murmured a short benediction, and passed into the streets.

CHAPTER VI.—SORROW AND JOY.

That day was passed by Lucia in a lethargy of despair. She went about the house like one struck with sudden melancholy madness: now murmuring a few words to herself—now moving a chair or book without any purpose—now covering her face with her hands, and sobbing without tears. Tears were too great a luxury for grief like hers. An English girl, under the circumstances, would have behaved very differently. If she had spirit, and really loved the man, she would have ran off, and trusted to Providence to make it all right with plethoric papa afterwards; but if she had only engaged herself to him, because he happened to propose to her, and she saw no better prospect of settlement in the way, or because she fancied she liked him well enough, the matter would have been taken very much of course, and the trifling regret soon swallowed up in equally trifling pleasures. But in Italy it is otherwise. A woman is either wholly indifferent to morality and the outer world, or she is virtuous as an angel, and true as Heaven. The universal character is less that of mediocre goodness than it is with us; there is more depth of passion—less abiding by the conventionalities of society. It will therefore, perhaps, be difficult to comprehend Lucia's intense devotion to her lover, and passive sacrifice to her father's wishes. But those who can love as she did, religiously, entirely—and those only—seeing clearly where their duty lies, can walk straight to it, ay, even leave behind sweet pastures, cool waters and flowery groves, where nightingales sing, to wander, footsore and heart-weary, over rugged rocks, into the howling wilderness.

Alas! poor Lucia.

Evening came, the soft spring evening of the south, with hazy skies, and gentle breezes from the encircling sea. Lucia shut herself up in her room, and took out Emanuel's portrait.

"Mine to-day," she whispered; "my own, my best, my beautiful, let me bid thee farewell, farewell for ever!"

She held it to her lips, to her bosom, murmuring to herself that fond, forbidden name, prayed over it, kissed it again and again; and then, when she had folded round it a lock of her dark, soft hair, and placed both in the letter, that letter which was to bear such sorrowful tidings to him, relief came, and she wept at last.

"Lucia!"

Was that his spirit calling her? Thrilled, electrified by the sound of a voice that was to her as a voice from the grave, her tears ceased, and the picture fell from her powerless hands.

It was indeed Emanuel; Emanuel changed, emaciated, careworn; but her own Emanuel still. The story of his escape was short. The fortress in which he had been confined had been taken by the Venetians; was still in their hands; and he, with many others, had hastened to the defence of their native city, for the danger threatening Venice was great. Without assistance from France or England, and speedy assistance, there was no hope—no alternative but a siege. Their fortresses could not be held for want of men; and ammunition and arms alike were wanting at home. Of all the late events young Pepoli had heard; and, having hastily embraced his parents, and the Signora Emilia, he rushed to Valletti's Palace.

"Think, my Lucia," he said, "think of the joy I felt in being able to meet you openly, as becomes an honest man. Your father—take me to him; let us know each other? I am impatient to hear him call me his son!"

It was a hard task for Lucia to tell her tale of despair, but she did it unfalteringly.

"We must see each other no more; and think only of our duty, Emanuel," she said, gently; "others have as much to bear—"

"No, by heavens!" cried the young man, with a vehement burst of passion; "it is too much. To think that I should have lived through those wretched months, enduring cold and hunger, and insolent jailors, and such misery! oh, Lucia, it makes me sick at heart to think of it. Nothing to give me a hope or happy thought but your memory, nothing to cheer me, nothing to hope for but that; and now home, friends, country, will be more barren—more cruel than the oppressor's prison. Would that they had never, never been restored to me."

He threw himself before her, and sobbed aloud, with his head upon her knees; and so, with her arms twined around his neck, they wept together till twilight faded, and night came. Then Lucia whispered,

"You must go, Emanuel. Speak to me; call me yours once more, and bid me farewell."

"I cannot—I cannot part from you, Lucia. You love me truly; let us always keep together—"

"Duty—home," she said, entreatingly.

"Do you think it a duty sent from heaven that should part us? Do not the angels love there? and is not our love as deep and pure as theirs? and home, Lucia, have we any home apart? Is any country our country, unless we share it together? For you will always love me. I shall never love you less."

"Oh, go! go! You tempt me too much, Emanuel. Think of the dangers that threaten us all. Is this a time to talk of leaving Venice? Think how much you are needed, how much you may do; for my sake, be brave, and forget everything else except the perils of Venice. I know you are courageous, Emanuel, help us all."

Her words aroused him; she had touched the right chord at last.

"God forgive me," he cried, "Lucia, bless you! We part; but not for long. Whatever comes, never fear, I am near you to protect you and watch over you always."

And so they parted, those warm, young, sorrowful hearts, parted with no hope of meeting again, save as friend meets friend, or brother meets sister. Yet the look of dead calm misery passed away from Lucia's face. She had seen him—he was near her; come what might, that consolation could never be taken from her.

But a consolation was at hand of which she little dreamed. The following day her father called her to him and said,

"Lucia, your underhand engagement to Emanuel Pepoli pained me greatly; but you are a good child, and have showed yourself obedient to my commands. It is, however, more suitable to my wishes and convenient to the interests of the family that, since the young man has returned, the engagement should not be broken off. Therefore, if he wish for my consent, he may have it; and mind, Lucia, if ever you have children of your own who deceive you, treat them as leniently as I have done you."

Poor Lucia! She received her father's coolly expressed policy as if it had been the kindest, most sacrificing affection in the world, weeping for joy upon his breast, and kissing his hands with murmured blessings, as though he had been an angel sent from heaven.

When good news comes to us we love the messenger with all our hearts, and feel a tenderness for him ever after, no matter who he be. We are brimful of curiosity and sympathy for all the world, not liking to see a child cry, or a fly caught in a spider's web. Everything ought to be happy and overjoyed as ourselves.

So it was with Lucia. Her father had bartered and bargained her away to suit his interests as he would have done a horse; ready, at one moment, to see her married, brokenhearted, to a man twice her age that she did not love; at another, to restore her to her lover, because he was the nobler and the richer of the two. Yet she, knowing happily nothing of his motives, only feeling that he had lifted her from the utmost misery to perfect happiness, loved him for ever after with double fondness and undying gratitude.

Of the young lovers' happiness, why need we say much? If their meeting under sorrow had been touching, their meeting under joy was still more so. Love and grief had deepened the tenderness and strength of their characters, and their affection was no longer the ardent love of youth and maiden, but the holy and refined passion of a thoughtful woman and a brave man. Besides, love was no longer the one interest and object in their lives; they had grown less egotistical; less wrapt in their own little world of joy and sorrow, and entered into the duties before them with courageous, unswerving hearts.

And both had duties before them. Duties, and dangers, and trials, which they met unshrinkingly.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SIEGE.

The siege of Venice began. Alas! it was but the old, old story of the weak trampled down by the strong, and the fatal struggles of liberty against oppression. The universal spirit which had stirred the hearts of the Venetians was of the bravest, most heroic, most self-sacrificing; but their enemies were as thousands to their hundreds, and no mere bravery or skill could have saved the devoted city. The nations, who might have helped her, refrained from policy or weakness; and, although all Europe looked on in admiration, not a hand was raised in her cause. Haynau was the general deputed by the Austrians as commander of the besieging forces, and his hateful name inspired the Venetians with the utmost and sternest resolve. His conditions of surrender were unanimously refused, as were also those of Radetzky; and the fortress of Malghera abandoned, all their force and strength was concentrated on Venice. The bombardment was furious, and it seemed as if the lovely city, the Queen of the Adriatic, must fall, and be known no more in history. But in spite of all, in spite of their burning homes and devastated churches, and scanty food, the people were calm and resigned. The noble Manin possessed the confidence of all, and they were content to suffer, if need be, die with him. He was worthy of that confidence.

Count Valletti had rightly said that Lucia might, ere long, need a protector. The harass of mind and over-exertion of body that he had endured of late told quickly on the old man, and he, who so lately had been as erect and active as any man in Venice, now lay on his dying bed, over which hung Lucia and Emanuel, weeping. They were the only mourners, for the times were too terrible to permit of the fulfilment of private duties and the indulgence of family sorrow.

"Alas!" said the dying man, as the sound of the enemy's guns troubled his last moments, "cannot I die in peace? Oh, children! always love your country, and strive for its freedom and happiness. Never bow your head to the oppressor, and if things come to the worst, quit Venice rather than live in dishonor. Quit it, or die. Death or exile. Ah! you are young and love each other; you will choose the latter. Well, you will do wisely; but never forget to offer a mass for my soul. I have been a hard man, and my heart has lately been full of hatred and passion, God forgive me; but I have always loved you, Lucia. Lucia, come closer to me; let me look upon your face once more. Say, have I not always loved you?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" sobbed Lucia on his bosom.

"And, Lucia, wherever you go, take with you your mother's picture. Take it, or bury it in the coffin with me. Ah, Leonora! I was not always kind to thee; but I loved thee till the last. Leonora, forgive! forgive! I come to thee!"

For some minutes he murmured thus to himself, and then, exhausted, sank back in the arms of Emanuel, and died quietly as a tired child would fall asleep.

Old Caterina, in her faithful love for her young mistress, worn out though she was by nursing, took upon herself the last offices for the dead, and that same evening Lucia allowed herself to be taken to Emanuel's home. The proud Count Paul, his somewhat frivolous French wife, his delicate, meek-eyed, little daughter, Maddalena, all received the grief-stricken girl with the utmost affection. Her sorrow, her beauty, her gentle firmness, and, above all, her devotion to their Emanuel, endeared her to them all, and that night she slept sweetly and securely in Maddalena's room, with the child's arms around her, feeling already that, come what might, she had found a home. You may be sure that Signora Emilia had, before this, made acquaintance with her darling's betrothed; but that active and good-hearted lady had her small weaknesses, and one of these was jealousy where her affections were concerned. So proudly and fondly did she love her nephew, that no crowned queen would have been allowed by her to be good enough for him; and though she fully acknowledged Lucia's good qualities, she was never so loving to her as to the little invalid, Maddalena, and occasionally preached to her on the obedience and duty of wife to husband. Ah, Emilia! thy heart is good; but not great enough to understand such a nature as Lucia's.

The day after Count Valletti's funeral, Emanuel drew his betrothed aside, and said,

"Lucia, my duties at the forts, as gunner, have separated me much from you, will separate us still more. Who knows but that my duty may take me from you for ever?"

She looked up imploringly into his face.

"You will not leave me. You will not leave us?" she said.

"You do not understand me, love. I may fall in the defence of Venice. We all stand the same chance, and we must learn to look on death without fear."

"Oh, I do not fear!" she cried passionately; "I have no fear of death; but I would not live alone. I would not live if—if you were to die, Emanuel. Those dreadful cannon—can nothing be done—no honorable terms be made?"

"Hush, Lucia, would you have us disgrace ourselves? No, we must fight to the last."

She had thrown herself, weeping bitterly, on his bosom; but now she stood up before him, and, holding his hands, said gently and resolutely,

"Emanuel, I am not a coward. I feel as an Italian woman must and ought to feel, that our cause is good and right in the sight of Heaven, and worthy of being upheld till not a man is left in Venice to hear the scorn of the conquerors. But, my Emanuel, speaking as a Christian and as a woman only, not remembering the blood in my veins and the name I bear, I cannot but feel it is wrong to struggle when there is no longer any hope; to sacrifice old and young, young men and maidens, mothers and sucking babes, hundreds and thousands of innocent lives, merely out of a proud sense of honor, to defy to the last. Look," she said, raising her hand to the window, from whence might be seen the blackened ruins and crumbling walls of the devastated quarters of Carnareggio and Santa Croix, "think of the destruction and death we are bringing on ourselves—to no purpose."

"Alas, Lucia! to no purpose?" Emanuel said, bitterly. "Is this all the comfort you can give me?"

"No, we are not without hope, and I would not have you despair. Listen, love. I was wrong to say 'to no purpose;' no brave and good work can be useless; and hereafter, many, many years hence, our children's children will be animated by the remembrance of our courageous defence, and will struggle and succeed. I do not believe that Venice will be long enslaved; our spirits are no longer cowered by the voice of a tyrant, but we must wait in patience till our time comes. And if it does not come in our own lifetime, oh, my own! my beloved! let us live in innocence and peace, and try to be content."

She threw her arms around his neck, and added,

"Couldst thou not be happy with me in exile, Emanuel?"

"Aye, I would be happy with thee anywhere. I would kneel down to God now and pray for such happiness; but, beloved, I must not—dare not. Whilst the cry of the people is 'Defiance to the last man! to the last ounce of powder! to the last crumb of bread!' would you have me the first to be hissed at for crying '*Surrender?*'"

"Ah, no! no!" she replied, with a shudder; "but the cholera and the famine—and the poor little children. Oh, Emanuel! it makes my heart sick to think how they suffer now; how they must suffer by-and-bye."

"Pray God, we may have relief! Think of our fleet, Lucia; it has already brought us wine, and it may do more; and Lucia, my tender, brave, noble girl, whatever sufferings come, let us share them together. There is no longer time for delay, be my wife, be my wife to-day; to-morrow we must not count as ours."

She answered only by clinging to him more fondly, and that same day, almost at the same hour, they were married—she in her mourning attire, he in his soldier's suit. There was no festival, no strewing of flowers, no breaking of wine cups; but Lucia Valletti became the wife of Emanuel Pepoli amidst the booming sound of guns, the falling of blazing houses, and the silent, stern despair of a brave people.

"My own, henceforth—my own in exile, in life or death, my own for evermore."

And the husband blessed his young wife, looked into her sweet eyes to gather hope, kissed her lips, and returned to his duty.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

Cholera in the dwelling-houses; whole families lying dead, and no hands to bury them, no eyes to weep for them; desolated homes and empty churches; flames rising in all parts of the city, from the bombs and bullets of the enemy; no food but vegetables, and a scanty morsel of bread; children weeping for hunger; stern soldiers weeping over their failing store of ammunition; despondency written on the countenances of the best and bravest. Oh, it was a terrible time in Venice! terrible for the strong man, the delicate woman, the helpless babe! terrible for the patriot, the wife, the mother!

But this agony was soon to end. There comes a time when the truly heroic man, who, for a cause which he feels to be true and good in the eyes of God and the world, has long and ardently striven, with brain, and nerve, and blood, at last sees that His will is not with him, and that he must desist, and bear in patience. Such a man will never despair; he knows there is a time appointed on this earth for good as well as for evil, and that, sooner or later, the good cause his heart so loved will prosper. He does not lose faith or religious fervor, but he is content to wait in patience, go to his rest, if Heaven so willed, and trust that another and fitter man will perfect his work. We think a book ought to be written, called "Unsuccessful Heroes." We should then see how much has been done by those that the world never heard of, to whom it never bowed the head, or raised the statue. Alas! the book of successful heroes is full of pitiable weaknesses, humiliating disclosures, ignoble small acts. Would not the history of the unsuccessful ones be a better, purer book, think you? What a lesson of sweet patience under disappointments, of earnest endeavor in the face of adverse circumstances, of meek contentment and humility, such a book would give us! But it would make us proud too—proud over our honor, over our good faith, over our domestic virtues; not proud of them—that would be but abject self-sufficiency, but watchful over them, watchful against ourselves. Oh! why does not somebody write such a book? The career of Manin, the self-devoted and noble Venetian patriot, suggested these thoughts to us. So long as a spark of hope was left, he was as firm as adamant to the cause of freedom; but when there was no longer hope, when he knew that a generous and confiding people must be sacrificed by a continued resistance, then the true soul of the hero shone forth, and he bowed his head to the will of God.

The capitulation, on terms more favorable than could be expected, was signed on the 24th of August, 1848, and on that very day the last morsel of provision was finished in Venice. There were still hearts who would have held out to the last, who would have braved starvation willingly rather than surrender; not a murmur of discontent, however, was heard, such was the popular love and trust in Manin. All those who had borne arms in the defence of the city were ordered to leave it in four days, and many chose voluntary exile, preferring rather the land of the stranger, than a home where freedom was not. But the thought that could alone console them, in looking for the last time on their fair home by the shores of the Adriatic, was this—the last struggle of the Venetians could never be mentioned by the world with dishonor.

CHAPTER IX.—SANTA LUCIA, ADDIO!

A French steamer stood in the port ready to sail; and thither, on the 3rd of October, a sad procession bended their steps. Amongst them were the Count Paul Pepoli, his wife and daughter, Emanuel and the gentle Lucia, with others of the chief families in Venice. The men walked with firm step, and dark, overcast brows; the women pale and trembling, but without tears. Around were gathered a crowd of the poorer class, who followed in deep but undemonstrative grief; they dared not be demonstrative now, for the triumphant Austrian soldiery filled the streets. Did we say the women were pale and trembling? Not all. There was one who walked towards that foreign steamer with lofty head and jaunty step, as though on a festival day, whose eyes were wide open and bright and hard; it was the Signora Emilia. She kept beside Emanuel, saying to him ever and anon short careless speeches, looking on his face and holding one of hands tight in hers. Soon they reached the vessel. Then, when the people saw their brave leaders enter it one by one, a low, wailing sob broke forth. Lucia disengaged her hand from her husband's arms and advanced towards the crowd.

"Dear friends and fellow-citizens," she said, sweetly, "do not weep for us, God will protect us. The Holy Virgin bless you all! Pray for us, for we shall never forget you. Farewell!"

She would have turned away, for her heart was bursting, but a string of women, each leading a child, formed themselves in a circle round her, and falling on their knees, chaunted forth, in the impassioned cadences of the south:

"Not so shalt thou leave us. We have not forgotten who it was that clothed us in the time of our want, that fed us when we were hungry, nursed us when we were sick, ministered to us, comforted our children, blest us all! Thou wert the angel who brought consolation with thee, who forgot thy own wants so long as there was a crying child to need thee; who wert reared in luxury, but were content to share our utmost needs and distresses; who feared not the pestilence that walked in darkness; who came unharmed through pestilence, and famine, and danger, because God and the Virgin were with thee. Santa Lucia—for we know that thou art holy and beloved of heaven—we must bless thee before thou leavest us for ever; our children must bless thee and receive thy blessing. Sister—good, true, brave-hearted woman—sweet sister, angelic comforter, Santa Lucia, we call to God the Father, God the Son, and the Virgin Mary, to bless thee, thy husband, thy children, thy house, and thy name for ever! Forget us not. Sweet sister, Santa Lucia, farewell, farewell!"

And the innocent children, each dressed in humble but clean robes of white, stretched out their little hands with an offering of vine leaves and flowers, and echoed, as their mothers had taught them—

"Sister Lucia, Santa Lucia, the Virgin save thee—Farewell!"

One by one the children were lifted to her heart; each little face was raised to her lips, and fervently though brokenly blessed, then with their offerings in her hands, she was led, or rather carried by

her husband into the vessel. Her feelings could no longer be controlled there, and leaning on his shoulder, she wept bitterly.

Another trial awaited her. Emanuel now noticed that the Signora Emilia still lingered on the shore, although the vessel was on the point of sailing. Hastily whispering a few soothing words to his wife, he descended the gangway and seized his aunt's arm, before she was aware of his approach.

"Come," he said, quickly, "there is no time to spare. Wave your hand to them, say adieu, and come with me. Of what use to linger? the pang of parting must come."

She turned round sharply, and confronted him.

"No, nephew Emanuel," she answered in a voice of suppressed emotion; "no, I shall not come with you."

He was too surprised to speak.

"Ah! did you think I should leave Venice? No, no, Emanuel! You are young and have a wife; you can be happy in exile; I could not. I have fought for Venice as well as a woman could, and though she is broken down by fire and wrath, and though her streets swarm with the conqueror's minions, I will not leave her! Do you think I fear them? Not I; and if the time come, I will fight for you all again."

"But you are not safe."

She laughed a little hysterically.

"Safe! Who dares to touch me? And my husband, poor man, is as safe here as anywhere else, for he is harmless as a baby. Yes, my Emanuel, I shall live here till my time comes to die, and if I never see you again, do not let us make ourselves foolish; don't cry, Emanuel, I cannot bear it. Why, if I never see you again, I may do so in heaven, you know; and my Francesco will come and see me sometimes. I shall not be forsaken or miserable. You can do without your old aunt, boy; think of your fair young wife, and cease weeping."

But Emanuel was too overcome now to be easily calmed. The events of the last few days had been borne in stolid self-control. Next to Lucia and Maddalena, perhaps he loved his aunt better than any one else in the world. No wonder the thought of parting with her caused the pent up tears to flow.

She laid her hand caressingly over his dark hair, and added, in a softer key, perhaps the softest she had ever used in her life:

"Thy mother has not loved thee better than I have done, my Emanuel; I should have grieved more perhaps at parting from thee hadst thou wept less. But never be unhappy for thinking of me, and teach thy children to prattle to thee of thy old fond aunt Emilia. It will make me cheerful to hear of your well being. Ah! don't say farewell; kiss me and go; I cannot bear that word."

They parted. The trim, rounded figure in scarlet and blue hastened home, and no one saw anything more of her that day. Emanuel joined his wife, and the two, hand in hand, watched the towers and campanilla of St. Mare fade from their sight, as the steamer sailed out of the Lagune.

Both were calm, though now and then a large tear fell. When, however, nothing could be seen of the beautiful home of their childhood, of their love and happiness, of their love and sorrow and endeavor, Emanuel stretched out his hand towards the horizon from whence it had disappeared, and cried aloud:

"Ah! Venice, we shall see thee no more; no more struggle for thee; no more call thee ours, since we could not keep thee from the thraldom of the despot. Oh, God! it is hard."

"No," Lucia said, with a voice of sweet resignation, "do not say it is hard, Emanuel, it is not so hard for us as for some—some who have been left utterly desolate; we have each other to live for. Cannot we find another home? So long as we are together, any place in the world is home to me."

He bent down and kissed her tranquil, earnest brow.

"Santa Lucia," he whispered, "they called thee rightly so. God make me worthy of thee!"

THE END.

SOLDIERS GUARDING THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE INAUGURATION BALL WAS HELD.

The military precautions which had prevailed during the whole day were continued during the evening and night. A troop of Artillery was detailed to guard the ball building, adjoining the Court House, and the fair ladies glided in the mazy figures of the dance under the protection of the Government troops.

U. S. SOLDIERS ON THE ROOF OF ADAMS'S EXPRESS DURING THE INAUGURATION.

It was deemed expedient by that astute tactician, General Winfield Scott, to take extraordinary precautions on the day of the Inauguration of President Lincoln. United States Soldiers were stationed at all salient points, and even on the tops of houses at prominent places for observation. Our engraving represents a party of soldiers detailed for the roof of Adams's Express Establishment.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

A rascally police constable in Ireland was recently arrested at Ballincurra, on the double charge of perjury and arson, on which he will be tried at the next assizes. He set a rick of hay and another of straw on fire, arrested two laborers, and charged them home with the act, producing a hat which he swore was left behind by one of them. He then called a woman to support his evidence, when she swore he was the incendiary; that she gave him the hat, and that he committed the act and fabricated the charge to obtain promotion.

A large carp was caught recently in a pond of the chateau of Le Beauviere, near Bethune (Pas de Calais), France; and in the side of its head were two gold rings, on one of which was engraven (the characters, however, having become somewhat illegible) *Isure de Blerville*, 1704.

The total receipts on the 10,002 miles of railway in Great Britain amounted to $69,000,000, for the half year ending December 31st, 1859. The number of passengers amounted to 82,527,594.

Louis Napoleon has made another venture in real estate. He has bought the Princedom of Monaco, of the Prince of that name. The number of inhabitants is about 7,000. The price paid was 4,000,000 francs.

John Brougham has reappeared at the Haymarket Theatre with great success. He is writing a new comedy, founded on American manners, in which he will contrast the two great branches of Anglo Saxondom. An American editor and politician will appear in it.

After all, the freedom of the French press does not seem to have made much progress under Count de Persigny's liberal edict, for we read in the London *Court Journal* that the extraordinary measure against the press taken by M. de Persigny has excited great astonishment. The *Courrier du Dimanche* has not only received a warning, but its editor, M. Gregory Ganesco, is suddenly expelled the country, under the law which allows the Government to send away any foreigner without cause assigned. M. Ganesco is a Wallachian, but he has lived many years in France, speaks French like a native, was associated with French literary men, and is altogether, in heart and habits, a Frenchman. He was the proprietor as well as the editor of the *Courrier du Dimanche*, and a part proprietor of *Figaro*. He received but a few hours' notice to leave, and is already on his way out of the country. The measure is to him one of utter ruin. The article incriminated passed unnoticed in Paris, and we are quite at a loss to say what passage or passages M. Persigny considers "insulting to the Government." He gives no reasons.

The inquest on the child murder at Road, England, will not be reopened, the judge having decided against it. It is currently stated, that although there is no doubt of the oldest daughter being the murderer, yet that there is no direct evidence, and that she has repeatedly shown symptoms of insanity. It is also said that her father is a severe and unreasoning man—hence the crime.

In the Divorce Court, before Sir C. Cresswell, a most singular case was argued. A young lady named Bevan, the daughter of a wealthy physician residing near Liverpool, was in the habit of riding from her father's house to town in an omnibus, of which a young man named McMahon was the conductor. This aspiring youth fell in love with the fair damsel, and importuned her to marry him. Strange to add, she agreed, upon condition that he should get the marriage licence in a false name. He did so, and they were privately married. She immediately left her husband, declaring that he must not claim her for two years. The poor fellow went away disconsolate and without his bride. In the course of a short time the lady's parents discovered the secret marriage, and have applied for a divorce on account of the fraud in the name. It is being argued, but no doubt the marriage will be annulled. It is supposed that the young lady is a little touched in the head.

A remarkable case has lately occurred in London. In November last a woman had her throat cut by a man, John Stephenson, who immediately cut his own. He fell dead—but his victim, after two months careful nursing, recovered, and was able to go about her usual business. Early in February she took cold, and died of bronchitis. A Coroner's inquest was held, and the jury, going back to the primary case, found a verdict of wilful murder against John Stephenson, who had been in his grave two months.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

Precautions against Storms on the Coast.—A System worth knowing.—Admiral Fitzroy's observations on coming storms, and the signs to tell them by, were acted up to on Wednesday week, the following notice being given to Aberdeen, Hull, Yarmouth, Dover, Liverpool, Queenstown, Valentia and Galway (besides other places) by telegraph: "Caution.—Gale threatening from south-west and then northward. Show signal drum."

The French Spoils in China.—The principal objects sent from China by General de Montauban, and which are to be exhibited in the *salons* of the Pavillon Marsan at the Tuileries, consist of arms, such as sabres, halberds and poignards; a complete uniform of the Emperor of China, comprising a helmet, surmounted by a steel point, similar to the Prussian ones, and having a large pearl in the front; a magnificent dagger, about ten inches in length, the hilt of which is covered with diamonds; a rich caparison for a saddle-horse; a *baton* of command (corresponding to that of a marshal), and ornamented with three large pieces of jasper; the fittings-up of a Chinese temple, with singular-looking divinities and images; coffers, perfume-burners, an organ made by the Christian missionaries, and which bears the arms of Napoleon III., surrounded by Chinese ornaments of the most whimsical description, &c.

Salmon Hatched in London.—Lieutenant Buckland, the naturalist, writes: "Salmon have been hatched within the walls of our smoke-covered, crowded London. When in the shop of Mr. Lloyd some time ago, he showed me some boxes, in which he was about to commence the experiment of hatching salmon; and on Friday last he showed me seven little beauties, literally 'alive and kicking' in their artificial nursery. They are now nearly three weeks old, and are in good health. Their bodies, about half an inch long, are like those of other young fish. This first recorded instance of salmon hatching in a systematic manner in London, has therefore been achieved under considerable difficulty. The apparatus in which they were hatched is exceedingly simple, being a box filled with stones, which is covered over with fine sand; over this a gentle stream of water is perpetually running, and the supply, depth and swiftness of the current can be regulated by an ingenious series of stopcocks, &c."

Jealousy among Birds.—Mr. White, surgeon, Sherborne, writes thus: "The idea that jealousy is confined only to the human race is wrong; the cat, dog, common fowls, and domestic birds of song, especially the latter, are strongly impregnated with that vicious or choleric malady. Last summer I had a pet goldfinch, a sweet warbler. At that period I had taken a fancy to a canary, which I subsequently purchased, in consequence of its remarkably fine notes. I hung the cages of both birds on either side of my parlor window, and, from that very hour, the goldfinch ceased to sing, moped, and remained at the bottom of the cage. Immediately I left off caressing my new purchase (the canary), and approached the goldfinch, and passed my fingers over the wires of his cage it sprang upon its perch, flew into a most furious rage, pecking with all its might at my finger till exhausted, then fell down, giving a low and sorrowful chirp, and died."

The International Rowing Match.—The challenge of Chambers, the celebrated waterman of the Thames, to row Joshua Ward, of Newburg, United States, a right-away scullers' race of five miles, on the river Hudson, for $2,000 a side, has just been accepted by the American champion. The match is to take place within twenty-five days of the signing of the articles, and is to be conducted in accordance with the regulations published by the Thames Regatta Committee, Chambers stipulating to receive $500 by way of expenses, and to be accompanied by Henry Chater as trainer. Should any difficulty arise as to the proposed locality in which the race is to be decided, Chambers agrees to contend with Ward on one of the rivers of France, allowing him £100 for his travelling expenses from America.

A Desperate Fight with a Fox.—As Archibald Thow, servant to Mr. Scott Milton of Balhall, Brechin, was going away to his work, he heard some disturbance about the henroost, and thinking it might be some dog prowling about, he went to see what was the matter. On entering, however, he was suddenly seized by some ferocious animal; but, being quite dark, he was unable to see what it was. In the scuffle the animal got a firm hold of one of his hands. Archie, nothing daunted—having now but one hand to fight with—got him down, and put his knee on the animal's neck to make him relinquish his hold, but of no avail. Mr. Fox still kept his hold (for it was now evident that it was a huge monster of a fox, by the whisking of the brush in his face). Archie having no other weapon of defence commenced kicking him on the head with his feet, and succeeded in kicking out both his eyes, and in wrenching his hand from the iron grasp, striking the teeth through the flesh. There being no time to lose, he instantly caught the fox by the hind legs and dashed his head against a stone several times. Now, thinking he was dead, he laid him down; but Mr. Fox, not to be done yet, seized Archie by the back of the leg, but being much exhausted, he was not able to send his teeth through the top of his boot. The struggle being now over, Archie caught him by the back, swung him over his shoulder, and carried him home as a trophy of victory. The animal is now being stuffed by Mr. Clift, High street, Brechin.

Undue Influence by a Confessor.—An account was given some time ago of an action having been brought before the Civil Tribunal in Paris, by the heirs of an old lady named Verdelot, who died in 1848, to have declared null and void a will by which she left nearly the whole of her fortune, exceeding 100,000 francs—chiefly in railway shares and bonds—to a certain Abbé Bernard; but their suit was rejected. They appealed to the Imperial Court against this decision, on the ground that the priest had exercised undue influence over the old lady to induce her to make the will. They showed that he became acquainted with her in 1848 (at which time he was attached to the church of St. Roch, but from which he was afterwards dismissed), in consequence of her having employed him to say masses for the repose of the soul of her husband, who had died just before; that he afterwards became very intimate with her, and was her confessor; that at length he went to live in the same house that she did, and continued to do so for many years, until she died; that he kept her relatives and friends from her, and would not even allow them to see her in her last illness, &c. The court, after examining the facts adduced, came to the conclusion that the Abbé Bernard had abusively exercised the influence which, as confessor and friend, he had gained over the old lady to cause her to make the will, and accordingly declared it null and void.

Lord Campbell said he himself heard a judge at Stafford thus sentence a prisoner to death for forgery: "And I trust, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may experience that mercy in another world which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here."

The magistrates of S—— lately appointed several persons to act as guides to the numerous strangers who visit the locality. A new cemetery was in course of formation, and a stranger observing the number of workmen levelling the soil, asked one of the guides as to the intentions of the operations. "They are making a *seminary* for the dead," was the reply.

The Great Exhibition in London for 1862.—The exhibition of 1862 will be a very grand one—vastly different in all its characteristics to 1851—which broached an idea, and flung out suggestions which have been worked out into principles to rule the doings of next year. The galleries of fine arts will be unparalleled by anything ever seen in the world; but art will not monopolise, for, by a method of arrangement suggesting itself in the last exhibition, a system of classification will be adopted in science, manufactures and the world's products, which shall at once enable the intelligent speculator to realise, appreciate, compare, and draw conclusions as to the merits, uses and possible development of those branches of the world's doings and products.

Significant Change of Opinion in Russia.—A Warsaw letter states: "Public opinion, which is here generally very silent has been recently aroused by a fact which is somewhat important in a local point of view. Colonel Leuchte has been sent to the fortress Zamosk, to be imprisoned several years. He killed, in a fit of passion several of the peasants on a certain property which the State had made him a present of. In the time of the Emperor Nicholas he would only have received a simple reprimand; but the Emperor Alexander views these affairs in a different light. His Majesty ordered the colonel to be brought before a military tribunal, and, the court having shown itself too lenient, he ordered a fresh trial, which ended in a condemnation."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Hon. John Cochrane was serenaded on Saturday evening at his residence by the Dodworth Band. His four years Congressional duties having expired, his constituents took the opportunity of thus complimenting their eloquent friend and representative. Our citizens cannot do better than make him their Mayor.

A diabolical attempt was made between three and four o'clock on Saturday morning to set fire to a five-storied tenement-house, No. 274 East Houston street. But for the fortunate circumstance of one of the lodgers being ill, there is little doubt but that a large sacrifice of life would have been the result. The villainous incendiary had placed a quantity of rags soaked in camphine under the stairs. There was no fire escape to this wretched trap of death. If Mr. Fouché Kennedy would pay a little attention to these matters it would be advisable. Lincoln's life is now safe, and there are no more Southern arms to seize. Let him therefore set Devoe and Sampson on detecting the plots of the landlords to burn up their unhappy tenants.

A correspondent informs us that the Democrats have by no means agreed to nominate Dr. Elder as their candidate as Mayor of Hoboken. An equally respectable, and in some respects more eligible candidate, will be brought forward at the proper time. Johnson, the present incumbent, so Judge Whitley says, is willing to serve another term, and he has filled the chair so worthily that he deserves the compliment. Peter Reynolds, of the Hoboken *Standard*, will be the new Postmaster. There cannot be a better man. Judge Whitley will be offered the Consulship to Plymouth. Counsellor Lyons will also receive an appointment.

The notorious slave-ship Cora has been again seized by the authorities, on suspicion of being on the start for another slave voyage. Mr. Barnes, cooper, of this city, is the present owner.

The New York Historical Society held their monthly meeting at their rooms in the Second avenue on the 5th. The attendance was large. President Lincoln was elected an honorary member, and a pitcher was exhibited on which was embossed an admirable medallion profile of George Washington, and which was manufactured in the lifetime of our great founder. Dr. Fischoll then read his paper on the "Inquisition in America." It was a very interesting and admirable composition.

Brigadier General Charles Yates, of the Second Brigade, gave the Second of the Twelfth Regiment lectures at Irving Hall on the evening of the 7th, to a very large and attentive audience. It was on the "Science of Arms as connected with Progress and Civilization." The third and concluding lecture will be by Captain Mansfield Lovell on "Heavy Ordnance and Seacoast Defences." These lectures should be more frequent; indeed, every regiment should have them. It would do more to elevate our soldiery than any other practice the officers could adopt.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln gave their first Levee at the White House on the 8th of March. It was a complete crush. Conspicuous among the visitors were Judge Douglas and his beautiful wife, who was the acknowledged belle of the evening. Mrs. Lincoln was supported by her sisters and niece, Miss Edwards, a charming person of some nineteen summers. We have said so much about dresses in our account of the Inauguration Ball that we spare our description here, contenting ourselves by declaring that the Presidential ladies were dressed in exquisite taste—so says the Jenkins of the daily press.

Dr. Vermeule, formerly of New York, but who has lately resided at Newmarket, New Jersey, committed suicide on the morning of the 9th instant, throwing himself before the express train as it darted along with lightning speed, on the Central Railroad, near the Newmarket station. His mind had been much disturbed for some months, but none of his friends ever supposed that he had a design on his own life.

The Inquiry into Policeman Williamson's charges against Superintendent Kennedy has ended in their total rebutting. They were too absurd to be probable. Whatever may be our opinion of Mr. Kennedy's seizing the Southern arms, there can be no question he is a most capable and honest head of the police. A little imperiousness is natural to the position.

Shortly before the sailing of the Cahawba for New Orleans on the 11th a serious accident occurred to a Cuban gentleman named Mondiver, who had gone on board to see two friends off. He was standing near a hatchway, and stepped aside to permit a lady to pass, but in doing so fell through the hatchway to the bottom, receiving, it is feared, fatal injuries. The hatchway was covered with a piece of canvas, loosely attached to the sides, but afforded no protection to the unfortunate young Cuban in his fall. This is not the first dangerous accident caused by crinoline.

William H. Russell, one of the parties implicated in the abstraction of the Indian bonds from the Interior Department, was discharged on the 11th from custody by the Criminal Court in Washington, on the ground that, under the law passed by Congress in 1857, he having given testimony before the Investigating Committee, he was exempt from all penalties which might otherwise be visited upon him. The trial of the other parties, however, will soon proceed.

On Sunday night, the 10th March, a number of rowdies called the Belgians were drinking in a lager bier saloon kept by a man named Rinz, at the corner of Broome and Marion streets. Despite the oft-boasted mildness of lager they grew riotous upon it, and the result was a little German philosophy practically translated by the aid of decanters, chairs, tables and other esoterical arguments. Some of the party were all the worse for their discussion. Eventually four of the Belgian boys were lodged in the station-house.

The official returns of the Central Park have been made up. The season just over had twenty-six skating days, that of 1859 had thirty seven days. In 1859 only 482,000 persons visited it; in 1860 1,085,000, more than double those of the last year. The most remarkable feature is the enormous increase in the crinoline. More than three times the number of ladies visited the park in 1860 than in 1859. We are glad to observe that our fair creatures are beginning to appreciate the importance of exercise.

Anson, who has been condemned to be hanged in New Jersey on the 10th April for poisoning his wife, exhibits the most singular indifference to his fate. He persists in declaring his innocence, and lays the death of the unhappy woman upon the ignorance of her doctor. Numerous applications have been made to Sheriff Francis for admission on the day of execution, but that able and efficient officer has very properly declined acceding to any of these requests.

A lad aged thirteen, named Peter McDermott, was killed on Sunday afternoon, the 10th March, at the entrance of Bergen Tunnel. He had been riding on the cowcatcher of the locomotive when he fell off, and, horrible to relate, was immediately crushed. Fortunately his death was instantaneous. Great blame is attributable to the employés of the railroad for suffering him to ride in such a dangerous position. His parents should commence an action against the company.

The *Evening Post* is very anxious that the *locale* of the Post Office should not be moved. This is only natural, although so fish. The best spot for the next twenty years is the Park, or Chambers street. Stewart's marble palace extended to Burton's Theatre would be the most convenient. The Dutch Church is decidedly out of the way now, although very central sixty years ago.

An immense mass meeting had been held in San Francisco in favor of the Union. The idea of forming California into a Pacific independent state is indignantly denied. The general feeling is a determination to stick to the Union while there is a plank left.

The Weatherford (Texas) *News* gives an account of a remarkable case of female heroism. For some time past a band of Indians have been ravaging the border counties of Texas, spreading desolation and striking terror everywhere. Not long since they drew up before the house of Mr. Eubanks, Palo Pinto county, and were preparing for an attack. The yard was enclosed with pickets about six feet high, but there was not a man on the premises, Mrs. Eubanks being alone with her daughter and several little children. Miss Mary Eubanks, the daughter, with unequalled presence of mind for one so young, seized a shot-gun, put on her brother's hat and placed a bench near the picket-log so as to peer over without exposing her body, and then deliberately fired at the party, which stratagem and heroic conduct doubtless saved her own life and the lives of her mother and little brothers and sisters, as the cowardly scamps immediately fled, no doubt believing the house defended by a body of armed men.

Mrs. Cooley, of Middletown, Va., was found murdered in the meat-house of her husband's plantation on the 2d March. Her colored housemaid is under arrest for the crime.

We are glad to see that the boot and shoe trade is becoming brisker. Last week one thousand six hundred and thirty-eight cases were shipped to San Francisco, and fifty to Australia.

The first flag of the Southern Confederacy was prepared by Commodore Ingraham and Lieutenant Colonel Sayre, and hoisted at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th March, at the very minute President Lincoln was being inaugurated.

A fair lady of Boston, named Josephine Hilton, has recovered $3,700 damages against a youth named Yancey Chadburne. It appears, that under promise of marriage, he seduced the lady. Hence his grief and loss of money.

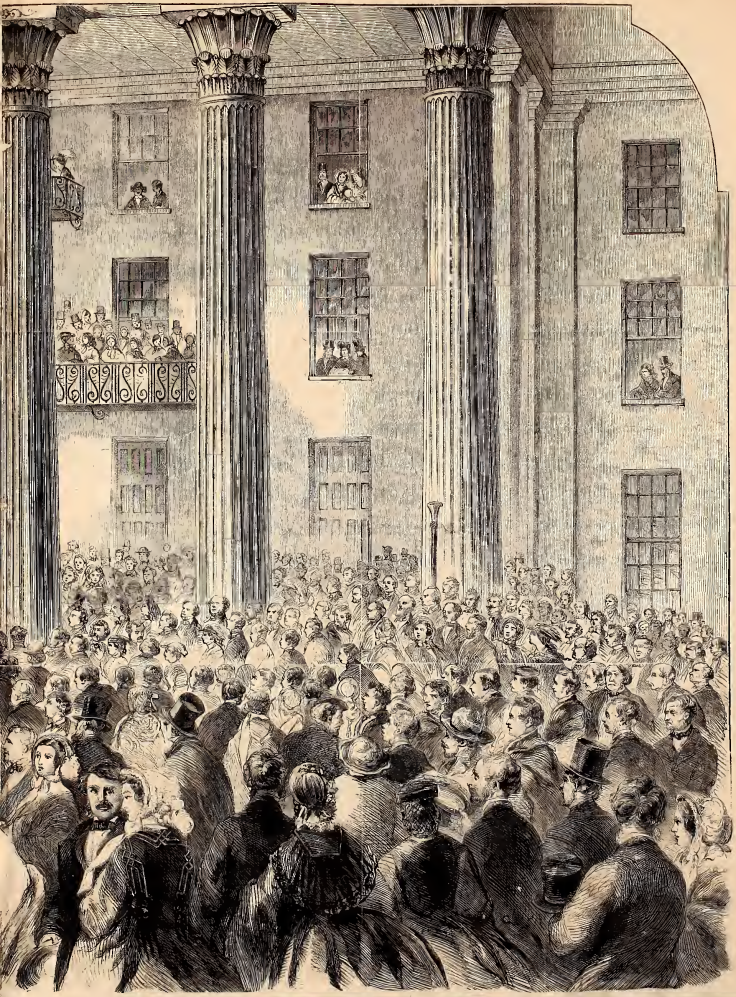
The mother of a little boy, named Henry Dean, has just recovered $5,000 from the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, for the loss of his toes, which were cut off by the cars, he having fallen in getting on, through the carelessness of the driver in not stopping.

California Exports.—We notice that the ship Moonlight, which sailed from San Francisco for Hong Kong, on the 19th February, was laden in part with 140,000 feet of lumber, 60,000 flasks quicksilver, $160,000 in specie, and 400 deceased Chinamen's remains. The *Golden Era* says: "It is a pity the Chinamen don't all come so, as they are only fit for manure." When will our authors recollect that a nationality is only a parish, and that pride of birth is only another name for Beadledom?

A new ferryboat was launched from the Stevens's yard on the 11th of March. It is the finest of the whole fleet. It is to be called the W. W. Shippen. Why not name it after his admired and excellent wife? The naming of vessels, feminine themselves in grammar, after men, is an absurdity.

We must say the Harbor Police wander out of their duties when they go into the piscatorial line. We advise them to avoid all interference with shad fishing this season, so far as New Jersey is concerned. The shad poles do not interfere at all with navigation, and if a few hard-working, honest Jerseymen can earn a decent living, why should the rum-drinking politicians who live upon black mail object? At all events their opposition should have no avail.

INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. THE



CAPITAL OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY ON MONDAY, FEB. 18, 1861.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 285.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Yes, life has left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the foul food for reptiles."—*Old Play.*

Lord Kingswood passed a terrible night alone in his study.

The communication made to him by Pharisee overwhelmed more than it bewildered him. He believed it, even though he tried to consider it but the loose statement of an intoxicated man, who, in the aberrations of drunkenness, confused the details of the story confided to him.

It was humiliating to him to reflect that, although he only too well knew that the woman he had loved—and yet loving, betrayed—had borne him a child, he had never made a single inquiry respecting its sex.

The circumstances connected with the whole transaction were so base, that in the spring of his married life with Lady Kingswood he was only too glad to let them sink into an obscurity so deep that he hoped they could never again be dragged forth to human gaze.

He had, it is true his compunctious visitings. Conscience will make its voice heard, even in the breasts of the hardened; but alas! his passionate fits of remorse—indulged in when quite alone—were less for the sufferings he had made his victim endure than they were for the hazardous position in which his villainy had placed him. This systematic closing of his mind and memory against every incident connected with his cruel guilt deprived him of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with many minor facts which now would have been of importance to him to be in possession of, and he was, consequently, when the events were reproduced, attended with terrible forewarnings of evil to him, tossed upon a sea of doubt and incertitude, which prevented him actually discrediting any tale thrust upon him.

He was, however, tempted to believe the story told him by Pharisee, for the reason that the latter had received it from some old man living in an obscure neighborhood, and who evidently, when Pharisee met him, was engaged in tracking out Horace Vernon, possibly with the view of making money of the information he possessed. He had mentioned facts which one alone who was in possession of the principal events could have disclosed. His object was clearly not to deceive, but either to gratify the feelings of revenge, originating in some wrong inflicted upon him by Vernon, or the greed of gain.

In any case, he could have no motive, such as Vernon had, to trick or cheat the person most deeply interested in his revelations; and the probabilities, therefore were, that he had spoken the truth—that, indeed, the fair, spirit-like creature he had seen with Vernon in the park and in the *salon* of the Marquis of Chillingham was his daughter. In one particular this possibility created within his breast a sense of relief. If it were so, his son, Cyril, the son of Lady Kingswood, would still be the heir of his house.

Then, to disturb this impression, the marvellous resemblance which the face of Erle bore to his own and to his ancestors presented itself to him. Was that a coincidence? It might be. A strange one, doubtless, but still not impossible. If this girl, now put forward as his child, were not his daughter, her resemblance to the mystic Lady Maud, the ancestor whose doom was interwoven with the destinies of his race, was even a yet more remarkable coincidence.

Weighing one probability against another, his presumption was in favor of the truth of Pharisee's communication.

But what a terrible fact it brought with it!

His son, Cyril, was in love with the maiden, had met her frequently in the Chace, and always alone. He turned cold and faint as he remembered the hunting-lodge. What might have happened at those meetings he shuddered to imagine.

The girl was young and innocent, and his son, he believed, of an honorable nature; but, alas! the girl's innocence might be her very weakness, and his son's error the result of passion, uninfluenced by dishonorable intentions.

He grew frenzied and distracted by the phantoms his disordered mind conjured up, he judged human nature by the standard of his own fallibility, and was appalled at the conclusion he drew.

Irresolute and vacillatory by nature, especially when in the throes of a sharp difficulty, he yet formed two resolves, neither of which, he felt but too bitterly, could be for a moment delayed. The first was to have an interview with his son, Cyril, the second to summon to his presence the man who had disclosed to Pharisee the remarkable secret he had that night revealed.

The hours passed long and tormentingly until the day dawned, and then removing, so far as the toilet would enable him, the traces of his harassing night's thoughts, he sent a messenger to inquire after his son's health, and a request that he would attend him in his study as early as possible.

The servant found Cyril dressed in walking attire, and on the eve of departing from the house. The man delivered his message, dwelling, as instructed, upon the desire Lord Kingswood had to have an interview with him if he had strength to undergo one.

Cyril made no reply, but proceeded immediately to the library, and entering it, perceived his father pacing it with an excited gait.

Lord Kingswood, the instant his eye lighted upon his son, ceased his disturbed walk, and advancing to him, took him by the hand and gazed into his face.

Cyril was wan rather than pale; the agonies of a desperate mental conflict had left saddening traces upon his features, but the expression they bore now was one of sullen despair mingled with an ugly-looking spirit of determination.

"Cyril, you look pale, agitated, ill," observed Lord Kingswood, "and unhappily the events of last night leave me in no doubt as to the cause. As your future happiness seems to be involved in the proper adjustment of what, after all, can be and must be considered as a vexing and painful episode in your youthful life, I have sent for you to talk with you, to reason with you, to show you that the past must be forgotten——"

"Never, my lord," interposed Cyril, almost fiercely.

"Must be!" cried Lord Kingswood, elevating his voice until his tone became vehement. "Listen to me; do not interpose a remark upon any observation of mine until I request you; you will then understand its object and its proper bearing upon the subject we are about to discuss. I am about to deal plainly with you, I hope that you will be frank with me."

Lord Kingswood paused for a minute. Twice or thrice he essayed the commencement of a sentence, but he found himself unable to articulate and he was compelled abruptly to press his hands over his eyes and pace hurriedly up and down the chamber.

Suddenly he halted, and, by an impatient movement, withdrew his hands from before his face.

"It is folly," he exclaimed, with set teeth, "to betray this weakness. It will ruin all. It is necessary that we should both be calm and firm if we would not see the house of Kingswood topple down upon our heads and crush us beneath its ruins. Cyril, you have, in weak submission to the rash impulses of your youth flung your heart at the feet of a young girl, to you unknown and obscure, because her face happens to be fair. In the delirium and intoxication of your senses you have elevated a boy's inconsiderate passion into the higher, more ennobling, purer and enduring emotion of love."

Cyril waved his hand with a furious movement, and with a stern frown, cried,

"No, my lord. Do not deceive yourself by the cunning whisperings of experience falsely so called. Experience should tell you that there is no court on so pure, so free from dishonorable taint, so unselfish, so holy as first love. Experience has taught me this—it has pointed out to me the wide interval between passion and love, and I have recognised it. I have tested my heart, my lord. I have strained it until my heartstrings have almost cracked. I am not deceived—I love!"

"Mad, impetuous, hasty fool!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, impetuously. "You know not what you say, even as you do not yet know the characteristics of your nature, the strength of your emotions, or the real waywardness of your fancies. You talk of your experience and what it has taught you: bah! Your lesson is yet to come—it has yet to be conned; you may talk of experience and its suggestions, when, like myself, you have verified the fallacy of youthful aspirations, when you have proved that the love you now invest with such heavenly attributes is but ashes in the mouth and bitterness to the spirit. Love, boy! you do not yet dream that it is but another name for canking misery—that he passes through life the happiest man who is never smitten by it; that it is all the golden qualities of a generous nature heaped into a mass and flung into an unfathomable pool, to return to the surface only in hideous shapes, that it is the gift of a soul, to be returned by treachery, perjury, falsity, the blackest, deepest, basest ingratitude."

Cyril looked at him earnestly and in wonder.

To whom did he especially allude in this wholesale condemnation of woman? He knitted his brows, and said, with a strange tone of voice,

"My lord, do you give to me these assertions as the result of your love for my mother?"

Lord Kingswood started. Lady Kingswood certainly was uppermost in his thoughts when he thus denounced the tender passion, but he had no desire to make such a confession, certainly not to her son.

He waved his hand.

"In such remarks it is not my intention to specify any individual," he said hastily; "I speak in general terms of the folly, and, in short, the madness of giving way to the fascination created by a too warm appreciation of female charms. I counsel you only against being misled by promptings which are nothing more than the instinctive impulses of youth—impulses that require to be watched with care, and controlled and guided to a proper direction. Were we all to heedlessly and recklessly give way to the rash inducements of our first impressions, we should but store up for ourselves abundant sources of future misery. Society forms better arrangements, and wisely admits other considerations into the formation of an union between two young persons of opposite sexes than those of liking. Love is not the only requisite to conquer the happiness of married life, there are others which will compensate for the want of love, but without which love itself can find no happiness. In your coming union with Miss Eleanore Cotton——"

"My lord, speak to me no more about that marriage, it can never take place," interposed Cyril, with firmness.

"It must—it shall!" responded Lord Kingswood, with vehemence. "I have said it—I say it again. I have passed my word to Mr. Cotton that his proposition—his princely proposition—should be entertained. My word, Cyril—and you know that I never submit it to be questioned—at any and every sacrifice, if once passed, I keep. You have already paid the young lady attention, she appears to be much attached to you; society has already recognised the engagement between you. To throw her off now would be unjustifiably cruel; it might break her heart, and thus fasten upon you a crime you would never cease to repent to the last moment of your existence."

Cyril turned sharply to him.

"My lord, if I understood you rightly," he said, with bitterness in his tone, "you characterised woman's nature as a bottomless pool, which returned the love thrown into it transformed into figures of treachery, perjury and faithlessness. If any love I might proffer Miss Eleanore Cotton were to be so repaid, a lack of attention to her on my part would hardly become the crime you suggest."

"Cyril," returned Lord Kingswood, with abrupt sternness, "it is not my intention to discuss this question in a spirit of subtle casuistry with you. You are committed to Miss Eleanore, and you must marry her."

"I cannot, my lord," returned Cyril, firmly.

"There are duties pertaining to your position which you must fulfil!" urged Lord Kingswood. "You have been born to rank, to a name, to an elevated position in this kingdom, in the Government of which I now hold a high and important post. There are sacrifices of the heart, of the affections, of the passions, of the dearest inclinations and the tenderest sympathies, which are exacted sternly and unrelentingly by the position which you hold no less than myself. As a Minister of the Crown, the shadow of doubt must never fall upon my pledged word. As a Kingswood, my plighted faith must be held yet more sacred than life itself."

A low, hysteric laugh burst from Cyril's lips, which smote his father's heart with sudden pain as it fell upon his ears.

"I am a Kingswood," he said, with bitter emphasis. "My faith has been plighted with solemn assertions. Am I not, equally with you, to hold it more sacred than fame, rank, life itself?"

Lord Kingswood clenched his hands, and his heart sank within him. For what had Cyril pledged his faith? Not a mere interchange of love sentiment. Surely he had not engaged in a secret marriage. His heart seemed to suddenly cease to beat, his face and lips blanched, and the room reeled round with him. He staggered back a step or two, but by an almost superhuman effort, controlled the paralysing character of his emotion.

"You are a minor," he gasped. "You can enter into no contract, no pledge, no promise, without my assent. Wanting that, it is null and void, worthless. You cannot bind yourself to an alliance opposed to the traditions of your house. Boy, if you are born to the advantages of rank and fortune, they demand of you that you shall properly and nobly sustain the rights and duties they impose upon you."

"Have the heirs to the name always done this!" asked Cyril, bitterly.

"How dare you question their—my honor," exclaimed his father, wrathfully, the more angrily, perhaps, because he felt most acutely that every argument he hurled at his son was a lash for himself.

"I simply ask, have they done this?" persisted Cyril.

"I can have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative," returned his father, feeling, though he spoke emphatically, that he was resorting to a mean evasion.

"My honor, my lord, is surely then as dear to me as to them," replied Cyril. "Youth cannot attend it immunity. That which would be dishonorable in my actions two years hence, must be equally dishonorable now. My integrity cannot be affected by dates; my honesty and truth cannot be intrinsically valuable at some future period and be worth nothing now. If I, being a minor, can break my plighted sacred word solemnly entrusted to one who is as dear and as necessary to my happiness as the vital principle of my life is to my heart, what is to prevent my breaking a faith not pledged or plighted by me with another? If I am bound by your plighted word to Eleanore Cotton, I am no less bound by my own registered vow to another."

"No; not as my son, as my heir, as the representative of the House of Kingswood. You have no power in you nonage to dispose of your hand unless with my sanction," cried his father, with frantic vehemence.

"Then," exclaimed Cyril, with a passionate burst, "farewell name, rank, position, house, all but her. She will love me, cling to me, for what I am when I am with her, not for what I have been or might become. In honor, in truth, in purity, I have loved her. Equally, in innocence and unselfishness, has she placed her heart, her happiness in my trust. Rather than betray it I will do battle with the world, as other self-reliant men have done. With her in my arms—with her loving affection twining round my heart to sustain and cheer me, I can defy the frown of fate as sturdily as I can meet its smiles shed upon her as upon me with joy and felicity."

"Hold!" almost shrieked his father. "Will nothing destroy this infatuation?"

"Nothing," responded Cyril, coldly and firmly.

"It is false," he cried, wildly. "I will—I must annihilate it. Terrible, frightful as the task you have imposed upon me, I must go through with it."

"It is in vain, my lord," interposed Cyril. "I pray you let me depart in peace. We shall never agree on this distressing subject. You cannot change me."

"But I will," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with fierce energy. "Listen to me, and tremble."

For a moment he buried his hands in his hair, and bowed his head low down. His whole frame became fearfully convulsed, but he struggled with the spasm, and once more turned his uncovered face to his son to speak with him.

Cyril started when he perceived his father's distorted, livid features, and his glaring eyes. He felt then that some tremendous revelation awaited him, and even as his father had bidden him, he trembled.

Lord Kingswood slowly extended towards him his white and quivering hand.

"Cyril," he exclaimed, in hollow, solemn tones, "the Kingswoods are a doomed race—doomed until one of its descendants, by his own superhuman endurance, his unfaltering spirit, his unwavering faith, his unimpeachable honor, his overpowering energy, shall remove the ban resting upon it. I cannot now enter into the whole of the tradition or any part of it but what relates to myself and to you. I am heart-sore and heart-sick. I would willingly be the humblest soldier, keeping dreary watch in the pathless wastes of the barren regions of Siberia, than that empty mockery the Lord Baron of Kingswood. But I am he, and I must fulfil my destiny as thou thine."

He paused for a moment, and then drew a long breath.

"But recently," he continued, "we stood together beneath the walls of the old hunting-tower yet standing in Kingswood Chace; I pointed out to you a window, at which, at certain times, there appeared to a Kingswood a female face of more than mortal beauty. Such have my ancestors seen—such a face I beheld. It is now more than twenty years past, that, alone, my gun upon my arm, I sauntered, somewhat faint and tired with my sport, within the precincts of that tower. I knew it to be inhabited by an old crone, and possibly the inducement of a draught of cool water drew me thither. I paused beneath the walls suddenly, for my eye was arrested by the face of one young, and so entrancingly beautiful that creature of earth she seemed not to be. She regarded me with as much wonder as I did her, and the expression of her face told me that I had made upon her a scarcely less favorable impression than she had upon me, but even while a pleased smile was yet upon her lips, she started and vanished. At the same moment I observed, standing at the door of the lodge, the elf-like crone, Eldra, who dwelt there. She shook her talon-finger at me, and bade me depart, telling me the heir of Kingswood found within those walls his ruin. I smiled at the old creature's gloomy foreboding, and begged a cup of water. She brought it to me and told me that I had better asked her for a cup of poison, and if I valued my happiness or life, and a peaceful deathbed, never to come near those walls until after I had given my hand in marriage. I laughed and went away. But I came again, for that face, with its wondrous beauty, haunted me; it was like a spell upon me—I could not rest within Kingswood's halls—it floated before me in the day, it smiled upon me in my dreams at night. Mark me, Cyril, I had laughed at the words of the crone, because I was betrothed to Lady Kingswood—to your mother. I knew that I should marry her, and that no idle superstition could affect me or that. I went again, I saw that face, I spoke to it; I said—I know not what. I went again and again to breathe most passionate protestations, and to learn that they had not been uttered without their natural effect. Up to this time she had remained at the window, I had stood upon the turf beneath—we had approached each other no nearer. She was ever there when my advancing footstep, almost noiseless as it was, reached her expectant ear, and she vanished at each interview as unexpectedly and abruptly as she had at first, when I was advised by it of the presence of old Eldra. Suddenly the elf-woman disappeared, and after she had gone, and the hunting-lodge was closed and tenantless, I saw that fair and wondrous creature no more within the precincts of the Chace."

Lord Kingswood, whose features had been rigid and his eyes wild, now displayed an expression of terrible humiliation and shame, so that it was painful for Cyril to look upon him. With a hoarse, unsteady voice, he proceeded rapidly:

"I had a school companion, an associate, one whom I made a more intimate companion than I did others. He resided not many miles from Kingswood. He one day told me of a—fondness—an attachment he had formed for a maiden gentle and beautiful, a—a—he—he would insist on reposing his confidence in me. I sought it not, he—he would not rest until he had introduced me to—the—the creature of his choice. I weakly consented. I found myself face to face—hand to hand, boy!—with the Wonder of Kingswood Chace!"

Cyril groaned, and clutched at a bookcase for support, while his father, shrieking rather than speaking, continued:

"Her beauty slew me—stamped out honor, truth, faith, everything. A year of mad delirium ensued, events crowded on me, crushed me, left me bankrupt in all that a true man holds brightest and dearest."

"But her—what of her?" demanded Cyril, with starting eyes and a half-suffocated tone.

With a laugh like that of a maniac, his father cried,

"She was a mother—deserted and abandoned—a mother, and with one child!"

"Thine?" gasped Cyril.

"Mine!" ejaculated his father, in an unearthly tone.

Cyril pressed his hands upon his temples, and turned his ghastly face to his father.

"That child?" he asked, in an almost inarticulate tone.

"You first beheld in Kingswood Chace," cried his father, hoarsely; "that child is she whom you have dared to love—she—the Wonder of Kingswood Chace. She whom you would make your wife is your sister!"

The household was startled by a wild, piercing scream.

And as well by the frantic ringing of the bell of Lord Kingswood's study.

In a few minutes afterwards, affrighted faces were turned upon each other, and horrid whispers reported through the house that Cyril Kingswood was dead.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The tongues of mocking maidens are as keen
As the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings
Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things.—*Shakespeare.*

The words which Erle had spoken to Violet during his interview with her were words of solace, of consolation, of joy, for they were words of hope. Her experience of human nature was necessarily of the most limited character. She saw with the eyes of her own genuine, uncontaminated heart, and believed all other beings, even though some were repulsive in her sight, to be as truthful as herself.

Ishmael had, however, impressed upon her that appearances were deceitful, that men were false, treacherous and cruel in their natures; that their bland words, their tender looks, their softest and sweetest words were cloaks thrown cunningly and skilfully over the most astute artifices to conceal the vilest intentions. Even the aged, though yet vigorous, Miss Virgo had cautioned her against the blandishments of that sex of which Cyril was so handsome a type, and she had also insisted that the more attractive they were to the eye, the more cruelly wicked were their natures.

Incredulous at first, she was gradually goaded into the belief that there were grains of truth in these assertions, and this painful awakening received confirmation from Cyril's conduct to her at the Marquis of Chillingham's mansion.

Before this eventful night her grief had not been of a killing character. It had made her wan and sad, but it had left her a hope that she might yet again meet Cyril, and might—she knew not, cared not how—be restored to him, and pass through her future life with him in the same sweet relations as had subsisted between them when they met and wandered together in Kingswood Chace.

When he turned from her, and with averted eyes refused to meet her passionately appealing gaze, that hope forsook her, and nothing was left to her but despair.

Then she formed and entertained but one yearning wish, that of returning to the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chace, in which she had been reared, and in the vicinity of which she might live over again, in fervid imagination, the period of her loving intimacy in those sequestered places with Cyril Kingswood.

She was, by the very nature of her education in her forest home, tinctured with superstition, and with intuitive belief in the supernatural. She had dwelt many a time and oft for hours on the strange old picture, carefully preserved in the hunting-lodge, representing a noble looking youth in hunting attire; and in the still moonlight, when she had stolen out into the silent and solemn aisles formed by tall tree-stems, she had seen at times a flitting shadow, which she had, in her fantastic imagining, fashioned into the form of the young hunter in the picture, known to her as the bad Baron of Kingswood, with all his wicked history. She had, too, met Erle Gower in the woods at unexpected moments in the day, the eve, the night. He much resembled the picture she had, through some strange fascination, loved to gaze upon from her childhood, and so she believed that he possessed a spirit-nature, with power to roam on earth as a human being at will.

He, therefore, she believed, had of all others the power to liberate her from the distressful thraldom in which she existed in Ishmael's mansion, and to place her in the only haven of rest henceforth she could know while yet remaining upon earth.

Hence the eagerness with which she sought an interview with him, and from a strange clinging, even in spite of what was said to her, to the belief that he was "the Spirit of the Chace;" hence the confidence she placed in what he had urged upon her.

Faith! The word acted like a magic balm upon her sore and wounded spirit. She had never known distrust until Ishmael had thundered it in her affrighted ears. Her innocence of all guile had made her naturally trustful. The shattering of this sweet confidence was a severe shock, but it was a great joy to her to recover it.

Cyril had never changed in his conduct to her since she had first known him until they had met at the Marquis of Chillingham's, and then, as Erle had suggested, he might have been coerced to act as he had done, even as she herself had been coerced to play the strange part she had all her life enacted.

Yes; she found faith re-enter her heart and infuse itself through her frame like a new, life-giving joy. The dull and gloomy atmosphere which had spread above and around her daily life seemed to be lifted, and amid rents in its pall-like covering she could perceive the unalloyed blue or golden sunshine of a heaven of future felicity.

She, with an alacrity she had not displayed since she quitted the Chace, obeyed the request of Ishmael, and proceeded to her chamber to attire herself for an equestrian ramble. She, for the first time, consciously took more than ordinary pains with her appearance, and when she presented herself to Ishmael to accompany him, he, accustomed as he was to her beauty, marvelled at its brilliancy.

There was a flush upon her cheek, an animation glittering in her eye, and a springiness in her step, which startled him too. But that he knew its origin, it would have greatly pleased him; as it was, he was somewhat disturbed.

He knew that in her heart there had settled itself hope.

Hope! thou first fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative; without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!

She yet hoped that Cyril would be hers. He resolved not to interfere with that hope, if it would work so marked a change in her as it in so brief a time evidently had; but he equally determined not to foster it, or change his sentiments upon the point, or even his manner towards her, so that in the hour of her deep and certain disappointment she should not be able to tax him with cruelty or deception towards her.

Violet was attired as she had been on the occasion when she appeared in the park with Ishmael and Erle Gower, but she had evidently taken more pains with all those minor points and appointments which help to finish and render perfect any costume.

Her delicate form, so beautiful in its proportions, so graceful in its outline, was exhibited to wondrous advantage in her peculiarly exquisite green habit, and her sweet face was rendered even yet more fascinating than it was naturally by the small, handsomely shaped hat which adorned her head. Then she sat her horse with such firmness and elegance that it was impossible not instantly to select her, even from a closely congregated throng, as the peer among them all.

Ishmael constrained Erle to accompany them, as on the previous occasion he had done, and he contrived that, on entering the park, at a period when it was most thronged by the fashionable world, they should preserve much the same order as they had before observed, Violet being slightly in advance of Erle, with Ishmael a short distance from his side.

As before, the appearance of Violet created a remarkable sensation. The strange hue of her riding habit, so unlike that of any other lady equestrian, the singular beauty of her countenance, and the peculiarity of her position in advance of her companions, and apparently not exchanging a word with either, were features which of themselves would have attracted attention; but when these were allied to the fact that, being evidently distinguished, she was still unknown to everybody who knew, or pretended to know everybody, the excitement and the curiosity were greatly heightened.

Noble young and old, duchesses, countesses and other ladies of rank, wondered who could be the extraordinary young creature, who, being unknown, must be nobody, yet excited even more than the notice which would be caused by a somebody. No one could answer the question, and therefore the hubbub and commotion in the endeavor to ascertain each moment increased.

As before, the gentlemen equestrians followed in a cloud. Too well bred to gallop before her to indulge in a prolonged stare at her, they kept in the rear, satisfied at catching a glimpse of her sweet face through their eyeglasses, held by an unpleasant contortion of their features between the eyebrow and one of the facial muscles, and attracting by their swarming even yet more attention to Violet than her remarkable personal appearance would have commanded.

Erle noticed with a haughty displeasure the thronging horses, the wondering faces of their riders turned towards Violet, and the hurrying of masses of pedestrians on the path, who were all impressed with a belief that they were gazing upon an imperial princess of some great northern empire: and he hastily proposed to Ishmael that they should put their horses to a gallop, press forward, and so escape the inconvenient swarming of curious, and, in his eyes, impertinent gazers.

Ishmael quietly raised his hand in a deprecating manner, and replied,

"No, it is my wish that we proceed thus. I seek the public gaze. I wish to attract the notice of these empty-headed babblers. I court the oft-repeated question, 'Who are they?' In the proper hour I will answer them."

Erle said nothing after this, but he chafed at his position, and his contracted brow exhibited his feelings.

While thus moody, he became conscious of a high-spirited steed prancing in very close proximity to his own, and he turned wrathfully towards the intruder.

Bending towards him and holding out her small gauntleted hand, he beheld Beatrice Stanhope.

She was alone, attended only by her groom, who remained behind with those attending on Ishmael's party. They were compelled to be somewhat actively employed in keeping off horsemen from approaching too close, and, under strict orders, resolutely refused to reply to those who, carried away by their curiosity, put a number of direct questions to them.

Had Erle been skilled in interpreting the tablets of the female face, so quick and variable in its multifarious mutations, he would have read in the features of Beatrice Stanhope certain emotions which would rather have astonished him.

There was a fiery glitter in her eye which betrayed irritation, annoyance, half a dozen of those shades of vexation of which the mind feminine has a store so fertile. Her nostrils were slightly inflated, there was a hectic flush upon her cheek, and her pretty, pulpy lip had a curl upon it more of satire than of scorn, and yet so like the symbol of the latter emotion that it needed a practised eye to determine to which of the two it properly belonged.

Her upper lip trembled, too, betraying a little of that excitement she would fain have concealed. There was likewise the smallest exhibition of temper in the firm handling of her impatient steed, whose proud curvetings were repaid by certain undemonstrative but vigorous applications of whipcord, satisfying him at least that the mind of his mistress was not in that equable condition in which, very unfairly, the minds of all pretty creatures are expected to be.

A smile chased from Eric's expressive features the angry gloom which had clouded them as his eyes fell upon Beatrice Stanhope, and he quickly stretched out his hand, caught hers within it and pressed it.

Eric had a grateful disposition. Beatrice had received him with unaffected kindness, and had treated him with courtesy and attention when he was houseless and, as he believed, friendless, his feelings towards her were, therefore, of a very friendly nature. He was not affected by her personal appearance, but he was by those qualifications which he esteemed to be an ornament to any woman.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, in his rich, pleasant voice.

"It is permitted us to doubt," she replied *naïvely*. "If I had not been reared with a rude and boisterous brother, and therefore half boy myself, I should have missed the present opportunity of opening the vials of my wrath and pouring them upon your head. I have had really to battle my way through a whole squadron of cavalry forming your escort to grasp the chance of saying a word to you."

"I regret you should have had so much difficulty to encounter with the prospect of so poor a reward," he returned.

She raised the handle of her whip and shook it at him, smiling as she did so.

"Why give me the difficulty? I caught your eye as you passed me," she answered.

"Indeed, I did not see you, or I would have reined in my horse and spoken to you instantly," he rejoined.

"Well, I am expected, of course, to believe you. I will, however, execute my mission, and then relieve you of my tedious company as soon as possible," she returned.

"You wrong yourself and me by that observation," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Oh, fie!" she ejaculated, hastily. "Do I not see how fairly you are companioned side by side with one so extremely beautiful? The society of any other individual, especially one of my own sex, can hardly fail to be to you an encroachment, an intrusion and a bore."

"Again you wrong yourself," he answered, a smile playing on his face.

"You are either, sir, a shameless man flirt—or—or that lady is—your sister."

She indicated Violet with the golden knob of her riding-whip rather than pointed at her.

A slight shade of surprise passed over Eric's features at this remark. It was a style of badinage which Beatrice had not indulged in, at least with him, before.

"That lady is not my sister," he replied, a little seriously.

"Not even a cousin?" she asked, with well assumed archness.

"Not even a cousin," he responded, thoughtfully, for it flashed through his mind that, in the uncertainty of his origin, it was a question he could not honestly answer with decision.

Beatrice heard him with an expression of seriousness upon her countenance. She wished this marvellous beauty had been his sister. She would have even been in a degree comforted if she had stood to him in that much-abused and mistrusted degree of relationship—a cousin; but to be connected to him by no tie of affinity was to be allied to him by a bond of love. A spasm went through her frame at the thought. She, like, alas! too many of her sex, the moment her jealousy was excited, could think and talk of nothing but the object of her mistrust, and that, too, in the shape of a severe cross-examination.

"I have seen the face before," she exclaimed, in her eagerness to learn something about Violet, forgetting what was due to her own dignity. "Pray, can you enlighten me where, Mr. Gower?"

He look at her for a moment steadfastly.

"I cannot," he answered.

"Or will not," she rejoined, gazing back at him fixedly, apparently endeavoring to read in his features the truth as she had shaped it.

He elevated his eyebrows with an expression of astonishment, but he only replied by a slight shake of the head.

"You know Lord Kingswood, I think?" she observed, eyeing him attentively, while she conducted her cross-examination with a woman's consummate skill.

Now his eye gleamed and his brow fell. He bowed stiffly affirmatively.

She observed his peculiarity of manner, but refused to heed it, because her question was the stepping-stone to one the elucidation of which she had set her brother Carlton to obtain.

She bent her face slightly round towards his, and rested her eyes upon his face, as she said,

"You then know, of course, Lady Maud St. Clair?"

She uttered the words rapidly, and enunciated them emphatically.

A flush of crimson mounted to his brow, and he bowed lower than before on assent to hide the scarlet hue spread over his face. Beatrice, with an emotion of vexation, perceived it, and tossed up her head, giving way to a slight ebullition of anger, because he, whom she thought so proud and dignified in his bearing, should blush at the mention of a lifeless doll of a girl, though she was titled and well-descended.

But she had not done yet; she had a purpose to accomplish, and she contrived to hide the disturbed emotion the confession she thus extorted from him had occasioned.

That is to say, many a maiden fair who possesses an interest in some well-looking young gentleman invariably converts an acknowledgment from the said youth that he has the pleasure of being acquainted with a pretty girl, known to the said maiden, into a confession that he has been paying court to the pretty girl, or at least flirting with her. Beatrice was of the same complexion as many a maiden fair, and therefore she was morally convinced that any interviews which might have taken place between Eric and Lady Maud could not have passed over with indifference by either or both. She satisfied herself, therefore, that there was much on this head which it would be needful to make herself mistress of.

She decided at once to make, if possible, the acquaintance of Violet, and with this purpose she, lowering her voice to almost a whisper, said,

"You have no doubt observed the singular resemblance there is between the young lady you are attending and Lady Maud?"

Eric gave a slight start, and at once turned his eyes to Violet's face. She was gazing about her with an air of wonder. An expression of expectation was upon her face, but yet she seemed amused and interested in the scene in which she formed so prominent a part. On previous occasions she had been sad and thoughtful, had gazed straight before her without appearing to notice any object within her vision, and the change she now presented was one which could not fail to strike him. Yet it did not strike him with a tithe of the force which the suggestion of her resemblance to Lady Maud did.

It was not that he recognized the resemblance pointed out by Beatrice, but that he was startled by the vivid recurrence to his memory of the portrait of the Lady Maud which had hung in the bedchamber of Kingswood Hall and the statue in the old library.

As he gazed on Violet, they rose up before his eyes as plainly as if he actually beheld them, and a sudden, strange, cold thrill passed through his frame, which caused him involuntarily to shudder.

Another moment and he had recovered his equanimity, for Beatrice, looking on his changing features with surprise, ejaculated,

"You do not answer me, Mr. Gower. Have I helped you to a discovery which has taken your breath away?"

There was something distasteful to him in her observation, but assuming a calm and indifferent air, he replied,

"You have not deprived me of breath by your discovery, Miss Stanhope, because there ought not to be anything surprising in the resemblance, inasmuch as it is common to find individuals alike in feature but unconnected by any tie of relationship."

Beatrice laughed, and said, a little mischievously,

"A true fact, indeed! Don't be cross with me, Mr. Gower, but even your 'fine Roman' countenance is not without its counterpart—you much resemble the Honorable Cyril Kingswood, and papa insists you are wonderfully like Lord Kingswood."

"Your papa is practised in the art of discernment," suddenly observed Ishmael, in a low but distinct tone, addressing Beatrice.

She was for the moment startled, but with a courteous bend to him, because she instantly conceived that he could help her to her desired intimacy with Violet, she rejoined,

"Papa has been for years a diplomatist; it is a part of his study to scrutinize the features of those with whom he comes in contact. So keen indeed is his appreciation of resemblance, that when he first saw Mr. Gower, he was quite overcome, was he not?" she asked, turning to Eric.

Eric bowed, while Ishmael added, drily,

"If you are speaking of Sir Harris Stanhope, I do not doubt it."

Eric turned to him and exclaimed, hastily,

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Beatrice Stanhope, daughter of Sir Harris Stanhope—Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Vernon!"

Beatrice laughed as if she enjoyed his confusion.

"There is a pardon I will never grant, Mr. Gower," she cried.

"What is that?" inquired Ishmael, quickly, as he perceived that she was as much in earnest as in jest.

She slightly colored.

"I can have no hesitation in returning you an answer to that question," she said, readily; "I am greatly smitten with the charms of the young lady who rides in advance of you. I should so like to be honored by her acquaintance!"

Ishmael mused a moment, and then he said,

"She does not visit; but there can be no objection to her receiving visits from you. You will find her a child of nature, and but little acquainted with the world's ways."

"The more refreshing will her society prove to me. I yearn for such a companion," returned Beatrice.

Ishmael motioned her to increase her pace so as to come up with Violet, who had gained some little distance upon them, and when they were at her side he briefly explained the purpose with which he had overtaken her. Violet looked upon the face of Beatrice with some surprise, but more earnestness. Beatrice, with an appearance of frankness and warmth, held out her hand. Violet took it and pressed it, but she was still, it seemed, a little perplexed by the incident.

Ishmael introduced her to Beatrice by the name of Violet, and when Beatrice suggested that she had been put in possession of her Christian name only, Ishmael replied, with some emphasis,

"Her name is Violet. She knows no other."

At this instant Sir Harris Stanhope galloped past. He caught his daughter's eye; he rewarded her with an approving smile, and made a significant gesture, which she understood as instructing her to cultivate the acquaintance she was now making, and she at once proceeded to do so by engaging Violet in conversation, and by drawing her wondering attention to the various equipages passing and repassing, gradually commencing to work her conversation round to the Kingswoods, to learn whether she could extract any information from her respecting Lady Maud's knowledge and opinion of Eric Gower. She was the better enabled to do this, as the Marquis of Chillingham, happening to catch sight of Violet, and immediately subsequently Ishmael, rode up to the side of the latter, in order to gratify an intense curiosity and interest created in his breast by the former.

(*To be continued.*)

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHY is a lover like a dog?—Because he bows and he wows.

WHEN is Mr. Smith not Mr. Smith?—When he's missed a brown.

FEW young girls are so inconsolable that their hearts can't be kept afloat by a boy.

IT is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

A SINGLE letter sometimes makes a great difference in the meaning of a word. In the word "correspondent" the omission of an "r" makes all the difference, as some find it to their cost in the Law Courts.

WHEN Sir Thomas Parkes was pleading against Dr. Sacheverell, the doctor said to him,

"I shall pray God to forgive you."

"And while your hand is in," said Sir Thomas, "remember yourself, good doctor."

A PERT young lawyer once boasted to a member of the bar, that he had received two hundred pounds for speaking in a lawsuit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that case."

AN apprentice lad who had been misbehaving, one day came in for chastisement, during which his master exclaimed,

"How long will you serve the devil?"

The boy replied, "You know best, sir; I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

A COUNTRY couple, newly married, stopped at a hotel at Brighton a few days ago, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied, "We wants that kind of wine where the corks pop out, and the liquor boils up like soapsuds."

A RAGGED little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trousers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scapegrace took the garments and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch-pocket."

A REVEREND sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare.

"If," said a Quaker, who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December."

"Why, where would you go?"

"Into thy study."

A YOUNG officer hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who, in two assaults upon a town had killed six men with his own hand. "Bah," said he, "I would have you know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world!"

GEORGE I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins.

"How is this?" said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place."

"Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce."

The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

THERE was a story which Sydney Smith seldom failed to repeat when one of his most agreeable neighbors, whose christian name was Ambrose, was announced. "Do you know how they pronounce Ambrose in Yorkshire? They turn it into Amorous. Once, at Foston, I was told that Amorous Phillips was waiting to speak to me in the hall. 'Let him wait,' said I, deceived by this manner of pronunciation, which I heard for the first time, 'but take care and don't let any of the servant girls go near him.'"

SOME years ago a gentleman went into a certain druggist's shop, and when he had selected what he wanted he told the boy in waiting to put the article down to Sir Charles Napier. The boy, who, being a new-comer, knew not Sir Charles, started at the uncouth dress of his customer, and smartly asked,

"How am I to know you are Sir Charles Napier?"

Sir Charles coolly thrust his hand into his trousers, pulled out that part of his shirt marked with his name, and laughingly said to the boy,

There, my lad, will that satisfy you?"

PATRICK O'FLANNEGAN, being in an uncertain state, and not quite able to distinguish at a late hour of the night his own house from his neighbor's in a row of similar ones, decided on making a bold push and trust to luck. Ascending the steps he rang the bell, which was answered by the lady living next to him, and who knew him well.

"Can you t-t-tell me where P-P-Patrick O'Flannegan lives?" said he.

"Why you are Patrick O'Flannegan," said the lady.

"B-b-botheration! I didn't ask you who Patrick O'Flannegan is; I want to know where the old chap lives."

"JULIUS, is you better dis morning?"

"No, I was better yesterday, but ise got ober dat."

"Am dere no hopes ob your discobery?"

"Discobery of what?"

"Your discobery from de convalescence what am fetching you on your back."

"Dat depends, sah, altogeddah on the prognostification which implies do disease; should they continue fatually, do doctor thinks Ise a gone. Should dey not continue fatually, he hopes dis culled individual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics; and till dey come to a head, dere am no telling wedder this pusson will come to a discontinuation or odderwise."

WANTED TO KNOW.—Whether the volume of sound had yet been bound.

AT a recent examination in the primary department of a school, the listeners were "brought down" by the answer of a juvenile, when asked of what use whales were. One little miss replied that they were "good for hooped skirts!"

A MILITARY man met a discharged soldier of his regiment, and asked him how he was getting on.

"Oh," said the man, "I am a relieving officer."

"Well, is that a good place?" inquired the military gentleman.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "a liberal salary, and very little to do."

A COUNTRY editor, noticing the decease of a wealthy gentleman, observes: "He has died, regretted by a numerous circle of friends, and leaving a widow as disconsolate as any widow need be who has obtained the uncontrolled possession of five thousand per annum. More than twenty young men have sent letters of condolence to her."

A MAN was declaiming on board a steamboat in defence of slavery, and was asked by a philanthropist what he would think of slavery did it sell the husband to Maryland and the wife to Louisiana. "Why, then," said he, "I think best of it. I wish to my heart they'd sell my wife five hundred miles off; I'd be a pro-slavery man for ever!"

A TRAVELLER in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the praries, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing-box for a table, while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception-room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a broken delf article or two. The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful-looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we're most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man, in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"We can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced; but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as her mother, but there weren't a prettier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capitol shoemaker, who although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted! She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear, now?" groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the deuce only knows how they are to earn a living!"

IN these days of revival services it is to be expected that a variety of motives may operate in gathering audiences; but surely few would ever dream that the following would find a place among them. We give it as a literal fact:

"Were you at meeting last night, Nelly?"

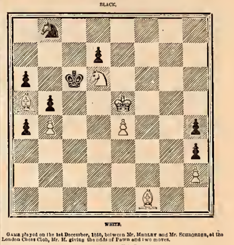
"Ay; I hadna' muckle ado, an' I thocht I micht as weel gang, as it would help to save the can'le!"

A HINT FOR DINERS OUT.—On one occasion Napoleon invited his staff of the Marshals of France to take dinner with him at two o'clock. The marshals were a few moments late. The Emperor, at the moment the clock struck, sat down to dinner alone. He was a quick eater, seldom remaining at the table more than ten minutes. At the end of this time his staff appeared, when he rose to meet them, and said: "Messieurs, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business." Wherefore the marshals were obliged to spend the entire afternoon in planning a new campaign on empty stomachs.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 287.—By W. C. C., New York. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

GAME played on the 1st December, 1860, between Mr. MEDLEY and Mr. SCHROEDER, at the London Chess Club, Mr. M. giving the odds of Pawn and two moves.

(REMOVE BLACK'S K B PAWN.)

WHITE. *Mr. S.*	BLACK. *Mr. M.*	WHITE. *Mr. S.*	BLACK. *Mr. M.*
1 P to K 4		20 Kt to B 7 (ch)	K to Kt 5
2 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	21 Kt to B 6	Kt tks Kt
3 P to Q B 4	Q Kt to B 3	22 P tks Kt (ch)	K tks P
4 Q Kt to B 3	P to K 4	23 Q to her 3	K to Kt 2
5 P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2	24 P to Q B 4 (d)	Q P tks P
6 Q B to K Kt 5	K Kt to B 3 (a)	25 Q tks R P (ch)	K to Kt sq
7 B tks Kt	P tks B	26 K B to Kt 5	R tks B (ch)
8 Q to K R 5 (ch)	Kt to Kt 3	27 R tks R	Q 4 to Q B 3
9 Castles	Q to K 2	28 R to Q 8	K B to K B 3 (ch)
10 P to K Kt 3	Q to K B 2	29 K to Kt sq	K B to K sq
11 K Kt to K 5	Q B to Q 5	30 P to Q R 4	Q B to Kt 3
12 P to K B 4	P tks P	31 Q to Q Kt 5	Q B to B sq
13 P tks P	Castles	32 P to Q R 5	B tks Kt
14 K Kt to Q 4	Q to K 2	33 R P tks P (c)	Q R to B sq
15 P to K B 5	Kt to K 4	34 P tks P (ch)	K tks P
16 K Kt to K 6	Q R to K	35 P to K 5	P tks P
17 Q to B 4	R to Q 2	36 Q to B 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq
18 Q Kt to Kt 5 (b)	P to Q R 3	37 R to Kt 2 (ch)	K to B 5
19 Q to K 8 (c)	P to Q Kt 3	38 Q to Kt 6 mate.	

(a) We very much prefer Q to Q 2.

(b) The game was opened by White with equal care and judgment, and he has maintained his superiority in force and position.

(c) In order to move the Queen to B 7, should Black capture the Kt.

(d) Finely conceived.

(e) The last series of moves were very well played by White; the sacrifice here was perfectly sound.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column, it would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Boston, March 3, 1861.

M. PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—The Summer Street Club desire to know if a player, in forcing his ball off the table (a carom table) loses points, and is he required to table his ball and where? Four ball carom was the game. Will you be good enough to reply? Please address,

C. E. S.

Ans.—The player forcing his ball off the table forfeits points the same as if, playing on a pocket table, he pockets his ball, viz., three points after touching the red ball or balls only, two points after touching the white, and three points after missing all the balls. The player loses his hand, and retains his ball off the table until it is his turn to play.

Ballston Spa, Saratoga county, March 6, 1861.

M. PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Is it a legitimate, gentlemanly and proper play to pocket your opponent's ball under any circumstances, even in a carom shot, when you play on the white first?

J. P. S.

Ans.—There is no reason why it should not be "gentlemanly," &c., to pocket your opponent's ball when circumstances require it. The idea that it is not arises from an absurd notion of false chivalry in play. Persons in playing the game have every right to avail themselves of every honorable means of making their game, and we can see nothing dishonorable in holing the white ball. Whether it is wise, however, is another and very different question. It is short sighted play, however; for the player, by holing his opponent's ball, diminishes his chances of counting for the time being. But as no rule forbids it, we cannot see why it should be dishonorable or ungentlemanly, though it is undoubtedly disadvantageous to the player.

H. E. T., Sheboygan, Wis.—In stringing for choice of lead and balls, if the ball you play with falls into a pocket or touches any other ball you lose the choice. You can, however, remove the red balls from the table before stringing if you choose. You are not obliged to lead if you win the choice; you can cause your antagonist to lead if you prefer.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

THE AMATEUR TOURNAMENT.—As we go to press, the Tournament Bulletin stands as follows:

Around the table	86
Four ball carom game	05
Three ball French game	20
Carom pool	390

M. BERGER.—M. Berger is at present in Havana. His public exhibitions, we understand, are not as successful as he was led to anticipate, but in his private exhibitions he was doing remarkably well.

SYRACUSE IN FOR THE PRIZE.—We have received a letter from Mr. Louis Fox, of Syracuse, in which he informs us that he will be one of the contestants in the great national tournament next June, and will be in New York a week before the opening day. Mr. Fox reports billiards in Syracuse as being in a satisfactory condition. He has kindly sent to his "counterfeit presentment," which will be an addition to our portrait gallery.

FRIENDLY TOURNAMENT IN CANADA.—We have received the following, with a request to insert it, which we cheerfully comply with:

Woodstock, Canada West, March 5th, 1861.

M. PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Knowing that you take a lively interest in anything pertaining to billiards, no matter in what part of the country it occurs, I take the liberty of sending you an account of a match played between the towns of Woodstock and Ingersoll, in the county of Oxford, for an oyster supper and the championship of the county. As there has always been a rivalry between the two places mentioned in cricket, base ball and now in billiards, they in Ingersoll being the party to challenge, there were to be two games played of 800 each, the first at Ingersoll on Saturday, March 2d, the second on Monday, March 4th (yesterday), in Woodstock. The largest majority in the two games was to decide the victory. There were four players on each side, those from Woodstock were Messrs. Scott, Forbes, Pascoe and Shane; the Ingersoll men being Messrs. Bowers, Doyle, Sharp and Dorman. The arrangement was to play in couples, each two to play 200 points, to be decided by lottery who should play together. The following is a schedule of the games:

Town.	*Players.*	*First Game.*	*Second Game.*	*Total.*
1st.—Woodstock	Forbes	200	200	400
Ingersoll	Bowers	183	200	383
2d.—Woodstock	Scott	200	200	400
Ingersoll	Doyle	126	177	303
3d.—Woodstock	Shane	200	200	400
Ingersoll	Sharp	112	150	261
4th.—Woodstock	Pascoe	150	166	306
Ingersoll	Dorman	200	138	338

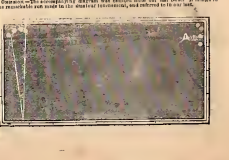
The majority being, first game, 129, second, 91; total, 220, in favor of Woodstock, that town was declared the winner. Yours respectfully,

J. S.

BILLIARDS DOWN EAST.—Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh and a few friends visited Norwich, Conn., for the purpose of being present at the opening of the Apollo Hall Billiard Room. This establishment has been fitted-up with Phelan's tables, and under the gentlemanly supervision of the proprietor, Mr. Wm. McCune, cannot fail to meet with marked success. Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh played several games at different periods for the edification of several delegations of the public, who came in such crowds that they could not all be accommodated with standing-room at one time. Each of these gentlemen also played several discount games with amateurs.

BILLIARDS IN THE OLD BAY STATE.—Messrs. Kavanagh and Geary left on Tuesday for Great Barrington, Mass., on invitation to give a public billiard exhibition in that locality. We understand it is the intention of these gentlemen to travel through certain portions of the country for the purpose of giving exhibitions, à la Berger.

OMISSION.—The accompanying diagram was omitted from our last issue. It relates to the remarkable run made in the amateur tournament, and referred to in our last.



KARL SCHURZ, OF WISCONSIN.

THIS celebrated German-American-Republican speaker, a portrait of whom we now lay before our readers, was born at Bonn on the Rhine, in 1828. While studying at the university of his native town he became intimate with Gottfried Kinkel, collaborating with him in many democratic journals. In 1849 he went armed into the Baden rebellion, but suffered defeat with his fellows. He would have been, after the taking of the fort of Rastadt, given up to death as one specially exempt from pardon, and as a deserter, but he not escaped to Switzerland, where he lived in great obscurity during the winter of 1849–'50.

Owing to this reserve he was enabled to quietly leave and carry out his great design—the liberation of Gottfried Kinkel, condemned to life imprisonment in Spandau. For many months Schurz—himself under condemnation of death and in various disguises—persevered until he had effected his aim, and brought Kinkel over Mecklenburg and Schwerin to London. Here he married a highly cultivated, amiable and wealthy girl, and emigrated in 1852 to America. Here he settled first in Watertown, Wisconsin, then in Milwaukee, and gave himself up with zeal to politics, so that he ere long obtained the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. During the excitement in Massachusetts, affecting so nearly the privileges of emigrants, he went to Boston, where he spoke in Faneuil Hall, and in English.

During the past Presidential campaign Schurz was busily employed in favor of Lincoln, speaking in most of the Eastern States, and especially in Cooper Hall, New York, on September 8th. His probable appointment to a Foreign Mission has been made, as the reader is aware, the subject of violent debate in the Republican party.

TERRIBLE FIRE IN FORTIETH STREET,

Near Broadway—A Whole Family Burned to Death.

WE are heartily sick of chronicling the murders which are occasioned by the wicked indifference of the owners of tenement-houses, and the suicidal carelessness of the tenants. We shall, however, have more to say on this point when Mr. Mackenzie's fire-escape comes before the public. It is seldom that we have to record a more shocking calamity than that which befell an entire family just at the break of day on Thursday, the 7th of March, when a mother and father, and five helpless children were all burnt to death in the midst of a populous neighborhood. The circumstances are hardly these. Shortly after six o'clock, a two story and attic house, No. 102 West Fortieth street, near Broadway, was discovered to be on fire. When first noticed the flames were seen issuing from the back basement and ascending the stairs. Mr. Oakley, who occupied the second floor, and was the lessee of the house, was the first to detect the smoke, and although an alarm was immediately given, it was too late for Mr. Wood and his family to escape. The rest of the occupants managed to make their way through the fire and smoke, although some of them were badly burned in the attempt.

Mr. Wood and family had occupied only for that night, the top attic, and as there was no ladder to the scuttle, the only chance of egress was thus cut off, and the flames rendered every effort to get at them ineffectual. Their servant, who had got up about half an hour previous, managed to make her way through the flames, but she was considerably burnt.

When the fire was extinguished a hearty-looking spectacle presented itself, for within the back attic were the blackened and charred remains of the unhappy family—all thus snatched in a few minutes from life to death. Their names are: Henry Wood, native of England, aged thirty-two; Julia Wood, native of England, aged twenty-five years; William Wood, aged about seven years; Henry Wood, aged about five years; Julia Wood, aged about three years; Isabella and Jenna, twins four months old.

Mr. Wood was an upholsterer, and had only moved into the house on the first of this month. One-half of the basement he occupied for his shop, and had furniture there. The adjoining half of the basement was occupied by Henry Swoets as a barber's shop. The first floor was occupied as a segar store by Mr. Catharine Hovey, and the adjoining part of that floor was occupied by Peter Curran for residence. Two men, named Clark and Gavin, occupied one of the front attic bedrooms. They attempted to escape down-stairs, but the smoke and fire drove them back at the time. Mr. Clark says he heard Mrs. Wood screaming to save her children. He says he was unable to render her any help, and had but just time to save himself by getting out at the garret window. The two upper stories and roof are destroyed.

The *World*, in an editorial of the 13th March, gives a different account from that commonly received, and reflects upon the reporters for their incorrect version. It says: "An eye-witness of this shocking occurrence, on whose authority we make the present statement, tells us that Henry Wood and his wife, during the early stages of the fire, gained the street unscathed, but entered again into the burning building to save their children. Several firemen, members respectively of No. 1 and No. 18, rushed in with them. Before the former reached the staircase leading to the rooms above the old feud broke out. A wordy squabble caused, terminating in what is denominated, in the technical language adopted by those bodies, 'a plug-muss.' As the high, assumed interesting proportions the combatants were re-

KARL SCHURZ, OF WISCONSIN, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN REPUBLICAN ORATOR

inforced. Soon the hall-way of the doomed house was choked up with a cursing, brutal hand. Heads were split open with hydrina-wrenches, faces were battered into jelly by heavy fire hats and knobby knuckles. Meanwhile, the flames had besieged the staircase, and the workmen's family above were appealing to their fellows for the succor that came not. What need to tell the sequel? The conscientious reporter has written how, half an hour later, seven charred bodies were found stretched on the floor of that fire-diamantled attic, and we read it, all of us, with a shudder."

We cannot help thinking there is some mistake in this; but at all events, the firemen here charged owe it to their fair fame to have an inquiry.

JOHN JANNEY, ESQ., OF LOUDON,

President of the Virginia State Convention.

WE give this week the portrait of the distinguished Southern gentleman, John Janney, Esq., of Loudon, who was chosen as President of the Virginia State Convention now sitting at Richmond, Va. The wise and moderate counsels of Virginia may be inferred from the results of her election of delegates to the State Convention, and still more positively in the election of Mr. Janney as President of the Convention. He is virtually a Union man, and on the occasion of his election to the honorable position he now occupies, on the first day of the Session at the Capitol in Richmond, Va., he made a speech decidedly Union in its sentiments, but stating emphatically that the Union could not be sustained at the loss of a single right belonging to Virginia.

THE HON. IRA HARRIS,

U. S. Senator for the State of New York.

Judge Harris, the new Senator for New York, is in his 60th year. He was born in Cortland county. He graduated from Union College in 1824, admitted to practice in 1827, and continued in the successful exercise of his profession at a bar which was famous for the number of its able practitioners, until 1843, without holding any office. He was in that year elected to the State Assembly, re-elected in 1844, and elected to the State Senate in 1846. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention which was assembled in 1840, where his sound judgment and wide legal knowledge left their impress upon the proceedings of that body. One of its acts was the creation of the present Supreme Court, of which Mr. Harris was elected one of the first justices, holding the office for four years. In 1851 he was re-elected to the same bench, and held it for eight years. In 1859, a candidate for the same place, he was defeated by Rufus W. Peckham. Since that time, excepting several months' absence abroad, he has resumed the practice of his profession.

Upon the resignation of Mr. Seward, caused by his acceptance of a position in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, the judge was unanimously chosen to succeed that eminent man, a compliment which he well deserves.

TERRIBLE FIRE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE IN FORTIETH STREET, N. Y., AND FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE—A MAN AND HIS WIFE AND FIVE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH, ON THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH. 7.

INAUGURATION BALL AT WASHINGTON,

On the 4th of March.

We gave in our last number an illustration of the official part of the Inaugural ceremonies, and agreeably conclude our pictorial task by presenting to our readers a most beautiful and graphic sketch of the most interesting portion of the programme, so far as the fair sex are concerned. To judge by the youth, beauty, brilliancy, fashion and hilarity everywhere predominant, no one would have imagined that a cloud was in our national heaven. As the poet says:

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

The ball had been erected expressly for the occasion, and was in close contiguity to the City Hall, whose Committee Rooms and Council Chambers were made to do duty as dressing-rooms and for other useful purposes. It was shaped like a parallelogram and decorated with red and white muslin, while around the walls were numerous shields ornamented with our national arms.

The dancing commenced at about eleven o'clock, at which time, although the Presidential guests had not arrived, it was found no longer possible to keep down the youthful vivacity. The scene at this hour was a most animating one. After a short dance it was rumored that the illustrious couple in whose honor the ball was given had arrived, and the dancing and music ceased. At this moment President Lincoln entered, leaning upon the arms of Vice-President Hamlin and Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island. Immediately behind them, to the intense astonishment of all, came Mrs. Lincoln, leaning upon the arm of Senator Douglas, more popularly known as the Little Giant. The gratification was great, for it seemed to predicate that the two ancient enemies had buried the hatchet. With her came Miss Edwards, her niece, a lovely creature. Her dress was in most exquisite taste. As the illustrious party entered the room, the band struck up "Hail Columbia" with great effect. As all balls are more or less alike, we merely give the names of a few of the most distinguished guests.

Conspicuous among the *diplomats* and other guests were seen the French Minister; Baron Stoeckel, the Russian Minister; Senor Figueira, Colonel Webb, and Messrs. Seward, Cameron and Wilson. President Lincoln seemed, it was thought, weary and worn. Conspicuous here and there was Mr. Hamlin. The brilliant appearance of the hall, the copious lights, the gay dresses and the scores of beautiful women were quite sufficient to occupy attention until the supper hour, after which, of course, the dancing became more lively, and bright eyes and bright jewels flashed merrily enough.

Costumes of the Ladies.

Among the ladies present whose "style," personal attractions and costume attracted general attention, Mrs. Lincoln deserves special mention. She wore a rich watered silk, an elegant point lace cape, deeply bordered, with camelias in her hair, and pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Lincoln's sister, Mrs. Kellogg, of Cincinnati, wore a well-made pearl brocade silk, with diamonds. Mrs. Colonel Yates, of Illinois, appeared in white silk and cherry-colored double skirt.

Miss Mary Babcock, the young and interesting daughter of the editor of the New Haven *Palladium*, was dressed in a white corded silk, Grecian corsage, with flowers running across from the shoulder to the waist. Her luxuriant hair was tastefully entwined with a few delicate flowers; her faultlessly moulded arms and bust were without ornaments. This young lady's vivacity, artlessness, and fine flow of spirits won for her hosts of friends and admirers.

Miss Rosa Cowan, daughter of Judge Cowan, of New York, was tastefully and elegantly attired in a dress of white silk, with half-mourning trimmings, which set off to advantage her fair face and form. "The loveliest girl in all Washington!" murmured a grave Senator, as he passed her, and his words found an echo in countless other manly breasts, Cuban as well as American.

Hon. Mrs. A. H. Rice, wife of the distinguished Representative from Boston, Mass., wore a crimson silk dress, with point lace trimmings and shawl, head-dress of white feathers and diamond ornaments. This estimable lady's genial smile, genuine and kindly manner, and great conversational abilities rendered her the centre of a large and brilliant circle.

Hon. Mrs. E. G. Squier, wife of our late Minister to Central America, wore a dress of white illusion decolleté, puffed sleeves, with six flounces, embroidered with cherry silk; an over-skirt of cherry satin, looped up with clusters of white roses; a pointed waist of same, edged with a quilling of white satin; head-dress, a chaplet of ivy; ornaments, diamonds and opals. This lady's personal attractions, youth and graceful manner, made her the acknowledged belle of the ball, while her sprightly and intellectual conversation, and her knowledge of various languages, placed all who came within her sphere perfectly at their ease. Her dress was also a triumph of taste and elegance.

Mrs. Alexander, of Washington, wore a deep maroon dress, with lace cape and rich velvet and lace cap.

Miss White, of Washington, wore a dress of great elegance and beauty. It was of white tulle, with flounces innumerable, each flounce being bordered by a narrow strip of black velvet. It was very full, and was set off to great advantage by the *distingué* bearing of the wearer.

Mrs. Frank Smith, of Boston, wore a dress the charm of which was its extreme and exquisite simplicity. It consisted of white watered satin skirt, robe and train. In style and taste it was the perfection of the modistes' art. The head-dress was both rich and *recherché*.

Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Julia E. Baker and Miss Lizzie Edwards were of the White House party.

Mrs. Grimsley wore a very handsome blue watered silk, with a long train, with pearl and turquoise ornaments, and head-dress of white roses.

Mrs. Baker, the accomplished wife of Mr. Baker, of the Springfield *Journal*, wore a lemon-colored watered silk, with low neck, short sleeves and long train, with point lace cape, a very rich head-dress of cherry-colored verbenas, with gold sprays intermingled, and a full set of pearl ornaments.

Mrs. Bergmann, *née* Macalaster, wife of the Belgian minister, was a *belle des belles*, in white watered silk.

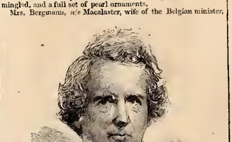
Miss Cameron, one of the fairies of the ball, daughter of the Secretary, wore white silk and diamonds.

Miss Smith, of Philadelphia, was tastefully attired in white tarletan, with black and red trimmings.

Miss Bean, of New York, in white tarletan.

Mrs. Samuel Way, of Boston, and her sister, Miss Carrie Cutting, were among the prominent belles of the evening, bearing between them a Golconda of diamonds, inferior, however, to the four Koh-i-Noors of their sparkling eyes.

Among other beauties, Miss Alice Green, of Washington, and her sister, Helen, Miss Fanny Parker, the Misses Tyler, Miss Josephine Fenton, Miss Wright, Miss Stewart, Miss Crawford and Miss Whitney deserve something more than the brief mention of their loveliness. The new Administration did not begin at least without the happy augury of approving beauty and of bright-eyed smiles.



JOHN JANNEY, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION. PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHAS. MORGAN, LEESBURGH, VA.

HUMORS OF THE INAUGURATION.

Let no one suppose that Senatorial deliberations at Washington altogether come up to the conventional idea, derived from the magniloquent descriptions of Gibbon, of the gravity of the Roman Senate. Probably, if the truth were known, and there had been stenographers in those days, we should now read how Caius Jones shook his fist at Superbus Smith, and Cassius Thompson called Tarquinius Wiggins a liar and coward, amid the great confusion, and loud demands from Juvenius Mason to clear the galleries. Well, the last night of the last session at Washington was not quite as bad as that, for Comus was on hand as a counterpoise to the genius of discord. And for the occasion he took the outward form and presence of Wigfall, the eccentric "foreigner" who represents Texas.

"Why this sudden outbreak of denunciation and threats," exclaimed Fessenden of Maine, "on the part of Southern Senators? Whence these warlike demonstrations, and what is their cause?"

"It is only a whiskey insurrection," interrupted Wigfall.

"It is time," said Chandler of Michigan, "that we should know if we have a Government! If affairs were to go on for another three months as they have for the last three, I would abandon the country and join the Camanches!"

"Don't do it," broke in Wigfall; "the poor Indians have suffered too much already from contact with bad whites."

"Well, Senator," said a weak Northerner, addressing himself to Comus, "I must admit that Lincoln has not got a handsome face!"

"Humph! But I've no doubt you'd like to have his countenance."

INAUGURATION OF THE HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS,

President of the Southern Confederacy.

On Monday, the 18th of February, 1881, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, President elect of the new Southern Confederacy, took the oath of office in front of the Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama. The President elect was staying at the Exchange Hotel, and early in the forenoon of the 18th he was waited upon by the delegated authorities, and at twelve o'clock, under a grand salvo of artillery, the procession began to move towards the Capitol in the following order:

Music.
Military Escort.
The President elect, with Vice-President and Chaplain, in open carriage, drawn by six horses.
Congressional Committee on Ceremonies of Inauguration.
Committee on part of the State of Alabama.
Committee on part of the Authorities of the City of Montgomery.
Commissioners to this Government from States other than the States of this Confederacy.
Governors of the several Confederate States.
Judges of the Supreme Courts of the several States of the Confederacy.
Ministers of the Gospel.
The above in carriages.
Citizens generally, in carriages.
Citizens generally, on foot.
The whole under the command of General H. P. Watson, Marshal of the day.

A platform was erected in front of the portico of the Capitol, on which the President elect took his position, attended by the Vice-President, Members of Congress, the Governor of the State of Alabama, and the several committees. The whole surroundings were thronged by a vast and swaying crowd, who viewed the proceedings with mingled feelings of enthusiasm and awe.

A perfect thunder of cheers, repeated again and again, greeted the President, who acknowledged the recognition with much emotion. The solemn ceremony was commenced by an earnest, impassioned and comprehensive prayer from the Rev. Dr. Manly. The President then read his inaugural address, which was listened to with profound attention, and the sentiments of which were responded to with enthusiasm and respect.

At the close of the address, the oath was administered to him by the President of the Congress, and Jefferson Davis became the First President of the Southern Confederacy.

There were great rejoicings in the city of Montgomery that evening. The houses were brilliantly illuminated, and the President received visits of respect and congratulation from the citizens and all comers at the Estelle and Concert Hall. The utmost unanimity prevailed, and the orderly and still enthusiastic demeanor of the people proved how thoroughly in earnest is the movement which was consummated by the inauguration of President Davis that day.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF THE ENGLISH.

We now and then have occasion to laugh at the blunders made by English journalists when writing on America; but we question if they ever soar to the sublime absurdity of a recent book written by a French author on the English. It has lately been published in Paris, and is entitled "London, England and the English," by M. Larcher. We give two extracts:

"At a dinner party the ladies retire into another room after having partaken very moderately of wine; and while the gentle-

men are left to empty bottles of port, madeira, claret and champagne, it is a constant habit among the ladies to empty bottles of brandy (*des bouteilles de Cognac*)." To confirm this statement our Solon quotes from a work of General Pillet: "Towards forty years of age every well-bred English lady (*toute femme Anglais comme il faut*) goes to bed intoxicated." When these are supposed to be the manners of good society, we may imagine in what terms the author speaks of the reunions at Cremorne and at the Surrey Gardens.

And a few pages further M. Larcher says:

"In England the horrible is liked, the hideous is adored. An Englishman requires to see his fellow-creatures in danger, in order to experience any emotion. Lions, tigers and hyenas took at first immensely, but when it was found that Carter and Van Amburgh escaped unhurt, the exhibition was deserted. The young girl who, two years ago, was devoured in presence of a full house at Astley's Theatre obtained a great success. During a whole fortnight she was the sole subject of conversation in social circles and at the clubs. Those who had been so fortunate as to witness this extraordinary scene were heartily envied by their less fortunate brethren. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched by a tiger! what a delicious excitement! I am certain that the day is not far distant when this aristocracy, worn out with *ennui*, will need such representations as men combating with wild beasts. Even now (April, 1851), a society of capitalists is talked of for establishing a circus where men may wrestle with ferocious bears."

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St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, &c., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient left as healthy as if he had never had the disease.

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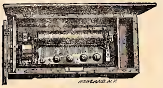

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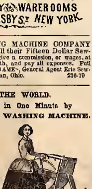

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REJUVENATION.

The Glandular Theory of Disease and Agedness.

Having become aged and unfit for the business in which I had been engaged for many years, I retired to spend the rest of my days in a more quiet pursuit. In this retirement I was attacked by a rheumatic affection called Lumbago, and finally by Sciatica. I understood enough of medicine to be my own physician, and, in course of treatment, I applied to the spermatic organs a certain medicine by way of liniment, to relieve pain. It relieved the pain, and I continued to apply it for several days. In two or three weeks the rheumatic affections had left me, and I perceived that I was mentally and physically renewed. I am now sixty-four years of age, yet I fancy I have as much mental and physical vigor as I had at forty-five.

This cure of my disease, and my remarkable restoration to comparative youthfulness, has led me to theorize on the *modus operandi* of the medicines employed, as well as on the origin and nature of disease generally, and even of agedness itself.

That I may be fully understood, I promise in brief—that the animal economy consists of an osseous frame, and muscles of voluntary and involuntary motion, together with the sanguiferous, the nervous and the glandular systems. The heart is the centre of the sanguiferous system, the brain, of the nervous; and the urinary and spermatic organs, of the glandular. These systems are intimately associated, so much so that one cannot be seriously affected by disease without deranging the other two.

The glandular system appears to be the most vulnerable, as a large proportion of the diseases which flesh is heir to originate here. Agedness itself is chiefly a decline or failure of the glandular system. The cure of such diseases, and the rejuvenation of the aged, can only be effected by a restoration of the glandular system.

In pursuance of the preceding facts and theory, I have prepared the following medicines:

1. THE GLANDULAR LINIMENT; 2. THE COSMETIC AND CATARRHAL LINIMENT; 3. *The Glandular Soap*; 4. The Tonic Tincture.

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Is applied to the spermatic organs, to the loins and back generally, to the region of the liver, and to the joints. The objects to be attained are the invigoration and restoration of the glandular system. It is also a local painkiller, and will remove cutaneous inflammation and eruptions. It is excellent in the cure of burns, sprains, sores, ulcers, piles and costiveness.

The Cosmetic and Catarrhal Liniment

Is applied to the face to prevent or diminish wrinkles, and to improve the complexion. It is applied to the nostrils and the region about the eyes, and to the eyes themselves, to remove soreness or irritation; and, for the same purpose, it is applied to the mouth and gums. It renders the breath sweet and prevents accumulations of tartar on the teeth by promoting healthy secretions of the glands of the mouth. Applied externally and internally, it is good for diseases of the throat generally.

The Glandular Soap

Is used for general and particular ablutions. Its medicinal tendency is to keep the skin and glandular system in healthy condition, or to restore them when declined in vigor. The daily use of the Glandular Soap will be likely to secure children against attacks of Scarlet Fever and Diphtheritis, as well as against many other diseases of the glandular system.

The Tonic Tinctura

Acts with considerable force on all the systems of the constitution. The first impression is narcotic, the second is stimulant and the third is tonic. In serious cases the Tonic Tincture and the Glandular Liniment should be used at the same time. When used in conjunction they may be regarded as specific in Rheumatism, and Ague, and Fever. Notwithstanding what has been said, the question may arise, What particular diseases are these medicines expected to cure? They are expected to cure or relieve Spermatorrhœa, Fluor Albus, Hemorrhoids, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, and Diseases of the Throat, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Ague and Fever, and Agedness itself when the vital powers are not too far exhausted. This catalogue might be considerably extended.

It may be thought that these medicines are recommended for too many diseases. They, however, are recommended for little more than a single disease, viz., the Decline and Derangement of the Glandular System. A restoration of this system will cure any disease which may have arisen from its decline or derangement. How long old age may be staved off, or how much younger in constitution an aged person may become by using these medicines it is impossible to say. I have good reason to hope, however, that the "Dial of Ahaz" may be turned back fifteen or twenty years. When used by young and middle aged people they will cure Glandular Diseases, prevent, for some years, decay of beauty, and finally postpone the peculiar conditions of agedness.

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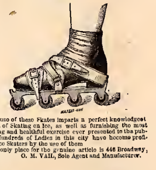

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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INAUGURATION BALL AT WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—SOME COUPLES OF DISTINGUISHED LADIES PRESENT ON THAT BRILLIANT OCCASION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 178.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—Parliament has been singularly quiet—the chief topic of public conversation being the affront offered the Volunteers of England by the omission of any compliment or recognition in the Queen's Speech. It is said at the Reform Club that Palmerston wished a compliment to be paid them, but that he was overruled by Lord John Russell and Sidney Herbert. As Herbert is the Minister of War, Pam subsided. It is also said that the juvenile Premier wishes to get rid of both those "icebergs," one aristocratic and the other "official," and so purposely put them into an unpopular position. Money was easier, but great anxiety was manifested by all classes in our present national crisis. We have little doubt that the Secession movement will kill Exeter Hall Abolitionism in England. Playing with gun cotton is too serious a game. Considerable excitement had been created in London by the discovery of a defalcation of nearly $350,000 in the Commercial Bank of London. The robbery was committed by a clerk named Durden, and his manner was so ingenious and the management of the bank so careless that, but for his being seized with paralysis, it might not have been discovered for years. The effect was such that the bank had resolved to close, and transfer their accounts to the London and Westminster Bank. There had been a severe gale in England, which had done immense damage; nearly fifty vessels had been wrecked and many lives lost. On the land its violence had been terrific, part of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham having fallen before its fury. The beautiful spire of Chichester Cathedral had been likewise so injured by the storm that the next day it fell, or rather subsided into the body of the cathedral, a mass of crumbling ruins. It was two hundred and seventy-one feet high, and had been built about eight centuries. A short debate had taken place in the House of Commons concerning the Charleston authorities giving clearance in their name instead of that of the Federal Government. Lord John Russell had promised to publish the correspondence between the British Consul and the officials of South Carolina.

France.—There is little to note beyond the continued military and naval preparations, which are pronounced by the Paris journalists, under the inspiration of the Emperor, to be merely precautionary, and intended to render peace permanent. A pamphlet by the famous Guerronniere has been published on the Papal question. It reiterates the former tone of the Napoleonic pamphlets, that the Pope must be sustained with a sufficient income as a spiritual Prince, but that it is inexpedient to maintain or restore him as a temporal Sovereign. The chief domestic event is the arrest of Mons. Mires, the great John Sadleir of Paris. It is said that De Morney and Walowski are implicated. De Morney is most probably one of the speculators; but Walowski is too shrewd and ambitious a man to ruin himself for mere money. Power-political is his idol.

Italy.—Admiral Persano had arrived before Messina, and had demanded the surrender of the citadel. It will be remembered that, in accordance with the wishes of the British Admiral, who wanted to spare the effusion of blood, Garibaldi had agreed to leave the citadel in the possession of the royal garrison on condition of an armed neutrality. Now, of course, if the butcher who commands there be wise he will surrender; if he does not he ought to be hanged, since his sanguinary master has run away from Gaeta. A proclamation had been issued by the Italian National Committee, announcing that Victor Emanuel be proclaimed with all due solemnity King of Italy. With regard to Garibaldi's scheme for the liberation of Hungary, it would seem as though there was little chance for its accomplishment, since it was currently reported in the best informed European circles that Austria, Prussia and Russia had severally and jointly agreed to unite their forces to put down any attempt on the part of any power to create an insurrection in either Poland or Hungary. As this would be intervention, France would act, but England would not; her policy, like our own, is non-intervention to a certain point. With France in Syria, and Russia across the Pruth, England would coolly occupy Egypt, and Turkey would be disintegrated—to use Lord Palmerston's cold-blooded expression. We are on the threshold of great events, all opening wider the expanse of Progress. The ex-King of Naples, with his heroic Queen and their suite, including the ambassadors who still remained at his court, arrived in Rome from Gaeta on the 14th of February. They were received by General Goyon and Cardinal Antonelli. In the evening, his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., called on the unfortunate exiles and condoled with them. The King praised his troops for their valiant resistance, but seeing the contest hopeless, he had capitulated to superior forces. He was to leave Rome on the 20th of February for Bavaria.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

THE new Senate met at one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and received from the President the Cabinet nominations, as follows: William H. Seward, of New York, aged sixty, lawyer, Secretary of State. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, aged fifty-three, lawyer and editor, Secretary of the Treasury. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, aged sixty-two, printer, editor, financier and politician, Secretary of War. Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, aged fifty-five, editor and politician, Secretary of the Navy. Montgomery Blair, of Alabama, lawyer, Postmaster-General. Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, lawyer and editor, Secretary of the Interior. Edward Bates, of Missouri, lawyer and politician, Attorney-General. These appointments were confirmed without dissent, except from Senator Mason, and a few others, who objected to Messrs. Blair and Bates as citizens of Slave States, who, he thought, could not sympathise with the Administration. It will be observed that this Cabinet contains no slaveholder—a composition never before known in the history of our Government.

On Friday, Senator Foster, of Connecticut, moved that, as Senator Wigfall, of Texas, had openly declared on the floor of the Senate that he owed no allegiance to the Federal Government, he should be expelled. Senator Mason moved, as an amendment, that as Texas had openly seceded from the Union, that State had no claim to be represented. In consequence of Mr. Wigfall's absence, the motion was postponed till Monday, when

The debate on Mr. Foster's motion was renewed on Tuesday, and several members spoke. It was finally referred to a Judiciary Committee, where no doubt it will remain, as under existing circumstances it would be impossible to get a two third vote against the Senator from Texas.

Shams.

CAN the amiable reader suggest a subject so enormously prolific of illustration, so abundant in example, so poetic, so prosy, so brilliant, dull, broad, long and deep as that of *shams?*

Philosophers have meditated for ages over the simple word *am*. How much more fertile in thought it becomes when one adds to it S. H.! For to study *am* is to believe in the intrinsically real nature of things. But to assume *sham* as the ultimate upshot of everything perceptible to the senses, is to agree with the wisest sages of the East, who believed that the end of all that has been created is *maya*, or illusion—that is to say, a sham.

Walk with us up Broadway, friend reader. See those windows labelled, "Take your choice for one dollar!" Behold the jewellery within, the brooches, the lavas, the mosaics. Why is it that people who wouldn't wear any kind of vain adornment contemplate the jewellery with an interest which they wouldn't give to the regalia of England, or to the treasures of the Green Vaults of Dresden? Simply because the excellence of the imitation tickles their fancy, appeals to the delight which everybody takes in producing great effects with little means, and doing a big business with a small capital. They know that twenty-four carat gold and Koh-i-Noor diamonds cannot be given for a dollar, but it is interesting to see that ornaments hardly distinguishable from the costliest *can* be made.

The American people are very fond of capital imitations, often preferring them to good originals. Nothing is commoner than to see rough cast and mastic imitations of stone put up at nearly the expense of the real article, and when an elaborate plan is followed, at a much greater expense. But the happy complacency with which the proprietor informs everybody of the sham, and points out the fact that it is just as nat'ral as can be, indicates a curious characteristic. It shows that he thinks, as certain men of old did, that the highest aim of art is to cheat the senses! And here, be it observed, that this principle has gained ground to such an extent in this country, that stone is carved, and that profusely, *to imitate stucco!* There are hundreds of doors and windows in the brown stone quarters of our city whose ornament is derived from the same patterns, art and artists, as the mirrors and picture-frames within. Observe the shallow slab poking itself forwards, full of meretricious rococo design, such as never entered man's head until he began to mock one material with another. This is, indeed, the crowning triumph of Sham over Art, when the real article apes its own imitation. And it speaks well for the education, taste and ingenuity of our millionaires and their builders.

Potichomanie, or the imitation of porcelain in glass, and leather work, whereby wood carving is well copied in a mere plastic material, are also, in a small and cheerful way, indications of the love of shams, which finds a little home, in a diminutive style, even in the guileless and upright souls of "the fair sect." Nay, are there not many little devices of the toilette which give great secret satisfaction, simply because they are deceitful expedients, calculated to produce the impression of greater expense than was really involved. We don't blame you, ladies—bless your hearts, no! It's human nature—it's the natural love of feeling that our ingenuity has triumphed. If you, Miss Van Boventhien, hear that your New York made De Bonneville dress was taken for an imported Victorine-stitched article, doesn't a warm glow of genial triumph thrill your gay and festive heart? Very much so indeed, we imagine. If the hat, which you—being a very ingenious girl—made with your own fair fingers, passes for one of Madame Modiste's best, aren't you really better pleased than if you had the real article? Well, perhaps not; but there are thousands who would be. And of course you never experienced a gush of joy when that dress, revived, resuscitated and rejuveniled, disguised and distinguéed, was made to go twice to a party in the same house of a winter, without being found out.

And we assure you again that we don't blame you. Up to a certain point sham signifies simply the effort to improve that which is naturally rough. A polish is natural to nothing—yet it improves everything. Gold is not refined by Nature. Only beware of stepping over that line which separates Truth from Falsehood. Then shams are no longer shams but lies, and there is an immense difference between the two, although nearly every English writer and essayist from Tom Carlyle downwards uses them as if they were in meaning one and the same.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Worst Sign in a man is when he has so debauched his nature as to be incapable of treating a serious subject seriously. A man who will make a pun when his friend is dying, would pick that friend's pocket when he is dead. This is what old Sam Johnson meant when he broke off in the middle of his famous apothegm. The flippant and bantering tone of many of the American journals in the present crisis is not creditable to our character as an earnest people. It would seem that instead of patriots we have only punsters. The Boston *Transcript* says:

"We have not yet smelt Southern powder, but certainly none of us can deny in view of the theft of United States forts, and the plunder of the United States Mint, that we have felt Southern steal."

The Philadelphia *Press* also indulges in this vein:

"Somebody suggests that the Southern Republic shall be called after one of its prominent founders, the 'Rhettched Confederacy,' and that the diminutive designation of the new nation shall be 'Cousin Sambo.' For instance, we call on 'John Bull.' He growls, but puts out his left hand to 'Brother Jonathan.' We look up to 'Uncle Sam,' and tell him that Floyd is picking his pockets. Let us, then, 'for short,' call the new born Republic 'Cousin Sambo.' This is both euphonious and suggestive."

And the Louisville *Journal* tries "its Prentice hand" on so many jokes, that we have no space to enumerate them. This Nero fiddling is enough to bring any republic to a violent end.

During the recent investigation before the Police Commissioners respecting the Kennedy and Williamson affair, several very refreshing incidents happened. When Bowen asked Superintendent Kennedy if he had been a candidate for the Marshalship. Mr. Kennedy said:

"These young men here (pointing to the reporters present) must say something, and they may as well blow away at me as at any other person; that is something (speaking consequentially) that I allow them to do."

Will it be credited that after the Superintendent had so kindly called them "young men," and given them permission to write his sacred name—Allah Bismillah!—one of these young men was so lost to the common instincts of humanity as to say, "We don't ask your permission." What will happen to this young man is too horrible to think of. Beadle Bumble prophesied that Oliver Twist would come to the gallows for asking for more, but hanging is certainly too good a fate for this profane "young man!"

The English Press is beginning to question the propriety of midnight discussions in Parliament. One of the most intelligent of their journals says:

"That men should regularly, for five months, turn day into night, and transact the most important business, after a heavy day's work, when the rest of the world are in their beds, has always seemed unaccountable to reasonable minds. Yet this has been the conduct of the members of the House of Commons for the last fifty years. Absurd as this arrangement appears, it is founded on the instincts of our nature—lawyers, merchants and placemen giving the first and freshest hours to their own affairs, and the stalest and most exhausted to the public, of course, prefer night to day work."

The radical paper in question does not seem to see that, to make the Parliamentary hours like ours or those of France, it would throw the management of public affairs into the hands of the aristocracy and the professed politicians. Merchants have an opportunity after business hours of devoting themselves to Parliamentary duties; as for exhaustion, it is a mere figure of speech. Apropos of British journalism, we clip the following nice little *morceau* of conceit out of one of the London papers:

"In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the attitude of England has tended to discourage the Southerners and to incite the Unionists to new exertions. Some of the Northern States have made themselves conspicuous by the vigor of their action. The State of New York is ready to place its military at the service of the Federal Government."

Governor Morgan will be much gratified to know that his placing the military at the service of the Federal Government was in accordance with the attitude of England.

PERSONAL.

W. M. BROWNE, late of the Washington *Constitution*, has accepted the position of Assistant-Secretary of the Southern Republic.

EUGENE SCRIBE, the great French manufacturer and dealer in the drama, died in Paris on the 18th.

ROBERT LINCOLN, or as he is more popularly called, the Prince of Rails, has returned to Harvard University, to finish his studies. He does not consider the elephant as such "a big thing" after all. Elephants, even those seen in New York, are getting degenerated.

THE editor of the Lynchburg *Virginian* tells the following story: "A Union man told a Secession friend of his the other day, that he wished to send him an extract from a speech he had, which seemed to fit the existing condition of things better than anything he had seen; and thereupon, without letting him know what it was, read a passage from General Washington's Farewell Address. The Secessionist forthwith interrupted him by saying: 'Hold on, I've heard enough of that stuff; I don't know who made that speech, but it is plain enough that he is a submissionist.'"

GEN CASS has been warmly received by the people of Detroit, on his return home from the seat of government—he having reached that city on Friday of last week. He was met by a large delegation of the most respectable citizens, and speeches were made both by him and the spokesman of the committee. It is alleged that very much more respect was shown him, on account of his resignation of the office of Secretary of State when he found that he could no longer hold it with honor to himself or a prospect of benefit to the Government.

GOVERNOR FLOYD has arrived in Washington to face his accusers.

FRED SEWARD, son of the Secretary of State, has been made Assistant Secretary of State. The Sewards are sailors, they look Sea-wards! Stormy petrels may, however, chase them.

MR. REUBEN TRAVELLER, of Ottawa, Canada, died last week at the age of eighty years. He was present at several of the great naval battles of Nelson, and accompanied Mungo Park in his African exploration. Mr. Traveller was a native of England.

WE are sorry to hear that our friend John Savage, of the *Washington States*, is likely to receive the mission to the Fejee Islands. Lincoln says that being a Savage he is the very man to deal with savages. As Sydney Smith said to a missionary, "Let us hope he'll disagree with the savages who eat him!" If disagreeing be a qualification, our friend Rosenberg would be the very man for Fejee—he'll disagree with everybody in the whole Cannibal Islands.

MR. JACOB HAM, of the township of Brook, Canada, died last week, aged sixty-three. He was the famous soldier who, under Burgoyne, at the battle of Saratoga, received a ball in the leg; the bullet, after passing through the leg, fell inside the trowsers, and John Ham picked it up again, placed it in his musket and fired it back against his foe.

SOLOMON WILLARD, Esq., of Quincy, Mass., died, aged seventy-seven. He was one of the earliest projectors of Bunker Hill Monument, and contributed largely towards its erection. The original models of the monument are still in his office. In 1826, with the advice and aid of the late Hon. Thomas H. Perkins and others, he designed and surveyed with his own hands, the Quincy Granite Railway, the first ever built in the United States.

IT would seem that we never know what good men we have among us till they are no more. The *Sunday Courier* contains in its last number the biography of a man of rare energy, intellect and benevolence, the late William A. Turnure. It is pleasant, however, to find this tardy recognition of merit even when it falls on the cold ear of death. Our writers would do well to remember that there is as much affectation in praising the dead, as there is malignity in withholding due encouragement from the living.

NORMAN B. JUDD, of Illinois, has been appointed Minister to Berlin.

PARTON, having taken the lives of Aaron Burr and Andrew Jackson, is now engaged on a similar attempt on Benjamin Franklin. His industry and research are very great. He has also the rare merit of not being afraid of attacking time-honored superstitions. His life of Aaron Burr was an able and a fearless work.

MR. S. W. HOPKINS died a few days since in Richmond, Virginia. He was formerly in Congress, and was Polk's Minister at the Court of Lisbon. He was in his sixty-fifth year. Our old politicians are rapidly dropping off.

THE *World*, which is a decided semi-Cameron paper, is down upon Lincoln's first appointment, Judd to Prussia, and calls it appointing a three-cornered man to a round hole. This would seem to imply that Sim does not like Judd. By the way, an old friend of the present Secretary of War says that Sim Cameron does not represent Pennsylvania, but Cameronia, which is at once himself and his native country.

WE are truly glad to hear that Mr. Lincoln does not intend to have a party organ in Washington.

THE appointment of Carl Shurz to any diplomatic mission abroad will be resisted by some very influential members of the Republican party as well as some of the Cabinet. Nor is it improbable that the Senate might not confirm him. So able and eloquent a man, however, is sure to be well provided for.

MR. SEWARD has recovered from his severe attack of lumbago. The *Express* humorously adds: "This was a complaint much in vogue about sixty years ago with our old dowagers, who cured it by carrying pieces of brimstone in their breeches pockets!" This will be news to our grandfathers and grandmothers too.

MAX MARETZEK, the indomitable, and Ada Clare, the irresistible, have arrived in New York from Havana.

PRINCE ALFRED of England is daily expected at Havana, where great preparations have been made to receive him with the same honors as though he were a Spanish Prince.

A REMARKABLE scene occurred in Willard's Hotel on Saturday evening. Two distinguished Senators got unusually tight, and one of them slapped the other's face. A duel was about to take place when the offending Senator apologised, and the two Senators got tight again to make it all right.

THE celebrated Tigers gave their ball at Boston on the 11th. It was a brilliant affair. Governor John Andrew and staff, Colonel Lefferts of the Seventh New York Regiment and a host of distinguished citizens were present.

IN compliance with the request of the Mayor and Common Council of Boston, Senator Crittenden and his charming wife will visit the City of Notions in a few days.

A LIEUTENANT CUMMINGS, who is stationed at Fort Brown, Georgia, has been amusing himself by firing at American vessels with shot and shell. We recommend him to the supervision of President Jeff. Davis.

VELLUTI, the celebrated male soprano, who created such interest in 1825 in London, died at Mira, Venetia, on the 3rd. Rossini and Meyerbeer both composed operas for him.

THE Hon. John Bell is at Nashville, Tennessee.

COLONEL HUYETT is busy at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, correcting the proof-sheets of his new work.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Amateur Managers—The Holy Fossils of Brooklyn.

UNLIKE the frog in the fable who ambitiously emulated the size of the ox, Brooklyn has by a mighty spasmodic effort swelled herself up to the proportions of New York and has *not* burst, but we think she shows symptoms of collapse. The proposition to build an Opera House received but little favor until some enterprising men without means dug out some rare fossil specimens, embalmed in gold and stuffed with puritanical bigotry, who, on being enrolled, declared themselves in favor of a one-horse institution, half Conventicle and half Opera House, to which they would "come down" liberally. The virtuous and eminently respectable community of the City of Churches broke into a subdued and sectarian smile at this announcement, and the rumor went abroad at once that a Pastor was to be appointed, and that the exercises, vocal and saltatory, were to be opened with prayer.

It was decided at once that theatrical performances should be religiously excluded, on account of the immoral tendency of peanuts and oranges, which always came in and went out with the drama, and for the further reason that the plots of the plays were secular in their character, and did not pay sufficient deference to the privileged classes. One singularly anterior fossil suggested that opera-singing seemed to him to be very much like play-acting; but he was imme-

diately silenced by the remark that if it was like play acting it was all done in a foreign language, and it might be an Ora-to-re for what they knew. This, and the assurance that English Opera should also be excluded, satisfied the venerable mollusk, who subsided into the year 90 B. C.

We think it but common justice to state that the chastity of Brooklyn's peculiar institution, the Academy of Music, has been rigidly maintained. It is true that "Norma," the Virgin Priestess with her respectable family of small children, has been duly represented, and "Lucrezia Borgia," that chaste and pious high-life Duchess, has "warbled her native wood-notes—mild," to the delectation of the elect: but "Traviata," that low born unfortunate, has applied for admission in vain, being immediately referred to the Alms House Commissioners. This Spartan virtue of the Grandmothers of Brooklyn is worthy of all honor, and we chronicle it with tears in our eyes—we do.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the gentlemen Directors were chief cooks, head waiters and bottle washers. If a party wanted seats, Mr. Wholesale Drygoods fussed round till he found them. If a lady wanted a bill Mr. Wholesale Provisions trotted around and fumed and fretted until he found one. A portion of the Directors paraded the front of the house and played ushers to perfection, and saved a little something in the way of salaries. The remaining Directors were omnipotent behind the scenes. Church deacons were selected for this department on account of their superior morality and tried decorum. This was highly necessary, as they had to come into contact with singing women and dancing girls, and had to rise superior to temptation.

But even these venerable patriots were subject to agitating excitements. One night it was discovered that Brignoli had no soap! The news spread among the Directors like wildfire, and general consternation ensued.

Mr. Drygoods exclaimed, "Sig-nor Brig-noli has no soap!"
Mr. Shipping-house said, "Good gracious! No soap!"
Mr. Wholesale Hardware echoed, "No soap!"
Some one in the "flies" said, "Soap."
Mr. Drygoods said decidedly, "The sig-nor must have some soap!"
Mr. Shipping-house said *very* decidedly, "Must have some soap."
Mr. Wholesale Hardware echoed in thunder, "Some soap!"

A meeting was thereupon convened, and Mr. Wholesale Drygoods was called to the chair.

Mr. Wholesale Hardware introduced his resolution with some patriotic remarks complimentary to Brooklyn generally, and to the unheard-of liberality of the Directors in particular. He said it was his opinion that as hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended in the erection of this beautiful temple, devoted to religious art and profane opera, it would be the poorest of policy to dim its effulgent glory for the sake of a cent's worth of soap. "It is true," he said, "that soap was not mentioned in the contract; but he thought that men—gentlemen he should have said—who had devoted their lives and fortunes to the ennoblement of their native city, could spare a trifle more for the honor of that city. He therefore moved "that a subscription be taken up then and there to purchase a package of Old Brown Windsor for the use of Sig-nor Brig-no-li, the same not to be removed from the premises."

Mr. Shipping-house seconded the motion, and placed ten cents in the hands of the Chairman.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the full subscription of fifty cents made up at once.

It was afterwards moved that the Chairman personally procure the same, which was also unanimously carried.

We regret to add that when the Chairman returned with the soap Signor Brignoli had borrowed some from Madame Colson, and therefore did not need it. What became of that package of "Old Brown Windsor" has never been ascertained.

We are happy to say that the Drama is still excluded from the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and that Professor Anderson, D. D. M. (Doctor of Divine Magic), has been giving his sacred hocus pocus there, to the great moral refreshment of serious audiences. When Mr. Nixon returns from Havana it is expected that he will give a series of Equestrian Moralities in the sawdust ring, the exercises to be enlivened by a serious clown, stirred up by a ring master who has experienced religion.

The last Mania—How we Carried it Out.

When New Yorkers do "go in," they do "go in" and no mistake. Who would have believed three years ago that in 1860 all New York would be on skates? And not only male New York, but the delicate and charming female element of that locality! Yet so it is; the ladies found that skating was the darling enjoyment of fathers, brothers, husbands and lovers, and they could not afford to let them indulge in that fascinating enjoyment alone, so they plucked up courage, bundled themselves in the warmest and least cumbersome manner, and risked many a fall on the glittering ice, for the sake of sharing our out-door society. We are an imitative people, and when our ladies became aware that it was the fashion in England and Europe for their sex to skate, all scruples vanished, and a wholesome, invigorating and eminently graceful exercise has been added to our winter amusements. For this we do sincerely thank Fashion; it is one of the few things we can record to her credit. Who knows but in two or three years we may hear a fashionable belle boast that she has walked ten miles that day and is not a bit tired! Such changes may come, and then think what a different race of women we shall see!

According to the Central Park statistics, we had but twenty-six days in the ice season of 1860–'61 when skating in that locality was good; but in those twenty-six days nearly one and a half million of people participated in the exhilarating sport. The records show that on one day—February 9th—one hundred and five thousand persons visited the skating pond, and on the 10th over ninety-six thousand! These seem to be incredible numbers, but they are true, and they clearly show how we New Yorkers do rush in when we do rush in.

The dealers in skates are making great preparations for the next winter campaign. They could not meet half of the supply at the beginning of the past season, so they are determined to be better prepared for the future. We heard of one order received by the agent of Stenton & Co., of Sheffield, England, from a large house here, of twenty thousand pairs of skate irons! Such are the proportions to which this one branch of business has arisen through a caprice of fashion.

A Practicable and Certain Fire-Escape at last.

There was a great excitement in Brooklyn on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., on the occasion of the trial of Mackenzie's Fire-Escape, which had been fixed on the front, underneath the cornice of the Globe Hotel, in Fulton Street. The exhibition was given at night, the front of the hotel being illuminated by the glare of tar barrels. The whole street for several blocks was thronged with people. This fire-escape is a permanent one, to be attached to the front or back of houses. It consists simply of an iron tube, supported by strong brackets, under the eaves of the house. The tube has a narrow opening underneath, running the whole length of the tube. Inside the tube is an iron ball, which revolves on anti-friction rollers, and can be moved along the tube with the rapidity of lightning. An iron strap is attached to the ball, from which depends a tackle and car. One man standing on the sidewalk can raise the car to the upper windows, move it all along the front of the house, and to every window, taking out any one in distress.

On Thursday evening, the parties who worked the car raised it to the upper window, took out two men, deposited them on the sidewalk, ran the car one hundred feet along the front of the house, raised the car again, took out four men and deposited them on the pavement—*the time occupied in thus saving six lives at the opposite ends of the building was less than two minutes.* This was, beyond a doubt, a wonderful success. The firemen then raised a hose pipe to the top of the building and all along the front, showing that by means of Mackenzie's Fire-Escape, hose pipe can be carried right into rooms on fire, even to the very topmost floor.

The hosts of firemen on the ground declared that if this escape had been on the buildings 56 and 58 Broadway, which were consumed last week, *they could have saved fifty thousand dollars worth of goods.*

Not a moment should be lost in attaching Mackenzie's Fire Escape to every tenement and public school in the city. No life could be lost in a building to which it is attached. Our great hotels should also use it, for by-and-bye strangers arriving at New York will select that hotel which has some means of saving life in case of fire. The Legislature at Albany should add to the unsafe building law a clause compelling owners of tenement-houses to put up Mackenzie's Fire-Escape at once. Humanity demands the action. It can be put up at one fifth the cost of any other escape, and is immeasurably superior to all. It is so simple that a policeman, private watchman or passer by could, on a sudden alarm of fire, work the escape and afford immediate relief.

Cousins.

We suppose that every one, more or less, has had his share of cousins. We acknowledge this privilege in its broadest sense. We have had cousins that we kissed, and cousins that we quarrelled with and kissed afterwards. Sometimes the kiss came before the quarrel, but we distinctly remember that a kiss was one of the conditions of every meeting. We look upon cousins, female of course, as a special providence for young men. They cure them of *mauvaise honte*, they initiate them into the "little ways" of women; they are, in short, real life lay figures, under whose direction, by special permission, on the score of near relationship, inexperienced youths practice the delicate and delicious arts of flirting and kissing. We venerate cousins; we bless them for rubbing off the rough edges of our period of adolescence, for turning the gawkey into the men of the world, for revealing enough of their own nature to prepare us against assaults from the outside barbarian maidens, and we solemnly assert that it has been the profoundest pleasure of our lives to help our dear cousins to marry—somebody else.

But the Colonel, a very warm and esteemed friend of ours, has a "cousin," whose gentle and womanly influence over him has extended far beyond the period of his manhood. She is the one authority, standing out in his memory like a beacon on the ocean, in all that is pure, true and beautiful. But, though often quoted, she is never seen, and though often referred to, she is never named, for the Colonel is sly—devilish sly. We own to a little of our mother's nature still remaining, and therefore to the possession of a little quiet curiosity. Spurred on by this womanly failing, regulated, however, by a superior intelligence, we, in all humbleness, make

An Appeal to "Cousin Clara."

I have a friend who is ever recurring
To one gentle being—a cynosure she!
Far above all, with earth's dross in their nature,
A Sybil—a Virtue—ah! who can she be?

Is she not laughingly, lovingly, blue-eyed,
Golden-haired, rosy-lipped, rounded and fair,
A dear dainty armful, whose heavenly missions
To lift up some poor soul from out his despair?

Is she a stately brunette, whose black bright eyes
Look through the soul and consume it the while,
Dark banded hair o'er a forehead imperial,
Flashing a wealth of deep love in her smile?

Is she a sweet, pensive, hazel-eyed beauty,
Low voiced, soft stepped, with touch like a sigh,
Who pains you with tenderness—yielding—exacting,
Straining the chords of your heart till you die?

Is she a strong minded-woman, and learned
In "isms" and "ologies" world without end?
From all such encyclopædical ladies
And all of their kidney, good Lord us defend!

Come, cousin Clara, discard your disguises,
Drop your incognito—throw off the mask,
Which of the portraits I've drawn with rash pencil,
Designing to draw you out, fits you, I ask?

Are you a myth, cousin Clara? do tell me,
Or are you the "Harris" that Mrs. Gamp knew?
I'd ask of the Colonel, but he's so mysterious,
I ask you, cousin Clara, I ask who are you?

I wait for an answer with feverish impatience,
I'm not over curious, as plainly you see.
But lest I should waste to the merest thread paper,
Let the wind from the south waft an answer to me.

Something New to Read.

Rudd & Carleton have commenced to mingle works of a graver character with their light literature and poetic publications. They have just issued the second series of the work, *The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Near.* By the Rev. John Cummings, Minister of the Scottish National Church, London. *The Great Preparation* may be termed a sequel to the preceding work by the same author, "The Great Tribulation." In that work the writer endeavors to prove that the end is drawing nigh, that the prophesies are about to be fulfilled, and that the coming may be counted by days, so few are the years between now and that time. The character of the present work is indicated by its title, the text of all the Lectures bearing upon the solemn injunction, "Be ye therefore ready." Dr. Cummings is earnest, eloquent and sincere, and although we cannot join with him in all his conclusions, we can bear testimony to the broad philanthropy, the boundless charity, and unhesitating faith expressed and indicated in his writings. No one can read these Lectures without deriving from them both comfort and profit.

Rudd & Carleton have also published *Fast Day Sermons* for 1860-61. These sermons were all preached upon one subject—the state of the country. They present the several views of the several sections of the country upon the subject. Mr. Van Dyke and the Rabbi Raphael recognize Slavery as a natural, if not a divine institution, drawing their illustrations from the Sacred Book. Mr. Beecher and Dr. Bellows maintain with their accustomed eloquence the opposite view, deeming it the crisis of the irrepressible conflict, and the strife between civilization and barbarism. The right and the justice of Secession are asserted and defended by Dr. Palmer of N. O. and Dr. Thornwell of S. C., while Dr. Breckinridge of Ky. is eloquent in the denouncement of all who would break up the happiest and most prosperous Union in the world. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity, denounces the fanatical spirit of the North. Dr. Tayler Lewis of Union College denies that Patriarchal and Jewish slavery is any justification of American slavery. Dr. Dabney of Va., and Dr. Adams of N. Y., take a milder and more Christian view of the present crisis, and their words breathe of peace and conciliation. This is a collection of great and singular interest, embracing as it does, the contrasted views of many of the leading minds of the age. It is a work which in after times will be referred to as exhibiting marked pictures of the violent, social and moral convulsions which agitated our country at the time of its greatest and most momentous peril.

Notes on Sea Coast Defence; consisting of Sea Coast Fortifications, the Fifteen Inch Gun and Casemate Embrasures, by Major J. G. Barnard, U. S. Corps of Engineers. This volume has just been issued by D. Van Nostrand, New York, in a very beautiful style, with numerous diagrams and illustrations. This is a very suggestive work, and will, at this time, attract considerable attention. The importance of sea fortifications is ably stated and sustained by the report of the English Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject. The fifteen inch gun is strongly recommended, and its necessity illustrated by reference to the steel plated vessels which England and France are now rapidly building, and which would be proof against any ordinary artillery. The author's views upon casemate embrasures are thorough and practical. It is a well-timed work, and should command the attention of those in power.

Beadle's Dime Novels. Biographies, &c. The success which has attended this dashing and well conceived speculation is one of the signs of the times. Beadle & Co. have only been established a few months, yet, in that time, they have built up such a vast and important business, that they have established a branch house in London. The idea was to reduce the price of literature to the lowest possible paying point, and to carry out the idea, *ten cents* was fixed on as the maximum point. For ten cents they sell a novel of 128 pages, neatly and carefully got out. A large number of novels, tales and adventures have already been published in this form, and have met with an immense sale. It seems just to have hit the public's pocket, and by that means has secured an immediate and wonderful success. The publishers, Messrs. Beadle & Co., encouraged by popular approbation, intend to issue, besides the light literature already mentioned, a succession of works of general, varied and useful information, so that their catalogue will soon assume a rapidly increasing importance in the publishing world.

The volumes before us are the lives of "Kit Carson," "Daniel Boone" and the "Dime Family Physician," which is full of useful and reliable information. Beadle & Co. have made a great and decided hit.

A Hotel Well Managed.

The Messrs. Willard, proprietors of the large hotel in Washington bearing their name, deserve great credit for their admirable management in securing the comfort of their guests during Inauguration week, when, although over two thousand persons were accommodated, the most perfect order prevailed. Bells were promptly answered, and the attendance at table was excellent. The house has been recently painted, and the furniture renovated which, in conjunction with the neatness and system which prevails throughout the establishment, reflect infinite credit upon the gentlemanly proprietors.

Things Going on and Coming off.

On Saturday evening, the 16th inst., the New York Philharmonic Society give one of their glorious concerts at the Academy of Music in Fourteenth street. The programme is very fine—Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" being the *pièce de resistance.* Our readers will be glad to learn that on this occasion they will have an opportunity of hearing Richard Hoffman play. He is one of those pianists of whose performance we never tire. It would be pleasant to hear him oftener in public.

We understand that it is the intention of a number of our most prominent citizens to give a complimentary entertainment to Madame Anna Bishop, whose popularity in this city is so great and so well deserved. No artist ever came before the American public who so richly merited this favor; as an artist she is admirable not only for her rare accomplishments, but for her conscientious discharge of her duties. We do not believe that she ever disappointed the audience once during her whole career in this city. As a lady, amiable, kind and just; friendly to all, and without envy or guile, she is respected and beloved by all who know her. We sincerely trust that this friendly and appreciative movement will be cordially seconded by the public, and that Madame Bishop will have a thronged and brilliant attendance at her forthcoming complimentary entertainment.

It is rumored that young Bruno Wollenhaupt will give a grand orchestral concert at Irving Hall some time this month. We trust that this rumor will turn out truth, for our readers will then enjoy the performance of one of the most admirable violinists of the age—one whose genius is fresh and untrammelled, and whose executive powers are of the highest order; whose style, taste and finish are worthy of the more mature masters of the violin. Let us hope that we shall hear Bruno Wollenhaupt at last.

DRAMA.

The only dramatic novelty of the past week was the appearance of Miss Jane Coombes at the Winter Garden. This young lady's career as an artist opened most auspiciously, her debut being rendered memorable, not only on account of the great promise of future excellence she then exhibited, but from the fact that Mr. Forrest consented to appear in conjunction with a debutante, and enacted Claude Melnotte to the lady's Pauline. This was some few years ago, and since then the young girl has bloomed into a lovely woman, the trembling debutante into an accomplished artiste. The last time that Miss Coombes acted in New York prior to her present engagement was during the past summer, when she played a highly successful engagement at Wallack's Theatre, winning warm encomiums alike from the public and the press. The great charm of Miss Coombes's performances is the delicate refinement everywhere visible. She never acts for points, but presents an even, quiet, womanly portraiture, which, if it does not startle, is sure to please. In the higher walks of comedy she is one of the best actresses on the American stage, and in drama and tragedy maintains an enviable position. We cordially welcome this lady to the New York boards, and feel convinced that the public will endorse our good opinion of her. Next week we shall speak of her different impersonations in detail.

At Wallack's, Mrs. Cowley's capital comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," was revived on Monday, for the benefit of the worthy treasurer of this house, Mr. Theodore Moss, and, as a matter of course, drew a fine house. Mr. Moss is an especial favorite with the playgoing public, and his benefits are always of the most substantial description. The remainder of the week was mainly devoted to the benefits of different members of the *corps dramatique*, and with gratifying results. It is said that a new comedy, by an author not unknown to fame, is in rehearsal at this house, and will be brought forward immediately.

Barnum's Museum.—We cannot do Barnum better justice than by enumerating some of the numerous attractions to be seen every day and evening at his Museum. In addition to his Lilliputian Princess, there are the Aztec Children, the Albinos, and hosts of other natural wonders. There is also a new drama, which crowds the Lecture-room every afternoon and evening. *Apropos* of Barnum, the solution to that remarkable Rebus, published in *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun,* will be given in the next number of that unrivalled comic periodical.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

In the Secession Congress at Montgomery a bill has been reported, providing, in the event of a conflict or the refusal of the United States to recognise the independence of the Confederacy, that the courts of the Confederate States shall have no cognizance of civil cases of citizens of the United States, and that all pending cases shall be dismissed. This bill, if it becomes a law, will debar the legal collection of all debts due to citizens of the Northern States. Virginia and the other Border States are to be "coerced" by a law prohibiting the introduction and sale of negroes from States remaining in the Union.

The first Secession clearance has been heard from on receipt. It was that of the cargo of the brig Ouward, at Ponce, Porto Rico. She bore a full set of custom-house papers from the "Republic of South Carolina," and the authorities, who did not know exactly what to make of it, finally received the cargo and entered it under protest.

Sixty-seven Republican Representatives and twelve Senators voted against a resolution that Congress should never interfere with slavery in the States.

The *Atlas* says: "The radical Republicans now charge that Seward's extreme Anti-Slavery opinions have been a mere sham and pretence. They assert that for the last fifteen years he has educated them to an extreme point of hostility to the doctrine of property in man, and that he has now abandoned them and struck hands with the most rank conservatism. They ask where were his conservative compromises and conciliatory views towards the South when he was entertaining negroes and Jerry rescuers at his house in Auburn? The simple answer to all this is, that Mr. Seward, like a wise man, has progressed with the times."

The population of the seven States that have now seceded amount to about 5,000,000, viz.:

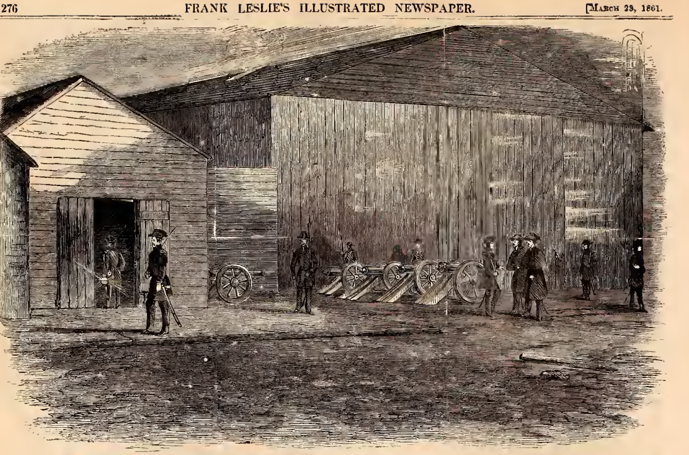
South Carolina	715,371
Georgia	1,082,736
Florida	145,685
Alabama	955,917
Louisiana	666,431
Mississippi	686,058
Texas	600,956
Total	5,053,154

The Virginia State Convention proposes that the border States should hold a conference at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 27th May; while the Missouri Convention proposes that it should be held at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th April.

The Montgomery Congress have adopted a permanent Constitution for the Southern Confederacy, the provisions of which it has been thought best, at present, to keep somewhat secret. It provides a six years' term for the President, and all executive officers below the Cabinet Ministers to hold office during good behavior. Cabinet officers are allowed to hold seats in Congress while acting in the Cabinet. The slave-trade is prohibited. An act has been passed authorising the issue of $1,000,000 in treasury notes, also an appropriation bill for current expenses.

President Lincoln has appointed T. C. Littlejohn, Speaker of the New York State Assembly, as Consul to Liverpool; W. H. Vesey, Consul to Aix la Chapelle. Mr. Cassius Clay is to be our Minister to Spain; Mr. Tom Corwin to Mexico.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has released the bark Adjuster, of this port, one of the vessels seized as reprisals for the Georgia arms and ammunition held by the police authorities of this city, in consequence of the representation of the British Consul that her cargo belongs to subjects of Queen Victoria. This release establishes the novel precedent of a New York vessel claiming and receiving British protection in American waters. The release of the Adjuster also shows that an American vessel, with a cargo owned by British subjects, is held to be under British protection, and that a seizure of the vessel, though the cargo may be formally released, is a seizure of both, and justifies the application for the release of the vessel and cargo as an unit.



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS GUARDING THE EXTERIOR OF THE BALL-ROOM DURING THE INAUGURATION BALL, ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 4, 1861.—SEE PAGE 279

SANTA LUCIA—A VENETIAN TALE.

By M. Botham Edwards

Author of "An Artist's Tale," "Now or Never," &c., &c.

ARGUMENT OF CHAPTERS I., II., III., IV.

The reader will recal that our tale opened in the stormy days of Venice in 1848, and with the influence exercised on the growing revolution by the brave Emilia Ruta. We spoke of the love which her nephew Emanuel—also a conspirator—bore for Lucia Valletti, the daughter of an hereditary enemy of his family, and of his suggestion to his aunt Emilia that Venice could not be free until these feuds were suppressed. We described a meeting of the lovers, the arrest of Emanuel for his political disaffection, the reconciliation of the Pepoli and Valletti families, and the announcement made to Lucia by her father that he had found for her a gallant husband. Such was the disposition of our *dramatis personæ* when we left.

CHAPTER V.—VIVA LA REPUBLICA DE VENEZIE!

The tidings of the French Revolution, as might be expected, occasioned great excitement amongst the people. "Revolution in Austria—Constitution at Vienna," this was the match that lighted the mighty mass of fuel, which was destined to blaze so brightly in the eyes of all the world. Over these matters we must pass briefly. It is sufficient to say that Manin and the other prisoners were released by the alarmed governor; frays happened between the soldiery and the citizens; the latter got possession of the arsenal and Manin was placed at the head of affairs; finally the tricolored Italian flag was planted in the Place of St. Mark, and the old cry of freedom arose from the multitude, *Viva la Republica de Venezie!*

Venice was free! A delirium of happiness filled every heart. A radiant future of prosperity and freedom dawned on those warm southern natures, tears of joy were shed like rain, old and young embraced each other; the former days of Venetian greatness were recalled by song and story; the days of Venetian greatness to come were traced out in burning words of poetry—such poetry as the love of one's country and the dreams of freedom can inspire.

As to the Signora Emilia, if her life had once been a constant bustle and excitement, it was now doubly so. Every day was a succession of appointments, interviews, commissions and transactions, in which she bore no inconsiderable part. Her spirits, which had been somewhat depressed since Emanuel's arrest, now revived, and though she still wept for him in short, passionate intervals of loneliness, and forgot him never, she was too occupied to give way to grief. Besides, she was not a woman who is easily broken down by sorrow. Her temperament was too sanguine, her spirits too volatile for despair. So she went her way with her usual jaunty swing, coaxed money out of her timid, parsimonious husband, for the needs of the republic, rated her female friends, till, for very shame, they followed her example, and sold their *bijouterie* for the same purpose; persuaded the young men to enlist, poured out her wine in inspiriting banquets to the patriots—in fact, what did she not do? What cannot a woman and a republican find time to do in the day?

And Lucia—what would she do but pray and hope? Aloof from all participation in the exciting and active changes around her, yet feeling so deep and pure an interest in all, it was very hard to be condemned to such useless activity. For of late she had learned to be ambitious for the sake of her country and to feel, not the mere sympathy of a love-sick girl but the ardent aspirations of a high-minded Italian woman. Indeed, she was no longer the timid, childlike being she had hitherto been. The events and the sorrow of the last few weeks had changed her more than mere love and happiness ever could have done. She was no longer content to shrink within herself, and trustingly take her opinions second-hand from others. The courage and heroism around her made her also courageous—heroic also, but at present both were latent. She longed for some scope for this new strength within her; she felt how good it must be to serve others and give up private interests and private pleasures for the benefit of the people; and she passionately desired for a small share in the glorious work, a humble waif of the universal labor.

The first flash of triumph over, the Venetians saw clearly that it was a time for action rather than for ovations. Deep, concentrated thought settled on the brows of all the chiefs in the city. No amusements took place, no theatres were open, no private festivals were held. One grave interest bound all—the public affairs. And arduous, indeed, was the work before the patriots—hopeless to any whose hearts were not full of firm courage and love of country.

One evening that Count Valletti returned home later than usual, and pale and haggard—for tidings had just arrived of the disastrous defeat of Charles Albert, an event which so darkened the future prospects of the liberated city—he called his daughter to him, and said:

"My child, I would fain speak to thee on a weighty matter. Listen, Lucia, there will be terrible days here before long. We have no longer any allies, or any hope of success, save by our own strength and endurance. The time is not far off when the enemy's guns will fire on our city by day and by night; who will then be safe from a ball? And I am old, Lucia, old, and the readier to fall away if things come to the worst; for hunger——"

"Oh! father," cried Lucia, with a shudder.

"Hunger and disease may come," he continued, without heeding her interruption, "and then the old and the babes go first; and worse may come——"

He caught her to his breast with a terrible intensity of emotion.

"My child—my pretty one—the Holy Virgin save thee."

For some moments he sobbed aloud, whilst Lucia, who had never before seen him moved to such love and tenderness, hung around him, kissing his hands and lips, and soothing him with expressions of endearment. Soon he calmed, and taking her hands in his, said gravely:

"No, Lucia, if I go I shall not leave thee unprotected. Alas dear one, thy wedding should have had a fairer time; but we must wait for the festival, Lucia," he smiled bitterly, and added, "That must come afterwards: it is sufficient for my peace that I leave thee sheltered by an arm as strong as mine has been. Andrea Uziolli has long loved thee; no more honorable man is to be found in Venice; to-morrow he is willing to make thee his wife."

Very pale, very calm, Lucia stood before him with clasped hands and bowed head.

"Father," she said, gently but firmly, "do not force me to marry Uziolli, to perjure myself. I have given my love and promise to another; he, too, an honorable man in Venice."

The count started to his feet, white and rigid.

"A pretty confession, truly! Is it you who speak, Lucia; you, so fair and innocent to look at—my daughter—have you been deceiving me—you—the child of my heart? Good Heavens!"

He staggered to a chair, like an aged man.

"Forgive me," cried Lucia, with a burst of tears; "do not be angry with me now, father; I have repented of my fault bitterly—atoned for it by the sorrow it has caused me."

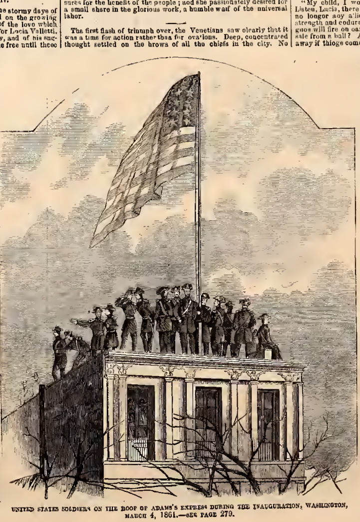
The count was not a man of refined susceptibilities. So long as Lucia could be brought to meet Uziolli as her husband, he was willing to ignore the former love.

"And to-morrow thou wilt wed Uziolli, and show by thy prompt obedience how true thy repentance has been. Child, I forgive thee."

"Oh! no, no; listen, dearest father, you mistake me. I have no love to give another; surely thou wilt not force on me such hard obedience. Emanuel Pepoli is my betrothed husband, an honorable man, a friend, an ally of our house. Now, wouldst thou have me be faithless to him?"

The count rose, and paced the room in a state of sullen indecision. His daughter's confession had at first irritated—stunned him; for though harsh and unloving outwardly, he held her dearer than anything else in the world; and her first opposition to his wishes was a great vexation. The mention of Pepoli was another shock. At first his impulse was that of unmitigated anger—such anger, only in less degree, as he would have felt six months ago—but on calmer consideration, the fact appeared in less startling colors. After all, was not a Pepoli a

(*Continued on page 278*)



UNITED STATES SOLDIERS ON THE ROOF OF ADAMS'S EXPRESS DURING THE INAUGURATION, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—SEE PAGE 279.

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All kinds of

Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

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MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO, PA., Jan. 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING—SIR—You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours, JNO. B. SIMONS

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Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLEY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

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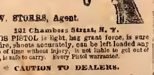

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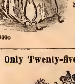

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No. 279—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1861. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

MURDER OF MR. OGDEN YORKE,

Of New York, by Mexican Bandits, between Mexico and Vera Cruz.

THE last arrival from Vera Cruz brings us the sad intelligence of the murder of an American citizen by Mexican bandits. We give the fact in the words of an eye-witness of the dreadful tragedy. President Lincoln ought to hold the Mexicans to a strict account for these outrages:

"We left the city of Mexico the morning of the 3d inst., and Puebla on the 4th. On the afternoon of the latter day, when about twelve miles from Perote, near the hacienda San Antonio, we were suddenly attacked by a party of five robbers on horseback, in the dress of Mexican soldiers. They stopped the diligence and ordered us all to get out. Our party then consisted of Mr. Ogden Yorke, Mr. Sepen, Colonel Christo, Mr. Hetrich, wife and four children, and a Mexican gentleman from Jalapa.

"Mr. Yorke was seated near the door of the diligence and was the first to get out. As he did so, we repeated him to put his revolver in his pocket. He did so. But at the moment he opened the door one of the robbers struck him over the head with a sword. Mr. Yorke then drew his revolver and fired, but missed. He was more fortunate the second time, the shot took effect, and one of the robbers fell dead. He had now, however, expended all his shot, and was left helpless in the hands of the highwaymen, who fell upon him and cut him to pieces in the most frightful manner.

"Then they turned upon the other passengers, all of whom were brutally treated. Colonel Christo received a shot in his neck and a sabre cut on his head. Attempts were made even upon the lives of the women and children. They finally left us, however, but not until they had taken from us all we had, and compelled us to prostrate ourselves, with our faces to the earth, on the wet sand, where we spent an hour in dreadful anxiety.

"The body of Mr. Yorke we took with us in the diligence to Perote, where it was delivered over to the authorities. It was then put in a coffin and deposited in the church, to await the disposition of his relatives, a portion of whom have been the last year with him in Mexico."

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In a previous number we gave a description of the plan upon which this formidable floating battery is constructed. Our present illustration of the battery, completed and ready for action, will render that description perfectly intelligible to all. The front, which will be presented to the fort, is twenty-five feet broad, and is built of Southern pine timber, filled in with rough palmetto logs. The front slopes inward from the top, and the roof, which is heavily eased with iron, supposed to be shot and shell proof, slopes to its outer edge. This serves to effectually shield the men who are to work the guns. Behind this comes an open space, which, it is understood, will be filled with water, and will readily extinguish the forces of such stray shells as may fall within its limits. Then comes the receptacle for the shot and the second hatchway, which leads to the powder magazine, which is sunk far below the surface. Further back is a deep platform extending the whole width of the battery, and projecting far over the body of the battery. This platform is loaded with sandbags, and serves a double purpose; first, it is a balance to the heavy sea guns in the battery, of which there are four; second, it completely protects the floating hospital, which is anchored underneath it. It certainly is a well-conceived structure, formidable in its strength and in its means of attack, and for the further reason that it can be towed into position to play upon the weakest points of Fort Sumpter. Our artist has sketched it with great minuteness and fidelity.

The Hospital attached to the Floating Battery in Charleston Harbor.

The floating hospital which is to be attached to the floating battery, intended to act against Fort Sumpter, is a one-story building, the interior of which is fitted up with cots, and contains all that is requisite for a military hospital. It is securely attached to the stern of the battery, and is completely sheltered from all harm by the projecting platform which covers it, and which is rendered impenetrable to shot and shells by the sandbags heaped upon it. Dr. De Vega, who has undertaken the charge of the hospital, and will accompany it when it departs on its mission, is a physician of eminence in Charleston, and was in Sebastopol during the memorable siege by the French and British armies. The present aspect of affairs renders it probable that this great battery will not be called into action; let us trust, at

THE RESIDENCE ATTACKED BY BANDITS BETWEEN MEXICO AND VERA CRUZ, ON THE EVENING OF THE 5TH OF MARCH—MR. OGDEN YORKE BRUTALLY MURDERED, AND THE OTHER PASSENGERS WOUNDED AND MALTREATED.—FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF THE TRAVELLERS.

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We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write their name and address distinctly on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that we receive many pictures sent to us from all parts throughout the country without any word complimentary matter, they giving us credit for being an expert with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which exists of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching intelligence. In order to avoid mistakes, a description and name in the manner we have indicated should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—Ministers have been beaten in a division on the Income Tax, when an amendment moved by Sir Richard Bethell, one of the Heads of Bar, was carried against Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It declared that the income resulting from inter-ought to have nondiscrimination since other property than that arising from Realized has been Gladstone by me. Bethell is a leader in Russian bullies, and a very superior man of the genteel stamp. Gladstone is the Vulcan of statesmanship, utterly without pantom—is has a cool brain, but no heart. Lord John Russell made matters by the opposition. Derby voting in the majority of the Peers, and Lord Lansdowne by taking the Emperor's quarrel with the Papist clergy still more hard a proof pandering to Radical. In a word, the party-spirited Lord Derby will not much longer allow him to remain a Syria, as the Indian Empire is a very delicate one in that respect. Lord John is not the man to resign, as he would house, even by Ashmall's instinct, that France in Syria would be a better friend to England than Russia—a move for which Gladstone has not the statesmanship one of these days.

France.—The chief subject of interest is the quarrel between the Emperor and his clergy. A new party since that his domestic peace has been roused by the religious questions who manage these things, and the Count Jarnac, Lay Emperor's wife to be found to the Pope in an autograph letter on her boss's wickedness, which led to a pilgrimage to St. Kentish Abbey, in more convinced, decided part of Scotia. Mr. Gladstone's amendment carried Free Fire, made a remarkable speech in the French Senate lately, in which he warned his hearers that the temporal power of the Pope, and declared himself in favor of the English Alliance and the Unity of Italy. The tone of the whole speech was remarkable, and he ugly in manner, but powerful in matter to the Emperor himself. In other respects France is perfectly quiet. Military and naval preparations are going on with great activity.

Austria.—We have in another part attended to the remarkable step taken by the Emperor of Austria by granting a Constitution to his subjects. This is the age of surprises, but the most unexpected of all surprises would be to see or the most startling. The Constitution is founded on that of England, and has two Houses, whereof one is to consist of Hereditary Peers. Let us hope it has not come too late.

Prussia.—There is little to report since our last. The Prussians are at once the most conceited, arrogant and aristocratic of Governments, and seem engaged that they have but little head in Constitutional Government, taken out of their hands by the recent exile of the Emperor Francis Joseph. We are afraid the under impression the present King entertains to the effect that alliance will be a great share and consequent disadvantage to him. Should, however, the Austrian Government work successfully it will necessarily be corresponding duly softly on his part, which will place him more in accordance with the spirit of modern progress.

The East.—There is nothing of a special import from the East; but the continued correspondence which reaches us point to the probable—almost certainty—that the Sultan will be soon forced to grant a Constitution to his people. It treaty obligations, if the English do not—as they generally do—serve us the trouble by anticipating our action.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

In the Senate, on the 18th, Mr. Douglas offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of War or any officer under him to the information as to the number of men it is necessary to occupy the same, and what force will be necessary for the purpose. Mr. Masons Virginia and Mason Virginia moved the reference of the resolution. Fessenden offered a resolution instructing the Secretary of the Senate to strike from the roll of the Senate the names of Senators from Seceded States as have declared their intention to withdraw from the Senate. Mr. Hale opposed, and others objected to the consideration of the subject, and the resolution lies over.

On the 19th, Mr. Mason offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the number of troops that have been ordered to Texas, and how to be withdrawn, for what purpose they are maintained there, and who and for how it is to be maintained. Mr. Douglas opposed the resolution, and Mr. Douglas's resolution, calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to the forts, arsenals, navy yards, and military stations within the Seceded States, whether the Administration intend to reacquire them to possession of the Government, and if not, what disposition is to be made of them, was taken up. The resolution calls for a detailed exposition of the policy of the Administration with respect to the Seceded States. Mr. Douglas, in advocating his resolution, said that the policy of the Administration being unknown, he desired to receive the apprehensions of the country by obtaining a reply to his resolution, which he thought would give satisfactory information. Mr. Douglas cited different settling of the Union. He argued that the President has no power to call on the masses of the people to arm to coerce a State to settle its accounts with Uncle Sam. To carry on a war with the Southern Republic would require an army of two hundred thousand men, and the annual expense would be three hundred millions of dollars. In conclusion, he advocated such amendments to the Constitution as would hold the border States in the Union, and thus secure a reunion of all the States. Mr. Wilson said the Administration would make known its policy through a conference in which it had confidence. The debate was continued at considerable length, and finally degenerated into an undignified personal quarrel between Messrs. Douglas and Fessenden.

On Monday, the 18th, Mr. Breckinridge made his maiden speech since his vacation of the Vice-Presidential chair. He addressed himself to Mr. Lincoln's inaugural mount war, and that without a great and blunder-ing mistake. In his interpretation the difficulty, the severance of the Union would be inevitable. He professed strong Union sentiments. It was in vain and dignified action

An Imperial Surprise.

We question if Louis Napoleon's famous *coup d'état* of the 23 of December astonished the public so much as Francis Joseph's *coup d'état* of the 26th of February, the particulars of which have come by the Arabia. One abolished liberty in France—the other has established a Constitutional Government in the Austrian Empire. It is idle to remind us that twelve years ago a Constitution was given to Austria by the present Emperor's grandfather—and taken away. Twelve years have almost entirely changed the aspect of Europe. The world has moved faster than ever it did before, and Austria has shared and diffused, with Russia moving forward, and France with her threatening arm, ready to unite or forbear, as the opportunity may offer, the most boasted of tyrants would not dare to recall the recent edict of the Emperor of Austria, which has given a Constitutional Government to the Empire. It converts at one stroke a military despotism into a Constitutional Monarchy, with institutions parliamentary and aristocratic. It has evidently been established on the British model, and is scarcely less liberal. The main features are these: There is to be a House of Peers, comprising the Princes of the blood, the higher Clergy, and the great Magnates, in addition to these Houses, the Emperor has the right of appointing a certain number of peers for life, as a reward for services, or to assist the administration.

The Lower House, which answers to the British House of Commons, will consist of 343 members, elected by the Provincial Legislatures, on much the same plan as our United States Senators. The Legislatures which have the power of creating the Lower House are to be chosen by the people of the various Provinces, on a basis of suffrage very similar to that of England. This Parliament is to have the supreme control of finance, taxation and the national debt. The members are also guaranteed freedom of speech and immunity from arrest—precisely the same as in the British Parliament.

It is scarcely possible to overrate the fresh and vigorous vitality this will throw into the rapidly decaying frame of the Austrian Empire, should it be able to overcome that incongruity of elements which has hitherto rendered all her attempts at reform abortive.

New Vehicles Wanted.

It is a good rule in political economy that the supply is regulated, by the demand, but it has its exceptions when we demand for it what cannot be supplied. Such is the case with the fast line has been for many years a very decided request for some new means of treative power and of transit in our cities, which no one has yet supplied. We may look at Broadway. Any person ment, except that now in use, speedily wears out, and yet it is a torment to the poor horses, which slip and tumble over it in wet weather, and which is dear and jolting, and so intolerable. Passenger railroads can only partially alleviate the difficulty; the truth is, that some entirely new means of carrying passengers must be invented.

Hopes were at one time entertained that the "dunnup," a very small locomotive, of about four horse power, could be used with advantage in the streets of our cities. We are informed that the experiment is again being tried in Philadelphia. Steamcarriage power has for a long time been in use in Cincinnati, and has been pronounced a decided improvement upon horses. The Wizard principle of propelling cars by means of a machine in which the motive power is small upright boiler, and which can be manned in the car itself, is said to be highly lauded. Canals, for instance, are excessively to the reader that the very ingenious toys, once so costly and now so cheap and common in which a watch-spring is the motive power of a vehicle might possibly be executed on the size of life scale? That several attempts, from very early times, to construct such automatic carriages have failed, is no reason why success should not be considered as the principle has been exhausted. The great difficulty, as many urge, is that the rough condition of most streets and roads impedes the free action of wheels, and that a smooth surface is shall be doubled, and the number of country vehicles proportionally increased? But it borne in mind that the inventor who finds out a means of obviating, in any moderate degree, this vast annoyance will have the means of accumulating an immense fortune.

EDITORIAL CLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Rather Good.—A Sunday paper, which takes a paternal to ask for a "Sunday Journal," and which, in addition to a column entitled "Notes," draws an shocking picture of Church if entering London over Blackfriars Bridge, and which, in addition to the "Notes" and the "Sunday Journal," has also a column entitled "Answers to Correspondents," is not a paper which we should like to see in the hands of our children, or in the hands of any one who is anxious to preserve the reverence of the Sunday.

The following appears in the New York World of the 18th. It occurs in an article upon the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy, a synopsis of which important document appears in another column of our paper:

"By the 40th which allows heads of departments a seat and the right to speak in either House of Congress (if that body shall by one specific) is essentially different from the usage of the English Government, which is by one joint resemblance, inasmuch as there heads of departments cannot but the Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury are the Premier Ministers of the United States."

This is just the reverse; the Minister, on bend of any special department, whether treasury, foreign, home, &c., of the English Government, is compelled to have a seat in Parliament. If, however, he is a member of the Lower House which he specialist, he resigns his seat, and reappears to his constituents. If they reject him, some member of a Government borough resigns, and he is elected in his stead.

Penitentiaries.—Now we are in it. Now the country is exactly in the midst of its great quadrennial washing day; suds flying, water spattering, nine housewives mean blue bodies—big enough boys, and all concerned in all sorts of a glorious stir. Now, are all those who have incurred guilt of their sovereign to be allowed in the bosom of water while some, in their force enthusiasm, are washing away in public, while most better by the have been shielded in the most odorous privacy. Now, in short, to drop highly figurative, we have a question brought a clamor of which the Anti-Wide-Awake are making out for soap bottles in which to make up for their by-gone sins.

Let us in this busy time split our ears in favor of a small but deserving class of our fellow-citizens, who are about to submit themselves for greater in proportion to what they get than those of any other body of individuals. We refer to the boys in the penitentiaries in the city in bank. The boys are as "women" in this country—American ladies. No one, we presume will deny that these boys are entitled to a fresh green garment. Now is therefore the fashion to assist that poor officer are filled with peculiar grace by indoor, especially since the introduction of a new and convenient article of dress, the Jersey shirt. A neatly written note in lady's handwriting some time ago, says that a boy in the city was very lethal, and giving him a few cents in reference, and that the name of the honorable Senator beneath. He had evidently been thoroughly washed himself in order to worship for many years, and was no stranger to the young widow herself. After a moment's reflection he carefully removed the name of the Senator in question, and made the following touchy indictment upon the paper: 'I go for Mamie.' Many was, of course expected, but a very pleasant surprise to the fair one, as the result proved.

It is impossible not to admire our friend of the Prince. Mr. Lincoln's choice of George P. Marsh to represent the American Reign in Sardinia is thus spoken of by the Boston Journal:

"The selection of Mr. Marsh for Italy we deeply deplore. He is a gentleman and a scholar."

Ah! why will Old Abe appoint men who are gentlemen and scholars? It is too bad.—Mr. Lincoln ought to appoint a carpenter! although it is difficult to know on what principle any man can deplore another being a scholar and a gentleman.

PERSONAL.

WHEN the troubles in Italy are settled, it is said that Count Cavour is going to be married to an English lady. The intimate is that his own will begin when the Italian is free.

W. D. TAYLOR, who has just resigned the appointment of Postmaster, has been by every Democrat in Washington. He is a gentleman. It is a pity he demands especial commendation.

MR. WARNER, late Assistant Assistant cashier of the New York Post Office, in place of Mr. Vroom, who has been made Consul to Aix in Chapelle.

CAPT. LEONARD, of the Zouave Battalion attached to take his trial for larceny, escaped last week from the custody of a keeper, who was appointed to assist him in preparing his defence. He was out on bail at the time, pleaded guilty and in a police thereupon to be sentenced to six months to be even

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, the far-famed correspondent of the London Times, arrived at the Astor House on Saturday last. He has come, as he tells us, specially to report the leading journal of the world the condition of the American Republic.

HE CANNOT, he says, do justice to the subject and remain in New York. He, New Mexico, in spread to the United States. He has fifty or fifty cases, two hundred and fifty letters of introduction, and a thousand friends.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP gave a concert at Providence last week with great success.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT is about to deliver a lecture in Brooklyn. Strange to say, it is not on Washington—but Armenia.

THE U. S. ARMY, which, by reason of the increasing time since, and required, on a charge of carrying to turn the Rock Island Railroad Company arrested for Washington. He is attended by Mr. Rock Island Railroad Company arrested for Washington. He is attended by Mr. Rock Island Railroad Company arrested for Washington. He is attended by Mr.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The National Academy of Design.

On Tuesday evening, the 19th instant, there was a gathering of literary men, artists and connoisseurs at the rooms of the National Academy of Design in Tenth street. The occasion was the opening of the exhibition, for private inspection of the pictures, previous to the appointed day of throwing the doors open to the public, viz., the 20th inst. When we arrived there were hardly a dozen persons present, and we enjoyed the quiet luxury of walking round the rooms without being obliged to elbow our way through a gaping crowd. We were in momentary dread, however, of the rustle of crinoline and the ominous buzz of the prittle-prattle of the brightest and best of creation. But they did not come, and we began to think that something must have happened. Our fears, however, were relieved on learning that the invitation was a male tea-fight (without the tea), and that the houris were to be banished for this night only from the Paradise of Art. We confess that we were glad, because we desired to look at the pictures, and how could we do so with undiverted attention—as the gallant *Stone* said—when distracted and attracted by a hundred pairs of beautiful and talking eyes? Freed from all anxiety on this score, we proceeded leisurely to enjoy the results of the artists' labors.

We saw at a glance that there were fewer pictures on the walls than were there last year, caused, we suppose, by the fact that many were not aware of the alteration of the time of opening the exhibition. We know several artists whose works, intended for the Academy, remain unfinished on their easels, although quite near completion. They knew not of the change of time, and suffered no little disappointment in consequence.

We saw that the exhibition was rich in landscapes, many of them bold and striking in character, and eminently beautiful in conception and execution; and recognized the handling of those whose works have been the crowning glory of the exhibition for years past.

Before completing our first round we asked an old friend, one who ranks second to none in his art, if Church had anything there? "Church," he said, "not being able to come himself, has sent his card."

We fully comprehended the wit of the remark when we saw the small but striking picture vouchsafed by Church to the Academy this year.

In marine views the exhibition is also very strong, many of the coast scenes being remarkable for their original treatment and peculiar atmospheric effects. The *genre* subjects are numerous and striking, and at least five or six of the figure pictures are finely treated both as to conception and execution. Portraits do abound, egregiously; the few of them admirable, the many veritable pot-boilers indeed. The majority of them no true artist would hang up in his studio. Are they good enough, then, to be paraded before the public as specimens of American art? It is true they are specimens, but then they are very bad specimens, and should have been withheld from the public eye. Who desires to see a chalky, soulless face on each side of a beautiful landscape? They serve as skeletons at the feast, to warn us that everything is not beautiful by any means, and that some flesh at least is dust—chalk dust and brick dust at that.

Our first inspection convinced us that the exhibition retained most of its strong and attractive points, and that, taking it throughout, it was up to its average excellence, and fully entitled to the liberal patronage of the public. We recognized upon the walls the beautiful creations of Cignoux, Lentze, Howland, Hunt, Stone, Gifford, McEntee, E. White, Hows, Tait, Wust, Haas, Brevoort, Darley, Boughton, E. Johnson, Hubner, Huntington, Beard, Bellows, Thomson, Durand, Zimmerman, Cafferty, Bierstade, Richards, Ingham, Church and many others known to fame; besides two works by Page, which have at least one worshipper, and the further merit of being the best-abused productions in the exhibition.

A generous collation, and much pleasant artistic gossip, with interchange of sentiment, wound up a very agreeable and instructive evening.

Brotherly Love.

We are too busy in this country to love our brothers over much. We acknowledge a sort of distant relationship, and if they stand in our way, either in politics, love or business, we arrive at a dim idea that they belong to the family and ought to get out of the way. There is one man, however, who seems to have leisure to attend to these trivial domestic arrangements. He is, as will be seen, a poet, and consequently an idler; and may be forgiven for entertaining a romantic affection, and inditing

Lines to My Brother.

There lies within my drunken cup
 One little drop of sparkling wine,
So here I lift the treasure up
 And drink to thee, good brother mine.
Wherever thou this moment be—
 Whatever dreamy thought is thine—
I let my spirit come to thee
 Enthroned upon this drop of wine.

The half rejected glass to-night
 Hath touched my worldly serving lip,
To many a pledge, as false as light,
 That galled my heart to even sip.
But when to thee this single drop
 Comes trickling from the trembling bowl,
It bids my very pulses stop
 And pledge thee, brother, from my soul.

Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

We have one standing recollection of these concerts, which is that we have never been able to get a seat at any of them during two or three seasons. Either everybody else goes too early or we go too late; but from whatever cause, such is the fact. We should remember that the early comer getteth the seat—and keeps it. There was an immense audience, which filled every seat in three tiers of boxes and the parquette, and still left hundreds standing, ourselves among the last.

Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" was most admirably performed. Bergmann, the conductor, is, to our thinking, generally too cold and too precise; but on this occasion he displayed the higher attributes of his position, and interpreted the composition with a fidelity to its character and sentiment which was worthy of all praise, and displayed the thorough and appreciative musician. He was ably seconded by the orchestra, its performance seeming to be the outward expression of the will of the conductor. The fine shadings, the broad lights, the delicacy, precision and brilliancy requisite to the perfect rendering of this great composition have rarely, if ever, been so prominently displayed in any performance of the Philharmonic orchestra. It was something to remember with pleasure and with pride, and was cordially and warmly appreciated by the audience.

Richard Hoffman's performance of Mozart's "Piano Concerto" has placed him in a position in his art which we never expected to see him attain. We always knew that he had every requisite to enable him to claim a first-class position, but we doubted his ambition to strive for it, especially while engaged in the laborious duties of teaching, which is of all things in the world the best calculated to take ambition clean out of the heart. But he goes through the fire unharmed, preserving untouched that fine poetic feeling, that freshness of sentiment, that conscientious art-principle which are the attributes of the truly classic artist. There are but few men in this country who would have dared to venture upon a piano concerto by Mozart, so antiquated is it in style, so simple in form, and so utterly devoid of those miraculous *tours de force* which are the glory and the strength of the modern pianoforte school. To gain attention and to win success in such a piece demands nothing short of perfection in execution, nor less than an absolute identification with the intent, the passion and the mind of the composer. Richard Hoffmann fulfilled these conditions, arrested the attention of the whole audience from the first note to the last by presenting the beautiful creation of Mozart in its perfect integrity, and, as we believe, its author imagined it and executed it. We have rarely heard anything more exquisite than this performance. In delicacy, precision, sentiment and refinement it is hardly possible to imagine anything more perfect. Hoffman's *technique* is superb, and its perfect equality could hardly have been exhibited to greater advantage than in this concerto, for the passages are so constructed that the least roughness or slovenliness could at once be detected. As it was, Hoffman achieved a triumph; the andante was encored though not repeated, and he was unanimously recalled at its close.

We were too tired to stay any longer, but we understand that his performance in the second part was equally admirable; that Mr. Mollenhauer played his violin concerto very finely, and the orchestral pieces were performed in a manner fully up to the excellence of the preceding sinfonia.

William V. Wallace's New Opera.

We record, with unfeigned delight, the fact of the triumphant success of Wallace's new opera, "The Amber Witch," which was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, on the 28th of February. The house was crowded to suffocation, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The encores were numerous; the singers were repeatedly called before the curtain, the composer, author and conductor sharing that honor after every act. Great as was the success of "Lurline" last year, "The Amber Witch" of this season promises to achieve a longer and more brilliant run. The critics are unanimous in praise of the music; they find it exquisitely melodious, richly and elaborately harmonized, and instrumented with wonderful imagination and brilliancy. It is acknowledged to be his greatest work, one which places him side by side with the greatest operatic writers of the world. Patient and earnest, Wallace has worked up to his destiny, and has achieved a position in his art from whence he sees no one above him. We rejoice most heartily, and congratulate Wallace sincerely upon the happy result of his arduous labors, the news of which will be hailed with delight by a vast circle of friends, who have waited anxiously for the assurance of this success which they anticipated.

It is, however, very tantalizing to know that the world of London can enjoy this beautiful opera—*most of which was designed and composed here*—while we are denied even the hope of that desired privilege. We are debarred from hearing any of the fine English operas which have been written in the past few years—the two last operas by Balfe, Macfarren's "Robin Hood," Edward Loder's "Night Dancers," and lastly, Wallace's "Lurline" and "The Amber Witch." We are denied all this, because fashion sets its face against hearing music with words which the majority can understand. The language must be unintelligible to be fashionable, and English opera is therefore tabooed. The time is not far distant when the language of the country will assert its supremacy, and as in London now, the English opera in this country will supersede—or at all events—stand upon equal terms with the Italian opera.

We understand that four cities in Germany have engaged with the composer for the production of both his operas, "Lurline" and "The Amber Witch."

An Uneasy Spirit.

Byronic misery was fashionable for many years, but it went out with turn-over shirt collars, and can hardly be expected to revive under the present cut-throat fashion. Our correspondent, however, disclaims all poetic misery; he is in earnest, and tells a real sorrow in eloquent language. Remorse breathes in the lines which he dedicates to

The Forsaken.—By Benjamin Blood.

"O weird Remorse!"

Her brows were two golden arches
 That stood on an ivory pier,
Upholding a marble temple—
 And I was worshipped there.
Soft clouds that reeked with sunshine
 Rolled over the fairy dome,
But the waves that rolled under the arches
 Were gray with an ashen gloom:
For I left her—for rout and revel—
 Her worth I had never known,
And her eyes caught the hue of the twilight,
 Where she sang, for sad pastime, alone.

Long, long in the faded muslin,
 Her eyelids gray with dust,
With my ring on her nerveless finger
 Still keeping its holy trust,
She hath lain in the dusky silence
 Where Time's dim wings are furled,
Save when with one sweep they enkindle
 The dream of a better world.

Alone in the summer evenings
 I gaze, while the nightwind blows,
Toward the grave where my innocent sleeper
 Has long since forgotten her woes:
Oh, God! for that morning in heaven,
 Whose light in her beautiful eyes
Shall tell me I am forgiven
 For all her miseries!

Robert Stoepel's Cantata "Hiawatha" in England.

This beautiful work, which was written in this country, and performed in Boston and New York with marked success, was produced at the Royal English Opera House, London, on the 11th of February. The criticisms upon it in this country were elaborate and highly eulogistic, but no more so than the great merits of the composition deserved. It was produced in splendid style in London, Alfred Mellon directing it, and having under his control a magnificent orchestra, a numerous chorus and competent principals, Miss Matilda Heron reciting the connecting portions of the poem. It was an undoubted success. The *Morning Chronicle*, after elaborately describing the work and awarding it the warmest and most positive praise, thus winds up its article:

"Not to enter into further particulars at present, we may assert that the music throughout is unquestionably that of a thoughtful and earnest musician, and that there is more real merit, more genuine inspiration, in short, in the 'Song of Hiawatha,' than many operas that have filled the ears of the public for many seasons, and made fortunes for public publishers.

"Miss Matilda Heron read the exquisite verses of the poet with infinite tenderness and expression. Bating a slight lack of power, and a peculiarity of pronunciation in certain vowels, which she shares in common with Miss Cushman and other American actresses, she is certainly one of the best elocutionists we have heard from the other side of the Atlantic."

Books to be had for almost Nothing.

The failure of Messrs. Derby & Jackson, the publishers, has been justly regarded as a calamity affecting the literature of our country, so many were the works by our most eminent authors issued by them. Of late years they have been distinguished by the elegance and excellence of their illustrated and library editions. The public is, however, we observe, benefiting by them, since their splendid stock, including rich exemplars of British and foreign classics, Stoddard's "Lives of the Poets," Goodrich's "Court of Napoleon," &c., are now selling for less than half-price. No such sacrifice has ever occurred in the history of American bookselling.

Testimonial to Madame Anna Bishop.

The arrangements for this well-deserved compliment are rapidly progressing. A committee of many of our most influential citizens are taking the liveliest interest in the matter, and we expect that the testimonial will be very substantial as well as flattering.

DRAMA.

There has been nothing new in the theatrical world during the last week. Laura Keene still travels with her "Seven Sisters," and Wallack promises a new comedy, which Madame Rumor assigns to the pen of the brilliant critic of the *Herald*. Forrest reigns at Niblo's, and continues his most remarkable campaign of unalloyed victory. Seldom has there been so successful a season for our managers as the present.

Barnum's Museum.—This great institution of our Republic is maintaining its union of amusement and popularity without any seceders. Day by day, and night by night, enthusiastic crowds visit it to see the Swiss Bearded Lady and the Lilliputian Queen; but the chief attraction is Herr Driesbach, whose wonderful Grizzly Bears are more wonderful than anything ever seen before. Dancing bears, singing bears and cinnamon bears are there, and above all the great bear Samson. The new drama, "Glinnelli; or, The Children of the Zincali," still maintains its popularity. Barnum has hit the right path; he gives the greatest diversity for the smallest amount—and above all, it is at once select and popular.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.

The following Ministers and Consuls have been appointed by the Lincoln Administration:

England—Minister Plenipotentiary, Charles F. Adams, $17,500; Secretary of Legation, T. Bigelow Lawrence, $2,625; Assistant Secretary of Legation, John Adams, $1,500.

France—Minister Plenipotentiary, William L. Dayton, $17,500; Secretary of Legation, W. B. Fry, $2,625.

Prussia—Minister Plenipotentiary, N. P. Judd, $12,000; Secretary of Legation, H. Kreisman, $1,800.

Sardinia—Minister Resident, George P. Marsh, $7,500.

Turkey—Minister Resident, James Watson Webb, $7,500

Austria—Minister Plenipotentiary, Anson Burlingame, $12,000.

Sweden and Norway—Minister Resident, Jacob T. Haldermon, $7,500.

Denmark—Minister Resident, Bradford R. Wood, $7,500.

Brazil—Minister Plenipotentiary, Thomas B. Nelson, $12,000.

Belgium—Minister Resident, Henry S. Sanford, $7,500.

Portugal—Minister Resident, Carl Schurz, $7,500

Spain—Minister Plenipotentiary, Cassius M. Clay, $12 000; Secretary of Legation, Green Clay, $1,500.

Guatemala—Minister Resident, Elisha C. Crosby, $7,500.

Pontifical States—Minister Resident, Rufus King, $7,500.

Consuls.—London, Freeman H. Morse, $7,500; Bordeaux, C. Davisson $2,000; Liverpool, De Witt C. Littlejohn, $7,500; Havre, James O. Putnam $6,000; Aix la Chapelle, Wm. H. Vesey, $2,500; Frankfort-on-the-Maine Rufus Hosmer, $3,000; Alexandria, Egypt, W. S. Thayer, $3,000

Commissioner.—Sandwich Islands, Thomas J. Dyer, $7,500.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Henry Aucker, of Juniata county, Pa., was beaten to death in his own house by two robbers. They entered, and after a little conversation, one of them demanded of Mr. Aucker his money, and presented a pistol. He then retreated to a back room, and while he was in the act of taking down his rifle the villains fired at him, wounding him in the left arm. They then rushed upon him and struck him a number of heavy blows on the head, causing his death in a few hours. A little niece and a housekeeper, upon hearing the noise, raised an alarm, and the ruffians left the house without attempting to plunder it.

Of the origin of camp-meetings, the New York *Evangelist* says: "The first camp meeting held in America was in Kentucky. Two preachers, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist, met in a village on the Sabbath where there was but one church. The Presbyterian officiated in the forenoon, and the Methodist in the afternoon. The interest upon the subject was so great that they continued the meetings for a day or two at the house. The attendance soon became so large that they adjourned to the woods, and continued the meeting for a week. And this is the origin of the modern camp-meeting."

Ex-Mayor Tiemann presided at a meeting held at the New York Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday, for the purpose of aiding the passage of an act to establish a Pawners' Bank in New York, similar to the Pawner's Bank of Boston. A bill to establish such a bank, under the name of the Loaner's Bank, is now before the New York Assembly, and will undoubtedly pass. A committee was appointed to carry out the views of the meeting.

Ann Trainor, who was so seriously injured in the Orange street fire, Brooklyn, died at the hospital on the 16th. There were evidences of improvement the evening previous, but during the night she failed rapidly, and breathed her last about nine o'clock the following day. Coroner Horton held an inquest upon the body. The verdict of the jury was that she died from congestion of the lungs, caused by inhaling smoke. The funeral took place yesterday from her father's residence. A large concourse followed the body to its last resting-place. The room-mate of the deceased, Miss Susan Ann Wilson, it will be remembered, was killed by jumping out of the fifth storey window. The engineer of the hoop-skirt factory, Mr. Geo Albrecht, who was arrested on suspicion of causing the fire, was discharged by the coroner, there being nothing whatever upon which such a charge could be based. It was a most cruel and needless arrest, there not being the slightest shade of suspicion against him. It seems very clear until we have Mackenzie's Fire-Escape fitted upon every tenement-house there can be no security for life.

On Friday, the 14th, a flag was presented to Colonel Corcoran from the Irishmen in California, as a compliment to that gallant officer for having set an example of military discipline to his adopted country, by disobeying the orders of his commander, on a mere matter of courtesy to a foreign guest. This is very encouraging to American institutions.

Rhode Island has two full tickets in the field for her State election, which takes place on Wednesday, April 3. The rival candidates are as follows:

Governor—James Y. Smith, Republican; William Sprague, Conservative.

Lieutenant-Governor—S. H. Green, Republican; Samuel G. Arnold, Conservative.

Attorney-General—Sullivan Ballou, Republican; Walter S. Burges, Conservative.

Secretary of State—J. R. Bartlett, Republican; J. R. Bartlett, Conservative.

Treasurer—Samuel A. Parker, Republican; Samuel A. Parker, Conservative.

Congress, First District—Chris. Robinson, Republican; George H. Browne, Conservative.

Congress, Second District—W. D. Brayton, Republican; W. W. Hoppin, Conservative.

Leutze, the artist, has just finished a picture called a "View in Venice," which is considered his masterpiece. Charles Elliott has also just completed a portrait of Mrs. Colonel Harper, which is beyond all praise. It is the repose of life.

Horace Sanburn, of Mendon, Vt., a young man whose marriage, about a year since, with a daughter of Leverett Wilkins, of the same town, was celebrated with considerable pomp, about two weeks since eloped with the wife of Wm. Jakins, of Rutland, with the intention, it is said, of flying to California. Mr. Jakins followed in pursuit of the guilty pair. In New York the runaway couple eluded all the vigilance of the police, and no doubt succeeded in making their escape to California by the steamer which sailed last week. Mrs. Jakins had been married but about four years. She is a daughter of Amos Pike, of Rutland, and comes from a respectable family. The elopement occasions the most intense excitement and grief among the friends of both families.

On Friday, the 15th, Captain Lovell, whose exploits in artillery practice we illustrated last year, gave the third lecture to the Twelfth Regiment at Irving Hall. It would seem as though the Anglo-Saxon race delighted in painting the horrors and the ease of a foreign invasion. Everybody here laughs at the shaking fit or ague John Bull has every generation, when they button up their pockets and double their fists at an imaginary French invasion; but we are just as bad, for Captain Lovell in his lecture alluded to the rapidity with which British artillerymen handled the large guns, firing eleven shots in less than seven minutes, and said that in the present condition of affairs here it would take the men at least twenty minutes to prepare a large gun for use, and in the meantime a fleet might come up the harbor, destroy the city, and sail out again. In the event of a war with any foreign power, New York would be the first place at which the enemy would direct their attention; and it would be useless to look to the General Government for assistance. In the course of his remarks he suggested a system of volunteer artillery which would not consume one-half the time required for infantry practice, and would prove of great benefit in case of war.

Mr. Mulligan, better known under the familiar title of Billy, has been granted a new trial, and released in $5,000 bail.

The Court of Pardons met on the 18th at Trenton, and refused to commute Abson's sentence to imprisonment for life. New Jersey and New York both rush into extremes. One has a passion for hanging a criminal, right or wrong, while the other plays with one as a cat with a mouse, by trying him over and over again. A careful study of the evidence against Abson leaves a very strong doubt in our mind as to his active guilt, although there can be no doubt he was a brutal husband. Still, the gallows is irrevocable, and in the face of the judicial murder of the negro Cyphus in Baltimore, we think a respite ought to have been granted, more especially as a memorial, signed by many eminent men, was presented to the judges to that effect.

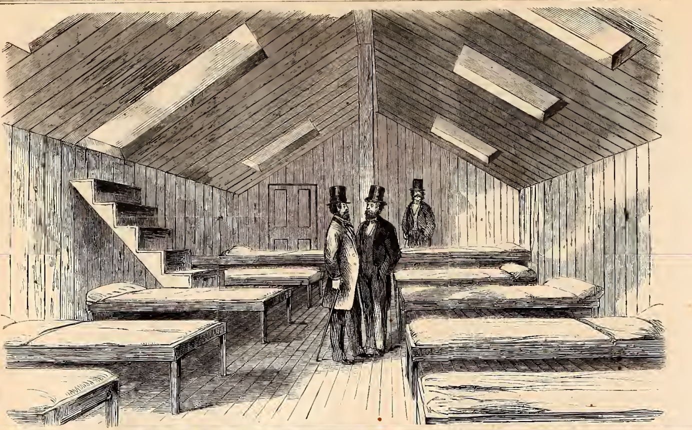
Alderman Greene, of Brooklyn, is in trouble. He is, we believe, a friend of the swill milk fraternity. It appears that he signed a bill for street cleaning for his friend Murtagh, for work which was not performed. This is denied, but even if true, how our Gotham City Fathers must laugh in their sleeves. Who would be an Alderman in the City of Churches if thus subjected to such petty annoyances?

We are sorry to see that the bootmakers of Stoughton, Mass., are about to have a strike again. That of Lynn last year was altogether detrimental to their general interests. Trade has laws which these isolated efforts cannot effect; like water, they will find their level.

Never has St. Patrick been more generally celebrated than on the 18th, for Sunday being the 17th, it was necessarily postponed. It had long been a subject of discussion and shillalegh whether St. Patrick, who was a Scotchman by the way, was born on the 8th or the 9th. The matter being left to a wise priest, he settled the dispute by adding the different dates together and making them the 17th, which is certainly the whole truth. On Monday last the day was fine, and the Irish regiments and the Irish societies turned out in grand style, and the entire air smelt of that accent which Scott pronounced "fine," and which Burke, Wellington, Goldsmith, Napier, Faraday, Canning, Castlereagh, Palmerston, Meagher, Doheny, and their countrymen have indulged in from time immemorial. In the evening the St. Patrick Society gave a dinner at the Astor House, at which J. T. Brady, the most eloquent and able of our counsellors, spoke with a force worthy of Grattan. Russell, of the London *Thunderer*, was there, and responded to the toast of "The Press." It is very gratifying to see our adopted citizens feel so much at home in the land of liberty.

There was rather an urgent time on Monday at the Board of Aldermen, in which Alderman Genet had Alderman Dayton arrested for contempt. The special offence was a speech on the Hackley street cleaning. We must confess that rain and wind ought to share with Hackley. They have hitherto done the work.

Sudden deaths are alarmingly common. Not a day passes but we have to chronicle the frail tenure on which we hold life. Mr. Charles Hayne, the Ferry-master of Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn, dropped dead as he was tying his cravat in his residence at Gowanus. He had promised to take his wife to a ball, and had rather hurried in going home to his house. He was a Mason of long standing.

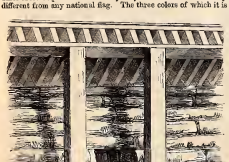


INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL ATTACHED TO THE FLOATING BATTERY IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 289.

THE FLAG ADOPTED BY THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

THE subject of a national flag was a matter of grave and serious consideration in the Congress of the new Confederacy. Many very beautiful designs were sent in by patriotic Southern ladies, but the Committee, while accepting the suggestions with thanks, finally decided upon the flag which we publish to-day. On presenting their design for the acceptance of the Provisional Congress, the Chairman explained it in the following words:

"A flag should be simple, readily made, and above all, capable of being made up in bunting; it should be different from the flag of any other country, place or people; it should be significant; it should be readily distinguishable at a distance; the colors should be well contrasted and durable, and lastly, and not the least important point, it should be effective and handsome. The committee humbly think that the flag which they submit combines these requisites. It is very easy to make. It is entirely different from any national flag. The three colors of which it is



SECTION OF THE FLOATING BATTERY, CHARLESTON HARBOR. SEE PAGE 289.

composed—red white and blue—are the true republican colors. In heraldry they are emblematic of the three great virtues—of valor, purity and truth. Naval men assure us that it can be recognised at a great distance. The colors contrast admirably, and are lasting. In effect and appearance it must speak for itself. Your Committee, therefore, recommend that the flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field, with a white space extending horizontally through the centre, and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag, the red spaces, above and below, to be of the same width as the white; the union blue extending down through the white space, and stopping at the lower red space; in the centre of the union a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the States in the Confederacy."

PIUS IX. has just received as a present a splendid diamond necklace, the property of a French lady recently deceased, and a quantity of what a well-known London ball-giver used to call "articles of bigotry and virtue;" also a present from a lady of Osimo.

THE DOOM OF "WHITE-LADIES:"

OR,

MOTHER AND SON.

CHAPTER I.

"QUICK, quick! Here, sir, for mercy's sake, if you can swim! Here's a drowning man, and not a soul to help!"

This startling cry came to me, through the mists of a November afternoon, across the Iffley meadows, where I was walking. A half minute's run to the river, the sight of a cockle shell boat overturned, and some dark object rising to the surface, then a plunge, a grasp, a mighty trial of my utmost strength. The man who had called out leaned over the brink and relieved me of that dead weight, I leaped out on the bank, and—a human life was saved!

I saw the poor fellow between blankets at the nearest cottage, and having waited till the surgeon from Oxford could report that his patient was quite out of danger and rapidly coming round, hurried back to my rooms at Exeter. Then—for I was too late for Hall, and in my excited state could not have touched anything to eat—I got into my dressing-gown and slippers, boiled my kettle, made a coffee-pot full of strong coffee, and took my pipe, meditating, while I smoked, on the strange revulsion of feeling wrought in me by this afternoon's adventure. In order to make this intelligible to my readers, they must allow me to say something of myself and my circumstances.

I was the eldest of a large family in Cornwall, and now keeping my fourth Oxford term. I knew and felt painfully—I dare say more than those who made them—all the sacrifices it cost to send me to college; my father's port cashiered after dinner, my mother's faded silks, the hundred family economies, and, worse than all beside, little Agatha, my favorite sister, threatened with a spinal complaint, and lying patient and smiling on an inclined plane. I knew, though they tried to keep it from me, the real reason why the child was not taken up to London at once for the best advice. Well; there was a scholarship in the college, the value sixty-five pounds a year, to be competed for. I had no great talent or brilliancy, but I could work hard, and I had worked honestly for this great help. Everybody told me I was sure to get it, and I came to think so myself. To cut the story short, after four days of harassing examination, that morning found me a disappointed man. The prize fell to a man of another college, whose work was so far superior to my own that I had not even the common consolation of laying the blame of defeat on the heads of the examiners. A slight, puny-looking fellow was my successful rival, a perfect contrast to myself; and in the first smart of my disappointment I had weighed my thews and sinews against his brain. The first stroke in our college eight-oar, the fleetest runner on the cricket-ground, how heartily I had that afternoon despised the distractions which I had hitherto been so proud of. I was worthless—good for nothing at Oxford; better be off to the backwoods at once, where my animal qualities might stand me in some stead. Actually my mind was half made up to emigrate to Canada, when that cry for help had rung in my ears.

Now, what a change had passed over me! As I came in, hurrying through the quadrangle, I had met our just-elected scholar in his bran-new scholar's gown. I did not envy him one bit; I even held my head higher as I passed him. My animal qualities and their owner were on the best terms possible. With my strength, with this right arm, I had saved a life—a human life! I repeated it over and over again to myself—my heart was light within me—I felt the civic crown upon my brow.

"It was better for that man to-day," I said, half aloud, "that I could run like a greyhound and swim like an otter, than if I had been able to write the best Greek verses or the neatest bit of Latin ever sent up in an examination. I wish I could do that too, though," I thought, with a sigh for my lost scholarship, as I got out my desk to write to my mother. But I sat still, with the blank paper before me. My mind having once laid hold of a pleasant train of thought, held it with a tenacious grasp; it would take me back, in spite of myself, to the half-drowned man. I felt a natural curiosity to find out who he was, and something about him. His name I had already learned from the address on a letter taken out of his pocket—"Henry Marsden, Esq., Ch. Ch. Coll., Oxford, England, viâ Marseilles." This address was in a lady's hand, and the letter bore an Indian postmark. I got down my calendar, and found "Henry Marsden, Ch. Ch.," in the matriculation list of the present term. "Marsden, Marsden!" where had I seen that name before? "I have it now!" I exclaimed, as I ferreted among some Calcutta newspapers sent over by an old school-chum of mine out there; "here's the name over and over again—Sir John Marsden—he seems quite the hero of the paper. Ay! knighted, I see, for important services; here again." I went on, marking down the columns with my pipe. "Sir John and Lady Marsden! Then his father and mother are in India; that accounts for the lady's handwriting on that Indian letter." I jumped to these hasty conclusions as a young man would be apt to do, and for once these hasty conclusions were right. So here I knew a good deal already about this man, while I pleased myself to think that I had saved his life in a strict *incognito*. None of the people about the cottage knew me; for my part I should mention the accident to nobody in Oxford. I was glad to think that Mr. Marsden would never find me out, if he should have a wish to do so. As I watched the smoke-spirals of my pipe, I dwelt upon this thought with intense satisfaction. I imagined all sorts of fine things I should say to myself when I saw him at St. Mary's, or he passed me as a stranger in the street. This feeling was, no doubt, mainly attributable to my very shy and nervous temperament.

Next morning I had come down considerably from my heroics, and was trying hard to make some sense out of one of those crabbed passages in Aristotle, which one might fancy he had written with the malicious purpose of addling the brains of Oxford men, when a tap came at my door. Directly afterwards my river-side acquaintance of the previous afternoon entered—a low, ill-looking fellow enough in broad daylight. My new friend had evidently been very drunk over night, indeed he was scarcely sober now; and as he had told his story, no doubt, to several different people that morning, and got a glass of something from each in return, he brought with him into my room a strong flavor of that peculiar compound called in the gin-shops, "all nations."

"Beg parding, sir," he began in a thick voice, bringing his forefinger quickly down from his forehead, that he might lay both hands on the table to steady his legs; "beg parding, sir, but you're Mr Arnott—leastways it's writ up above your door."

"Yes, I was Mr. Arnott, and particularly busy that morning." I saw that my visitor was in a highly loquacious state.

"Then, sir, I've got a bit of paper 'ere for you," replied the man, taking from his hat a crumpled note, which bore every token of having travelled up and down a good deal in that vehicle. "Why, sir, you slipped away like a heel yesterday, and Mr. Marsden wor fritting as soon as he came to hisself, and knew what had happened, to know where you was. That was more nor me nor anybody else could tell him, for no one knowed you. So he says to me, when we'd got him back and all comfortable in his rooms, he says, like a gem'man as he is, 'Now, Jenkins, I owe you a good deal; but mind, not a penny more nor this 'alf soverink to drink my 'elth with shall you have till you've found out the gem'man as jumped into the river.' 'Leave that to me, sir,' says I; 'he's a college gent, I'm pretty sure; anyhow, I'll find him.' And so, Mr. Arnott, 'ere I am."

Mr. Jenkins made a long pause, looking as if he had a benevolent

THE NATIONAL FLAG OF THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, ADOPTED BY THE CONGRESS NOW SITTING AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

THE NEW BATTERIES ERECTED ON MORRIS ISLAND FOR THE DEFENCE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR AND THE REDUCTION OF FORT SUMPTER.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist now in Charleston, S. C.—See Page 296.

THE DOOR OF "WHITE-LADIES."

(Continued from page 283.)

desire to drink my "ith" like wine; but seeing no chance offorded him of putting it into execution, he made his bow and departed.

I spurred the noble, which ran as follows: "Excuse me, but I can't write in a formal style to the man who saved my life yesterday. I don't realize till I have seen you; and I say, will not control over me I must, in spite of the doctor's orders, put myself in a cab and find you out. Pray call on me. I am dying to speak to thee, if I pay doc's like thanks."

I think few one could have refused to obey this summons. I was thrown on my cap and gown, and went to Ch. Ch. directly. My name reached—I call his at once, because everybody knows it—the keenest ears into each of the ears, the long, silent pressure of whose hand between his hand—as he forced her into a chair—and was lying on a sofa, looking pale indeed, but not much the worse for his adventure.

Briefly I put him off with a few words, and he began to question. "Well! there is one who will thank you for better than I could hope to do: and I believe that my life is as much—if not more—to her than it is myself."

As he spoke, he directed my attention to a picture which stood up against the wall in an open packing-case. I looked first at it, and then back again to him; for no one can look at a photograph of a friendship between him and the original. The portrait was that of a remarkably handsome woman in the prime of life, and the face, if not forty, certainly not older—her sex was perhaps half her age. Mother and son were wholly alike. They had the same features, complexion, the same dark hair and eyes; the most marked difference between them lay in this, that the black eyebrows of the portrait joined. This gave a certain severe air to the face, belied, however, by those tender and generous lips. Afterwards, when I got to know her, I found her sure and the living face so well, I recognized in both the stamp of unusual force of character and unusual generosity of heart. The latter characteristics were kept down in the young man's countenance by a rare fruit, unprocured expression of a sweet and gentle mind. The portrait by its revealing sentiment, most perfectly rendered by an artist of great merit, the Lord Mayor's wife, and I continued to look, she sat to him; all her thousand loving thoughts of the son, to whom she would not see this moment of danger, were centered in the sense, the longings for his return; the whole world which lies in a mother's heart, her love and her life, were in those eyes. The same expression of these feelings centred on one subject made the fervor, the perfume, the light of the face, which was to me the very grace of a Madonna.

Marden by watching me as I looked at his mother's portrait; he was evidently pleased to see the impression it made on me. "It has been a long time coming," he said, "but I remembered it when back; and it only came by last mail, and got here last night. Good Governor! he has been in a terrible state about me, and I am sure still might have taken cost to them!"

We conversed in the friendliest in true Oxford fashion, with a pipe together, and made out mutual confidences over it. I found Marden's family circumstances, his connections, and prospects. He had received fellow as I had always been with everybody, I could yet talk to him about it if I had been so minded. He told me that everything; described the dear old home down in Cornwall; told me how his father had been a clergyman there, and had died when he was but a boy; how his mother had devoted herself entirely to him and his sister, he said, and only one brother, four years younger than himself; and how he had been sent to Eton when quite young, was about ten years old. In consequence of a sad accident on board ship, his father had been obliged to leave the service, and came under the care of a clergyman family in Devonshire. Marsden himself had passed an interesting and successful school career, and he was now come up to the University. He career had been long planned out for him, as he was only a younger son, destined to go then proceed at once to India, where a subaltern post, under his father, would be provided for him. He had, of course, no money of his parents, but did not seem otherwise to anticipate his Indian life. "I love hard study and application," he said, "and should like it, I think I have any ambition at all."

He had a love of English, glowing at the portrait, and thinking that if this were the case, there must be one great point of contrast between Lady Marden and her son.

"No," he repeated, following the direction of my eye, "I have no ambition at all! I suppose I should have, if I were under other circumstances. I shall go out without any misgivings when the time arrives. My mother has been—and is—my world, as my father's success; she will be the secret of mine."

We both felt, I am sure, a moment's solid day but put a new interest in our lives. A friendship in heart and soul but sprung up between us, for such a rapid as we had been to each other in the course; yet through all the years that have passed over our heads since, not one has fallen, not one has been forgotten. It was in the root of our brotherhood lie in this, that I had rendered this man a service which he felt could never be repaid. Besides this, there was some bond between our natures which, under whatever circumstances we might have met, made us instinctively friendly. It was a human lifetime, between those who are still young, such a firm yet sudden confidence may be given, as it was between us.

Marsden had said that his mother would thank me, and so indeed she did. I have her letter still, on which, as on the portrait and the smiles, my own mother shed tears when she read it. And that man must have been a stone who could not have done so. Such a letter, accompanying gift as generously as it was given; it was the bounty of a mistress. And Lady Marden's gift was not a mere present. It was the whole sense of my message to her son's friend in those long letters I wrote to him, so indefatigably, during the first year of his absence, translated into terms for them. You might find the whole volume of the writer's life bound up in the single sentence in which her gratitude finds utterance: it fits her with one single aim—that her hopes for her son might be realized, and the hopes of his future gratified. Marsden's own letters indicate faithfully the whole emotion for his future career. She sent over to him, from time to time, a printed card with the name of a new regiment, the means of averting their: laid before him details, prospectuses, and all with that tender care for his interests, that anxious desire to bring to bear on a subject to which the whole of its resources are devoted. Her gratitude and her vivacity of mind, which I think she brought many passages from that correspondence to my mind! But I am only giving the history of a friendship, and perhaps the most might have thought their writer only lived to write, with such charms and vividness as they grow into that letter, the whole interest and incidents of her everyday life. The happiest turns of thought, every treasure of the heart and brain which she had will convey, were lavished on her correspondent. And, that underlying all there was a deep current of the tenderest feeling for me, I could not doubt, on such a perfume of the highest, most noble sentiment, and you will understand that Marsden and I were friends indeed. Even as a young man back from night which might shame the kiss of such a brother. I was not surprised, when I came to know him, that his memory should be as vivid to her son, his affection as intense, as if had left her but a few days before. Time and space are the laws of absence, through the changes by which the child grows up

"Mother, Marsden's back!" and the secret to keep

her own as when he lieped at her knee.

to be continued.

CHAPTER II.

I had hardly kept faith with my readers, and with myself, in the matter of punctuality, if I had not been "afixed to my story. As a man of business, I am sure, I should be. My landlady was the same of an old school, and, the capacity at which she had served Mr. Marsden, It was at White-ladies that I had been introduced to her. "How that he was with his mother and sister, at their house, lying still at Ramsgate, "ree months of his absence, and a. The

Dear mother! no wonder she should think a man could not see that flower of her flock without peril to his heart. I watched her going off with my candle as she used to do when I was a child in pinafores. Then I lay awake some time, thinking of Harry, for her words had brought him to my mind. It took me back to the Vicarage at Watfield. A host of words and actions, mere trifles in themselves, and hardly noticed at the time, rose up to me with clear significance. I had had an idea from the first, that with all the vulgar cunning of her nature, the vicar's wife was trying to bring on an engagement between Marsden and her daughter. Shame! a thousand shames, I say, to the woman who can, as she did, make an innocent young girl a party to unworthy tricks and contrivances of all sorts. As for Rose, I acquitted her from my heart; she was simply happy to dance with Harry; so glad to sit beside him, to walk with him always in our long rambles. Like a light through the darkness came my memory of her glance of shy delight when Mrs. Amyott had proposed that Harry should teach her Italian—"such an advantage to the dear child it would be," she said—the eager tremor with which she poured all the savings of her little purse into my hand, and asked me to procure the necessary books for her new study. And Marsden? I hardly knew what to think of him. This was just the one subject which had been avoided between us; we had never said one word about Rose Amyott to each other: not one word in praise of her refinement, her beauty, her exquisite grace. Sometimes I had thought him attracted, sometimes repelled. I remember, one day in particular, when Marsden had behaved like a man who yields, right or wrong, to a fascination too strong to be resisted. Then on a sudden—was it because he caught Mrs. Amyott's triumphant eye?—he became sullen and gloomy. The next time we were at Watfield he began by a marked coldness towards Rose; then, seeing her droop like her namesake flower in a frost, his manner became tender—certainly too tender if he meant nothing by it. Was there a struggle going on in his heart? How would it end? I wondered. Then, Harry's mother—would she ever consent to such a marriage? She might, perhaps, be brought to pass over its worldly disadvantages; but would she ever accept Mrs. Amyott's daughter as a wife to her son? I felt sure that Lady Marsden was just the woman to have a royal memory for the qualities and peculiarities of any person she had ever known. I felt equally sure that she must remember her former schoolfellow with an antipathy close bordering on disgust. If she could see Rose; if she only knew her! But all that she would never know of Rose just lay in this: that she was Mrs. Amyott's daughter. Pshaw! why tangle a web that might never be woven? Even if Marsden really had a liking for Rose, he would see other girls, and most likely forget her. I could not even say that he cared for her at all. No! I could not *say* it; but——

And so I fell asleep.

For more than a year after that "long vacation" Harry did not go down at all to White-ladies.

"I must keep away—I cannot trust myself," he said, half to me, half to himself, one day as he stood looking at Lady Marsden's portrait. He said no more; it was quite enough to show me all his heart. He did not go into Dorsetshire till a despatch arrived to say that Mr. Paulet had been seized with paralysis, and that if he wished to see his grandfather alive he must start at once. This took place I remember at the end of the Lent term, just before the men went down for the holidays.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW BATTERIES AT CUMMINGS' POINT, MORRIS ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The harbor of Charleston is literally swarming with fortifications, rendering it almost impregnable to any force that could be sent against it by the North. The new battery, which we illustrate to-day, is situated on Cummings' Point, Morris Island. This battery is put down as No. 4, and is considered to be the most effective of all the batteries recently erected. It is on the northern extremity of the island, the landing-place, and commands the channels of the harbor and the gateway of Fort Sumpter. It is mounted with heavy columbiads, and has besides several mortars. The distance from Cummings' Point to Fort Sumpter is barely one thousands yards, or little over half a mile.

Our view represents the Stevens' Battery, which is covered by several layers of railroad iron, placed at an angle, so that shot or shell would glance off if they struck it. Also the Columbia Battery, which is composed of palmetto logs, together with a distant view of the Star of the West battery, and soldiers encamped, all upon Morris Island. It will be seen by our Artist's sketch that the utmost activity prevailed on the island; that the Charlestonians were not losing a moment in their anxiety to render their harbor impregnable, and the reduction of Fort Sumpter by siege or by starvation a matter of positive certainty.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Robert Browning, having rewritten Sordello, is about to republish it. We may say as Byron did of Coleridge's pamphlet of Lay Sermons,

"And Coleridge has explained all to the nation—
I wish he would explain his explanation."

Sordello is the poem which led Jerrold to cry out "that he must be an idiot, since he could not comprehend what so true a poet as Browning had written!" and Leigh Hunt declared that the printers must have "pied" the matter, leaving the final syllables which rhymed all safe and sound. Despite these jeers, Sordello has magnificent passages of the incomprehensible far above the common intellect of men, who wish to read as they run.

The immorality of English high-life is becoming more and more noteworthy. A Major Yelverton, who distinguished himself by his gallantry in the Crimea, was undergoing the pillory of a public prosecution from one of his wives. The result is uncertain, as the lady being a Catholic was married according to that church only.

A railroad tunnel had fallen in near Sheffield, and buried seven men. One only was extricated alive, the others being horribly mutilated.

Blanchard Jerrold has assumed the editorship of the *Welcome Guest*, and will commence by a serial called "The Ways of Life—Its Ups, Downs and Final Resting Place."

The Fejee Islands are to be annexed to England, Dr. Seaman having reported favorably to the project.

The new iron-plated war vessel called the Black Prince was launched at Glasgow on the 28th Feb. The names of the next two vessels of a similar class are very suggestive, since they are to be called the Cressy and the Poictiers.

Mrs. Hall is about to commence a magazine for the ladies. It is to be called the *St. James Magazine.*

Charles Astor Bristed has contributed a paper to *Macmillan's Magazine* on American College Life, which has very much exercised the critical epicenes of London. They cannot realise the freedom with which we note down our neighbors' vices and virtues.

The English Lords number four hundred and twenty-seven temporal, and thirty spiritual. Three of the former, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover), are of the blood royal. The spiritual lords are twenty-six English and four Irish prelates. The temporal lords include a prince, a prince-consort, twenty-seven dukes, thirty-five marquises, one hundred and seventy earls, thirty-one viscounts, and one hundred and sixty two barons.

Mr. George Scharf has created some sensation in art circles in England by the publication of a letter, in which he declares, and even attempts to prove, that the Titian paintings recently destroyed at the burning of Blenheim Palace were not originals, but worthless copies. Some influential English journals coincide with Scharf's opinion, and mention this as proof of the little reliance to be placed upon the originality of the so-called "old masters."

The Duke of Sutherland, whose death had been erroneously announced, really did die on the 27th Feb., at his magnificent seat at Trentham. A London radical paper profanely expresses its "utter astonishment that so great a man should be so foolish as leave half a million a year and a handsome wife behind him." Did the editor wish the Duke to send them before him? Millionaire Dukes, like penniless paupers, meet with little sympathy! Extremes meet—and kill!

Mr. Charles Reade, an author, brought an action against the proprietor of the Grecian Saloon for infringing his copyright, by producing a dramatic version of his "Never too Late to Mend." Mr. Justice Williams delivered judgment for the defendant, pronouncing that the public representation of a piece upon the stage was not a publication within the meaning of the statute of Anne, which gives the author of a book the copyright in his book. His lordship, with the concurrence of Mr. Justice Willes, also declared that copyright in published works existed only by statute. As this question has lately excited great interest among literary men, it is not improbable that means may be taken to obtain a still more authoritative decision. Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins succeeded in compelling Mr. Lane, of the Britannia Theatre, to withdraw a dramatic version of the "Message from the Sea," by threat of legal proceedings. If, however, the decision of Justices Williams and Willes is to hold good, they had no power to do so.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

A hunter bags his game. A flirt sacks hers.

Of what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook pork?

Which is the queen of roses in the gardens? The rose of the watering pot, for it rains over all the others.

"Have I not, my son, given you every advantage?" "Oh, yes, but I couldn't think of taking advantage of you, father."

It is not so unpleasant to a poor young woman to wait upon the gentlemen, as it is to a proud old maid to be waiting for them.

A great poet says that "the mountains stand fixed for ever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to slope.

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

Sweet Kate was heard one day to sigh. "With beauty lost, I'd wish to die." "Oh, no," said Tom, with humor quaint, "not wish to dye, but merely paint."

Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

Jack Bannister, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told it was a hatter's, "Ah," said he, "then the loss will be felt!"

There is a story of a Scottish minister who took unto himself a helpmate so sharply and angularly and irregularly outlined by nature, that a brother minister remarked thereupon that, for his part, he would as soon have married a sackful of pattens!

"What do you call this?" said Jones tapping his dinner lightly with his fork.

"Call it," snarled the landlord, "what do you call it?"

"Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know; it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a leetle too much in it for hash."

A couple were recently married at Hartford, the happy man being a German, who cannot speak an English word, while the blushing bride is an Irish girl, to whom the German tongue is Greek. Their courting must have been done by signs, and the scolding cannot hurt the feelings of either party at present.

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers, "What is that which did not come last year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said, "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his pay.

Painstaking Governess.—"Now, my dear Tommy, do try and remember. A quadruped is an animal with four legs, as a horse; a biped has only two. A man is a biped." Tommy (who likes to put funny questions to his governess), "But if a man has only one leg, what do call him?" Tommy is sent out to play, and told not to ask so many questions.

In one of the States they passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the Act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed, and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

A married lady, alluding in conversation to the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of vapors and storms

A facetious gentleman travelling in the country, on arriving at a roadside inn in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed: "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying, "Master, here's a Frenchman wants to see you."

Some gentlemen cruising on a part of the Irish coast, observing that about the same hour every day a boat, containing two men and a woman, landed its passengers on the shore, and after a short time returned with them, inquired the reason. "My man," said he, "what makes you come here every day? Is it that you like it?" "Oh, your honor, not at all; but, your honor, the wife and me's going soon to Australy, and so we're just practising the say-sickness, that we may be used to it when we start." "Well, and do you find yourself improving?" "Ah, sure, your honor, the wife's sick every day, but she's getting on purtily, anyhow!"

Domestic Cannibals.—Back-biters.

A Question that has never been answered yet.—"Where's the Police?"

Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow? Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.

"I wish that boy belonged to me," said old Roger.

"What would you do with him?"

"I'd p-p-'point his funeral for d-day after to-morrow, and I'd s-s-see that he was ready."

"Madam," said a snarling son of Æsculapius, "if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory."

"And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

A lady officer, if she wished to give the word "halt" to her troops, would do it somewhat in this wise: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you may happen to be; don't you hear me? halt, I say, all of you!"

A traveller, overtaking an old minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman upon his "turn-out." "A nice horse, yours, doctor! very valuable beast that! But what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?"

"Why, as you have asked me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so—a sort of natural weakness."

The Rev. Dr. M—— was reputed for the suavity of his manners and his especial politeness towards the fair sex. Handing a dish of honey to a lady at a party in his house, he said, in his wonted manner:

"Do take a little honey, Miss ——; 'tis so sweet, so like yourself."

A Mr. Mudie, handing the butter-dish to the host, exclaimed, "Do take a little butter, doctor; 'tis so like yourself."

A Scotchwoman at kirk who fancied the preacher was reading his sermon—a practice abhorrent to the faithful—was told by her neighbor:

"He canna be a reader, for he's blind."

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoined the orthodox old wife; "I wish they were a' blin'!"

It was her way of seeing a secure means for the orthodox practice of the old rule of the kirk with regard to extemporaneous preaching.

A French gentleman reproached his son for carrying a gold watch in a very careless and exposed manner, but the young gentleman persisted in the practice, in spite of parental admonition. In a crowd at the theatre, one evening, the old gentleman asked his son to tell him what o'clock it was, and the young man was distressed and mortified to find his watch had been stolen.

"Never mind," said his father, smiling, "I took it myself, to show you how easily you could be robbed—here it is!"

He put his hand in his fob to restore it; but lo, and behold, it was gone! Some thief more adroit than himself had appropriated the property.

It is the practice among waggish printers, when a "green 'un" enters the office, to play jokes on him by sending him on an errand to a neighboring office for something that he would not find, and he returns with some strange article or other, thinking that, in printer's phrase, he has got what he was sent for. A joke of this kind was recently perpetrated in a neighboring town. A boy who was rather "verdant" went to learn the printing business, and one of the journeymen, loving sport, sent him one day with a dish to a certain editor, to borrow "a gill of editorial." The editor, understanding the game, returned a picture of a donkey. The first one finding himself rather "come over," set his wits to work to think how he should be even with the other. At last he called the lad and told him to go and tell the editor that "it was editorial which he wanted, and not the editor!"

The late Professor D——, prior to his appointment to his chair, was rector of an Academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again.

"Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?"

The professor said that he remembered.

"And do you remember my answer, Mr. D——?"

"Oh, yes," said the professor.

"Well, Mr. D——," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind."

"And so have I," drily responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close.

A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to become useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters married one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, a fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to the guests: "I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life; and, from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg!"

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A French Mass.—After mass, the general summoned all the Arab chiefs, and he had with him a vast following of all the aghas, marabouts, khalifats and sheiks of the Eastern Sahara. A grand Moslem service was performed, at the conclusion of which General Desvaux, in full uniform, entered the mosque, and, mounting the pulpit, made a long harangue in Arabic. We did not hear the text, but the subject of his lay sermon was to point out the blessings of French rule and equal justice. "Who now fears for his head? Who now dreads a razzia on his camels? Who now quails before a more powerful neighbor? Who now dreads a stronger tribe? All is peace and security. Return thanks, therefore, to God and the Prophet, for the blessings which France has brought you, and which you dreamt not of before, and pray that they may be eternal," and much more in the style of Rabshakeh. Such a sermon and such an oration from the seat of the Tolba, was something new in Moslem ears, although it was followed by loud applause, possibly by command, but as to the facts, probably the general was right.

At the last reception at the Spanish Court, the Duke of Tetuan was robbed of a valuable diamond-mounted stick, and another grandee has complained of the loss of his fur coat, which had been taken by mistake by some sagacious senator, who repudiates even the charity of St. Martin, by declining to share the cloak. Another great scandal is caused by one of the Court ladies. She had a little *liaison* with a banker. She represented to him that the Queen was sorely in want of some ready-money for a secret purpose. The banker was, of course, ready to do business with such a customer. He advanced 2,000 piastres, and increased his loan to 10,000 piastres, for which he received his bills signed by the Queen. But time rolled along, and no money was forthcoming, so at last the banker wrote to his royal debtor. The Queen was amazed. She sent for the civil governor, who arrested the banker and his paramour. The latter confessed that she had forged the bills for her own purposes, and she was accordingly detained, but the poor dupe was liberated.

The British Press.—From the "Newspaper Press Directory of Great Britain and Ireland" we learn that there are now published in the United Kingdom 1,102 newspapers, distributed as follows: England, 791; Wales, 28; Scotland, 138; Ireland, 132; British Isles, 13. Of these there are 39 daily papers published in England, 8 ditto Scotland, 12 ditto Ireland, 2 ditto British Isles. On reference to preceding editions of this useful directory we find the following interesting facts, viz., that in 1821 there were published in the United Kingdom 267 journals; in 1831, 295; in 1841, 472; in 1851, 563; but in 1861 there are now established and circulated 1,102 papers, showing that an extraordinary impulse has been given to every description of newspaper enterprise. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 481, of which 207 are of a decidedly religious character. Among these the Church of England has its special organs; and the Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities are fully represented in this branch of literature.

The house at Frankfort-on-the-Rhine in which Goethe was born is still pointed out to the stranger. It is a large, triangular-faced building, constructed in an original style. Over the door is the coat of arms of Goethe's father, the suggestive poetical device of three lyres and a marble slab, circled with a fresh wreath of flowers, and with the words: "In this house was born Johann Wolfgang Goethe." In the same city is to be seen a curious, slate-colored, half-a-dozen-sided building, in which the great reformer, Martin Luther, once resided. Beneath a window is his bust, and the inscription in Latin: "In quietness and confidence shall be found strength."

Danish Reasons why the Cuckoo Builds no Nest.—When in early springtime the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods every village girl kisses her hand and asks the question, "Cuckoo, Cuckoo, when shall I be married?" and the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, inquire, "Cuckoo! when shall I be released from this world's cares?" The bird, in answer, continues singing "Cuckoo!" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But as some old people live to an advanced age, and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that the building season goes by; she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge sparrow.

Birds' Sense of Danger.—This power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and, whilst scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly quite away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of men, for the benefit of their fellows. I lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition be made to one of the islands of the Amazon, to shoot spoonbills, ibises, and other of the magnificent grallatorial birds, which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper that preceded him, continually uttering its telltale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue its self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the reach of his gun.—*P. H. Gosse.*

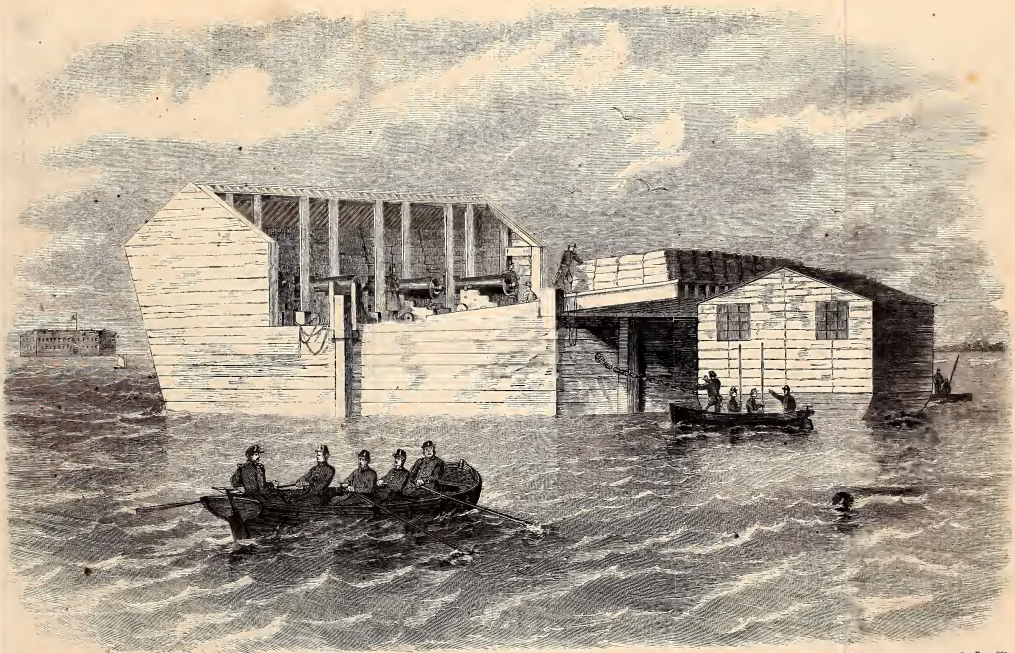
An Adventure—A Yankee in a Strange Place.—He (Dr. Wolff) then proceeded onward to Goorjrat, a considerable town, which also belonged to Rundjud Singh. He arrived there late at night, and was brought to the palace of the Governor, who had expected him; when, to his great surprise, he heard some one singing "Yankee Doodle," with all the American snuffle. It was his Excellency the Governor himself. He was a fine tall gentleman, dressed in European clothing, and with an Indian hookah in his mouth. Wolff asked him how he came to know "Yankee Doodle?" He answered, in nasal tones, "I am a free citizen of the United States of North America, from the State of Pennsylvania, city of Philadelphia. I am the son of a Quaker. My name is Josiah Harlan;" and as this man's history was rather romantic, Wolff gave it at once. He had, in his early life, studied surgery, but he went as supercargo in a ship to Canton, in China. And then he returned again to America, where he had intended to marry a lady, to whom he was engaged, but she had played him false. He then went to India and came to Calcutta, whence Lord Amherst, at that time Governor-General of India, sent him as assistant surgeon with the British army to the Burmese empire. Afterwards he quitted the British army, and tried to make himself King of Affghanistan; but, although he actually took a fortress, he was defeated at last by a force sent against him by Rundjud Singh, who made him a prisoner. Rundjud Singh, seeing his talents, said to him, "I will make you Governor of Goorjrat, and give you 2,000 rupees a month (equal to £300). If you behave well I will increase your salary; if not, I will cut your nose off." So Wolff found him, and his nose being entire was evidence that he had behaved very well.

Bouligny, the New Orleans Union member of Congress, when in the senior class at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, in April, 1824, was selected to make a speech of congratulation, in French, to Lafayette. The eloquent oration so carried away the hero that he threw his arms around the young orator and held him in a long embrace.

Parson Brownlow endorses Lincoln's Inaugural Address. He declares it conservative and farsighted, and says: "Had it been delivered by Jackson, Polk or Breckinridge, even the cotton States would have declared it to be the height of political perfection. And we unhesitatingly affirm, that if Lincoln's inaugural is a true indication of the character of his coming Administration, all good and true men may congratulate themselves upon his election to the Presidency." We opine that the fire-eating furies and the wooden nutmeg abstractions will be after Pious Brownlow very soon.

It is always pleasant to find politicians human. There is too great a disposition in the unthinking public mind to picture General Morris sitting dressed in full military uniform, peeling hand grenades as though they were oranges, and singing "Woodman, Spare that Tree." Queen Victoria does not always sit on a throne writing Acts of Parliament and bullying Prince Albert for being a Dutchman, nor does Abe Lincoln spend twenty-four hours per diem in splitting his own rails and other people's sides with his Western jokes. We assure the public that politicians have insane intervals of gratitude, which has just been made manifest by Mr. Seward appointing Charles A. Stetson, Esq., of the Astor House, to a lucrative office under the Federal Government.

Breckinridge's speech in the Senate, on the 18th of March, was, in many respects, a very remarkable one. It was at once calm, argumentative and predictive. The gist of it was that President Lincoln's Inaugural, stript of its *finesse* and ambiguity, meant war. We ought, perhaps, to have said that Abe Lincoln, like Wilkins Micawber, is waiting for something to turn up!



THE FLOATING BATTERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C., INTENDED TO ASSIST IN THE CAPTURE OF FORT SUMPTER, WITH DR. DE VEGA'S HOSPITAL ATTACHED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW IN CHARLESTON.—SEE PAGE 289.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET IN COUNCIL AT THE WHITE HOUSE—MEMBERS DEMONSTRATING TO THE PRESIDENT THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EVACUATION OF FORT SUMPTER.—See Page 298.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE WHITE HOUSE,

Where the President and Cabinet Deliberate.

The room in which great events happen, or are conceived, has always had a strong hold upon the imagination of mankind. The small low-browed room in Stratford-on-Avon where Shakespeare was born is a striking proof of this veneration of the human heart for the Chambers of History, as Browning aptly terms them.

We give in our present number an accurate sketch of the room in which for many years the Cabinets of the grandest of all Republics has held its deliberations, and where at the present time the destinies of the New World are being discussed. Our picture is so graphic and truthful that description is almost unnecessary, since the artist has done at a glance what the author requires time to accomplish. Truly says Kirke White:

> The poet dreams—the vision flies,
> And fading fast the image dies;
> But ah! the painter's magic force
> Arrests the fleeting phantom's course—
> It breathes—it lives—it fires the brain,
> And the dead past lives once again.

In order to give a lifelike and national interest to our illustration, we have placed the Cabinet Ministers in the seats occupied by them, and recapitulate their names:

Secretary of State—Hon. W. H. Seward, of New York; the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, who occupies the responsible position of the Treasury; Hon. Gideon Welles, of the Navy; Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Hon. E. Bates, Attorney-General; Hon. M. Blair, Postmaster-General.

Whatever may be the public opinion of their polities, there can be no doubt of their integrity and ability.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

> Then from those cavernous eyes
> Pale flashes seem to rise,
> As when the Northern skies
> Gleam in December;
> And, like the water's flow,
> Under December's snow,
> Came a dull voice of woe
> From the heart's chamber.—*The Skeleton in Armor.*

During the commotion reigning in the mansion of Lord Kingswood, when Cyril, smitten by his father's terrible revelation respecting the closeness of the blood-tie existing between him and Violet, fell lifeless upon the floor of the library, there lay extended upon a bed within that house a man prostrate in body, but mentally excited to a state of frenzy.

Whatever might have been the potion palmed upon him by old Pengreep as brandy and water, Pharisee firmly believed it to be poison, the deadly effects of which he had barely rescued himself from by taking a powerful antidote.

What the old man's motive could be in making this attempt at murder he could not divine, and he found it a futile task to endeavor to think. His head was racked with pain, and his brain was confused and wandering. He found it impossible to fix his mind upon any one subject. He tried to recollect what had passed between him and Pengreep, but he had clinging to his memory but one topic, and that was comprised in the communication he had made to Lord Kingswood. What else he had imparted to him he could not remember: he could only hope that he had made no revelations respecting himself of a compromising character.

The consideration which most disturbed him was, however, what had transpired between himself and Lord Kingswood. He had a wild, hazy recollection of the interview; he remembered that he had been helplessly intoxicated in his lordship's presence, that he had, in order to excuse his filthy condition, sputtered out the secret disclosed to him by Pengreep, and which now he saw it would have been most important to keep until a more fitting moment, at least for his own advantage.

He reproached himself a thousand times for having been tricked into even tasting the ardent spirits which Pengreep had so cunningly introduced, and of which he had partaken only, as he had admitted to Lord Kingswood, with the object of inducing the old man to drink too, and so let out matters of importance, under the influence of drink, which, in his sober moments, he would have kept close.

Drinking was one of Pharisee's secret vices; he had a constant craving for brandy, but he never indulged this appetite unless alone at night, within his own room, and when he did give way to it, he invariably, before he laid himself down to sleep, swallowed a potion which acted as antidote to its ill-effects.

Thus, not only Lord Kingswood never saw him in a state approaching even inebriation, but none of his fellow-servants, not excepting the butler, who had condescendingly invited him several times to give his opinion of some of my lord's choicest wines, carefully selected by him from the stock for his own private drinking or to regale some particular friend who might pay him a visit in town or country. Pharisee, in fact, had the character of being a teetotaller, though, in reality, when he did yield to the promptings of the vice, he drank to excess.

He was quite conscious that Lord Kingswood would be petrified at seeing him in the condition in which he presented himself to him, and he was consequently aware that it would do more to weaken his lordship's faith in him than anything which had yet happened. It was an abrupt and startling piece of evidence, proving to his lordship that he had been deceived in one point of the man's character, that so far from abstaining from all kinds of spirituous liquors, he could, no matter what the motive, indulge to excess at any moment. It was a lapse which might be looked over, glozed over, pardoned, but forgiveness would not restore confidence, and Pharisee felt that he must, by this one unintentional act, have lowered himself many degrees in Lord Kingswood's estimation.

He hated his lordship with such bitter intensity that this event would not have disturbed him if it had not tended to weaken Lord Kingswood's belief in his trustworthiness, and, therefore, the influence which it was Pharisee's constant endeavor to maintain and wield over him.

In his long-cherished, most wicked design, he counted upon his lordship's faith in his steadiness, integrity and fidelity, as a material element in the success he hoped to achieve; whatever, therefore, operated upon his lordship's mind so as to weaken that faith, weakened also the prospects of his ultimate triumph. It was in vain that he endeavored to recall all that passed in the library the previous night. He dimly remembered disclosing Pengreep's story respecting Lord Kingswood's child being the Wonder of Kingswood Chace, but he could not remember whether he had mixed up with his statements aught concerning Lady Kingswood and the Marquis of Chillingham.

At best his own knowledge on the point went no farther than the note he had purloined from Lady Kingswood's desk and his own dark surmises. He was, however, sufficiently satisfied that an intrigue had been commenced by the marquis, and that Lady Kingswood, through her own unhappy organization, would probably become a victim to the designs laid to ensnare her; but had he, in his mad intoxication, revealed this frightful information to Lord Kingswood? He became faint and cold at the bare thought. He could not recollect when or how he had parted with Lord Kingswood. He vaguely remembered his own prostration and Lord Kingswood's rage; that he had been seized by him and violently shaken; but he could remember no further.

Unable to rise from absolute illness, he awaited the appearance of one of the footmen to summon him to his lordship's presence, but no one came. He remained for some hours, but still without the dreary stillness of his apartment being broken in upon. At length, unable to endure the torture of suspense, he crawled from his bed and rang his bell. It was not until he had a dozen times repeated his summons that a servant attended to it, and when at length a man appeared, it was only to furnish him with an incoherent statement to the effect that Mr. Cyril was in a fit, and dead, or dying, or in some equally dreadful condition; that Lord Kingswood had quitted the mansion in a state of frenzy; that Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud were with Mr. Cyril, attended by physicians, trying to restore him; and, in short, that the whole house was in a state of confusion and disorder; no one—not even the most inquisitive of the female servants—being able to afford a clue to the cause.

The man having thus delivered himself, disappeared as abruptly as he had appeared, leaving Pharisee more bewildered, perplexed and distracted at his situation than ever.

What was worse, he found himself powerless to quit his bed. The effect of the drug administered to him by Pengreep was of so exhaustive a character that he felt himself entirely deprived of strength, and this physical prostration was so materially increased by the mental excitement he was laboring under, that he eventually fainted away.

It was in the dead of the night when he recovered from his insensibility. He was still miserably weak and strengthless. The faint rays of a lamp enabled him dimly to see the objects in his room, and served to tell him that, during, as he supposed, his long slumber, some one had visited him, and left a lamp burning for him when he should awake.

The burning fever which had seized him in the morning, and the maddening headache which had almost driven him mad, were gone, but with them also what had remained of his memory.

He gazed around him, and wondered how and why he was there. Conscious of his position, and that something of a horrible kind had happened, he yet could not recollect what. His mind seemed to have gone blind. He felt like one who had gone to sleep with the faculty of seeing, and had awakened without his eyesight. He was in the position of one who, having made himself master of a poem, finds, when desirous of reciting it, that his memory at that moment refuses to render up a word.

And while aghast at this discovery he was seized by a horrified impression that there was some dusky phantom in a corner of the room, awaiting a moment favorable to reveal itself to him.

He was convinced that his eye, in one of its restless movements, had suddenly caught sight of a tall figure standing motionless in the most shadowy portion of the apartment; but, naturally superstitious and cowardly, he dared not look again in that direction.

With a convulsive shudder he buried his face in the pillow, and at the same moment he was thrilled to the marrow of his bones by a voice which spoke in a whisper, and which he did not recognise.

"Hist! Pharisee," it murmured. "Quick; attire yourself, and descend with noiseless steps to the picture-gallery; one awaits you there who must confer with you. Lose not——"

A faint cry of alarm checked further speech, and almost immediately he heard a slow, measured footstep approaching along the corridor, the door of his own apartment. It stopped for a moment at the threshold; then he had the door flung open, and some one approached his bedside.

A cold hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he shouted with fright—a fright not diminished when, upraising his terrified eyes, he beheld, standing at his bedside, Lord Kingswood, with pale and haggard face and bloodshot eyes. His aspect was stern and fierce, and he said, in a commanding, harsh tone,

"Quit your bed and attend me; no lying excuse of illness will save you. Arise, or I will drag you from your bed! I cannot sleep, I cannot rest, I cannot endure this torture longer; I will dare and defy the worst. Arise, wretch! quickly, if you would not drive me to some deed of desperation fatal to yourself."

So accustomed was Pharisee to obey his lordship's commands, that, faint and weak as he was, he complied, though he with difficulty attired himself, and was unable to stand without clutching some object, by the aid of which he supported himself. It was not until he was in Lord Kingswood's study, to which, following his lordship, he staggered he knew not how, that his ghastly, livid, pinched features, and hollow, glaring eyes, attracted the attention of his lordship to his condition. Coldly, and without a word, he motioned to a decanter of wine which stood upon a silver tray on a small table at hand, and Pharisee, conscious of its virtue to one in his exhausted condition, filled himself a glass—not without difficulty—and drank it off. His lordship watched him in silence, and waited for a minute or so to observe the effect it had upon him. Presently he bade him drink another, and then be seated. Pharisee obeyed, and sinking into a chair, pressed both hands upon his brow, for the wine had a rapid and violent effect upon him. It gave to him a degree of false strength, and after he had conquered some little difficulty of breathing, he removed his hands, and looked Lord Kingswood in the face with more firmness and a clearer comprehension of his position than before. Lord Kingswood quickly noted the change the wine had wrought in his valet, and bending his piercing, glittering, haughty eyes upon him, he said, in an austere tone,

"Yesternight you brought to me a strange, wild, apparently incomprehensible story. You remember it, no doubt, with all its distasteful accessories?"

Pharisee bowed in silence, but in tremor. He could not remember one incident that had happened the previous night. Respecting it his mind was a blank, though, strange to say, what had immediately passed was retained by his memory, even to the impression that some being had been in his room, and had addressed him immediately prior to Lord Kingswood's arrival. In fact, this strange conceit, or fact, as it might be, was unpleasantly uppermost in his thoughts, and it was difficult to divest himself of the belief that the same dusky, spectral figure he had caught a glimpse of in the gloom of his chamber was hovering about him at this moment, lurking in some of the shadows or behind some of the pillars or projections in the apartment, ready to spring upon him the moment he might be alone. Lord Kingswood, satisfied with his silent acknowledgment, proceeded:

"It would be idle were I to attempt to deny that there is a shadow of truth in the old man's story, improbable as it may appear. I confess I have been startled by it, but its grievous effects have not ended there, nor are they likely, unless they are arrested in their progress. I see that I must have aid. You have fished and ferreted out this accursed tale; you have mixed yourself up with Mr. Gower's presence at Kingswood Hall; you saw the evident trouble it gave me and my wish to be relieved from such an incubus, and you promised to exert yourself to gratify my wish and effect his removal. His departure was accomplished by his own impetuous nature, and not by your contrivance, but he is still near me, to distract, to ruin, to destroy me. Pharisee, I must be rid of him; you have embarked in this matter, you must go on with it—you cannot halt now any more than I can. You have expressed and wished me to believe that your devotion to my service has no limit; I will prove it. But it is well that you should know the peril of your position. I hold your life in my hands, you must be my creature, my tool, my slave in all matters connected with this frightful complication. If you play me false, no earthly power shall rescue you from a fate I have designed for you. I have thought over events throughout the long night and the longer day, and I must be set free or fall. You must be my instrument, you shall help me to triumph, or you shall perish with me."

Pharisee heard him in silence, and a swarm of thoughts rushed through his brain, not of the past—relative to the events of the night he had passed with Pengreep—but of possibilities which should enable him to appear in the eyes of Lord Kingswood the mere creature of his will, but in reality the slow but sure architect of the schemes he had already planned. He glanced at Lord Kingswood's face, and saw that he was regarding him with a stern and savage expression, which for the moment made his heart sink within him, and he said, quickly, in a faint voice,

"I have hitherto been humbly devoted to your lordship, I am anxious to continue so during the time I may have the honor to serve your lordship, and whatever task your lordship may command me to perform I will endeavor, to the utmost of my poor ability, to execute. If I should, however, fail, from no lack of exertion——"

"You must not fail without well considering the price it entails," interrupted Lord Kingswood, sharply. "Failure will be destruction to me, and I will not suffer you to remain behind to yet more deeply blast my memory by your revelations of the service in which I have employed you."

"My lord, you alarm me!" exclaimed Pharisee, with a terror as much real as affected. "If I comprehend your position aright, you have [illegible] to fear beyond the exposure of an everyday story—a *liaison* with a young——"

"Peace, man! pollute not her memory by breathing indefinitely even a reflection upon her with your lips," interposed Lord Kingswood, with an impetuous burst of passion.

Then he rose up and paced the room, beating his brow with his clenched fist, exclaiming,

"God! this it is to have been unfaithful to myself—to my own honor."

Pharisee was stung by the implied scorn, but beyond a sudden grating of his teeth, which was neither audible nor perceptible to Lord Kingswood, he betrayed no sign that he heeded the taunt. He only said,

"My lord, in justice to myself, I must claim to be put in possession of some facts. I must know the ground upon which I am to work if I am to win a successful issue. I do not expect your lordship to be minute in your revelations to me, but I do expect your lordship to put me into possession of such facts that I may direct clearly my course, and, despite all difficulties in my path, wrest a triumph for you."

Lord Kingswood mused for a few minutes. It was evident a fierce struggle was taking place between his pride and the necessity of revealing to Pharisee sufficient of that history which had made Horace Vernon his bitter enemy. At length he confronted the valet, and said, in a husky voice, with rapid utterance,

"I was young, wild, when betrothed to Lady Kingswood, headstrong and untrammelled by control. Chance threw me into the society of a lady, young and beautiful, betrothed to another—he, that stern, pallid man you observed riding by the side of Mr. Gower in the park. A ceremony took place between us——"

"A marriage?" interposed Pharisee, in an eager tone.

Lord Kingswood's brow fell.

"No; it was a delusion, a sham," he replied, hastily. "A child was born. I parted from both. I heard afterwards that both were dead, and years passed, leaving this assertion uncontradicted. Lo! upon a certain day, this man—this Vernon—appears, with Gower at his elbow. 'It is your son,' he said, and left him—a festor in my peace, a canker in my domestic happiness, a withering blight upon my roof-tree. He, having brought him a grave into startling, damning life this boy, refuses to tell me whether she yet lives or not. In this maddening anxiety, you, like another foul spirit of evil, appear, and say to me that this boy is not my child, but that I shall find her in—O! distraction—the Wonder of Kingswood Chace!"

Pharisee uttered a sharp cry, as if his brain had been pierced by a point of steel.

A vision flashed before his eyes. A tall, thin, ancient man stood before him, with uplifted hands, grinned like a demon, while he howled in his ears the very words which Lord Kingswood had just spoken with such bitter emphasis.

Another instant, and it was gone again, and the incident was once more buried in his brain, to be exhumed he knew not when.

Lord Kingswood regarded him with gloomy surprise.

"Why that exclamation?" he said. "You brought me that story, accompanied by such particulars that it is impossible for me not to acknowledge that it borders on the truth. But, on the other hand, there is Gower, who bears so strong a resemblance to the Kingswoods, if not my son, who is he? Again, the mother, does she live yet? I must know—I must know. I will not live on thus. You must return to the man who drugged you—yet not befooled you—he must be bought, his knowledge of the facts extracted from him at any cost, and then prompt action. Mark me, Pharisee, I wish to return to the condition I occupied a few months since, before yon wretched boy was thrust upon me. He must be got rid of. I fear him—I fear him! A girl's claim upon me might be compounded, but there is ruin in his. Let him disappear—you understand—and I will do battle with all the rest. We are alone—it is the dead hour of the night—no living eye beholds us. I do not ask you to obey me—I command you at the peril of your own life to do this I have directed you to do, and if you hesitate, bungle, or fail, though it cost me the gibbet, as the last ignominy which can be thrust upon me on earth, I will crush your miserable life out of you as I would that of a worm—with my heel!"

The hand of Lord Kingswood was upon his neck, and his eye, with a fiery glare, was turned on his as he forced the last words through his teeth, so that Pharisee trembled with a fear that, half-frenzied, he would even now inflict upon him the fate he menaced. But Lord Kingswood released him, and said,

"Go, I shall see you again when you have extorted or purchased from the old person you have named every word of the secret he possesses; or, not succeeding in inducing him to be communicative to you, arrange an interview with him for me, and I will compel him to disgorge all he knows. To assist you I will for the present dispense with your attendance upon me, so that you may devote all your energies to the task imposed upon you by your own seeking. Before many days—nay, before many hours—the information I imperatively require must be mine. Go! You know the service required of you and the penalty attached to default. Go!"

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to the door of the study with an imperious gesture, and Pharisee, with his accustomed servile bow, glided to it without a word. Indeed, he was too overwhelmed to offer a remark. He was conscious that he had intruded himself into this private and painful business, and that he could offer no objection to the position in the matter which Lord Kingswood had assigned him. At present his brain was in a whirl, but he trusted to a few hours rest and self attention to reduce the chaotic seething to order, and to turn what now seemed menacing and adverse to him to his own advantage.

He closed Lord Kingswood's door, and as he moved away from it a soft hand—a woman's hand—clutched his wrist.

A cry escaped him. A voice instantly whispered in his ear—

"Not a sound for your life; follow me to the picture-gallery."

Conquering in some degree his perturbation, he obeyed the injunction. He was accustomed to obey—the hour of his resistance had not yet come. He marvelled who it was who had thus seized him. Some one of the household, no doubt—but who? As he could not remember what had fallen from him at his drunken interview with Lord Kingswood, as he could not recollect even how he got into Lord Kingswood's study from Pengreep's dreary-looking apartment, it floated across his mind that he had in some way committed himself; and here was another, besides Lord Kingswood, prepared, in the dead of night, to acquaint him with his sin of commission, and to exact tribute for it under a menace. He followed the dusky form before him, which he could but indistinctly see, and entered the picture-gallery, the figure not pausing until it reached a projection formed by two Corinthian pillars acting as a support to one portion of the superbly decorated roof. It glided behind them, and awaited Pharisee, who, filled with wonder and dread, followed close behind. From beneath the massive cloak which completely enveloped it the figure drew forth a small hand-lamp, and throwing back the hood which concealed its head, revealed to Pharisee's undisguised astonishment the features of Lady Kingswood.

He was about to utter an exclamation, when she raised her finger and whispered,

"Be cautious! Listen to me. You are playing me false, man——"

"I swear, Lady Kingswood——" interposed Pharisee, clasping his hands and addressing her.

"Silence!" she exclaimed, emphatically, though her voice was not raised above a murmur; "I sought you upon my return with Mr. Cyril from the Marquis of Chillingham's. I found you prostrated by drinking, rambling in your speech about a daughter you had discovered Lord Kingswood to possess. I was prevented questioning you, not alone by the illness of my son, which distressed me, but by the return of Lord Kingswood, with whom you had a long and exciting interview. That I know because Lord Kingswood took no rest; further, I know that in the morning he had an interview with Mr. Cyril, the result of which was at first thought to have killed him, but has since proved to have been a shock which deprived him of his senses only for a time. I cannot ask Cyril a question, he is too ill. I cannot command myself to ask of Lord Kingswood an explanation, for I should know and feel that he was not revealing to me the truth—it would be natural that he should not. As I cannot exist in this desponding state of mental agony, my mind oppressed by horrible conjectures of injury, I am compelled, having no other sources from whence to derive information or to approach the truth, to descend to this most humiliating course."

For a moment the proud woman pressed her hand over her eyes, while Pharisee started at her last words as though a serpent had stung him.

"The humiliation, haughty being, is yet to come," he thought.

Removing with a sudden dash her hand from her eyes, she knitted her brows and compressed her lips, showing that her desire to become mistress of Lord Kingswood's laisity to herself mastered every other consideration.

"Reveal to me what you last night disclosed to Lord Kingswood—what this night has transpired between you!" she exclaimed.

"Lady Kingswood," he murmured, in a tone which jarred offensively on her ears, "you know my extreme devotion to you. No created member of your sex but yourself ever raised up in my breast emotions which urge me to become to you the veriest slave. Your wish, your word, your look—is my law. Yet pardon me, though there is much to reveal to you, it is yet too early. I am about at once to proceed to make certain discoveries which, as soon as they are mine, shall be yours. If your ladyship would only therefore condescend to wait——"

"I cannot, I will not wait!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Villain, if you torture me more by this mode of concealment, I will drag you back by the throat to Lord Kingswood, and, confronting you, compel you to disclose to me what has transpired between you."

"On my knees I implore you to have prudence," exclaimed Pharisee, horrified beyond measure at the excitement she betrayed, and the loudness of the tone in which she spoke.

She glared down upon him sternly, even fiercely.

"I will be trifled with no longer!" she cried, excitedly. "I cannot bear this frightful incertitude. I can be calm under a knowledge of my wrong. I shall know the worst, and can then determine my revenge, but this state of unsatisfied suspicion drives me to frenzy. I want to but know that I am wronged, the atrocious details you can leave to another time. Speak."

In an instant Pharisee detected the power she was about to place in his hands. He knew by her aspect, as by her words, how greatly she would value the information he could give her, and he resolved that he would himself estimate it at a high price, and he determined to make the most of his advantage.

"Lady Kingswood," he responded, in a crafty, insinuating tone, "for myself I would not care though you tore open my breast and wrenched out my heart, so that yours was the hand that performed the deed. I will tell you all I know, but pray consider——"

"I have considered!" she cried, impatiently. "Proceed."

"I am, my lady, betraying Lord Kingswood's dearest secret," he rejoined; "I am exposing myself to a fearful penalty for my treachery to him——"

"But I have told you you shall be rewarded beyond your utmost hopes for your faithfulness to me," she interrupted, with a vexed manner. "Let me have no more of this sickening hesitation. I have told you, man, I cannot bear it."

"Well, then, my lady, as my devotion for you will lead me to any self-sacrifice, even to death itself," he returned, in the same fawning, soft, pleading tone which was so distasteful to her as to make her secretly shudder: "I will tell you all that you will for the present require to know. I will hereafter furnish you with the proofs; but until you have them, I pray you will be as silent as the grave upon my communication, especially to Lord Kingswood."

"I will," she answered, laconically, but firmly.

"Lady Kingswood," rejoined Pharisee, speaking quickly, but in a frightful whisper, "while Lord Kingswood was wooing your ladyship he met with a young and beautiful creature—there was a marriage—and a child."

"Almighty Heaven, support me!" gasped Lady Kingswood, and staggering, would have fallen, but Pharisee sprang to his feet, and caught her in his arms.

In *his* arms, alone, and in the dead hour of the night.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

> Not oft to smile descended he,
> And when he doth 'tis sad to see
> That he but mocks at misery.
> How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
> Then fix once more as if for ever;
> As if his sorrow or disdain
> Forbade him ever smile again.
> Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
> From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
> But sadder still it were to trace
> What once were feelings in that face.
> Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
> But brighter traits with evil mix'd.
> * * * * *
> A noble soul and lineage high:
> Alas, though both bestowed in vain,
> Which grief could change.—*The Giaour.*

Beatrice Stanhope inherited from her father a certain amount of skill in *finesse*, and she exercised it in the conversation into which she at once entered with Violet on being introduced to her. She had a double object to effect. She was anxious to ascertain for her father what relationship existed between Erle Gower and Lord Kingswood; and for her own part, she was exceedingly inquisitive to know who and what he really was.

She was desirous, too, to learn more about Violet. She was surprised and perplexed by her introduction. She had been taught to believe that there was much virtue in a name, notwithstanding the Immortal Bard's startling query, and she did not quite like her present young and fair companion being presented to her only under a Christian name. Still there was a bearing so distinguished in both Erle and his companion, and such an unexceptionable elegance in Violet's manner as well as appearance, that she could not doubt their true position, and though once or twice the mystery attached to both crossed her with an unpleasant jar on those impressions to which she had been schooled, she suffered the more genuine feelings to prevail.

She found herself foiled in her efforts to extract from Violet the remotest clue to the information she sought, and was at once amused and interested by the amazed look which the sweet face and gentle eyes of Violet expressed when she put to her a question, constructed so as to yield her something towards what she desired to glean.

She was charmed, too, by the strange melody of her voice, as by the attractive simplicity of her observations, rarely offered, it is true, but so *naïve* and unaffected, that, accustomed as Beatrice was to the society of the young and fair of the high order, they were quite refreshing.

Ishmael, though riding and conversing with the Marquis of Chillingham, watched them closely, as he minutely observed Beatrice and Erle in their

recent colloquy. As his deep-hued, thoughtful eye rested on the face of Violet, and it noted the brightening of her features and the faint tinge of crimson upon her hitherto pallid cheek, his lip curled.

"The taint of Eve is ineradicable," he muttered. "Woman's sorrow is as transient as her love. In her youth her heart is, when it should be unswerving in its integrity, as invariable as a spring sky, now showers, now sunshine—tears and smiles. Bending one moment beneath a seeming killing grief, and while the dewdrops yet quiver and glisten upon the cheek, a burst of sunshine lights up the countenance, and all is beaming joy once more. Is it the curse upon the sex that it should be thus fickle—that it should be like the purple-hued plant, enchanting to the eye, but a bitter and a fatal poison to the lip? This child of nature, an hour since all wan and sorrowful, revives under the gleaming of many eyes and the light prattle of a new found friend. Such is the nature of them all. I have been a fool. I looked for a diamond, and believed I had found it. I tested it by the flame of pure love, and it became ashes."

The Marquis of Chillingham, like Beatrice, endeavored to ascertain in what relation one so young and singularly beautiful as Violet stood to his old college friend, Horace Vernon, but for certain private reasons of his own, likewise in order to gratify the morbid but not unnatural curiosity of Lady Kingswood with regard to Eric, he was desirous of worming out the real history of the latter.

What emotions the unusual beauty of Violet raised in the marquis's breast he alone knew. Occasionally, when certain that he was not observed, his eye glanced over rather than examined her features, but with his usual imperturbability, the effect they had upon him he by no sign betrayed.

"I must carve out an hour, Vernon," he said, when he found that Ishmael met the few suggestions he proffered respecting Violet with coldly evasive answers, "to renew some of those pleasant scenes and happy hours we have passed together in the very brightest period of our youth. I have not forgotten those events, most dear to my recollections, any more than I have the inestimable obligations I have been and still am—for they can never be repaid—under to you. I should like once more to recall them with you to prove that, amid all the changeful scenes of my life, the bitternesses, the toils, the embroilments, and the many cares of years of political strife, they have flourished green and blooming where you would hardly suppose I had the smallest space for the purely sentimental—the poetry of human nature."

A sardonic smile for a moment lighted up the pale features of Ishmael.

"I would not recall those scenes, those events," he said, in a tone of acerbity. "I have no green spots in my memory now."

"Nay," objected the marquis, "I will not hear you say so. I have no very elevated notion of human nature, I promise you. I have had sufficient insight with the spoils of office in my gift, to sicken at the bare thought of sincerity, truthfulness and nobility of soul. Yet I have, perhaps, by the force of contrast a more vivid recollection of some past circumstances which glow the brighter, grow the greener, because of the scorn I feel for a very significant portion of my own kind. You may have been deceived, betrayed—like too many of us, have reaped the basest ingratitude for the golden grains of generous service sown by you; but Horace, man, the times and scenes I speak of are pure and unblighted still, and may well be looked back to with a keener appreciation of their worth, a more joyful recognition of their blossoming, for they are imperishable flowers blooming upon an otherwise barren soil."

"More like the *ignis fatuus* gleaming over a slewing morass," rejoined Ishmael. "Intangible, treacherous lures. I tell you, Chillingham, they are withered twigs, they are perished flowers, nothing but dead leaves, to prove to us what fools we have been. Green spots of the memory! they are grave mounds to mark where our brightest aspirations, our purest purposes, our unsullied and unsullying resolves and our generous designs are buried. Let us not revive the past, I pray you; to me it would be a progress from an ice-region into an atmosphere of flame."

"I must see you, misanthrope though you be," rejoined the Marquis of Chillingham. "You were not always a Timon, and I do not believe you are now, or I should not see you thus exercising a careful guardianship over two young people who are favored with a carriage—a mien—certainly unusually distinguished."

"You are welcome to your surmise, my lord marquis," returned Ishmael, coldly.

"Tut, tut, tut, Horace, you protest a little too much, I fear. Do as I do. I make the world my slave—I do not suffer myself to be the world's slave," rejoined the marquis. "I expect nothing, and I obtain a very satisfactory return. Come, Vernon, admit, if even disappointed in your hopes, you have yet a very full return in the loving companionship of these two charming people."

"Even in this supposition, my lord marquis, you err," responded Ishmael, with a scornful smile. "I have been a benefactor to both; the one shrinks from me with fear, the other regards me with a haughty, defiant spirit, instinctively believes me to be an enemy, and displays the most fiery impatience at my attempted control."

"The maiden shrinks from you because you ever stand before her like the grim giant of the Hartz Mountains, and the other, because you direct and command like a feudal lord rather than a tender father," rejoined the marquis.

There was a silence for a minute. The brow of Ishmael fell, but it was evident, from a slight changing expression of his features, that the observation of the marquis had somewhat moved him.

Presently the marquis, bending towards him, whispered,

"I can take a liberty with you, Horace: that would be a tolerated question from me which would be unpardonable insolence from another. Tell me if you will—I admit that I am very anxious to know how you came to be in possession of—of——"

He hesitated.

"Of what, my lord?" asked Ishmael, with some surprise on his features.

"THE FAMILY SECRET OF LORD KINGSWOOD," added the marquis emphatically.

The dark eyes of Ishmael gleamed, a smile moved his lips, even though his teeth were closed firmly together. Conscious, however, that the marquis's eyes were on his face, he composed his features to a calm, rigid expression.

"What may that secret be, my lord?" he asked.

"Absurd in you to put that question to me, Horace," rejoined the marquis.

"Wherefore, my Lord of Chillingham?" interrogated Ishmael.

"Why, you have him here, immediately before us, riding with the young ladies, Stanhope's daughter and your fair *incognita*," responded the marquis, pointing to Eric.

Ishmael raised his eyes to those of the marquis.

"How knew you that he was a secret of Lord Kingswood's?" he inquired, a little hastily.

"Kingswood told me so himself," replied the marquis.

"Ha! When?" rejoined Ishmael, eagerly.

"Oh, at Kingswood Hall," answered the marquis, readily. "My opportunities with you have been so few that I have not been able to put a question to you. I met Mr —Mr —Gower—I think Lady Kiegswood called him—at Kingswood's seat, whence he takes his title. The youth excited a great deal of notice, and in fact executed a dashing feat of horsemanship in the rescue of young Lady St. Clair. Oh, I assure you he is by no means unknown personally to me. I was amazed to meet him at my house the other night, and equally astonished to find him in your custody instead of that of Lord Kingswood. There seems a great deal of mystery, and there was, I know, a vast deal of uneasiness about him at Kingswood Hall. I am usually unaffected by these sort of things, but I must admit, in this matter, I am curious. The young man is wonderfully like Kingswood too. Like enough to be his son. Yet I have known Kiegswood since his marriage, and I am sure he cannot be his son——"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Ishmael, with emphasis.

"That is by marriage," hastily subjoined the marquis, "because he was not married before he wedded the present Lady Kingswood."

"Indeed!" again exclaimed Ishmael.

The marquis stared at him.

"By Heaven, Vernon, what do you insinuate?" he cried.

"Nothing," responded Ishmael, coldly.

"Nay, it appears to me that you do," persisted the marquis. "There can be no doubt about the extraordinary resemblance between yonder boy and Kingswood. You, I believe, know why. Would you have me credit that he is the offspring of a marriage prior to that with Lady Kingswood, and that she, the proud, haughty daughter of the——"

"Believe, my lord marquis, whatever may be congenial to your experience, your suspicions, or the wildest flights of your fancy," interposed Ishmael. "I bid you infer, surmise, believe nothing."

"But you know and can give me the information if you feel a disposition to reveal it to me," urged Lord Chillingham. "I have a peculiar and an urgent reason for becoming acquainted with his parentage, and you would add to those inestimable favors of which I have already spoken if you would even give me a clue to the facts, and leave the rest to me."

A smile curled the lip of Ishmael—a cold, scornful smile.

"Though your manner is chilling and reserved, my lord marquis, your imagination is fertile," he answered; "exercise it, it may help you to the truth. Yon boy is Lord Kingswood's family secret; so let him remain for the present. A day will come, not far distant, when that secret will be proclaimed in a manner which will set at rest for ever all doubts or speculations; until that hour your lordship must excuse my reticence upon the subject."

There was a firm determination in the tone of Ishmael, that admitted of no further remark; and the marquis having utterly failed in his object, shortly after pleaded official business, and galloped away—not, however, until he had fastened his eyes with an earnest, scrutinising gaze upon Violet's wondrously beautiful face.

A face and form which still attracted crowds of admiring followers, and extorted the never-ending query, "Who is she?" which no one appeared to be able to answer.

The ride was, after the departure of the Marquis of Chillingham, brought to a termination. Beatrice, who had been joined by her brother Carlton, took her leave of Violet with a profession of tenderness and friendliness which seemed to cause the latter some wonder; while Carlton, who had not had an opportunity of speaking two words to Violet, though he was prepared to have rattled off a thousand, did not disguise that it was a source of vexation to him to part thus abruptly with one who appeared to have turned the heads of scores of young, flashing fellows like himself, and would his if he had not fancied that it was already more than half-turned by Lady Maud St. Clair.

The same strange, savage smile rested on the features of Ishmael, while he watched the separation, as had moved them when he spake of Eric to the Marquis of Chillingham. And that night as he sat alone with Eric, who was apparently deeply engaged in reading, but in reality thinking of the old library at Kiegswood, and how he could contrive to revisit it, he said to him:

"You were the guest of Sir Harris Stanhope's son. It would be well that you invite him here; and as his sister already has formed an acquaintance with Violet, and would not be a companion for her lonely hours of whom I should disapprove, include her in the invitation. You may add that, in your desire to respond to his kind reception of you on your arrival in London, in a similar spirit you will, on their first visit here, receive them as old and valued friends, without other guests to interfere with the attention you are desirous of paying to them."

Eric looked upon these instructions with some quiet, inward marvel. They did not square with the rigid seclusion in which himself and Violet had been as yet kept by Ishmael in the large and costly mansion in which they now dwelt, but he had nothing to offer in the way of objection, so he at once complied with the request.

In fact, he was rather glad of repaying the obligation he was under to Carlton, and he liked the society of Beatrice. She was always engaging in her manner, and she yielded a deference to his opinion, and, in fact, to him in all things a complaisance which is especially agreeable and flattering to the male sex in general, when offered by a handsome girl, and was to Eric in particular.

The invitation was despatched, accepted, and a quiet but pleasant evening was passed. Beatrice played and sang brilliantly, and Violet sat gazing earnestly at her fingers as they swept over the keys of the piano, and listening to her unweariedly, the more patiently and pleasedly because Beatrice, feeling in a sentimental mood, sang some plaintive love-ballads with touching earnestness and excellent taste.

Carlton was rather perplexed by the conduct of Violet. He was certainly greatly attracted and fascinated by her face, he was susceptible to the charms of exquisitely-formed features, and as he gazed on the countenance of Violet, so instinct with innocent sweetness, he found himself forgetting Lady Maud and growing gradually enraptured; but though he exerted himself to create a sensation, he found that he did not accomplish a successful result.

Violet listened to his rattle and his laughing badinage with the air of one who did not comprehend the language in which he spoke, and in truth rather shrank from him, which a little amazed him. He, however, only redoubled his attention, in order to maintain a character he believed himself to possess, that of being rather a favorite with the fair—that is, pretty sex.

Ishmael was present during the whole of the evening, but both Violet and Eric were surprised to find him play a part to Beatrice and Carlton which was new to them. Nothing transpired during the evening to mar the equanimity which prevailed, and they all parted, apparently mutually gratified.

Sir Harris Stanhope, who yet hung back from the arranged interview between himself and Lord Kingswood, was quite elated at the opportunity thus thrown in his way, as it were, of obtaining the information he wished. He never expected to make anything important of Carlton. He was too thoughtless and heedless ever to make a diplomatist. He invariably spoke before he thought, yet he occasionally profited from this very foible; because, by Carlton's frankness, he sometimes elicited facts which he desired to become master of, and Carlton readily revealed them when questioned.

Beatrice, on the contrary, he could place more reliance upon. He knew she seldom spoke without thinking, and without asking or troubling himself to ascertain what plan she adopted to secure intelligence he was anxious to possess, he generally received it from her when he instructed her to obtain it. He, therefore, finding himself yet unfurnished with the details of Eric Gower's history, no sooner learned from Beatrice that herself and Carlton had been pressed to visit Violet and Eric again—pressed by Vernon himself—strangely enough deluded himself with a fancy that Vernon had forgotten him, and he therefore commanded rather than urged them to accept the invitation, and to repeat their visits, if only in the shape of calls again and again.

Beatrice wanted no urging, nor for that matter, did Carlton, for he was piqued by Violet's manner towards him—not that she was cold, but that she was indifferent. He could make no impression upon her. He knew, he felt, that he might as well have been absent as present, so far as any influence his society created in her mind was concerned. Therefore, true to the perverseness of human nature, he, when in her society, redoubled his attentions to her.

They met again and again. Ishmael was careful they should not be joined by other companions at present. That was an arrangement to be carried out hereafter.

One night, as they all four sat together, he, in a retired part of the room, apparently reading a book, attentively watched them. Violet, in deep thought, was seated by Carlton's side, he pouring low, earnest sentences into her ears, not one word of which she heard. Eric, too, was abstracted, so profoundly wrapped in meditation, indeed, he was wholly unconscious that Beatrice had called his attention to an exquisitely executed drawing which represented a youth and maiden standing upon a balcony together, gazing at the moon, even as they had once stood together, when he developed his knowledge of astronomy, instead of talking sentiment, as she thought he ought to have done. Perceiving that his attention had been carried away by some—she knew not how deep—memories, she suffered her dark, earnest eyes to rest with an intent gaze upon his young, handsome, noble features.

It was at this juncture that Ishmael said to himself, with the old, savage, relentless smile,

"Thus shall it be. Stanhope played the villain to her and to me. Through his infernal, heartless agencies, both these instruments of my insatiable vengeance have had their young lives embittered and their happiness possibly blighted. Yon girl is heart-stricken by the attractions of Eric. I see that her soul already is transferred to him; she loves him with all the deep and fiery passion of such a nature as hers. If woman's heart can break for disappointment in love, hers shall, for she shall never have him, even though Eric has more than hinted that he loves her. And for this cub of Stanhope's, why, aye, let him plunge himself the whole depth of his future happiness—as I have done—in an absorbing love. He may, he will, he must, for Violet's is a beauty which would enslave a nobler nature—one less susceptible to woman's fascination than his. They shall both have latitude until they are utterly enmeshed—then away with the objects of their passion; they shall meet no more. Let them droop, pine, wither through their despairing unhappiness. I will wreak my vengeance upon the paltry caitiff, their father—Sir Harris Stanhope—who aided, from the worst of motives, to wreck my peace on earth for ever!"

(To be continued.)

HARRIS'S PATENT SIFTING MACHINE.

EVERY contrivance which tends to lessen manual labor and promote economy and cleanliness is a boon bestowed upon society. The smallest inventions are by no means the least useful; on the contrary, they, as a general thing, reach and benefit a large class in every community. Among the smaller social inventions may be classed "Harris's Patent Sifting Machine." It is of the utmost simplicity, and is not at all liable to get out of order. Its construction will be readily perceived by examining our illustration. When that which is to be sifted is placed in the upper sieve, the lid is closed down so that not a particle of dust can escape. By turning the outside crank, the sieve is put into rapid motion, and its contents are quickly and most thoroughly sifted.

It is not only invaluable in every household, but in many trades its use is now becoming general. For instance it is constantly used by druggists, chemists, confectioners, bakers, agricultural stores, spice and coffee grinders, tobacco and snuff manufacturers, marbleworks, ironfounders, typefounders, manufactories, hotels, &c., &c. The testimonials to the merit of Harris's Sifting Machine are numerous and most flattering. Among those who use it—and their name is legion—we may mention Rushton & Clark, A. B. & D. Sands, J. C. Ayer, Preston & Merrill, James R. Chilton, Bowers & Whiteman, John Taylor, W. H. Weller, Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, C. W. Randolph, Fessenden & Whitemore, E. E. Dyer & Co., E. Treadwell & Sons, John Anderson & Co., Lorillard, Lilienthal, C. Brewer & Son, N. Sherwood, Steam Marble Works, John Baird & Co., Allaire Works, R. Hoe & Co., Fulton Iron Foundry, Miles Greenwood, Richard Norris & Son, S. H. Rawson & Co., Morgan Works, James Connor & Sons, Colonel Samuel Colt, Sharpe's Rifles, Girard House, Astor, Metropolitan, Tremont, Eutaw, and a host of other business places and hotels quite impossible to mention.

The immense patronage it has received and continues to receive is the most convincing proof of its great and practical utility. It is manufactured by the inventor, Samuel Harris, in Springfield, Massachusetts, where all orders will be supplied. The agents in New York are Stevens, Brothers & Co., 222 Pearl street.

A FRIEND was staying with a Welsh parson, and heard him preach in the afternoon.

"By Jove," said he, "there was good in your sermon. I didn't think you—ahem!"

"It would be odd if there was not," said the preacher, "it was one of Bishop Butler's."

"Bishop Butler's, was it? Well, now, you surprise me. I have read Dr. Butler's sermons, and I did not recognise it."

"Oh," says the other, "you don't know how I manage. I have two services—one in Welsh, one in English. Well, I translate his sermons into Welsh, to begin with, and thus I am safe; my Welsh flock don't read Butler. Then I take my Welsh and translate it into English, and after that the old boy himself would not know them again."

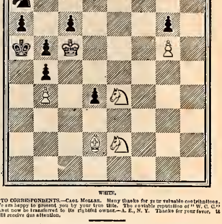
REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. Benedict, of New Orleans, who has used the following recipe for a year in the treatment of diphtheria, has never lost a case: "Gargle or wash the inside of the throat frequently with a teaspoonful of tincture of black cohosh diluted with a little water. Commence using it on the first symptoms of soreness or inflammation. It does not burn or cauterize, but soothes and relieves the irritation. Do not swallow, as it would nauseate. Continue the use once in two hours until relieved. The tincture can be had at any drug store."

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM NO. 288.—By CARL MOLLER (W. C. C.), New York.
White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—CARL MOLLER. Many thanks for your valuable contributions. We are happy to present you by your true title. The enviable reputation of "W. C. C." must now be transferred to its rightful owner.—A. E., N. Y. Thanks for your favor, it will receive due attention.

One of the match games played between Messrs. KOLISCH and MEDLEY.

WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 Kt to K 4	B to K 2
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15 P tks P	B tks P
3 P to Q B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	16 P to K B 3	B to Q (d)
4 Q to R 4 (b)	B to Q 2 (c)	17 Castles Q's R	B tks Kt
5 P tks P	Kt to Q 5	18 Q P tks B	R to Q 3
6 Q to Q	Kt tks Kt (ch)	19 R to Q 3	Kt to K 2
7 Q tks Kt	K B to Q 3	20 K R to Q	K R to Kt
8 B to B 4	K B to B 4	21 P to K Kt 3	R to Kt 4
9 P to Q 3	Q to K 2	22 B tks P	R to B 3
10 B to K Kt 3	P to Q B 3	23 R tks R	R tks R
11 Kt to Q 2	P to K B 3	24 B to Q 5	P to Kt 3
12 B tks Kt	Q tks B	25 B to B 6, and wins.	
13 Q tks Q	P tks Q		

(a) The only correct defence here is Kt to K B 3.
(b) The best counter move.
(c) A bad move, which unnecessarily sacrifices a Pawn.
(d) This game was so badly opened by Black, that it was lost in effect from the beginning White having now a Pawn plus, and a safe position.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. E. A., Milan, Erie county, O.—It does count against him.

P. D., Burlington, N. J.—No.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE AND REALITY OF BILLIARDS.—In an interesting article on French billiards, prepared expressly for the *Billiard Cue*, by a distinguished amateur, who has devoted much of his leisure to the science and history of billiards, we find the following real romance of billiard history: "France has produced many distinguished professors of billiards, and some of her most celebrated men have been great proficients in the game. Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, 'whose glance produced poets,' was an inveterate and enthusiastic billiard player, and the game was, consequently, the favorite pastime of his court. M. de Chamillart, Louis's Minister of Finance, owed his first recognition by the great Louis to his admirable skill at billiards. Chamillart was a Parisian lawyer of great talents and incorruptible integrity. The only recreation which he allowed himself from his arduous studies and labors was an occasional hour's play with a brother lawyer and friend on a table which he had purchased and placed in a room in his house. By daily practice he insensibly reached a wonderful degree of proficiency. A nobleman of the court having accidentally seen him play spoke of him to the King, who was then full of billiard-ardor, and especially desirous of 'taking down' some of his courtiers who were rather too proud of their game. A court carriage was sent for Chamillart, and he played with the King against two of the noblemen who thought themselves 'some on billiards.' Their pride was taken down by Chamillart, to the intense delight of the King, who immediately presented him with a thousand louis, promising to double the sum if Chamillart could effect a carom when the three balls were placed in a straight line, which the lawyer did, and pocketed his money. Apartments were prepared for him in the royal residence, and the King was to be seen frequently walking through the gardens, leaning on his friend Chamillart, and consulting him on state affairs, for he discovered that Chamillart possessed the science of government as well as the science of billiards. The billiard-player had also other qualities, rare among Louis's courtiers—he was temperate, virtuous and honest, and hesitated not to tell the King the truth on all matters in which he was consulted. The King subsequently appointed him Minister of Finance, a post which he filled with scrupulous integrity and marked ability, economising everywhere and reducing the state debt. In his post of power he did not forget his old billiard-playing friend and brother lawyer, but had him appointed to a judgeship, and the friendship between them was still more strongly cemented by the marriage of the judge's son to Chamillart's daughter, the former receiving a title and commission in the army from the King, and his bride a generous dowry from the same royal source."

BILLIARDS IN MICHIGAN.—The billiard amateurs of Batavia and Leroy had a trial of strength, lately, at the latter town, which resulted in the triumph of the Leroy gentlemen. The parties are to have another trial very soon, when the Batavians hope to win.

THE AMATEUR TOURNAMENT AT PHELAN'S.—The interest created by this affair continues to increase, and in consideration of that fact, the donors of the prize-table have concluded to offer one more elaborate and valuable, the one originally intended for the prize being a $500, but that now offered being worth $700. It is richly inlaid, and artistically finished in every detail. The bulletin of runs in the various games, up to the 18th March, stood thus:

Around the table	86
Four ball carom	95
Three ball French	20
Carom pool	838

The table is now on exhibition at the rooms, and gentlemen have the satisfaction of seeing what they are "running" after.

A YOUNG aspirant for billiard honors, Mr. Goldthwaite, of Troy, N. Y., had an opportunity of measuring his progress on Friday afternoon at Phelan's Rooms. Mr. Phelan played some discount games with the youthful Trojan, the latter winning three out of seven; the former, four. Mr. G. is a promising young player, and, after a few years' more practice, may be able to compete with some of our best players.

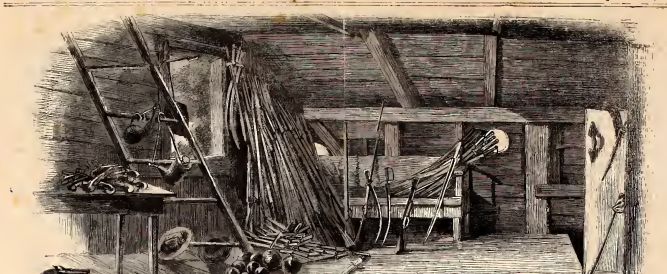
M. BERGER.—This distinguished artist still remains in New Orleans, giving public and private exhibitions and lessons to students of the game. His great talents are evidently appreciated in the most flattering quarters, as we learn that, at a private exhibition, given at the private mansion of Mr. Richard Hill, he was presented with a gold-mounted cue, valued at $500, and subscribed for by the ladies.

We were rather astounded by an announcement in some of our cotemporaries, purporting to be an extract from one M. Berger's programmes, stating that that gentleman would "jump in a hat, on the bands, and will fall on the billiard and carom. He will go through a paper circle and carom on the table." The sudden change of the great French artist's exhibitions to performances a la Hanlon, a talent which we were unaware that he possessed, we confess, rather staggered us. We have heard of Barnum's India-Rubber Man putting himself in a wine-box, but how M. Berger, even if he were India-rubber, could get himself into any sort of a hat that entered into the mind of man to conceive, far less to manufacture, we could not conceive. The idea of his getting on the hat-bands was still more staggering. But M. Berger's falling on the table frightened us both for his own safety and that of the table; for if M. Berger performed that feat very often, he would give a wonderful impetus to the manufacture of billiard-tables. Our amazement was cured, however, by the reflection that it was the French-English of some friend, whose zeal, not being according to knowledge, made M. Berger himself do these deeds instead of the balls, over which he possesses such a magical control. We doubt that he could fulfil the conditions of the programme himself, for he is no light weight, but we know that he can make the balls do it or anything else he likes to make them do.

A POPULAR IDEA.—The idea of admitting the general public at so much a head to witness the great professional tournament, announced to take place in June next, meets with great favor among all classes of our citizens who take an interest in billiards. We have conversed on the subject with numbers of amateurs, who expressed their satisfaction and that of all their friends at this arrangement, and declared they would guarantee that the excess of the proceeds, after paying expenses of hall, &c., would not only be sufficient to cover all the travelling and personal expenses of the players, but insure a handsome surplus to be disposed of as the players themselves may decide.

MESSRS. KAVANAGH AND GEARY'S EXHIBITION TOUR.—These gentlemen commence the exhibition tour, which we announced their intention of making in our last, in Brooklyn on Friday evening, at Montague Hall, on which occasion Mr. Phelan will be present and assist. A report of the proceedings will be published in our next.

Eleven shot, made by J. Vermeulen Detroit Mich.



THE HOUSE OF NICHOLAS VEEDER, IN SCHOTA, OPPOSITE SCHENECTADY, N. Y. WHICH HE HAS OCCUPIED FOR OVER SEVENTY YEARS.

NICHOLAS VEEDER, ONE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

Now in His Hundredth Year.

In a late number we gave the portrait and house of old Ralph Farnham, whose recent decease is fresh in the public mind. We have now to introduce pictorially to our readers another of that fast-old race, Nicholas Veeder, whose history is scarcely less interesting than that of old Ralph.

Nicholas Veeder was born at a place then known as the Hook, but what is now called Rensselin, New York State, on the Mohawk River, opposite Schenectady. He commenced his military career as a militia man in 1776, under Captain Van Guisling, in Colonel Wemple's regiment, and was personally engaged in the battle of Beaver Dam, when the American forces were attacked by the Tories. He was then present at the capture of Butler, the famous Indian chief.

In 1777 his regiment was ordered to join the army under General Gates, then encamped at Half Moon Sprouts, Saratoga county, but while they were on their march they heard of General Burgoyne's surrender, and they fell in with a large number of his army as prisoners of war, then *en route* for Albany.

In his next service to his country was at Caughnawaghe and Canajoharie, when the Tories, aided by a large body of Indians, attempted to burn those places.

When the war was over he settled in the very building he now occupies, and which is situated in Scioto, opposite Schenectady. This house was built in 1745, and was a kind of stockade fort. The wall is formed of stone, and the upper portion of wood. We have given an exact picture of this remarkable building, which remains with very little alteration as it was a century ago. The upper portion, or loft, which we also illustrate, has been converted by this fine old soldier into a kind of armory, and contains many interesting relics of the revolutionary struggle, such as village-made swords, army sabres, blunderbusses, muskets, &c. There is also a most curious old powder horn.

He married soon after his settlement here, but his wife has been dead many years. Two sons alone survive of his family.

His portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Shaw, of Schenectady, and was taken last June.

He enjoys excellent health, and, like all old soldiers, is fond of talking over the great and stirring events in which he was an actor.

He was born in December, 1761, and is consequently in his hundredth year.

NICHOLAS VEEDER, A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION, NOW IN HIS HUNDREDTH YEAR. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHAW, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

VIEW IN CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fourth Street, east of Vine Street.

FOURTH street has long been the fashionable thoroughfare of Cincinnati, but it is not more than five years since the magnificent buildings represented in our engraving were erected. The business part of the street before that date was east of Walnut, the Post-office being on the corner of Sycamore, but with the removal of the Post-office to its present site on the corner of Vine street, and the erection of these elegant structures, the most fashionable and successful business houses fixed their location in this vicinity. The corner building, opposite the Post-office (of which we introduce a partial view), is occupied in the two lower stories by that prince of tailors, T. W. Sparge, the only man in the West who approaches New York clothiers in extent of his business and elegance of his workmanship. Mr. Sprague came to Cincinnati in 1850, without capital, and by his untiring industry, affable manners and foresight has achieved a most brilliant success. His ready-made clothing is manufactured by N. Perry & Co., at Newark, N. J., the custom work in Cincinnati. The manufacturing firm, who are partners of Sprague, possess every facility for for extensive and diversified operations, and import their own French and English cloth, and with their present experience are constantly in the lead in fashion and material. This establishment may be considered one of the lions of the city, and proves certainly a great blessing to those who arrive in the Queen City a little *outré* in the exterior symbols of the gentleman.

The upper part of this magnificent building is occupied by the Queen City Commercial College. Founded in February, 1860, with Richard Nelson, J. M. Walters and A. Milner, men of fame and experience in mercantile education, practical business and penmanship, at the head of the faculty, it was enabled to enlist such men as Miles Greenwood, Gen. Cleary, Rev. Dr. Wise, Dr. Vattier and Judge Fildes as Directors, and found its way at once into public favor and confidence. A Board of Examiners, consisting of twelve gentlemen, members of leading mercantile and manufacturing houses, has the exclusive power of awarding the diploma of the College. Our visit of inspection to the large, well-lighted and well-filled rooms of this institution, gave us an increased appreciation of the wealth, intelligence and influence of the Great West. The students in this College, though mostly from the Queen City, number amongst them young men from the Southern and Western States, even including Texas, California and the Canadas. The capability of the Professors and thoroughness of instruction have made the present and insure the future success of the College.

The next large building is the well-known Pike's Opera House, the largest and most elegant theatre in the West. Until now the success of the opera has not been adequate to the capital invested; but the rapidly increasing wealth and taste of Cincinnatus cannot fail to uphold the enterprise and encourage its liberal originator to further efforts. On the first of the month, before the first story of this palace, we find Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine Company represented by William Sumner & Co., who have fitted up an establishment which outstrips in size and elegance any sewing machine sales-room in the world—six hundred yards of carpet being required to cover the floor of the room. William Sumner & Co. having the sole right to supply the territory from Pittsburg to St. Louis, have sub-agencies in all the principal towns of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Of all the machines made by Wheeler & Wilson last year, one-sixth were sold by the Cincinnati agency; and, in order to save the expense of freights, it became necessary to have the bonnet parts of the machines manufactured in Cincinnati, and they have now a large factory in full operation.

In one year Wheeler & Wilson sold twenty one thousand three hundred and five machines, being double the sales of any other company; and, as the economy of their use is becoming daily more known, the demand is increasing. All honor to the man who invented the sewing machine, and to those who, with unprecedented energy, make his invention attainable to all classes of society and in every part of the world.

Next door, occupying a store room of equal size, with the addition of a basement under the whole, we find the most elegant and complete book-store in the West, owned by Messrs. Rickey, Mallory & Co. Besides a complete assortment of standard medical and law books, their shelves contain all the requirements for private libraries and for the extensive Western trade. The collection of paintings, formerly belonging to the Western Art Union, together with their stock of rare and expensive illustrated works, give a great attraction to this establishment and make it a favorite rendezvous for artists and literary gentlemen. Messrs. Rickey, Mallory & Co. are very popular in the West, and supply an immense territory; their retail department is furnished in exquisite taste, and is altogether the finest establishment of the kind in the West.

In the same square with the fashionable clothier, the gentleman will be able to procure another requisite of his toilet at J. Deter's, who is the great authority in his line; and if he cannot find all that is fashionable, fanciful and comfortable in the boot and shoe line at this establishment, there will be

[EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOUSE NOW OCCUPIED BY NICHOLAS VEEDER.]

Cephalic Pills,
CURE Sick Headache,
CURE Nervous Headache,
CURE All kinds of Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits they are valuable as a Laxative improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the Stomach.

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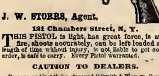

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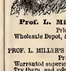

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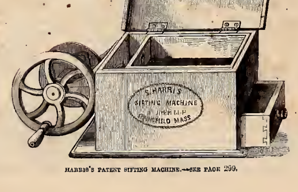

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No. 280—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

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THREE years ago, entirely unassisted, we commenced our exposure of the infamous Swill Milk traffic, which had grown shameless by tolerance, and assumed gigantic proportions. It spread its poisonous influence everywhere, and the fearful weekly lists of mortality proved how well its deadly properties capped the life of both the young and the old.

We met the subject face to face; we presented into the strongholds of the filthy traffic; we presented things as they were; we did not aim at pictures but at facts; we did not conceal the horrible details, though we ourselves sickened at their sight, for we had a great end to achieve, a vast public good to accomplish. We brought the graphic powers of the pencil and the pen to our aid, and in one day moved New York and the whole community was one of the loudest pestilence which was raging in their midst.

Our course at once attracted to us the wealthy firms who

THE HON. MRS. PERKINS.—SEE PAGE 306

counted their hundreds of thousands or coiners made by the unholy Swill Milk traffic, and the hosts of hangers-on to the trade, whose independent votes wielded unbounded influence. The city authorities, too, who cannot see guilt if it inhabits splendid mansions, took part with our antagonists, and acted rather as counsels for the defendants than as officers delegated by the people to conserve their rights.

We persevered against this powerful combined opposition; we sent our artists everywhere; we engaged an army of detectives, and personally supervised their action; we employed chemists to analyse the poisonous trash; lawyers to defend the actions brought against us; and week after week, while under the ban of unscrupulous clothiers and threats of personal violence even unto death, we published our labors to the public, and proved triumphantly the terrible developments and the serious accusations we had made.

Without any aid from any source, we incurred all this enormous expense, amounting to many thousands of dollars, in a great public cause; we incurred it all, and endured all the obloquy and misrepresentation heaped upon us, for we knew that we suffered in the great cause of humanity, and that public opinion would eventually support and sustain us. This confidence has been justified by the end.

Our efforts at that time resulted in thoroughly arousing the people to a knowledge of the facts; and the pressure of public opinion, although it did not abolish the traffic of Swill Milk, caused it to be surrounded by such conditions of cleanliness as to ameliorate the evil in some degree. Further than this nothing more could be accomplished against the powerful private and official opposition.

But the ball which we had set rolling did not rest. In our

LOSS OF THE YACHT MARY KINGSBARD, OF NEW YORK, ON THE FLORIDA COAST, NEAR JUPITER LIGHTHOUSE, ON THE 16TH OF MARCH, 1861—TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF THE CREW, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER ON THE STEAMSHIP CAHAWBA, WHICH RESCUED THE SHIPWRECKED PEOPLE.—SEE PAGE 307.

columns, from time to time, we have revived the subject, by publishing the scientific researches and analysis of the poisonous article by eminent medical authorities, and our efforts have finally resulted in the passage of a Bill in the Senate at Albany to Prevent the Adulteration of Milk and ABOLISHING THE SALE OF SWILL MILK.

We give all honor to the Senators for the honest and manly course they have taken, and especially to the Senator from New York, who was the mover of the Bill, and we are satisfied that our unselfish efforts in the cause of the people and humanity have rescued the community from that great social evil which has for years decimated our population by thousands.

Our work is accomplished—the Swill Milk trade is dead.

Barnum's American Museum

HAS the largest and finest Collection of Living Curiosities ever exhibited together, including Bears, Sea Lion, Mammoth Bear Samson, the Swiss Bearded Lady, the Lilliputian Queen, Miss Reed; the Aquaria, Living Monster Snakes, Happy Family, with elegant Dramatic Performances daily at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M., making the Museum at once the best as well as the cheapest place of amusement in the world.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, FESTIVALS, FAIRS, &c., &c., &c.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1861.

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Foreign News.

England.—There are no prominent topics before the public now of a domestic nature. Reform has been postponed on the plea that there is no popular demand for it. The principal object of general interest is the present crisis of American affairs. The injudicious attempt of the Tariff men to wound British and French manufactures through the Morrill Tariff has materially strengthened the Southern Confederacy in the eyes of the two leading nations of Europe, and done much to facilitate the recognition of the new nation. The chief journals of Europe consider it as a smart operation, more worthy of thimbleriggers than statesmen. The unpopularity of Gladstone seems to throw the halo of insecurity around the Palmerston Administration, which nothing but the Austrian tendencies of Derby could keep from becoming practical. Even this may be rendered palatable, since the recent conversion of Francis Joseph to Constitutional Government seems to have rendered that once abhorrent personage more endurable in English eyes. The great legal excitement of the hour has been the Yelverton trial, which has resulted in placing the gallant major in the position of a bigamist, when he flattered himself he was only a seducer. Seldom has popular odium ran so strongly against a man as it has against this unblushing *roué*. In our present paper will be found a portrait of the heroine of this most remarkable drama.

France.—The public interest still centres upon Mirès, whose arrest for his enormous frauds, or rather financial speculations, has already been noticed. A strict investigation into his affairs is now going on, and the Government declares the course of justice shall not be swayed by any personal considerations. It is said that France intends to withdraw her troops from Rome, and leave the Pope merely a spiritual existence. The Conference on Syrian affairs has not yet determined on extending the French occupation of that miserable land. It is said that France and Russia hold together, but are opposed by England, Austria and Prussia. Turkey is also opposed to a continuance of the French occupation. The chances are that the term will be extended to the 1st of May. The war between the Emperor and many of his bishops still rages. The public, however, takes side with Louis Napoleon, as do the enlightened of all classes in every nation.

Denmark.—The question between this Government and Prussia on the Holstein-Schleswig question will most probably be settled without any difficulty, most certainly without bloodshed, as France, England and Russia have addressed a remonstrance to Denmark couched in almost identical language.

Poland.—The burial of the unhappy men who were shot down by the Russian troops on the anniversary of the battle of Grochow took place without a renewal of any disturbances. Prince Gortschakoff has presented a petition to the Emperor relating to the affair, which is expected to meet the exigencies of the case. It is, however, another instance of the instability of all systems not based upon the people.

Austria.—The publication of the recent constitution granted by Francis Joseph has not been so well received by the Hungarians as was expected. It will, nevertheless, disarm much hostile feeling, and, if honestly carried out, may yet arrest the ruin that was so rapidly gathering around the Austrian Empire. Still, the question of Venetia remains to be settled in the course of a few years, and it must be met.

Italy.—The siege of Messina has commenced, and its fall may be looked for every day. The King of Naples remains in Rome, but, some papers assert, he is making preparations to leave for Bavaria very soon. Private letters represent the condition of the Pope as being of a most despondent character. Still, he will not listen to the good advice of the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

Turkey.—Next to the Pope, the Sultan is, undoubtedly, the sickest man in Europe. His principal Ministers are now engaged in a quarrel on financial matters, which are in a most helpless state. The bankruptcy of Mirès seems to have been the last feather to that camel's back. There is a strange rumor afloat in Paris and London that John Sadleir and Jacob Mirès are one and the same man. It is, of course, a *canard*.

Mexico.—The Tennessee brings us the important news that M. Saligny, the French Minister, had recognised the Liberal Government. Juarez is now acknowledged by the United States, England and France. General Zamora, Governor of the State of Vera Cruz, is dead. He was one of the best of the Mexican authorities. The brigands still rule between Mexico and Vera Cruz, and Capt. Oldham, of the British war steamer Valorous had been badly wounded while on his way from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. The weightiest task the new Government has to perform is to put down these banditti.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

ONE of the most remarkable, painful and yet significant facts of the time is the utter indifference of the public towards Congress. At the present time the Senate is sitting, and able men discuss the present crisis, but few seem to pay any attention to its deliberations.

On the 22d of March Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, finished a very elaborate speech on Senator Douglas's resolution of inquiry relative to the forts and other public property in the seceded States. This argument was in favor of the recognition of the new Confederacy, and the formation of a treaty with its Government—otherwise, in his opinion, a conflict is inevitable. He was followed by Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, the new Senator from that State, who argued against the passage of Mr. Douglas's resolution, on the ground that it would be improper, in the present condition of the country, to make such information public.

On the 23d Mr. Hamlin announced his intention of being absent from his post for the rest of the session, and Mr. Foote, of Vermont, was made Chairman in his stead. John Sherman, of Ohio, of Helper celebrity, took his seat as Senator.

On the 24th Mr. Powell moved for copies of the correspondence between Major Anderson and the War Office since the commencement of the troubles. The weary debate upon Douglas's resolution was then resumed, and trailed like a wounded snake its slow length along.

On the 25th the Douglas debate was resumed, and continued mainly by Douglas and Breckinridge, who earnestly demanded to learn from the President what his policy was. It seems to us very clear that Douglas knows the real intentions of the President to be peace and good will to the American people, but he wishes the President to inform the public of the fact himself. At Willard's, the other night, a bet of a thousand dollars was made that in less than three months Chase and Blair would give place to Douglas and Johnson, of Tennessee, in the Cabinet. Finally the Little Giant's resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 23 to 11. Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Clingman then offered resolutions to the effect that the Senate recommend the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the limits of the Confederate States. They were laid over for future consideration, and the Senate devoted itself to the only occupation it appears to have appetite for—the confirmation of Lincoln's appointments.

In the Senate, on the 27th, a message was received from the President declining to communicate the despatches received from Major Anderson, the commander at Fort Sumpter, as their publication would at this time be inexpedient. A long debate then ensued upon the question of taking up Senator Breckinridge's resolution advising the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the seceded States. Upon taking the question the vote stood 19 to 10. As there was not a quorum, the subject was dropped, and the Senate went into executive session, and in the course of a couple of hours confirmed a large number of appointments.

The North and the South.

THE public opinion of America seems to have impressed the two Governments with the necessity of a caution strangely at variance with the violent counsels so prevalent two months since. The leaders of both extremes have been made aware that the odium of a great people would fall on those who precipitated a conflict, the first shot of which would sound like the deathknell of liberty.

The public sentiment has dictated the evacuation of Forts Sumpter and Pickens, both of which events are now merely questions of time. Although no special announcement has been made, it seems certain that before the end of next week Major Anderson will have retired from Fort Sumpter, which will, of course, be immediately occupied by the Secessionists. The exact method has not been made known, but it is to be hoped that neither party will do anything to leave a sting behind. As matters now stand, the occupation of a stronghold in the midst of a seceded State is more of a provocation than a necessity or a precaution, and we think Mr. Lincoln has done wisely in withdrawing from so untenable and profitless a position.

The Yelverton Case.

ONCE in a decade English society is overwhelmed with an overpowering case of scandalous immorality. Once in a decade the flood of indecency and treachery bursts the narrow barriers of criminal gazettes and private gossip, and flows over the great dykes of the "respectable press." Then Morality preaches loudly, and Immorality picks up dainty scraps, and people of steady habits are startled to learn what unquenchable and terrible fires glow, and what lava-torrents heave under the cold outer-crust of the world which we term Behavior. As it was in the beginning, and probably will be until the enigma of Evil is solved.

The last great case of this kind is still fresh before us in that of Major Yelverton and Miss Theresa Longworth. To use a reporter's phrase, "the high standing of the parties implicated gives it unwonted interest;" but it acquires a much higher to the cultivated observer, from the remarkable phases of character developed, and from its being, in all probability, the event which will lead directly to the abrogation of an obsolete and scandalous marriage law in England, which declares a marriage of Protestants by a Catholic priest null and void! Briefly, the Honorable Major Yelverton, a dashing military man of the world, heir apparent to the Viscounty of Avonmore, casually made the acquaintance, on the deck of a steamboat crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne, of Miss Theresa Longworth. The lady in question has been sainted by a portion of the press, but was evidently a finished woman of the world—a girl, who was, as described by the London *Saturday Review*, a miracle:

> As to Theresa Longworth, we are not careful to say all that we think. Happily for society, we trust that the mould in which her character has been formed was broken after the first cast. Here we have the facts of a woman's life, and they are incontestable; but except in a "scrofulous French novel," they have, we hope, never before existed. Even now we almost refuse credence to the existence of such a person. She seems to have had parents, but all that we know about her father is only the wicked and unnatural parent of fiction, which meets us in the stereotyped form of an atheist's deathbed. A girl born, we don't exactly know how, and bred in a convent, left to her own devices, flying mysteriously about Europe and Asia, without any visible ties or restraints; apparently not troubled or blessed with the necessities of family or income; educated in France and Italy, and with a cosmopolitan acquaintance with all people and languages; driving cardinals to despair, and surrounded by an *entourage* of lovers whom she attracts by her charms and awes by her virtues; prodigiously clever, prodigiously accomplished, romantic, enthusiastic, versatile, devout, religious and charitable; a *Sœur de Charité* under the most picturesque circumstances, Eloise at once and Sophia, a Chantal and a Sappho, mixed up with the most famous battles and stirring events of history, burning, and at the same time prudent; with wonderful powers both of self-sacrifice and self-restraint; chaste, yet always on the very verge of sin; with the sternest appreciation of character, and yet with the most passionate and abundant disregard of proprieties; scornful of the whole world's opinion, yet proud, self-contained and haughty in a certain sort of barren self-respect.

The wonderful "characterization" of the extract apologises for its length. This young lady made the acquaintance of the major in the manner stated, and passed the night on deck, the lady wrapped in a part of the major's plaid, "conversing on animal magnetism and odylic force." Twelve months later, the lady being then in Italy, began from a casual business letter a correspondence with the gentleman, which eventually drew her to the East, to act as nurse in the hospital of Galata, while he was serving—and gallantly—in the Crimea. Here he proposed a secret marriage, which she declined. In 1857 they met again in Edinburgh, where he proposed the easy Scotch marriage, and finally read aloud to her the marriage service, declaring that that ceremony made them one, mutual consent constituting marriage in Scotland. Finally she consented to be married by the Roman Catholic service, which was done by the Rev. Mr. Mooney, parish priest at Rosstrevor, Ireland. Here the honorable major believed that he had caught the lady, even as Tittlebat Titmouse sought to "do" his friend by giving him a note of hand on unstamped paper; for there is a wretched old law declaring such marriage void, and he congratulated himself on having thus cheated her. After this followed short-lived bliss, correspondence, separation, and the bigamy of Major Yelverton by going through the ceremony of marriage with the widow of the celebrated Professor Edward Forbes, of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Yelverton's prosecution of her husband to gain her rights, her success, and the enthusiastic congratulations offered her by the Dublin people, are still fresh in mind. She was declared to be his lawful wife, while upon his head descended a weight of obloquy and odium such as few men are destined to hear. He is to be degraded from the army, tried for bigamy, and otherwise disgraced.

It may interest our readers to know that the portrait of the lady which we give is a good likeness. Her manner is described as extremely fascinating. "Her countenance is oval, with a delicately pointed chin; the general expression is that of great firmness, calm, resolute, persevering, dignified power—confidence in repose. Her glance penetrates, while it charms as with a spell." Her voice is described as "singularly musical, while her hands are remarkably small and graceful in their habitual poses." Such is Mrs. Yelverton, the ambitious and at length sorrowfully successful woman, who at present occupies such a prominent position before the whole world.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

In Gay's famous "Beggar's Opera" there are two ladies, Polly and Lucy, who indulge in a very famous squabbling duet. The modern Polly and Lucy are the rival editors of the *Tribune* and *Times*, and their Macheath is Lincoln. Every now and then they indulge in a little passage of arms, the last being as to whether the *Tribune* ever had a real live resident correspondent at Charleston. The *Times* says the Charleston letters are written in the latitude of Printing-House Square. The *Tribune* thus disposes of the matter:

> "In fact, for some time past we have had three, but now we have only two, one of them having, after a rather protracted residence, suddenly found a Northern climate more congenial. He will probably be in town within a few days, when it will give us pleasure to introduce him to our incredulous neighbor, who may like to examine his hotel bills and any other documents."

This is unanswerable. In order to prove the presence of two men at Charleston, examine the hotel bills of another person who will be in New York in a few days. This is equal to Euclid's Fifth Proposition, *quod est demonstrandum.*

A Daily Contemporary actually brings Elizabeth Barrett Browning into the field as a Republican partisan, and as a proof of her intimate acquaintance with the present subject in dispute, gives this passage of a private letter lately received from her:

> "At this point, the anxiety on American affairs can take its full share of thought. My partiality for frenzies is not so absorbing, believe me, as to exclude very painful considerations on the dissolution of your great Union. But my serious fear has been, and is, not for the dissolution of the body but the death of the soul—not of a rupture of States and civil war, but of reconciliation and peace at the expense of a deadly compromise of principle. Nothing will destroy the Republic but what corrupts its conscience and disturbs its fame—for the stain upon the honor must come off upon the flag. If, on the other hand, the North stands fast on the moral ground, no glory will be like your glory; your frontiers may diminish, but your essential greatness will increase; your foes may be of your own household, but your friends must be among all just and righteous men, whether in the body or out of the body. You are 'compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses,' and can afford to risk anything, except conscience."

Her politics are as unintelligible as her verses. It is, however, derogatory to American journalism to consider the jargon of a dreamer as of any authority in such a grave matter as our national politics.

The Amount of Sarcasm wasted by our journalists upon each other every year would set up the European press for a century. The *Herald*, in announcing the heroic valor, and disregard of the dimes, shown by the wooden nutmeg State, in voting five thousand men and twenty thousand dollars to conquer the South, says: "It is a pity they did not show equal alacrity against England in 1812!" It is rather unreasonable to make a man responsible for his grandfather.

Caleb Smith, whose portrait, as one of the Lincoln Cabinet, we give in the present issue of our paper, appears to be what is emphatically called "a bird." A story is going round the clubs of Washington to this effect. Old Abe promised the Chief Clerkship of the Agricultural Bureau to his friend, Isaac Newton, of Pa. He told Caleb to put his name down, and advised Isaac to that effect. Caleb wished to give his particular friend Holmes—Sweet Holmes of the song—that pleasant and profitable berth, and in the list forgot all about Newton. The President signed the programme as drawn out by Caleb, and sent it to the Senate, who confirmed all the appointments. Abe is, therefore, obliged to submit, but it is said he will never sign another paper of Caleb's, without reading it very carefully first.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The New York Academy of Design.

There is something very agreeable in lounging through a Gallery of Paintings, with no other intent than that of amusing oneself. The privilege so enjoyed is unalloyed, because one need not look at anything that is not pleasant, and the sense of critical responsibility knows you not. Not so with us. We are obliged to combine pleasure with business, and take as much notice of the bad pictures as of the good. We were compelled, for instance, to look again and again at that swollen monstrosity painted by WILLIAM PAGE, and called the "Infant Bacchus." It is catalogued No. 117, and is for sale. We mention this fact in justice to the artist who has the good taste not to wish to keep it himself. If we were to judge by this picture, the "Infant Bacchus" was the great original of the wine skin. It has no anatomy; it is simply a grossly distended skin, which, if pricked, would collapse into flatness. Therefore, cut off those bulbous excrescences called legs, and your wine skin is perfect. The fat boy is lying on about an acre of leopard skin, which has no more texture than the painted calico which makes sham hunters out of supernumeraries at the theatre. The washy background is in imitation of a bad old master; and the rich coloring and the dainty manipulation amount to nothing, because they do not counterfeit nature. No artist, however great his name and fame, whether that fame be meretricious or real, can afford to send to a public gallery so poor a picture.

Nos. 40 and 43 are two admirable charcoal landscapes, by F. RONDELL. The trees are touched in with charming freedom and grace, the details carefully made out, and a sentiment which speaks of a keen appreciation of nature pervades the whole. The title of 43, which is the best picture, is, "Lost in the Woods." The other is, "Evening on the Adirondack."

No. 48 is an ambitious figure subject executed in crayon by J. W. EHNINGER, N. A. The design is good; the subordinate figures well drawn and full of action, but the principal figures are every way unsatisfactory. The subject is, "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter." The figure of the Saviour lacks dignity, the face is exceedingly common-place and every way devoid of majesty and intellect. The mother and daughter are weak in expression and most wretchedly drawn, the mother most especially so. As the principal group is not equal to the subject, being deficient in dignity and drawing, the picture must be considered a failure.

No. 31, "Vegetables and Fruit," by J. W. HILL, A. A most exquisite piece of painting. The melon, corn and onion are positive realities in color, form and texture. The composition was calculated for a rich effect in color, which the artist has obtained most successfully. It is one of the gems of the exhibition.

There are several fine portraits in the first gallery. No. 151 is a portrait of Mrs. Hunt by her husband, WILLIAM M. HUNT. It is a quaint idea to present the back of the head to the observer and call it a portrait, but it is a capital way to prevent strangers becoming familiar with one's wife's features. Enough of the face, however, is shown to excite curiosity. The idea is well managed and is admirably painted; the flesh tints pure and the hair natural to a marvel. There are some faces, we know, that would bear painting this way with even more of the back of the head and less of the features visible. No. 157, also by WILLIAM M. HUNT, is a portrait of W. S. Thayer. It is boldly and strikingly painted, but it is so roughly handled that it has the appearance of being unfinished. It is said to be an excellent likeness, the character, the individuality having been well preserved. The head is drawn with great freedom and the features finely modelled. It is certainly a literal transcript from nature, and owes nothing to the sentiment of the artist.

No. 73 is a portrait of a lady, Mrs. Charles Gilbert, we believe, by JULIUS GOLLMAN. This is a clever and most characteristic portrait

We like the artist's treatment of the subject, for it is out of the common run of the stereotyped position—it is free and unaffected. It is an admirable likeness, flattered in no one respect; indeed, faithful as it is to nature, the artist has failed to catch the *spirituelle* expression of the smile and the speaking animation of the mouth. With these exceptions, which are of course dependent upon circumstances, the portrait is faultless. As a work of art it has great merits; the coloring is good, the arrangement ingenious and the *ensemble* most pleasing. The shadow thrown by the hand is a touch of original thought indicative of fine sentiment in the artist.

But the great picture of the season, the crowning glory of this exhibition, is No. 225, "A Twilight in the Catskills," by S. R. Gifford, N. A. It is a bold stroke for the honor of nature, which few artists but Gifford would dare to attempt. Only men of his stature in art, and gifted with like sentiment, expression and power, are able to portray nature in her strongest effects without either weakly failing in the attempt, or, overleaping the sublime, plunging headlong into the ridiculous. We constantly see atmospheric effects so marked in their character as seemingly to be impossible to reproduce by any of the resources of art. The impossible, however, exists only in inferior natures; nothing is impossible to genius which, in art, is the offspring of patient and earnest devotion to the study of nature in all her moods and varieties.

But to the consideration of Gifford's picture. The foreground represents the verge of a mountain range, over which a brawling rivulet is dashing *away* from the looker-on. Although we cannot see the abyss beneath, we know that it is there by the wonderful atmosphere which gives at once a sense of depth and distance. Beyond is a beautiful valley, through which a stream is running to the base of the mountain in the foreground, and over which the mists of twilight are resting. The valley rises in exquisite forms up to a chain of mountains which bound our view of the horizon. The sun has set behind these mountains, and the bright light of his trail rises all along and above them, until it enters an overhanging mass of vapor covering all the rest of the sky, which it renders darkly luminous with crimson and gold. The reflected light upon the mists in the valley, bringing out the forms dimly and brightening the waters even to the stream in the foreground, produces an effect which, for truthfulness to nature and exquisite artistic management and manipulation, we have rarely seen equalled.

The brilliant, the gorgeous effect of light is really marvellous—far exceeding, in our estimation, its kindred effect in Church's "Twilight in the Wilderness." Taking it altogether as a bold and truthful transcript of nature and as a work of art, it is one of the most remarkable pictures of the day, and will add a sudden and substantial lustre to a name which is already of brilliant repute in the world of art.

No. 453, "A Summer's Morning on the Massachusetts Coast, near Beverly," is by J. F. Kensett, N.A. Here are few materials for a picture — two rocks, water and a mist — but how magically the master's hand moulds them to a perfect whole, and invests them with interest and beauty. The very rocks do not seem to be impersonal, but are sentient portions of the surrounding scene. Through the warm mist which envelopes the distance the morning sun seems to permeate. It is so real that, as we gaze, we should not be surprised to see the veil of mist disappear, and the sun shine out in all its majesty. It is a picture full of beauties; it is, as they say, "a delicious bit"—and one of Kensett's most successful efforts.

No. 341, "Fowls," is by P. L. Couturier, and a most charming bit of nature it is. The birds are spiritedly drawn and admirably colored. It is a characteristic sketch, animated and full of action, and all the details are carefully and successfully painted. It is small in size but large in value.

No. 457, "Down by the Sea," is a fine picture by A. D. Shattuck. It is a coast view, the surf is beating heavily on the shore and the scene is full of motion. It is a fine study for water, the forms being drawn with great freedom and singular fidelity to nature. They are waves in quick motion, and have all the action of reality. Mr. Shattuck has, however, sacrificed the reality in some degree by the excessive brightness of the light in the nearest breakers, which is not warranted by the clouded sky. But it is a fine picture nevertheless.

Old Father Heinrich.

A paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers stating that Old Father Heinrich, who had just returned from a lengthened tour in Europe, made under every degree of privation, for the purpose of producing some of his orchestral works in his native city, Pesth, in Hungary, was in a state of extreme distress, and calling upon the musical profession to come forward to his assistance. A day or two later the proprietors of Irving Hall generously tendered its free use for any entertainment the profession might get up for his benefit. So far there has been no response to the appeal. Will no one move in the matter? Are all so selfishly absorbed in their own affairs that they cannot give a moiety of their time to cheer and render easy the declining years of that venerable and self-sacrificing musical enthusiast? It is true he belongs to a past generation, and the many who knew him years ago are no longer with us; but there are few who have not heard of Father Heinrich, even though his memory may seem as a tradition of the past. Who is Father Heinrich? Listen, and we will tell you.

A long way back in this century, some forty years, there was a merchant famous alike for his integrity and his success. His dealings were large, but he found time to indulge in his passion for music. Commerce and Art worked well together, until one day the crash commercial came and the merchant was ruined. He gave up everything to his creditors and abandoned trade for ever. He came to America, and absorbed in his musical passion, which had now taken immoveable hold upon him, he started off for Kentucky, at that time almost a wilderness. He built himself a log-cabin, his fiddle his sole companion, and for years picked up a scanty means of existence, he hardly knows how now, sustained in his privations by dreams of mighty works in music which he would produce in the future.

After many years he returned to this city, where, in an unfurnished attic, he wrote his Sinfonias and Cantatas, gaining means to support life by giving a few lessons. He then went to London and played in an orchestra, still writing—still writing. Finding it impossible to produce his works there, he returned to New York, only to commence the same unaided struggle again. He was getting old, and the hope came upon him that if he could only reach his native city, Pesth, his countrymen would give his works a fair trial. Friends came forward and assisted him; he started, and after many privations and struggles finally reached Pesth. The object of his life was then accomplished: he heard his darling compositions finely performed, and, proud in his achievements, bore his honors meekly. But he could not rest away from the land of his adoption, and he returned to New York, rich in spirit but poor in purse.

This is Anthony Philip Heinrich, a life-time devotee to music, who now needs the sympathy of all who love the art. Let not this sympathy be withheld.

The English Quarterlies.

Our quarterly enjoyment is strictly periodical, or we might say our periodical enjoyment is strictly quarterly, or we might otherwise say that the great literary enjoyment which visits us periodically is in the shape of the English *Quarterly Reviews*, the receipt of which from Leonard Scott & Co. we hereby duly acknowledge. The *Westminster* contains very interesting articles on "Ancient Danish Ballads," "Alcohol," "Canada," "The Italian Question," "Bible Infallibility," "American Slavery," "Dante and his English Translators," and "Contemporary Literature," which contains, among other things, a most cordial and eulogistic notice of "Motley's History of the Netherlands." The *Edinburgh Review* is rich with articles of interest, prominent among which are "Japan and the Japanese," "The Victoria Bridge," "Political Ballads of England and Scotland," "Ocean Telegraphy," and a brilliant review of "Motley's History of the United Netherlands." The *London Quarterly* devotes twenty pages to a review of Motley's book, awarding it almost unqualified praise and admiration. It has, besides, powerful articles on "Canada and the North-West," "Italy," "Iron Manufacture," "The Dogs of History and Romance," "The Welsh and their Literature," besides other able articles. The *North British Review* opens with an able article upon "India Convalescent," which reviews the whole question of the past and present of the British supremacy in India; also "Shelley and his Recent Biographers," "Lord Dundonald," "Modern Necromancy," "The Political Press—French, English and German," "Home Ballads and Poems," &c.

There is enough solid reading in these four *Quarterlies* to last a busy man three months, and we need hardly say that the articles are not only varied but thorough and exhaustive of their subjects. It is well for our readers to know that these four *Quarterlies* and *Blackwood's Magazine* can be obtained at their New York publishers, L. Scott, Edward Walker & Roberts, at the yearly charge of only *ten* dollars. In a literary point of view, it is hardly possible to invest ten dollars to greater advantage than in subscribing for the whole.

Do Ri ht!

It is a noble nature which, out of the sorrows and the trials of life, evolves that sentence which comprises all Christian philosophy—Do Right! It proves that sorrow has chastened the spirit, and that trial has brought the soul out bright through all the darkness. The lines which Carrie Calderwood has sent us breathe a sentiment which is full of truth and beauty:

Over the Grave.—By Carrie Calderwood.

Ah! here it is they made her grave
When I was sailing on the wave.
When looking on the sea so blue,
A dark bird close beside me flew:
"Ill omen!" then the sailors cried.
They tell me at that hour she died.

And forth I went in search of fame,
In foreign lands I won a name.
Yes! mine the meed, they call me great,
But I return, alas! too late.
Too late! too late! she sleepeth here,
And now my life is cold and drear.

Oh, when one blessing is attained,
One boon we've fondly sought is gained,
Some other star that lit our way
Hath wandered from our path for aye
Youth's golden hopes are better far
Than all of glory's honors are!

Now I recall thy words to-night,
Thy parting words to me, "Do right!"
Oh, thou in Heaven, my lost Adel,
Those parting words I've heeded well,
For they have never lost their power
In dark temptation's trying hour.

And high shall be my manhood's aim,
Nor will I longer work for fame;
But to the world my life shall be
All that it might have been to thee—
My words and fortune both shall bless
The weary children of distress.

Yes! since I seek my bride too late,
To all mankind I dedicate
The earnest efforts of my soul,
Moved by the magical control
Of those blessed words that summer's night,
Those parting words to me, "Do right!"

A New York Musical Conservatory in Geneseo, N. Y.

The residents of the metropolis have ample opportunities for studying the beautiful art of singing. With such teachers as Signor Bassini, Mrs. Edward Loder and others, there is no lack of means of thorough instruction. But the want of some central establishment in the State, where ladies from various sections of the country could meet and practise the art under competent instructors has long been felt. Peripatetic "Professore" (!) of Psalmody, called by the irreverent Psalm-smiters, hold conventions from time to time, where they do *not* teach singing and *do* sell barbarous collections of tune books by the gross; but their successful career of humbug is almost played out, and the time has ripened for a better order of things.

The better order of things is to be inaugurated by Signor Bassini, who is probably the most thorough and successful teacher of singing this side of the Atlantic. He is the most skilful former of the voice that has ever resided among us, having made the nature, character and power of the vocal organs his special study. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the teachers literally know nothing of the construction of the voice. They take the voices as they come, and when they have finished with them the inequalities still remain. The formation of the voice, preparing it for the highest degree of cultivation, is Signor Bassini's specialty; he has made it a lifetime study, and has brought the science to perfection. His published "School for Singing" is an admirable exposition of his system, which, if carefully studied and conscientiously persisted in, cannot fail to perfect the voice, to preserve its purity and to render it capable of great exertion without fatigue or deterioration.

The proposed Conservatorio or Normal Academy of Music will hold its meetings at Geneseo, New York, during the months of July and August. Two sessions have already been held there, and the citizens of that place were so interested in its success that they have erected a building capable of accommodating two hundred students, with a fine concert hall which will seat six hundred people. The place is healthy and the surroundings delightful. The term will commence on the 3d of July next, and besides students from all parts of the State, who have already made application, a large number of ladies and gentlemen of this city have secured board in Geneseo, for the purpose of enjoying the pure air of the country and the instruction of Bassini, thus combining pleasure with profit. Messrs. T. E. Perkins and T. J. Cook will assist Signor Bassini, having long studied his system with him; and Mr. J. N. Pychowski, a most thorough artist, will superintend the piano department and lecture to academic classes. There will be a gay and brilliant time at Geneseo during the coming months of July and August.

A New Tragedy by a New Yorker.

"Marriages are Not Made in Heaven" is the somewhat quaintly curious name of a new tragedy which has recently made a hit in Philadelphia. The author is Mr. Rosenberg, of this city, and the actress for whom the play was written was Mrs. Waller. It was warmly complimented by the leading daily papers of Philadelphia, and pronounced a thorough success: while it was as warmly pitched into by all the weekly ones without any exception. Indeed, we recommend the three-quarters of a column close type and all abuse of the Philadelphia *Sunday Despatch* to the attention of our own critics, as exhibiting the kindly affection existing on the part of the City of Brotherly Love to New York talent. Seriously, however, we congratulate the author on having shown that he was worth so much, so lengthy and such unjust criticism, and trust that before long we shall have a chance of witnessing its performance in this city. Mrs. Waller will make it her strong piece in New Orleans, where she is now performing.

Mason & Thomas's Classical Soiree.

These staunch upholders of the classical in art gave one of their excellent concerts on Tuesday evening, the 26th inst., which was largely attended. The programme consisted of a Quartette by Mozart, No. 6; a Sonata, by Beethoven, Op. 27; Grand Sonata for piano and violin, by Raff; and Mendelssohn's Quintette in B flat, major. The performance was fully equal in excellence to the previous efforts of the gentlemen engaged. The Sonata by Raff, which was played by Mason and Thomas, as well as could be expected considering the composition, which is a wonderful piece of tortuous, discordant incomprehensibility. It sounds as though it was composed by a deaf man and written by a blind man. It sounded as though Mr. Raff was striving all in his power to dodge a concord—he wriggles and squirms, approaches very close, but darts off again in erratic contortions, and only alights upon a common chord when "time's up" and he has to stop. Judging by this single specimen, Mr. Raff's is the most elaborately unpleasant music that we have listened to in years.

Mr. Mason played upon one of Steinway & Sons' grand pianos. It had a noble tone, and its rich and ample power filled the hall in every part.

Concert of Mr. J. M. V. Busch.

Mr. Busch announced a grand concert at Irving Hall for Tuesday, the 26th inst., with orchestra and chorus, but on the night of performance the orchestra was not forthcoming, so the entire first part had to be omitted, and his "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" had to be performed with piano accompaniment alone. This was a disappointing commencement, and there was little in the after performance to put us in good humor. The solos and the choruses were wretchedly sung; the performers did not know their music and were hesitating and uncertain throughout, and their exceeding inaccuracy was rendered more unbearable by the absence of anything like style or method in their singing. Under circumstances so disadvantageous how is it possible to form an accurate opinion as to the merits of the composition? The little that was rendered intelligibly impressed us with the belief that Mr. Busch was a good musician, that he possesses a happy vein of melody, a large sense of dramatic effect, an excellent method of voicing, fair constructive powers and a fine feeling for harmony. We were more struck by the general harmony of the composition than by any novelty or originality in the ideas. The work needs some pruning, especially the codas.

Mr. Borge did wonders in keeping the stray and innocent (of music) sheep in order. He kept them as near up to the mark as possible, and in his laudable efforts he was mainly assisted by one of Steinway & Sons' noble grand pianos. It supported the chorus like an orchestra, and its admirable qualities were the theme of general admiration. We hope to have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Busch's work to greater advantage.

Madame Anna Bishop's Complimentary Entertainment.

This long talked-of compliment to that admirable artist, Madame Bishop, is to take place, positively, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, the 11th of April. The friends and patrons of the occasion have made up their minds to hear Madame Bishop in her most celebrated characters. They have suggested "Norma" and an act from the "Bohemian Girl," the music of which Madame Bishop renders so exquisitely. It will be a sort of gala occasion, and there will be a great turn-out of the best people in the city, for the names attached to the call are among the most prominent of our citizens.

LOSS OF THE YACHT MARY KINGSLAND, OF NEW YORK, ON THE FLORIDA COAST,

Near Jupiter Lighthouse—Terrible Suffering of the Crew—Inhumanity of the Lighthouse Keeper—And final Rescue by the Steamship Cahawba.

A novel dramatic enterprise, conceived with spirit and judgment, nearly came to a melancholy termination on the Florida coast, on the 16th inst. It seems that two brothers, Christopher C. and Danforth L. Scott, with their families, started from New York, in October last, in the yacht Mary Kingsland, bound down the Southern coast, to touch at the various seaports for the purpose of giving dramatic performances. They owned the yacht, which was a fine staunch vessel, and the party consisted of Christopher C. Scott and two daughters, aged fourteen and fifteen years, Danforth L. Scott, his wife and two children, aged six and ten years, all of New York. They had accomplished the greater portion of their voyage under favorable circumstances, and had met with fair success. Their last stopping place was St. Augustine, Fla., from whence they started, on the 1st of March, *en route* for Key West.

An account of the fearful accident which befell them is thus graphically described in a letter from a passenger on board the steamship Cahawba, who was an eye-witness to the rescue of the distressed family by the gallant first officer of that vessel, J. B. Baker, and a picked crew:

"About nine o'clock on the morning of the 16th our look-out discovered a yacht on the beach, high and dry, with a signal of distress flying. Captain Smith at once stood in for the wreck, approaching as near as prudence would warrant, and ordered his best surf boat, under the command of first officer J. B. Baker, to attempt the rescue of the unfortunate men, women and children, now clearly seen from the steamer. With intense anxiety we watched the heroic Baker and his trusty boat's crew as they dashed among the breakers, now tossed into the air, and now sinking beneath the angry sea foam. Quickly the beach is gained, and the noble surf-boat measures her length upon it. The family are gathered, and the wife and mother, with her two children and two nieces, are placed in the boat. And now the deep anxiety of the ship's company becomes intense as the boat, with its precious freight, again dares the frightful breakers. The captain, with spyglass in hand, was watching every movement of the little craft, now darting upward, like a thing of life, and now dropping below the line of vision; it seemed as though we could hear the beating of every anxious heart about us, until the captain exclaimed in triumph, "She's safe! she's safe!"

"Again the trial of another peril came, and again the brave Baker triumphed over the angry breakers, and the husbands and fathers were with their rescued families on board the Cahawba.

"On the morning of March 5, about five o'clock, a heavy north-east gale broke upon the little craft, and, despite their best exertions, they found themselves doomed to be driven on the Florida coast.

"Yielding to the fury of the tempest, they headed for the beach, and, nerved to superhuman efforts, met the awful crash of the beach and surging billows; and, bruised and exhausted reached the inhospitable shore.

"Daylight soon revealed the surrounding desolation. A rude tent, formed from their topsail, was their only shelter from the storm. After three days of suffering, the two brothers started for Jupiter lighthouse, distant eighteen miles, leaving their families to the tender mercies of the bears and panthers, which nightly prowled about their tent.

"Their appeal for aid for their suffering families failed to move the inhuman lightkeeper. They could obtain not even a biscuit. With empty hands and heavy hearts they returned to their suffering families, to hope for rescue only from some friendly sail, or to meet starvation's bitter end. To the north was the inhuman individual who cared not for their sufferings, to the west the impenetrable swamps, and on the south, distant about one hundred and ten miles, another Government station and lighthouse, where, if reached, they might or might not procure relief. Ten days and nights of fearful suffering and forebodings came and went, and no passing sail saw or heeded their flag of distress. During this time the party subsisted mainly on the tops of the palmetto trees which grew around them. On the eleventh day of their trials, Captain Smith came, saw and rescued. The kind welcome and untiring attentions of Captain Smith and the officers and passengers of the Cahawba soon made the rescued party comparatively happy, although all their earthly possessions were left behind them on the beach. A generous contribution among the officers and passengers attested their full sympathy with the suffering and destitute strangers.

"Two things accomplished and the writer will be content; the scorn and derision of all good men of the inhuman conduct, and the dismissal from Government employ of the inhuman keeper of Jupiter light, and the just commendation of the noble and generous impulses of Captain Smith."

Chloroform is becoming quite an agent in robbing the unsuspecting. On the 22d, as Captain Wright was taking his siesta after dinner on board his vessel, the Ashby, lying at pier No. 2, a couple of rogues stole into his cabin and having applied to his nostrils a handkerchief steeped in chloroform, they rifled his desk, pockets, &c. They were, however, seen by a vigilant darkey, who, when they had departed, awakened the sleeping captain. The men were found in a vessel adjoining, in the very act of dividing the spoil. The chloroform applied to them was the police.

Last week a woman died in Philadelphia, who, some years ago, when the cholera ran riot in that city, and struck terror to the stoutest heart, became as celebrated as Florence Nightingale for her brilliant humanity and courage. But of late years she had taken to rum, and on Wednesday, the 20th of March, she was found insensible in an open lot at Philadelphia, from exposure, destitution and rum. She died a few hours afterwards. Her name was Margaret Harman, and her age fifty.

The Rev. Mr. Kalloch, whose passion for a whiskey skin and a pretty piece of calico exposed him to some ungenerous remarks some five years ago, has been invited to preach in Laight Street Baptist Church. He is an eloquent and able man, and an opportunity ought to be given him to abjure his besetting sins.

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS IN THE TYROL.

THE hotel of Achen, at the foot of the lake of the same name, is the rendezvous of the chamois hunters. There, after their toil and peril on the mountains, they hold festival, glad to celebrate by joyous libations the pleasures of meeting again safe and sound. They forget their fatigues in discoursing of the dangers to which they have been exposed, and of the expedients to which they have resorted to defeat the marvellous instinct of the chamois.

The hunting of the chamois is attended with much danger and requires great skill. First of all, the color of the animal renders it exceedingly difficult to see him. Then his agility is extraordinary; his elastic feet can plant themselves on the very smallest points of the rock and he can clear an enormous distance at a single bound. His scent is of marvellous subtlety, being able to discover the hunter at the distance of a league if the wind is favorable; in the contrary case, he can be approached to within forty paces. The chamois can remain several days without drinking, and when a troop of twenty-five or thirty, targed by thirst, draws near to a torrent, experienced sentinels warn them of the slightest danger by a particular cry; the troop immediately disappears, and the hunter has thereby lost the fruit of the longest and most terrible exertions. Spite of this proverbial caution, some of the chamois venture to approach the cheese dairies when the snow drives them from the lofty peaks. A chamois which was swimming across the lake of Achen was once caught by a vigorous young girl who was rowing a boat.

The costume of the hunters in Tyrol is exceedingly picturesque. A felt hat, green or black, adorned with heriboeck plumes and a chamois tuft, a short vest, breeches which do not descend below the knee, in order that the leg may have its whole liberty, coarse strong shoes, duly armed with steel, form the equipment of the Tyrolese hunter. His gun is slung to his back, and he carries in his hands a stick with an iron pike at the end. This stick is indispensable to him for climbing rocks, and for descending gulfs which he is often obliged to cut out for himself. A bag on his back carries the chamois which he has shot. The old hunters disdain this convenience, and simply carry the chamois on their shoulders after having tied its feet. If the roads are very rough, and if rains and the mists have made them slippery, the hunters only take the skin and the horns of the animal. In the month of October the great hunts take place. Numerous beaters drive the game to the point where the hunters are in ambush. One shudders when seeing these bold men climbing the most formidable precipices, hanging over the most frightful abysses, to force the chamois toward the ambush. Often the male chamois turns against the beaters, and in the struggle which ensues both are hurled to destruction.

CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE TYROL.

OFFICE-SEEKERS IN WASHINGTON.—SCENE OUTSIDE THE ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE THE PRESIDENT HOLDS HIS CABINET MEETINGS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 310.

OFFICE-SEEKERS IN WASHINGTON.

Scene Outside the Room in the White House where the President Holds his Cabinet Meetings.

Office-seeking has become, of late years, quite a science in this great Republic, and, as an illustration of the manners of the present time, our artist in Washington has given a graphic sketch of the "mob of gentlemen" which generally gathers around the door of the room in the Executive Mansion where Mr. Lincoln holds his Cabinet meetings. When one of the Secretaries comes out from the "Sacred Presence" he is eagerly seized upon by some one who has the good fortune to know him, and is compelled to undergo the purgatory of a series of introductions almost fabulous in extent. The unhappy Minister escapes from his tormentors with the vague idea that he has been captured by a crowd of Smiths, Browns, Joneses and Robinsons. Indeed, he sometimes feels more like the fag-end of a mob himself. The enormous amount of intellect, labor, time and patriotism wasted by office-seekers always puts us in mind of poor Nym's adventure of the fiddle-case, as narrated by that veracious historian, Shakespeare, who deposes that the aforesaid Nym stole a fiddle-case, carried it half a score of leagues, and then, to save himself from being hanged as a thief, sold it for a penny! If our office-seekers would bestow on some reputable calling the energy and toil they waste in securing a spoonful of Government pap, they would die happier and wealthier men.

THE DOOM OF "WHITE-LADIES;"

OR,

MOTHER AND SON.

CHAPTER III.

Easter fell early that year, and it was a remarkably cold season; when the colleges met for the May term there was hardly a promise of spring. The April twilight was falling chill and gray, like a twilight in November, when I came off my long journey, and stumbled up the staircase in a half-frozen state. Sadly comfortless did my little den at Exeter look, after the home I had left that morning. My scout was on his knees before the fire, pretending it burned badly; the truth was, he had only just lighted it. Mr. Marsden had been, he said, about an hour since, and left a note for me on the table; it was only a few lines in pencil:

"I am just come back, and thought you would have been up before me; pray come to my rooms as soon as you do return, for I am sure yours won't be warm to-night. I am now going to make up a rousing fire, and brew some hot punch for you."

I had dined at Taunton; so, leaving the scout to get my things in order, I went at once. The warm room, fragrant with the grateful beverage, and my friend's warm welcome, seemed to take me back home again; he thrust me into an easy chair beside the blazing fire.

"Why, you look half starved with cold, Arthur; I gave that idle rascal of a scout a regular blowing up when I went to your rooms. He had let out the fire, and the place felt like an ice-house.

"Now, Arthur," he said, when we were fairly settled, "you must tell me your news first; I have an idea, that when I once begin, you mayn't get a chance of telling it at all."

"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell. I have been home, and back again at Oxford; that is my whole history. Now for yours, Harry; you look to me as if you had a whole budget."

"I shall tell you the bad news first," Marsden began, with a trouble in his voice. "Indeed, my news from India is so bad, that my mother writes for me to go out."

"Go to India!" I exclaimed. "Was anything very serious the matter?"

"Not exactly to India, but the Cape; my father has been there some time for his health; he does not seem to recover, and my mother is uneasy about him. I wish to Heaven that they had come home last year, as they talked of doing; but he thought himself sure of a baronetcy if he kept at his post, and principally on my account he has stayed on. Why should he? I'm sure I don't want a title." Marsden gave a great poke at the fire. "My highest ambition is to take orders, and settle down in a quiet country living."

"Take orders!—a quiet country living!"—how had his views become so changed? I could guess; ah! I could guess.

He did not keep me in suspense. The next minute, laying his hand on mine, and with a strange joyfulness in his face, which spoke before his words, he cried, "Oh, Arthur, wish me joy—I am the happiest of men."

I wished him joy from my heart. I told him how I guessed long since that it would come some day. And then we sat by the firelight, I listening as he talked about her, and went over all the story of his love. And as I listened I saw how this love, which had taken root almost in childhood, had laid hold on every fibre of the heart. How, kept down, held back, concealed, it had in secret grown from strength to strength, till, overleaping every barrier, trampling all beside beneath its feet, it stood confessed, the great monopolizer, the master of the man. Among all the forms of the chief passion of our human life, this wears the crown for strength and constancy. Not less delightful than to speak of Rose herself, it seemed to be to him to unfold all his plans, to talk of his future life with her. I could but smile, knowing that openhearted, openhanded nature of him so well, to hear him say how if he had but Rose he should want so little besides. His present allowance was five hundred a year; and if Sir John would buy him a living of about that value, when he had taken orders, this, Harry said, was all he should think of asking. Mr. Paulet had left him £500: that would furnish the house. Oh, yes! Mrs. Amyott had calculated it would not only furnish the house, but pay all the expenses of the wedding trip into Switzerland.

"But why should you alter your plans?" I inquired. "Why not take your degree, then marry, and take your wife out to India?"

He shook his head. "No, that would never do; Rose could not stand the climate; her mother and the family doctor both say the same, and it is not the climate alone," he added, thoughtfully. "You know how often we have talked over Indian matters together: you see how careful my mother has been to keep me acquainted with all that is going forward. You can see that my father is almost a king, but like a king on the uneasiest throne imaginable. Every day brings its own difficulty, its own peril. Do you know one day last term they were talking in hall about Lord A.'s huntsman? He had lost his voice through a cold, and ventured out to the dogs one night without his whip; the poor fellow was dragged down, and torn to pieces in a moment. I declare, Arthur, that story made me tremble all over. It seemed such a horrible image of what might happen to my father." He got up, and walked up and down the room. "Sir John is a cool, clear-headed man enough," he went on, as he came back to his chair; "but he says himself a great deal of his wonderful success is owing to his wife. My mother was born for the life; she is equal to any emergency; a danger which would benumb the faculties of most women only serves to quicken hers. Power is her element: she loves authority for its own sake, and has, I think, all the qualities of a ruler. "But Rose, my little Rose," his voice melted into fondness as he spoke the name; "it would never suit her to queen it out there."

Having got back to this theme, the lover dwelt upon it again—it seemed to be exhaustless. But somehow, as I listened to him, I could not help thinking of Lady Marsden. Had her son, engrossed as he was with his passion, no thought, no pity, for the bitter disappointment in store for the mother, who had toiled through all those years with dauntless patience, energy and courage to make straight paths for the feet that should never walk in them? "Oh, this blind love," I thought, "which seals our eyes to every feeling but his own!"

Half consciously I glanced at the portrait; it was so changed in the shifting firelight, that it startled me. Where was the love, the grace, the tenderness? That red glare lent defiance to the eye and bent the brows in an angry frown, while on the lower part of the face strong shadows deepened into a gloom of pride and resolute will. Good Heavens! what a weird likeness it wore to that old Holbein at White-ladies!

"But Arthur," cried Marsden, breaking off in the middle of a sentence, "I must have a light brought here directly, I want to show you something. Here, Robert, light my lamp!" he shouted at the door. When the order had been obeyed, the curtains drawn and the scout had vanished again, Harry produced a morocco case, which contained an exquisite miniature of Rose.

"Is it not like her?" he asked. "I had it taken on purpose to send over to my mother; now I shall show it her myself when I tell her of our engagement."

He took it from my hand, and stood a few minutes gazing fondly at it under the light of the lamp. "Oh Arnott, she can but love her!" he exclaimed. Again I looked from him to Lady Marsden's portrait. The brilliant light had completely restored its wonted expression, the eyes looked down with all their deep maternal tenderness on her son, on the sunny curls, and face so lovely in its guileless youth, of the miniature he held in his hand. Surely the omen was good—I accepted it for my friend.

Sir John's illness hardly cast a shadow on the joy of Marsden's welcome at the Cape. At that time, and, indeed, all through his stay, the treacherous malady granted a respite, which, as so often happens, was hailed as a revoke of the sentence. Perhaps this month was the happiest of Lady Marsden's whole life; her husband's seeming recovery dispelled a terror by which she had lately been haunted, that at her instance he had sacrificed himself to secure his son's interest. The son, for whose presence she had yearned with the longings of her deep and passionate nature, was with her at last; the child she had sent away had come back to her a man, handsome, distinguished in person, highly endowed and cultivated in mind. He surpassed her hopes, he gratified her affection, her pride, her ambition—all the ruling powers of her character at once. This was a pause, a rest, a haven in that life overladen with action and great cares. She talked very little to Harry about his future prospects; her quick eye failed to observe his frequent distractions; she gave herself up, body and mind, to the calm enjoyment of every day as it went by—her life flowed on in a delightful dream. Watching the amendment in Sir John's health, happy in her knowledge that her son was by her side, her heart was tranquil as the sky above her, soft as the gentle air of the Madeira of the Southern hemisphere. Never, one might think, could any mother have been in a happier mood to receive such news as Harry had to give her. Then why did an inexplicable reserve hold him back? why did he let pass day after day, and the secret, which always seemed on his lips, still untold? This was just the question which he asked himself every night, as every morning he said that this should be the day. As he said to himself, he did not often see his mother alone; she was much taken up by her cares for the invalid, and he felt he could not make his confidences before his father. But he did not say to himself that he shrank from confronting Lady Marsden, that he felt his tidings would fall like a thunderbolt in the serene air. Once, indeed, he tried hard to break ground by talking of the family at Watfield vicarage, but not a shade of interest did his hearer show, hardly as much as if he had described the individuals in a flock of sheep, and very soon, indeed, she cut him short, by saying,

"Well, we will dismiss these people, Harry. I had such a very disagreeable impression of Mrs. Amyott in her young days, that if I had known that she was no other than Hetty Vance, I should have begged your uncle Marsden to find some other home for Edward. I can see from her letters she is just the same as ever, indeed she was the sort of person that neither time nor circumstances can improve; but I dare say she makes a good kind nurse for Edward, poor fellow! and as long as he is comfortable we must waive our dislikes."

"How shall I tell her; how shall I tell her?" groaned Harry to himself. But the affair concerned Rose, her mother had nothing to do with it, he comforted himself.

He did tell his secret at last. On the morning of the day before that fixed for his departure, he went into his mother's dressing-room. He had asked for this interview, and found her waiting to receive him, her heart so full of love, her eyes bright in her pride and joy. Some shade of a sweet coquetry enters into the love of every woman, and thus Lady Marsden had this morning made her toilet with more than her usual care, she wished that her son should take away with him an imposing memory of his mother. Perhaps she had never, in the pride of her youthful beauty, found any tribute paid to it so delicious as she did now that pause of his at the door, that unconscious homage to her commanding person, her stately presence, her imperial air. She gave him a place on the sofa beside her; she knew beforehand, so she thought, all that he came to say. He wished, no doubt, to propose that, on account of his father's delicate state of health, he should proceed with them to India, and enter at once on his duties under Sir John. During the night she had busied herself with this scheme, and after looking at it in every point of view, had reluctantly decided not to keep her darling with her. The separation, she reasoned with herself, would not be for long; there were still some arrangements to be made before he entered upon his new duties; it was better he should begin his career with the prestige of an Oxford degree. But all through the early hours, while she was writing and sorting out papers she wished him to take back with him, the thought had been sweet to her that this plan had originated with her son. And now she prepared herself to listen while he should unfold it, with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret.

A few words—the first sentence undeceived her. As he went on, a wintry storm raged in her heart—it passed into her face. She turned quickly round upon him. But looking into his countenance, she read her own resolution, her own force of character, her own unchanging will; she seemed to see her own nature divided against itself, her inmost powers in battle array against each other. For the first time in all her life this woman felt powerless, baffled, dismayed. Where her foot had stood so firm, a sudden chasm yawned; a rock had risen across her path, before which she lay prostrate and paralyzed. She was struck into a silence, which could find no words.

The man whose heart is overflowing with love is slow to interpret an opposite emotion. Marsden put the miniature into his mother's hand, and having once begun the subject, found it easy enough to pursue; he was only too glad that she should give him a patient hearing; he felt grateful; it was more than he had expected. He told her the story of his love from its first beginning; he described Rose with intense enthusiasm; he spoke with all the eloquence, the energy, the persuasion of a lover; and Lady Marsden, bending low her face over the picture, heard his words as the call of winds, the sound of dropping waters come to a man wholly taken up with one absorbing thought. She was listening indeed, but to that voice which cried within. "As you would sacrifice everything for him, so will he for her; he will give up wealth, ambition—he will give you up, for her sake."

Nor voice nor sound did she utter till Marsden had finished all he could find to say, and appeared to wait her reply. Then she laid the portrait down with one glance upon it, a glance which comprehended all the fierceness of a burning jealousy—all the bitterness of a deep and settled hate. She rose, and said,

"Henry!"—she was not aware that she used the less familiar name—"I have listened to you: listen to me; I shall not have quite so much to say. It seems that woman has a daughter like herself; between them they have managed to entrap you."

Well might her son's blood boil as she spoke. Never, surely, had any other words held half the contempt of these, which fell so coldly, so quietly from her lips. "Mother!" he cried, starting up.

She motioned him back with her hand; "Nay, let me finish. I shall not lend myself to the triumph of these people. Your choice must lie between that family and your own—between me and her. For, remember, from the hour you take that girl for your wife, you cease to be my son." And without another word she left the room.

Poor Marsden! he could easily have met opposition, reproaches, but for this sentence, this cold decree, he was utterly unprepared. Unjust, cruel; so in the anguish of his spirit he judged his mother—a haughty nature, where pride had uprooted tenderness. As for Lady Marsden, no one knew the secrets of her solitude that day—no human ear took in that exceeding bitter cry over her shivered hopes. She met Sir John and her son at dinner with a serene brow and her own most gracious smile; she busied herself with affectionate solicitude over sundry preparations for his comfort during the voyage. Harry could hardly realize to himself the scene of the morning; it seemed like a frightful nightmare. "She will relent, I know she will relent," he thought, as he went to talk the matter over with his father.

But he found Lady Marsden had been beforehand with him here. Sir John lay back in his easy chair, a good-natured, hard-headed man, on whose shoulders many a heavy burden had sat lightly enough; he was by no means given to sentiment, and just now his whole mind was bent on a speedy recovery, and return to his duties. Sir John cut Harry short at once, by saying:

"My dear boy, I must not excite myself about any folly of this sort. I leave the matter entirely in your mother's hand. Take her opinion—I don't mind telling you, that any time when I have not done so, I have found myself in the wrong. You must promise us one thing—that you won't be drawn into marriage before a year at least; that will give you plenty of time to see the absurdity of the whole affair. Why you will be in and out of love a dozen times before then! And now just read me those letters while I take my coffee. We must keep a tighter hand over those native rascals, I can see that—a tighter hand;" and the invalid's poor worn fingers seemed to clutch at some invisible pair of reins.

Something, Marsden could not say what, in that shadowy action, in those wasted hands struck him so to the heart that he could enter no protest against the careless way in which his father spoke of his love. He gave the required promise, read the letters and wrote others, at Sir John's dictation. Next day he sailed with the portfolio of papers Lady Marsden had prepared, put away among his luggage with her own hand. There was truce between the mother and the son.

CHAPTER IV.

Six months after Harry had left, Sir John and Lady Marsden were still staying at the Cape. Sir John was always "better—much better," he said: a little more rest—only week or a fortnight longer—and he should be quite well enough to return to India. And thus the time passed on. But a day came at last on which the invalid acknowledged himself rather worse. A letter had arrived that morning from his son, in which Marsden announced that he had obtained his degree, and stated his reasons for declining to go out to India at full length. He said it was his intention to take orders as soon as possible, and concluded by an entreaty that his father would purchase a living for him, and sanction his marriage at the end of the year of probation. This letter kindled the smouldering flame of Lady Marsden's displeasure, stung as she was to the quick that her son should set her at nought by this appeal to his father's authority. She chose to consider it as a sort of defiance. Sir John, moved by Harry's respectful tone and evident earnestness, had been quite disposed to take his part; but his wife swept away every plea with a fierce energy, and the discussion ended, as most discussions between that married pair had done, by her husband adopting her view of the subject.

But in the noon of the southern night he called her to his bedside. "Helen," he said, with a sick man's wistful gaze into her face, "Helen, your father disapproved our marriage; but we have had a happy life together? Why not let the boy be happy in his way as we have been in ours?"

"No!" was the instant answer, "No! this fancy of Harry's is quite another thing. He has fallen into a snare set by cunning persons. We must help him out of it—we must not let him destroy his prospects and make shipwreck of his whole life. They shall not gain their ends."

Sir John sighed wearily. "Well, I leave it to you. No doubt your judgment is right. You will find everything put completely in your power. Now kiss me, Helen, before I go to sleep."

The voice struck on the ear of his wife as changed and feeble, perhaps because she herself had spoken with such unfaltering decision. She bent over her husband, kissed him, smoothed down his pillow, and he slept, his hand in hers. In that sleep he passed away.

The first shock of her widowhood past, I believe Lady Marsden felt much satisfaction in the knowledge that her husband's last words were literally true. By his will, made during the early years of their marriage, she was left the uncontrolled mistress of his large fortune; and both her children were entirely dependent on her. It seemed very strange that, after Harry had grown up to man's estate, Sir John should have made no change in the disposal of his property. Still, the constant pressure of public affairs on him, his long separation from his son, and his unbounded confidence in his wife, all taken into consideration, we must allow that many more unaccountable wills are proved at Doctors' Commons. A short time—only a few months—earlier, Lady Marsden would have looked upon herself simply as a steward for Harry, and would gladly have given up everything to him; now, she addressed herself to battle with something like a thrill of joy at finding a new power, a fresh weapon put into her hands. This tone pervaded her letter written to Marsden from India, whither she had proceeded from the Cape to arrange her affairs, prior to her final return to England. She offered a sort of compromise; he might take the life he preferred; if he chose to give up India and his brilliant prospects there, he was free to do so. The liberal allowance his father had made him would be continued; and whenever he should settle in the world by making a marriage worthy of himself, he would find her disposed to act most generously towards him (this was underlined). With regard to any low marriage, she went on to say he knew her mind already, and might know it would always be the same.

On the widow's return to England, the first step she took was the removal of poor Edward from the vicarage. She made the change ostensibly that he might be placed under the care of a London physician on account of his health, then rapidly failing—indeed, he died a few months afterwards—but I have no doubt her real reason was, that she might not be brought in any way into contact with the Amyotts, and, perhaps that Harry might not have an excuse for going down to Watfield. By this time Marsden had taken orders and got a curacy in London. His parish lay too far from the West End for him to make his home with his mother, but he was often at her house, and a looker-on might have supposed that all the old affection existed between them. In reality, a wall of separation had been built up. For, if a common interest can draw even enemies together, what tie or sympathy will not give way between two persons, where the aim and hope of one is to destroy the aim and hope of the other? At the end of two years matters came to a crisis. Mr. Amyott had died rather suddenly, leaving his family in very straitened circumstances, and Lady Marsden took this occasion to write to his widow. Her letter said plainly enough that it was quite vain to hope she should ever be brought to consent to a fulfilment of her son's engagement; that, from the day he married Miss Amyott, his allowance would cease, and he would have nothing more to expect, either during his mother's lifetime or at her death. More than this, she actually offered Mrs. Amyott a comfortable annuity on the sole condition that the marriage should be broken off at once.

This letter had all the effect on the vicar's widow its writer had calculated. Bitterly disappointed in her own marriage, she knew quite enough of her former schoolfellow to feel sure that she was more than likely to keep her word. Mrs. Amyott thought it best to say nothing of the proposed annuity, but she discovered, all on a sudden, that it was a most shocking thing for Marsden to disobey his mother's wishes. So, after this engagement, which she herself had tried to bring on in every way, had lasted three years, she coolly forbade him the house. But Rose was by no means disposed to play the part of a docile daughter. If her lover were willing to give her up, she said, then she was prepared to release him from his engagement; but if not, why, she was as ready to share his poverty as she would have done his fortune. And Marsden? Rose was dearer to him than ever. Give her up! He would give up life itself first. Now, they knew the worst, he argued. In spite of all, his mother loved him; once married, and all opposition vain, he felt sure she would be reconciled. Looking at Rose, he thought, indeed, that a heart much harder than his mother's must melt in that gentle presence. So pleaded the lover; and so effectually did he plead, that, in spite of all Mrs. Amyott's hysterics and reproaches, the quiet wedding took place in less than a year after the vicar's death. This imprudent young couple began the world with more than the ordinary capital of love between them, and, for worldly possessions, a curacy of a hundred and fifty a-year, with a house, and just one thousand pounds, half this being Mr. Paulett's legacy, the rest Marsden had contrived to save.

The only notice Lady Marsden took of her son's marriage was to discontinue his allowance, give up her house in town and go on the Continent. There she spent nearly six years, during which time, as she moved from place to place and gave Harry no clue to her address, all communication between them was effectually cut off. At the end of this period she suddenly returned to England, in the late autumn, and took up her abode at White-ladies. She thus became my parishioner, for I had been presented to the living of Hartford, a small preferment which I could hold with my Oxford fellowship, about two years before.

Lady Marsden's advent, the tasteful and modern furniture which arrived from London, the general brightening-up of the old house, caused a stir and thrill throughout our little village which did not subside till some time after the mistress of White-ladies had settled down into a quiet, but by no means an entirely secluded life. She drove out daily, received and paid visits among the few families of

the neighborhood, and led the ordinary life of a lady in the country.

As to her son, the hard-worked London curate, struggling to keep his wife and three children with the small income on which he had married, he seemed to have dropped alike out of Lady Marsden's memory, that of her acquaintance and the villagers'. Mrs. Martin, my housekeeper, who had been in Mr. Paulet's service, spoke of him sometimes; and old Christian would ask me now and then if I had had "news lately of Master Harry?" but, with these exceptions, I never heard his name mentioned. One might have thought that among the poor of this quiet hamlet some memory would have been kept of the frank, light-hearted young man, who had always a smile, a kind word and a spare coin for the poorest among them. But is not every little world of a country town or village like the great world, in its ingratitude and unjust forgetfulness, just as the tiniest tide-pool "lies locked in with bars of sand" as brackish as the sea itself?

Lady Marsden never gave me the slightest reason to suppose that she recognized in me the Arthur Arnott who had been her son's college friend; but she received me with due courtesy, as the clergyman of the parish; and during the winter months I was regularly invited to dine at Whiteladies. I went; but I should have been glad to refuse her hospitalities. I could not sit at the well-spread table there, with all its handsome appointments, without having the painful contrast of my friend's home present to my mind. The massive urn and tea-equipage of the drawing-room at Whiteladies reminded me of a certain treasured silver teapot, in whose place a metal one had done duty ever since poor Rose's long illness; and I could not see my lady, in her soft and sweeping silks, the black Chantilly shawl folded so gracefully round her figure, the relief afforded her sombre costume by the dainty lace falling over at her throat and wrists—I could not see her without a sigh for Rose herself, in that homely dress, renewed less often every year. Still, looking in my lady's face, and thinking of the deep shadow her implacable resentment had cast upon her son's life—no one, not even Rose herself, knew so well as I how deep that shadow was—I could yet thank God that he was happier, richer in his poverty than she in her abundance. For, looking in this woman's face, I read there that she was not alone in her solitude, that two housemates were hers—Anguish and Unrest. They sat at her table, and the food became wormwood at her lips; they watched by her couch, and sleep fled where they kept vigil.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In the last number of our Illustrated Paper we gave a spirited sketch of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet deliberating upon the present important national juncture. We now present our readers with the portraits of the seven distinguished men who control the public departments at this time of unexampled difficulty. Whether they collectively they are equal to the crisis the future will decide; but we have the experience of their past individual lives as a hopeful presage of moderation and sagacity, and they are all eminently men of the people even in our Republic.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

We have in our paper of January 7, 1860, given so full a biography of this eminent statesman, that a very brief notice is all that is necessary on the present occasion. Born in Orange county, New York, on the 16th of May, 1801, he was educated at Union College, in this State, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1820, and the succeeding year established himself in Auburn, in the profession of the law. In 1830 he was elected a member of the Senate of New York State, and in 1834 was a candidate for Governor of his native State. He was, however, defeated by W. L. Marcy, afterwards the famous Secretary of State of Franklin Pierce. In 1839 Mr. Seward was again run for Governor against the same distinguished man, and was triumphantly elected. In 1849 he was chosen by the Legislature as United States Senator for six years, and was re-elected in 1855 for a similar term. At the recent Convention in Chicago he was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, but was defeated in this natural object of his ambition by a celebrated journalist. His abilities and influence being, however, indispensable to the Republican party, he was by an almost political necessity placed at the head of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Criticism on a man so well known as Mr. Seward is perfectly unnecessary, and we have only in conclusion to express our confidence that his cautious policy will lead to a peaceful settlement of our present unhappy dispute with the Southern portion of the Republic.

Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.

Governor Chase, as he is popularly called, was born in 1808, and educated in Washington, Ohio, by his uncle Bishop Chase, a name dear to the American people. When his uncle accepted the Presidency of Cincinnati College, young Chase accompanied his venerable relative, and studied with great assiduity and success. He then returned to his maternal home in New Hampshire, and entered himself at Dartmouth College, Hanover, where he took his degree in 1826. We next find him studying law in Washington under the well-known William Wirt, then Attorney-General of the United States. In 1829 he was admitted to the bar, and next year returned to Cincinnati, where he opened a law office. He has been a member of the United States Senate, and has twice enjoyed the distinction of being elected Governor of Ohio.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

This eminent and successful Pennsylvanian was born in Lancaster county, in the early part of 1797. When he was quite a boy his father died, leaving the future minister to carry out his own fortune. In 1816 he settled in Harrisburg, and became a printer in the office of Mr. Peacock. His sobriety, industry and correct deportment made him many friends, and laid the foundation of his future fortune. After working for some years in Mr. Peacock's office he went to Washington City, and was employed as compositor on one of the journals. In 1828 he was appointed Adjutant-General; and in 1832 was made by General Jackson one of the Visitors of West Point—a compliment only bestowed upon the most distinguished citizens. For the last thirty years he has been principally engaged in the railway and banking operations of his native State, and although reproached for the affectionate care with which he looks after his own interest, he has never lost his character for honor and integrity. He was elected Senator for Pennsylvania in 1845, and on the formation of the Lincoln Cabinet was chosen to fill the responsible position of War Minister.

Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior.

Caleb B. Smith was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 16, 1808, and emigrated with his parents to Ohio in 1814. He received his education at the Cincinnati College and Miami Union, adopted the profession of the law and settled in Indiana. In 1832 he established and edited a Whig journal called the *Indiana Sentinel*. In 1833 he was elected a member of the Legislature—re-elected in 1834, 1835 and 1836—during the latter year he officiated as Speaker. In 1847 and 1848 he was a member of the Board of Fund Commissioners, and was a member of the House of Representatives from 1843 to 1850. Till his nomination as member of the Cabinet, he practised his profession in Cincinnati.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Postmaster-General.

Mr. Welles was born in Connecticut, and has been for forty years a prominent politician. He was originally a Democrat, but of late years has wheeled into the Republican ranks. He was made Postmaster of Hartford by Mr. Van Buren, but resigned the office in 1840. Under Polk's Presidency he received an appointment in the Navy Department, and distinguished himself by his application and integrity. When the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise became a Democratic measure he left his party, and the breach became still wider during the Kansas and Nebraska discussions. In 1860 he was sent as a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and formed one of the Committee to Springfield, to announce to Mr. Lincoln his nomination.

Hon. Edward Bates, Attorney-General.

This eminent man is a native of Virginia, having been born in Goochland, about thirty miles from Richmond, in September, 1793. His father having a large family and a very small estate, the future Cabinet Minister had to pick up his education in a desultory manner. In 1814 he went to St. Louis, and commenced the study of law in the office of Rufus Easton. In 1817 he was called to the bar, and by slow degrees acquired an excellent practice. He has been a moderate and consistent politician.

Hon. Montgomery Blair, Secretary of the Navy.

The present Secretary of the Navy is the son of Francis P. Blair, a man of considerable fame in old Jackson's time. He received his education at West Point, and graduated with much honor. He then went to St. Louis, where he commenced the study of the law. He was made a Judge of the Court of Claims by President Pierce, but was removed by Mr. Buchanan. He resides at Montgomery Castle, near Silver Spring, Montgomery county, Maryland, and is much esteemed by his neighbors. He is considered one of the most persistent of the Republican Ministry. He is, however, a man of talent, integrity and application.

DRAMA.

Wallack's Theatre.—The most interesting dramatic event of the week was the production at this house, on Wednesday evening, of a new comedy translated from the French, by the theatrical critic of the *Herald*, Mr. Wilkins. The title of this piece is "Henriette," and we cordially congratulate both author and audience that the former has had the honesty to discard at once all claim to originality, seeking only the credit due to a conscientious and capable translator and adapter. This is, indeed, refreshing in these days of wholesale and unblushing literary piracies. The comedy of "Henriette" is, in every respect, a charming production; the plot is slight, but worked out with great grace and tact, and the dialogue sparkles throughout with gems of the first water. It is hardly necessary, after the attention—and well-deserved attention, too—bestowed upon this comedy by our daily cotemporaries, that we should give a synopsis of the plot; suffice it to say, that success was complete, the audience, during several of the scenes, being literally convulsed with laughter. "Henriette" is put upon the stage with considerable care and acted well, but, with the exception of the parts of Henriette and Emile Lefebre, entrusted respectively to Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Lester Wallack, hardly so well as we have a right to expect at this house. Mrs. Sloan, for instance, made the rôle of Madame Latour entirely too heavy, and Mr. Young dressed and acted in a manner that would have caused unutterable astonishment in the *salons* of a chateau in Normandy.

Perhaps, however, the very exquisite acting of Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Lester Wallack should make amends for other shortcomings; with the audience this was evidently the case, and we have seldom seen either of these admirable artists more thoroughly equal to their task than they are in this comedy. On their shoulders rests the burden of the piece, and they bear it as lightly and buoyantly as though it were a feather. If the public is indebted to Mr. Wilkins for a sparkling, dashing, brilliant comedy, he is no less indebted to Mrs. Hoey and Mr. Lester Wallack for a large share of his success.

Winter Garden.—Miss Annette Ince, a young lady with a California reputation, made her debut in New York, at this house, on Wednesday of this week, meeting with a fair share of success. We shall have more to say of her when we have seen her to better advantage than in so ungrateful a part as Parthenia.

Niblo's.—Of this house there is only the old story to be told—Mr. Forrest still acting the same rôles over and over to crowded houses. The Nixon Circus has returned from Havana, and will occupy the off nights. Questionable taste, we think.

Miss Keene has added to the apparently exhaustless attractions of "The Seven Sisters," by introducing a new danseuse, Mdlle. Helene. She is both pretty and clever.

Barnum's American Museum.—We can only reiterate what all say—that to while away an hour or a day, or even a week, there is no pleasanter place than the Great Showman's Castle, at the corner of Broadway and Ann street. Dramatic performances are given to those who admire the drama, while the thousand and one curiosities are for all who admire art and nature. Barnum's American Museum is an institution that grows with the growth of New York, and is the Elephant of Gotham.

PERSONAL.

Hon. T. Corwin, our newly appointed Minister to Mexico, has appointed his son as his Secretary of Legation.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Spain, has given the Secretaryship of the Mission to his nephew, who, although a Democrat, is a moderate man and of great ability.

Hon. Ephraim Williams died at Stonington on the 23d March, after a very brief illness.

Hon. G. W. Scranton, Member of Congress for Pennsylvania, died at Scranton on the 24th March.

The *Tribune* says that Major Anderson has declared that should any resistance be offered to the vessel sent by President Lincoln to take his troops away, he will open his batteries. We think he might have spared the threat; the Secessionists will be too glad to get rid of the inconvenient hero.

The Charleston *Courier* of the 22d, in mentioning the arrival there of Mr. Holmes and family from Washington, says that, before he left the Capital, Mr. Seward desired him to say to the people of Charleston that he was for a peaceful settlement, and would do everything in his power for an amicable arrangement of the affairs of the country.

The Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy, Col. Mann, Yulee and Rust, are to embark in a day or two for London. They are specially charged to negotiate a recognition with the British Government of the new Republic, and also to make arrangements for the regular employment of the Great Eastern.

Foster, the song writer, is, we understand, engaged by Firth, Pond & Co. to write popular ballads on the the topics of the day.

Verdi, who has lately been elected to a seat in the Italian Parliament, is busy in writing a national song for the Italians.

The Detroit papers give an account of a muss in that city last Sunday, in which Susan Denin and her husband, Huntingdon, undertook to thrash the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* for an article appearing in that paper to his discredit. Mrs. Susan was very anxious to assist in the job, but was restrained. Huntingdon appears to have succeeded in his undertaking about as "John Phœnix" did when he got the senior editor down and held him by inserting his (John's) nose between the enemy's teeth. After their adventure, the amiable pair are said to have returned to Canada.

It is said that Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, objects to Mr. Wilson, editor of the Chicago *Journal*, as his Secretary.

Mr. Wm. L. Yancey has been presented with a superb team of bays by Benjamin Robertson, Esq., of Kentucky. They were forwarded from Cincinnati to W. L. Y. last week.

Mr. Halderman, the new Minister to Sweden, is the editor of a Republican paper at Harrisburg, and an old personal friend of Secretary Cameron. Gen. C. appears to take pleasure in remembering his old typographical associates.

Since there seems to be a difficulty in suiting Mr. Schurz with a mission, why not make him our Minister at Berlin? It would be interesting to see if the present despotic sovereign of that noble people would dare to hang him!

All the American Presidents, except Gen. Harrison, had blue eyes. So had Shakespeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon and Humboldt.

Mr. Cozzens, the proprietor of the famous piece of resort at West Point, which was destroyed by fire on the 1st ult., does not intend rebuilding his his hotel in time for the ensuing season. He will, however, reconstruct it of brick, and increase the capacity to nearly double the size of the old structure. He will have it in readiness for visitors in the summer of 1862.

Cadets Moreno and Semmes, the former from Florida and the latter from Alabama, have both resigned their appointments, and will leave West Point immediately for Montgomery. The latter young gentleman is a son of Commander Raphael Semmes, who resigned from the navy about a month ago. There are now no cadets at West Point from the Seceded States.

George N. Sanders is now in Montgomery, Alabama. Although a Union man, under a certain aspect, he is too much of a philosopher to break his heart if he is compelled to accept the Consulate to Liverpool under the Southern Confederacy. Let him, however, beware of another Ostend Manifesto.

It is said that a party of capitalists are about commencing a factory at Columbus, Georgia, which will give it the chance of being the Lowell of the South. Northern men are engaged in the enterprise, and Mr. Thayer's name is said to be one of those most prominent in the movement.

M. Mires, of Paris, is the John Sadleir of the House of Commons. So says Pluto, of Broadway.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

There is a murderous principle in human nature, which ever and anon comes out in such exhibitions as Blondin's rope-dancing and feats of that description, including the building of tenement-houses. An English paper contains a thrilling account of the narrow escape one of these rope-dancers had on the 3d March, at the Rock Gardens, North Cliff, Scarborough. That place of amusement is at present occupied by Pablo Fanque's equestrian company. Attached to the company is a Madame Salvi, a daring wire-walker. The performance on Saturday afternoon was announced to be commenced by Madame Salvi walking up a wire at a considerable incline, from the garden to the roof of the saloon. This she accomplished most satisfactorily. She returned down the wire about two-thirds of the way, and then engaged in sundry feats, the last of which was kneeling to make her obeisance. While in this position the wind blew her off her balance, and the pole fell from her hand. She caught hold of the wire, and swung in the air for a time. Her wild screams for help, and the confusion, screaming and fainting among the crowd cannot be described. For five minutes did she cling to the wire with fearful tenacity, and at length it was slackened, and she was drawn to the side of the cliff and released. Her hands were very much cut, and she was greatly exhausted.

A remarkable accident occurred lately in London. Mr. Vansittart's housekeeper, during the late hurricane, in attempting to close the shutter of the drawing room was blown out of the window, and, falling on the stone area, was so fatally injured that she died next day. The jury rebuked Mr. Vansittart for his cruelty in not having proper medical attendance for her.

Durden, the assiduous clerk of the Commercial Bank, which establishment he cheated out of £70,000, has been committed to take his trial upon three charges, one of them an embezzlement ten years ago. Had not nature stepped in and smote the culprit with paralysis, there would seem to have been no chance of detection till he had, Samson-like, brought down the entire establishment by embezzling every dollar of their capital. His ruin was a mania for building and house property, which passion, however, seems to have been a very unprofitable one to him, since he lost in ten years £50,000 by it.

It will be remembered that while the Duke of Newcastle was here attending the Prince of Wales, his daughter took advantage of his absence to marry Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest, much to her father's displeasure. This young nobleman, member of the British House of Commons, and son of the late Marquis of Londonderry, was arrested lately in Coventry street, Haymarket, charged with riotous conduct. He was so evidently insane that he has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

A French gentleman, M. du Chaillu, has been engrossing the attention of the *savants* in England, delivering lectures and narrating his travels in Western Africa, that strange country immediately south and north of the equator, inhabited by cannibal negroes, gorillas and ferocious chimpanzees. M. du Chaillu had divers adventures with the black cannibals, and shot twenty-two gorillas.

Walter Savage Landor, poet and libeller, has written a letter to the London *Athenæum*, proposing his plan for the settlement of the great Italian question. It is not very original, consisting in giving the Castel Gondolphi to the Pope, and 300,000 crowns a-year for his support. Then the French troops can be withdrawn.

The arrest of Mires, the great Jew swindling millionaire, has been followed up by the resignation of various officials in the French household. Among others implicated, it is rumored, is the Emperor's Private Secretary, Mocquard. The corruption of French politics almost equals our own.

Mr. Gregory, M.P. for Galway, moved, on the 4th March, in the House of Commons, for information on the subject of the Southern Confederacy of America, and when Lord Palmerston intended to recognize it. He is one of the Directors of the Galway Steam Company.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A drunken brute, named John Marr, residing in Plymouth street, Brooklyn, committed on the 23d a murderous assault on his wife with an axe; and upon Mr. and Mrs. Stout, his neighbors, rushing in to see what was the matter, he attacked them, and fractured Mrs. Stout's skull. The injured persons were taken to the hospital. The wretch escaped, but the police are on his trail.

A young man named Manuel Cyphers was locked up in the Ninth Ward station-house on the 23d of March, on the charge of intoxication. The cells in this place are made of thick strips of wood, and resemble a chicken-coop more than a secure lock-up for the detention of prisoners. Some one had carelessly left a paper of pulverized bluestone upon one of the strips. The parcel fell down upon Cypher's face, and his eyes and nostrils were filled with the poisonous substance. Everything possible was done to relieve the poor man, but it is feared that his sight is permanently destroyed.

A curious case is now up before our Supreme Court. A citizen of Luzerne county, Elisha Harris, died some time ago, leaving a large farm, but no money. At the sale of his personal effects, David Hutchmacher purchased an old article of furniture, giving fifteen cents for it. It was afterward concluded to split it up for kindling wood, in doing which the owner discovered a concealed deposit, amounting to $3,754, in specie and notes. He immediately notified the administrator of the discovery, and the result was a suit to determine the rightful ownership of the money. The Luzerne Court decided in favor of the administrator, from which the finder appealed to the Supreme Court.

A sad case of kidnapping a child and its recovery has lately come to light. An Irishwoman named McClasky met at the doorway of Mr. Greenan, who resided in James street, his little daughter, aged about two years, and seizing the child the miscreant took it with her on a begging tour, and was discovered after keeping the parents in a state of agonizing suspense for nearly three weeks. The child was recovered near Sing Sing, the spot to which the wretch McClusky ought to be consigned for life.

The manner in which swindling is tolerated in New York is one of the mysteries of the municipal government. A couple of Frenchmen arrived here one day last week, and were enticed into a den of iniquity in Morris street, kept by a man named Joyce, who agreed to board them at seventy-five cents a day for each. When they were on the point of departing, after two days' stay, the man Joyce presented a bill for thirty-seven dollars, and detained their baggage till it was paid. The poor Parley-vous had to pay, but went to Marshal Burnham, who summoned the swindling hotel-keeper before his Honor the Mayor, who compelled him to refund thirty-two dollars, allowing five dollars for the two days' board and a bottle of wine. Surely the man ought not to have been allowed so easy a quittance. His Honor, like Chaucer's priest, shrives sinners very pleasantly.

The Prince Albert, Captain Walker, sailed from Canal street pier on Tuesday, the 26th, for Galway. The Adriatic has been bought for this line. The proprietors have purchased the Collins' Dock for their sailing place.

On Sunday morning a fire broke out at 663 Broadway, which destroyed Mozart Hall, the hive of the Woodites, and Canterbury Hall, a famous place for song and lager. The destruction was complete. We are happy to add that the parties are insured.

Detective Reese, of Washington, lately made at a house in that city a seizure of nearly a quarter of a million of bogus notes, including plates and dies. It is supposed that much of this counterfeit money is in circulation.

A married woman named Hunt eloped with a single man, Mr. Ransford, both of Oswego Falls. The disconsolate husband sent a detective after them, who, overtaking the guilty couple, made the lady disgorge the money she had robbed her husband of, and then let them proceed on their way to Canada.

William Arson, whose approaching execution at Hudson City we named in our last paper, committed suicide on the 21st of March, in his cell, by cutting the veins in his left arm, and also a vein in his throat. Not being discovered till an hour after he had committed the act, all efforts to save his life were unavailing. He persisted in declarations of innocence to the last. The instrument he used was the blade of a penknife, about two inches in length. He was buried on Saturday in Greenwood Cemetery. He was in his fifty-second year.

On Thursday, the 21st of March, New York was visited by one of the severest snow storms ever remembered. The cars for many miles around were delayed for hours, and some of the roads were quite impassable. On the Hudson and Erie line the wind had drifted the snow to nearly seven feet, and it was some hours before the traffic could be resumed. Wonderful to add, that, so far as we can learn, the storm has been unattended by any accident or loss of life.

A very amusing investigation is progressing at a certain room (47) of the Astor House, which we think must give our friend Charley Stetson considerable amusement. It is to inquire into the incorruptibility of the New York harbor masters—a virtue which till now was never considered as doubtful. It appears that certain of the harbor masters have occasionally given good berths at the piers to certain parties who were willing to pay for the accommodation. Surely this is an inquiry into the corruption of the spigot while the bunghole is left alone! We cannot, however, refrain to call attention to two facts in the investigation. The first is that when a witness named Anable said that he knew the rascality of the Republican party, the Committee came to the conclusion that Anable was "grossly intoxicated." The next is the joke, which is evidently considered worthy of much laughter, contained in this "innocent extract:"

"Mr. Anable—The gentleman owes me eighteen dollars now, and I should certainly take it out. (Laughter.)

"Mr. Hope—Mr. Anable owes me eight dollars. (Increased laughter.)

"The Committee then adjourned to meet at Albany on Friday next, at three P. M."

Now, why an eight dollar joke should provoke more laughter than an eighteen dollar one is a mystery which we shall send an artist and special correspondent to Albany to find out.

New Jersey has at last regained her position in society. Last week the bill for entertaining Abe Lincoln for three hours, while on his way from New York to Harrisburg, was audited. It was for the moderate sum of $2,003.71, or $680 an hour, or $10 a minute, with $8 to treat Chronos with drinks. If Abe Lincoln had stayed at Trenton as long as the seventy-one Japanese did in New York, the bill would have amounted to upwards of eleven millions of dollars! What a narrow escape the nation has had!

On Tuesday, the 26th, a fire broke out between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, at the Western Hotel, Cortland street, which, owing to the hour, was unattended with any loss of life. It originated in the drying department. The damage is about $6,000, and is insured.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War
Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.—Photographed by J. F. Ryder, of Cleveland, O

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy
Hon. W. H. Seward, secretary of State.
Hon. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General

Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior
Hon. Edward Bates, Attorney-General

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CABINET.—From Photographs by Brady.—See Page 311.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

His epochs
Are made in gems, bright angel, for then set
The jewels of his life, his loves upon his head,
As in a waged encounter from hence
Take the white aspect of his days, the rest
Of enemies that fell back to gone as him.
He knits the locks of his unbraided years,
And calls upon the bosom of the air.—*Shakespeare.*

FRANCINE remained a moment only with Lady Kingswood ere she came in his arms.

Her immunity from the humiliation of his touch rested alone in his sacred wisdom and exhaustion from the rescue she made so bad suffered. From about last wan of strength, he was compelled to rest her inanimate form against the base of the nearest tree, from beneath which they could see results for her exertions upon her restoration to consciousness.

It was in this moment, when the hour and frontline passion he entertained for his misguided woman might have been supposed to have exhibited itself in some of the wild extravagance, that a shroud so ego. Pierce, whose brain was yet unsettled and confused, and could be concentrated on every point only by a severe mental strain, as filled with a sorrow dread of the sudden appearance of Lord Kingswood, as the sudden and unexpected appearances of such a discovery as he would then make, he had a most wholesome fear.

But he, in such a situation, been endowed with the possession of all his faculties, as in opposite to the contrary, he would have, unseen, against what would have tempted him; his hand in power, weak and wandering in mind. He thought alone of he hazard of the situation and the necessity of procuring an interview which could be prolonged only at the imminent risk of being broken by some one from whom, of all the world, concealment alone should be concealed. He had to remember, he dared not leave the spot in quest of any, and could not, for he had many things, pressing to her to be the gurgings of Lady Kingswood, and straining his powers of hearing to catch the sound of an approaching footstep.

Lady Kingswood was gifted with strong passions, and endowed with singular strength, but they were impressions of the moment. The fainting fit which she would have been a brilliant example of the position in human society which it is possible for a woman to occupy. She, in the first place, assumed a state of unworthy, feeble promptness of an ear-saving footman, and her energies were not to be called upon in the slightest degree for her own preservation.

There was no fear of her discovery. Pierce knew that, and was conscious that when she heard Francine's communication as a fact that her husband—Sir Lord Kingswood—had wronged her—that the passion of her life subdued hours in the strength, shivering, trembling, shaking her, by thrusting her with such violence, energy into the bosom of her husband, to be with and with.

Some such blow as she had expected for years. She had been hustling for a while even to the moment when she directed to have seeking—and not cause to search, and it had come now with a terrific force, which, for the moment, rendered all her faculties benumbed.

A previous marriage, with a child born, herself disgraced, and her son a illegitimate child, was a discovery which would have overwhelmed any one with yet more powerful mental apprehension than she possessed. Death, real, or death in life, was the fate which she knew, being, as she considered, what she was inexperienced.

When, with ghastly visage and panting breath, recovered from her absolute swoon, she turned her eyes, by the light of the moon, on the face of her husband, he was terrified by its expression.

An ailment she had suffered from a small hand-lamp-bride to the counterpane a ghastly character, but there was something terse and determined in her look, and in the tone of her hoarse voice, which he had never heard before.

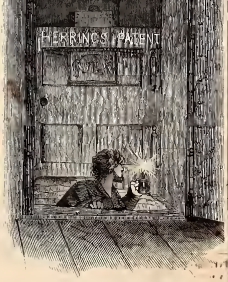
As she clutched him once more by the wrist, he saw her white teeth grating together with rage, and her eyes seemed to start from their sockets. Her purple veins trebled at once and bloody on her lips, terribly exhibiting the intensity of her emotion.

"Pierce," she exclaimed, hoarsely, "the dirt is cast; I will be revenged! Murder, murder, and never forgiveness! Oh, Pierce, Pierce, you have been a parallel, and though Lord Kingswood had his thousand hearts, I would rend, tear them to pieces!"

"For mercy sake, my lady, be calm, be composed, be yourself, I implore you, mercy sake, my lady, be calm, be composed, be yourself, I implore you, mercy sake, my lady, be calm, be composed, be yourself, I implore you,

DARING ROBBERY AT THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE BANK—APPEARANCE OF THE CARPET CELLAR, NO. 191 GREENWICH STREET, WITH THE HOLE IN THE WALL BY WHICH THE BURGLARS ENTERED THE BANK—MANNER IN WHICH THE BURGLARS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE WORKED—ON THE LEFT IS THE SPOT WHERE THEY DEPOSITED THE EXCAVATED DIRT AND RUBBISH.—SEE PAGE 315.

famous to humanity in Paris. He had not even a "de" before his name, and papa was determined upon a title to lift the great house of B—— into a position in life. The young man had never spoken to papa—he would as soon have thought of jumping up to the top of the July Column, therefore papa could not see any impropriety in his constant attendance on mademoiselle, and more frequently than any one else taking the favored position at her side. The evening we allude to there was a large assemblage of guests at the



BURGLAR ENTERING FROM EXCAVATION INTO THE VAULT.

table. Two the papa had fixed his mind upon for his daughter to marry, not both at once, but if one wouldn't the other might propose. Relatives and friends were in great abundance at the long and well-filled banqueting table, but somehow, the young gentlemen we allude to had got again the favorite post by the side of the heiress, though papa remembered he had arranged all this very differently. In the midst of this sumptuous banquet the winter took effect in Paris like it did once or twice in London, and left the company in the dark, for the gas went out in the chandeliers, and the proprietor of the establishment nearly swore, but quite made up his mind that he would never have gas again in the house, and be a patron of the more aristocratic thing, wax. Wax was brought quickly by the servants, and darkness was over. There was a great deal of giggling and joking at the *contretemps*, and a good many hits of *badinage* were fired off; but a practical joker turned the fire at once, and, in a loud voice, drew the attention of the host and all present to the daughter and the young gentleman by her side. All eyes were at once turned, and there, behold, the union was complete—from the tip of the young gentleman's long moustache to the tip of the young lady's curl, the nearest to her lip, there was a fine thread of a macaroni-like substance. A roar of laughter followed, for it was as clear as daylight, as gaslight, or lovelight, that there had been a kiss in the dark, and that a very good feeling existed between the two. The affair was too *éclatant* to pass over; the joke never ceased at that table, and, though the father at first was angry and inclined to be perverse, either the joke, or the wine, or his good heart, caused him to relent, and to give that greatest blessing to expectant lovers, a father's consent.

The Origin of Steeplechasing.—It may be not generally known that the now popular sport of steeplechasing had its origin on the Wolds of Lincolnshire, and that the first race of the kind was got up between two members of the Brocklesby Hunt—Field Nicholson, Esq., and T. Brooks, Esq.—the latter of whom is still alive, and in the enjoyment of hale and hearty health. The two gentlemen in the year 1819 matched their favorite horses for an across country race—from Beelsby Church to that of Little Coates, the distance being about six miles. The race came off, but on which side the victory was I cannot remember. The race, however, caused much excitement in the neighborhood, and led to general hunting, or "steepleracing."

The rifled guns have been lately tried in Berlin against four and a half inch iron plates used in the construction of cuirassed ships, and, as the Prussians state, with the greatest success. At a distance of a thousand paces the balls went through the plates as if there were no resistance, while at three thousand five hundred paces the effect was quite formidable enough to forbid the approach of vessels within such range. The experiment has a practical bearing at the present time, inasmuch as the proof has been furnished by it of the possibility of occupying the island of Fühnen despite the attacks of

THE BURGLARS PRIVATE OFFICE, FORMED OF CARPET ROLLS, FITTED WITH STOVES, COOKING UTENSILS, DEMIJOHNS, &C.—ENTRANCE CONCEALED BY CARPETS.

the Danish navy. It is also anticipated that the blockading of German ports will be much hampered, the same vessels being necessitated to give such a wide berth to the batteries as to require a larger force than ordinarily lies at their disposal. The result of the target shooting is said to have produced a lively sensation upon the French Ambassador who attended the practice. There are, at present, many officers and privates from all the various states of the Confederacy staying in Berlin for instruction in the use of the new weapons, which are being manufactured by Prussia for the whole of Germany. If public opinion upon this important subject be well grounded, the Berlin gun is superior in point of range and practical worth to any other in existence. As the greatest care is required in its construction, the number of those turned out from the various manufactories does not as yet exceed six or seven hundred—a small amount when it is considered how many are required for the field artillery, the federal fortresses, the coast batteries, the gunboats, and other purposes of offence and defence.

FACTS ABOUT COAL.

THE Boonton Iron Works, in New Jersey, consume annually more coal than the county town of Morris. The rolling mill at Trenton consumes more than the city, with its 15,000 inhabitants, and the Montour Works more than the whole city of Baltimore. All the world, in fact, is burning coal, and is, therefore, interested in knowing whether there is likely to be enough. Some years ago, in the early history of Pennsylvania Coal Mining, a report gained currency in Philadelphia that the workmen at Mauch Chunk had reached the bottom of the mine. They mistook the thickness of the vein for its extent. Panic seized on the Lehigh Company's stockholders, and the shares fell twenty per cent., as well they might, if the coal had actually run out. But coal veins, throughout the world, average only from ten to sixty feet in thickness, those in England varying from an inch to six feet. Yet England mines 70,000,000 tons annually, and the best geologists estimate the quantity that may yet be got out at 190,000,000,000 tons. The British coal fields cover an area of 5,400 square miles; but those of this country cover 196,600 square miles, in addition to which new fields of great extent are being constantly discovered. England feels no alarm at any prospect of her coal fields not holding out, and this country ought to be equally confident of her inexhaustible supply. The quantity mined in England has generally doubled every twenty-five years, but in this country, from 1839 to 1849 it doubled itself every five years, and it continues to grow at a far more rapid rate than it does in England. The whole annual consumption of the world is estimated at 100,000,000 tons. Now we see that this vast quantity is constantly increasing. If it remained stationary at that figure, the Pennsylvania coal fields alone would honor the draft for 3,164 years. Double it, and the great Appalachian field would meet the demand for 6,937 years. Extend it to 400,000,000 tons annually, and the productive coal fields of North America alone would be able to supply the world for 10,000 years. It is a wonderful feature in the great coal deposits, that Providence has located the most abundant ones in the coldest countries, where fuel is most required. Even Spitzbergen contains her share. This does not prove, however, that coal does not exist abundantly in Central America, or in Central and Northern Asia. The presumption is that future explorations will uncover deposits in those countries equal to the necessities of their inhabitants. But geology has determined the great fact that the coal mines of the United States will be certain to hold out.

Throat Affections.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

FROM REV. E. ROWLEY, A.M., PRESIDENT ATHENS COLLEGE, ATHENS, TENN.—"I have found great benefit from the use of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, before and after preaching, as they prevent hoarseness, to which I am very subject. I think from their past effect they will be of permanent advantage to me. Several clergymen of my acquaintance, to whom I have given the Troches, have been benefited by them."

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THIS splendid new variety, said to surpass in productiveness the famous Wilson's Albany, and in quality excelled by none, we now place within the reach of everybody who may desire them, viz.: On the receipt of One Dollar we will cause to be delivered into the purchaser's hand 25 LIVE PLANTS by mail, under 3,000 miles. Also Wilson & Peabody's Seedlings at $2 per thousand, delivered to Railroad Company at Macedon.

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$0 36. $00 36. $000 36.
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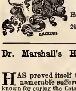

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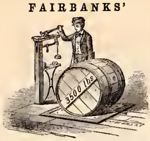

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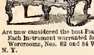

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Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator,
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

For curing and preventing Baldness.
For removing Scurf and Dandruff.
For beautifying and making the Hair soft and curly.
In fact the only safe and effective compound of the kind in use.
Be sure and get the right article.

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Price 25 cents per bottle.
Wholesale Depot, 56 Dey St., New York.
Also,
PROF. L. MILLER'S INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE
Price 50 cents per box.
Warranted superior to all others.
Try them, and you will acknowledge the fact. 277-89o

Ladd, Webster & Co.'s
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES,
500 Broadway, New York. 000o

MISSING MAN.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE,
413 BROOME STREET, CORNER OF ELM.
NEW YORK, MARCH 22d, 1861.

FRANK LESLIE—Dear Sir—I take the liberty of sending you the ambrotype likeness of Mr. John D. Austin, a native of Boston. He came from Boston to this city about four weeks since, and has been missing since the 27th of February. Search has been made by this department, but without success. His friends fear he may have committed suicide, as at times he showed evidence of insanity, and had threatened self-destruction. Thinking and hoping he may yet be alive and wandering about the country, I suggested to his friends to have his likeness printed in your widely circulated paper, with a description of his person.
As that means has been successful upon several occasions in restoring missing persons to their friends, I have no doubt if you will have the kindness to print this likeness it will be attended with a like result, and add another debt the public owe you for your excellent and useful illustrated sheet.
Yours truly,
DANIEL CARPENTER, INSPECTOR.

John D. Austin, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, about five feet eight inches tall, stout figure, full florid face, dark eyes, black hair, whiskers and moustache. He is about thirty-seven years of age.

He arrived in this city on Tuesday, A. M., the 26th of February. On Wednesday he expressed fears of an attack of temporary derangement, with which he had been affected on two former occasions. Early on Thursday, A. M., the 28th, he left the house of a friend with whom he was staying, and has not since been seen. Immediate search was made for him both by his friends and the police, but has thus far proved unavailing.

On Friday, March 1st, his hat was found in the Bronx river not far from Williamsbridge, and his shirt on the bank of the river near by; the inference was that he had committed suicide by drowning, and a careful search of the river was made in that vicinity, but no further trace of him could be discovered. There was a vague rumor of his having been seen some distance from the river without a hat, and his coat closely buttoned up; if any credence may be given to this report, there is a slight hope that he may yet be alive and wandering about.

At the time of his disappearance he was dressed in a suit of dark cloth clothes. He had with him about eighty dollars, and a gold watch and chain. The number of the watch, "6132," and the maker's name and residence, "Joseph Johnson, 25 Church street, Liverpool," were engraved on the works.

A reward of One Hundred Dollars is offered for the recovery of the body of Mr. Austin, which will be paid by Messrs. Yznaga del Valle & Co., No. 60 Beaver street, New York.

VALUABLE TO ALL WHO USE THE PEN OR PENCIL.—See advertisement next page. 280-84o

AT REDUCED PRICES
With Glass-Cloth Presser, Improved Loop-Check, New Style Hemmer, Binder, Corder, &c.

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"This Machine makes the 'LOCK-STITCH,' and ranks highest on account of elasticity, permanence, beauty and general desirableness of the stitching when done, and the wide range of its application."—*Report of American Institute, New York.* 278-80o

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Superior Old Tom or London Cordial

GIN,

Distilled under the immediate superintendence of Dr. Dixon, of London, for medical and private use.
Wholesale Agents, GREENE & GLADDING,
62 Cortlandt St., N. Y.
For sale by single bottle or case, by Druggists and Grocers everywhere. Also by J. S. PARMELEE, 585 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y. 000

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CELEBRATED NOISELESS
Sewing Machines.
No family can afford to be without one.
495 BROADWAY, N. Y.
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Patented November 1st, 1859.

The measures are A, the distance round the Neck.
B to B, the Yoke.
C to C, the Sleeve.
D to D, distance around the Body under the armpits.
E to E, the length of the Shirt.

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Patented Improved French Yoke
SHIRTS,
Patented November 1st, 1859.
A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.

By sending the above measures per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at $12, $15, $18, $24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a-dozen Shirts.
Also Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

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THIS article of Nursery Furniture is different from, superior to, and supplies the place of everything heretofore used for that purpose.
N. B.—"The exercise obtained by our nursery children in one of your Baby-Tenders very much aids in their proper physical development, and enables us to dispense with the services of one assistant nurse."—*Matron of the Home for the Friendless.*
J. S. BROWN & CO., Warerooms No. 652 Broadway, N. Y., between Bond and Bleecker Sts.
Send for our Circular. 000o

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FOR Horses, Cows, Sheep and Hogs, the effects produced in one month will exceed all expectation. A Pamphlet mailed free. Agents Wanted. Depot, 21 Broadway, New York. 271-83o

CHARLES HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE.

This popular Wine, of which the undersigned are
SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA,
Received the First Premium at the
BORDEAUX EXPOSITION IN 1859.
The Medal awarded by the judges can be seen at our office.
000o T. W. BAYAUD & BERARD, 100 Pearl St., N. Y.

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$100 A MONTH
Made with Stencil Tools.
CHEAPEST & BEST. Send for latest samples, *All free.*
D. L. Milliken, Brandon, Vt. or No. 70 Third St. St. Louis, Mo.
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"No man is more sceptical of new cure-alls than I. Occasionally, however, I am agreeably disappointed. A few months ago I was partially bald, and apprehensive I should become permanently so. A friend who boarded with me strongly recommended BURNETT'S COCOAINE for the growth of the hair, remarking, 'It will make it grow whether it will or no.' I used it about nine weeks, and can now boast of a luxuriant crop of hair, having cut it several times."—*Ed. Philadelphia R. E. News Letter.*

S. R. Walker,
TYPE FOUNDRY
AND PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,
17 Dutch St., New York. 277-80

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

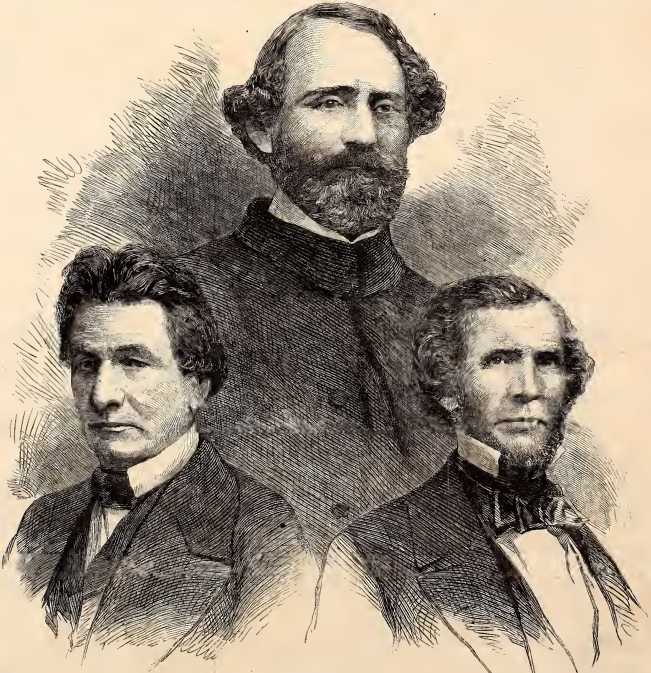
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 281—VOL. XI.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

THE THREE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS AT WASHINGTON.

THE threatening aspect of the national affairs, the imminent danger of a speedy collision, and the many points to be settled between the two Confederacies, suggested to President Jefferson Davis, of the Southern Confederacy, the necessity of appointing Commissioners to treat with the Federal Government at Washington. He, consequently, appointed the following gentlemen: John Forsyth, of Alabama; Martin Crawford, of Ga.; and A. B. Roman, of La.; with power, under secret instructions, to enter on the necessary negotiations for the peaceful transfer of the forts, the arrangement of the Federal property, and the amicable separation of the States. On their arrival at Washington, it was intimated to them that they would be shortly received by President Lincoln in their accredited capacity; but up to this moment no such official recognition has taken place. In the meantime, it is understood that assurances have been given to them that no coercive action will be taken by the Federal Government at present.

Messrs. Forsyth, Crawford and Roman are gentlemen of acknowledged ability, firm and uncompromising in their principles, and ardent and sensitive Secessionists.



A. B. Roman, Esq., of Louisiana. John Forsyth, Esq., of Alabama. Martin Crawford, Esq., of Georgia.

MESSRS. ROMAN, FORSYTH AND CRAWFORD, COMMISSIONERS AT WASHINGTON FROM THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1861.

Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The Yelverton case will have the good effect of amending the absurd laws still existing in Ireland on the marriage of Catholics and Protestants, for, on the 11th, a bill was brought into the House of Lords, to amend them. The House of Commons have voted 78,200 men for the British navy. A subscription is being raised in London to help Kossuth to defend the action which the Austrian Government had commenced relative to the Hungarian notes in preparation in London. The Duchess of Kent, mother to Queen Victoria, died at Frogmore, near Windsor, on the 16th March, of cancer. She was in her seventy-sixth year.

The Great Eastern, under the command of Capt. Carnegie, was advertised to sail for New York, on May 1, to return to England early in June with passengers and cargo. The British House of Commons have voted 260,000 men for the army, about 24,000 less than last year. The volunteer force, however, being 160,000, the army of England is really nearly double what it was two years ago. The most remarkable feature of the foreign news, however, is the total change in the sentiments of the press with regard to our national troubles. The statesmanship, dignity and frankness of the Southern Confederacy is placed in strong juxtaposition with the feebleness, meanness and equivocation of the Northern States. With the exception of the London *Chronicle*, almost all the British organs have abandoned the "nigger" in disgust. The Morrill tariff has killed the North, and the *Herald*'s proposition to rob England of Canada to make up for the loss of the South has buried Republicanism in England. Touch John Bull's pride and his pocket, and the other P—Principle is nowhere. A very spicy correspondence had taken place between the Neapolitan Minister and Lord John Russell. No sooner had Gaeta surrendered than the British Home Secretary, with a great want of delicacy for a tyrant, who had himself never shown any delicacy to man, woman or child, told him he could no longer be received at Court. The Ambassador replied by regretting the sympathy England had always shown for revolution.

France.—The discussions in the French Chambers are very suggestive. The only topic which the spleen of the Tuileries allows them free scope on is, praise of the Pope and abuse of England. Both these topics, however, appear to be very unpopular with the deputies, for when a wretched Robespierrean, named Keller, advocated a war with England, he was interrupted by the loudest murmurs of dissatisfaction, and obliged to desist. Mirès, the Jewish speculator, is closely confined in prison. Prince Napoleon's speech in the Senate has earned for him golden opinions from the liberal of all lands. Victor Emanuel telegraphed to him this laconic epistle, "I have just read your splendid speech. I thank you, in the name of Italy, and in my own."

Mirès is still in close custody. The Congress at Paris has agreed to extend the French occupation of Syria to the 5th of June. The debates in the French Legislature were becoming very bitter, the Priestly party attacking Sardinia and England, and the Liberal party attacking the Pope. The French are a nation of women, too fond of their tongues. Like women, too, they scold themselves into a passion and then fight.

Italy.—The surrender of the citadel of Messina was not caused by the humanity or moderation of the Neapolitan General, Fergola, who commanded the tyrant's troops, but the following letter from the Sardinian General, Cialdini: "I shall not grant either to you or to your garrison any form of capitulation, but shall require you to surrender at discretion. If you fire upon the city, I will shoot, on taking possession of the citadel, as many officers and soldiers of the garrison as are killed by you in your fire against Messina; your personal property and that of your officers will be confiscated for the benefit of the families of peaceable citizens, to compensate them for the injuries which you may have caused, and, finally, I shall give up you and your subordinates to the people of Messina." It will be remembered that Fergola had threatened to fire upon the town, if besieged. The Queen of Spain has offered Pope Pius a royal palace in Madrid, but he wishes to remain in Rome as long as he can. Cardinal Antonelli has openly declared that Louis Napoleon is the cause of all the troubles which beset the Holy See. The *Italia* gives the following as the text of the speech made by Francis II. in reply to an address from General de Goyon: "General—When I abandoned Naples I felt at the time that my kingdom was lost. In defending it subsequently on the banks of the Volturno and Garigliano, and in shutting myself up in Gaeta, my sole idea was to maintain, as far as I could, the honor of the army, of my country and my family. As a soldier I think I have fulfilled this duty, and I am proud of it. And now, forgetting all the authors of so much misery, I will bear in my memory only my brave companions in arms, who have sacrificed everything, and whom I regret to be obliged to leave."

In a recent sitting of the Turin Chamber, Government submitted a project of law proposing that all public acts should in future commence with the words, "Victor Emanuel II., by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of Italy." The project was received with great applause, and its urgency was acknowledged by the Senate. A despatch from Naples of March 18th announces that Civitella del Tronto has capitulated on the terms offered by the Piedmontese Generals.

Austria.—The Emperor had declared that he will respect the rights of the Hungarian nation to the fullest extent, but that he will never tolerate any infringement of the rights of the Crown. The Diet will assemble first at Buda, and afterwards at Pesth. The coronation of the Emperor as King of Hungary will take place in the garrison church of Buda.

Turkey.—Prince Labanoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, had declared that he would withdraw his demand for a conference of representatives of the European Powers to sit permanently at Constantinople, on condition of the Porte's submitting its project of reforms to the Powers. The Porte replied that it would communicate the reforms after their promulgation to the Sultan. The calling out of the Bashi-Bazouks in Bosnia, by means of beacon fires, has been ordered to take place with the least possible delay. It is said that the Turkish troops have been defeated at Gacko.

Spain.—Bombastes Furioso is now raging in Spain. The Spanish journals of the 10th of March are full of a debate in the Spanish Cortes upon the offensive remarks made in the British House of Commons on the perfidy of Spain in her diplomatic dealings generally, but more especially in the carrying out of her slave trade obligations. Gonzales Bravo called the Duke of Tetuan's attention to Lord Palmerston's language. The Duke of Tetuan, in answer, said: "I rise to give ample explanations to show the injustice of the accusations which have been brought not only against the Spanish Government—which is a very grave fact—but against the Spanish nation—a circumstance which augments the gravity of the language used in the English Chamber." The Minister then proceeded to say that in 1835 Spain had entered into a treaty to put down the slave trade, and he maintained that she had faithfully executed it, in proof of which he dwelt on the fact that the value of a slave in Cuba is now three or four fold what it was then. He affirmed that the different Captains-General of Cuba, and especially Generals De la Concha and Serrano, had always exerted themselves actively to prevent the introduction of slaves into the island. It is needless to add that the slave trade has flourished more under both these men than any other Governor-General, excepting the present, who is reported to be the corruptest of all. It is also well known that the profits are divided between the Queen of Spain, the Home Ministers and the Governor-General.

Africa.—The British, with a philanthropy worthy of Exeter Hall, are slaughtering the blacks preparatory to civilizing or raising them in the scale of humanity. The London *Times* says: "A war had broken out between the British and Mindingoes on the Bathurst river, and the town of Saba had been attacked. The Mindingoes were defeated with great loss—British loss slight." John Bull reminds us of the schoolmaster who, when told by one of his assistants that one of the boys, being a Catholic, would not read the Bible, called out, "Punch his head, then, till he does!"

China.—The war still goes on between the imperialists and the rebels. The last battle was a victory for the imperialists. The trade has much increased, and the wedge which has opened China to the world will soon pour daylight into her grand masses of shade.

Japan.—The presence of the suggestive navies of England and France in the harbor of Nagasaki has had as great an influence on the behavior of those remarkable men, called the Nokomis, as the rod would on a wilful child, or a straight waistcoat on a rational lunatic. We are therefore not surprised to learn that on the 13th of December the Japanese behaved with great apparent logic. How long it will last we cannot say.

The Southern Constitution.

Five of the seceded States have adopted, without any alteration, the new Constitution prepared by Jefferson Davis and others, and there is no doubt that Florida and South Carolina will both follow suit. It must be confessed that the new Constitution is a great improvement upon the old one; that time-honored document was framed by statesmen for a very different condition of society; it was the creed of patriots, and not of political adventurers and mere place-hunters. Our statesmen then walked fearlessly in the highway of duty, and not, as now, on the tight rope of personal aggrandizement, with the balancing pole of a foreign vote to carry them across. The corruptions of time and circumstances have therefore rendered many changes necessary, and with a practical sagacity worthy the founders of our Republic, the authors of the new Constitution have met its evils. Their extension of the Presidential term from four years to six is a wise alteration; so is their rendering the President ineligible for renomination; it takes from him the desire to be a political intriguer, and fixes his ambition on the honest discharge of his duties.

The abolition of the present infamous system of discharging all the subordinate officials every Presidential term, and rendering their positions dependent on the faithful discharge of their duties, is a vast improvement. Since the days of Andrew Jackson, who inaugurated this fatal custom, the Presidential conflict every four years has been rather a scramble for Federal plunder than the struggle of principle. The accursed warcry of "To the victors belong the spoils" converted a band of patriots into a horde of banditti. With such a cancer in the body politic, the break-up of our Union is not to be wondered at. The presence of the Cabinet Ministers in Congress is also an admirable provision; it brings them face to face with the people. Now they can skulk for four years, and dodge all explanation and responsibility. Without, therefore, discussing the right of Secession, we feel bound, as an independent journal, to express our approbation of the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy.

Newspaper Canards.

The public is beginning to understand that the Washington correspondence of the various papers is a snare, a device, a humbug. It is a series of sensations founded upon guesses, or founded upon a too lively imagination when even guesses are too unsubstantial. That they are unreliable is to be expected, but that they should be so unreliable is altogether unnecessary. We shall not attempt to point out the inaccuracies and contradictions in the correspondence of one paper during the entire week—that would be unnecessary; let our readers examine the correspondence of any strong party paper for one day, and enough canards and flat contradictions will be found to fully substantiate our position.

Perhaps it is asking too much to expect anything else from those in the position of special reporters. They are sent to gain the earliest possible information, and transmit the same by telegraph to their respective papers. The more they think they find out, even if it is quite contrary to the facts, the livelier and more startling their intelligence will be. Besides, the contradiction furnishes another paragraph, with the important addition that the contradiction came from the highest authority. In plain terms, a false report is raised for sensation purposes, and its injurious effect being of sufficient consequence, from its wide circulation, some one in official position denies it, through the same source, point blank.

The falsehood so positively asserted serves for another purpose. It affords to the proprietor of the paper a splendid catchline, in huge type, under the head of "Highly Important from Washington or South Carolina." But let it be observed, that the contradiction is by no means deemed worthy of the same prominence in display. We do not blame the individuals, but the whole system we do utterly condemn. It is objectionable in every feature. It fosters a course of premeditated deception; it creates an unhealthy and unnecessary excitement and anxiety in the public mind, and tends to keep in agitation the bitter feeling between sections, and it is doubtless intended to, and does affect the stock market, causing the ruin of hundreds for the benefit of the initiated who pull the strings. In every point of view it is dishonorable and degrading to the character of an enlightened press. The late Lord Dundonald was sentenced to a fine of one thousand pounds, a year's imprisonment, *and one hour in the pillory*, besides losing his hard-earned honors, on the charge of having influenced the funds by a false report about the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, and for having sold out from the funds upon the rise consequent upon said report. The example was terrible, but wholesome, and it bears a significance not altogether inapplicable to our own time.

Correspondence, from headquarters, is only valuable as being the result of intelligent observation upon the spot. The assumption of superior intelligence is simply newspaperial bombast. Cabinet confidences, with peripatetic correspondents, is a pleasant fiction, which, at this time, deceives no one, and should be abandoned as an exploded joke or an often told Joe Millerism. Special correspondents, generally, are like men watching a weather vane; if it points steadily for some time to one quarter, they know which way the wind blows—and so does every looker-on. If it veers, and still veers, they may look wise, but they are puzzled about that confounded wind—and so is every looker-on. Simply this, and no more. Their observations upon what is transpiring around them may be valuable, as deductions from facts and as matter for reflection, provided an ordinary amount of intelligence is exercised; but the assumption of confidential communications from men pledged by their position to secrecy, is utterly unworthy of credence—is simply a bait thrown out for the gullible to swallow.

The whole principle is summed up in a few words—*sell the canard*, and make the contradiction to-morrow.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.

A contemporary, in alluding to the recent adoption by the Senate at Albany of a Bill to Prevent the Adulteration of Milk, and Prohibiting the Sale of Swill Milk, quietly slurs over the important part we played in thoroughly exposing the horrible Swill Milk practices, and awakening the whole country to a sense of the imminence of the danger, and just as quietly appropriates the whole glory of the undertaking. We have no desire to disparage the efforts of our contemporary in the good cause which *we* have so earnestly and successfully advocated, but we contend that no journal at any time had the power and influence which we then wielded to thoroughly expose and exhaust a subject of such vital importance to the people. Not only was our circulation greater than any paper at that time to which our contemporary alludes, but our illustrations, sketched from life, appealed directly to the sight and to the understanding of every one.

Before we took the subject up it was strongly written about, but only as a passing topic of a day, and the effects upon the public mind were commensurate with the importance it assumed among the other subjects treated of. The fact that it was left to our unaided endeavors—for our contemporary kept studiously silent during the whole term of our war against the evil and its supporters—the fact that it was left for us to accomplish the breaking up of the Swill Milk trade is sufficient proof that all had not been said that should have been said, or that it was said in a way insufficient to fix the attention of the public and create a demand for reform.

We did not abandon it, as our contemporary states, but, on the contrary, we published, from time to time, such additional facts from the highest medical authorities, who, following out the investigations in the course we pointed out, arrived at important and conclusive evidence, which fully sustained every charge which we had advanced, and by this means still kept the subject in all its enormity before the public eye.

We did all that could be done, leaving off only where a higher legal power alone could act. That power has now completed our work, and we do not intend to allow one particle of whatever honor may be attached to the result to be filched from us. We fought the battle and won the victory, and who shall deny our claim to the full credit?

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Sam Johnson went in for good haters and good abusers. He told Boswell that he considered vituperation as the safety valve of an honest man. Surely one of the editors of the Richmond *Examiner* must have inherited the mantle of the old doctor, for how like an American lexicographer does this read:

"He is the [illegible] embodiment of Yankee character. He looks mean in every fibre and [illegible] body. Vulgarity, conceit, cowardice and rapacity are stamped [illegible] upon his frontispiece. He looks as if he had been brought up on Yankee Doodle—a tune which could only become a favorite among a mean and sneaking people, and which would inevitably make any race so who were not so before. In looking at Morrill, the only matter of surprise to any believer in physiognomy is that he has not been imprisoned for stealing sixpences or selling wooden nutmegs, instead of being the author of the more adroit and gigantic robbery of the famous Morrill tariff bill."

It is needless to add that this pleasant sketch is intended for the Hon. Justin Morrill, of Vermont.

The Home Journal says:

"We are gratified to hear that there is a probability that Theodore S. Fay will be retained as American Minister at Berne, the duties of which office he has discharged with so much honor to himself and satisfaction to the country."

The reason for continuing a Democrat in this position is, that the present Minister is quite *au fait* to the language, and that it would be a *burning* shame to take him away. He is perhaps alluded to in this famous verse—

For while this lamp remains at Berne,
He surely never can return.

Correction.—In our description of the Queen City Commercial College, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 279, March 30, we misspelled the names of Messrs. William Allan Miller and James M. Watters, Principals of that Institute. As both gentlemen have a large number of friends who would not know them as A. Millar and M. Walters—as our types had it—we cheerfully make the correction.

There is considerable sly humor in our excellent President, and much practical wisdom. The common journalists do not seem to appreciate the exquisite wisdom of appointing a Minister and Secretary to France who do not understand a word of the French language. Talleyrand said that all wars had been occasioned by diplomacy, and Wellington declared that half a dozen protocols would set any nation by the ears. There could not have been a wiser move than sending Dayton and Pennington to Paris. Not understanding a word Louis Napoleon says to them, neither can be gammoned into his way of thinking. We only trust Mr. Lincoln may carry out this admirable policy, and send a couple of Philadelphia editors to represent us at the Court of St. James, since their qualifications to represent us to England are precisely those of Dayton and young Pennington. Is there any comment on this appointment, such as "The Pennington is mightier than the Seward?"

We remember some years ago that the present caustic but brilliant literary editor of the *Press*, of Philadelphia, was so delighted with Louise Henriade's cutting up "a shine" that he took his wig off and asked Judge Porter, of Decatur, to hold it, lest he should throw his laurels at her "understandings." The same precaution should have influenced the gowned gravities of Dublin after the recent Yelverton trial, as it would have spared them an exhibition of unwigged gaiety. Tom Taylor, in describing the scene at Dublin, gives this little trait as exemplified in a dialogue between "some one and somebody:"

"Well, I had often heard of the peculiar nature of the Celt, but I never believed that the Irishman was really a different being from the Englishman till now; but this case proves it." "You mean the applause and sympathy shown in court during the progress of the trial?" "Oh, no; one has seen that in England." "The mob's drawing the lady's carriage home?" "Oh, as for that, one has seen the crowd make asses of themselves on this side of the water often enough." "The vehemence of some of the judge's summing

up?" "No. We've a volcano or two on our own bench." "The cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs at the verdict?" "No; we could parallel that, too." "Then what do you mean?" "Why, I mean the Irish barristers throwing up their wigs! No English barrister was ever known to throw up his wig—the thing is against English barrister nature.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE HOSMER, the father of Hosmer, the poet, as he is called, died in Chicago last week. He was a lawyer of great eminence, and one of the pioneers of New York civilization. He died much respected.

THE *Constitutionnel*, piqued at the disdainful manner in which the Marquis de Larochejaquelin speaks of the press, tells the story that only a few months ago he condescended to come to their office to beg for a notice of a pamphlet of his, and said, "Do speak of it. Praise or blame, just as you like, but say something. I do not deserve the punishment of your silence."

THE Troy *Times* says that General Wool is confined to his residence in that city by sickness. It is probably a renewal of his Washington attack. His anxiety in respect to public affairs, and the constant excitement through which he has lately passed, has rendered the attacks of disease more severe than they otherwise would be.

PAUL ROSSIGNOL, an old and honorable citizen of Augusta, Ga., died on the 15th. He had held offices of great trust and responsibility, and in all of them was distinguished for his faithfulness, uprightness and ability.

AN original character recently died in Pomerania, whose residence was a great resort of the curious, from the circumstance that its interior walls were covered by him with the Odes of Horace, in all languages, and colored letters.

THE Memphis *Appeal* of the 13th says: "We learned yesterday that President Lincoln, many years ago, descended the river in a flatboat as supercargo. The flatboat tied up at the plantation of Col. Ferguson on the opposite side of the river. The Colonel having some wood he wished chopped, employed the flatboat hands to do the job for him, and Abe, the supercargo, sprang in and helped. When Colonel Ferguson was in Washington while the railsplitter was a member of Congress, the latter sought him out and renewed the old acquaintance. Last week the Colonel was in Washington; when the President sent his card. Colonel Ferguson again called upon him, and they had a chat about old times and the present price of cordwood."

THE Carlton (N. B.) *Sentinel* has the following notice of the death of Charles Boyer, aged ninety-three years, at Wakefield, Victoria Corner: "Deceased was born in Boston, Massachusetts, March 22, 1768; saw the battle of Bunker Hill; was at Staten Island when New York was burned. Subsequently, with his father and other loyalists, he came to this Province; was married to Elizabeth Kinney, December 6, 1790, and settled in Wakefield, in 1807, where he raised a large family. An aged widow, seven sons, all of whom are living, and four daughters, one of whom is still living; 102 grandchildren and 85 great-grandchildren are left to mourn his loss."

THE ex-King and Queen of Naples will take up their residence in the Castle of Banz, near Lichtenfels, in Bavaria. This estate, situated at a short distance from Munich, and once belonging to the old abbey of that name, is one of the finest monuments of Gothic art. It belongs to Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the fugitive Queen.

CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW, of Massachusetts, dropped dead in his bedroom on the morning of Saturday, 30th of March, while dressing. He was much respected by the country at large. He died at his house in Boston. Herman Melville, the popular author, married one of his daughters.

THE political official career of General Lewis Cass commenced when he was a member of the first State Legislature of Ohio in 1803, and he has been in high public position ever since—a period of fifty-eight years. Within that time he has been Governor of a Territory, Indian Superintendent, Secretary of War, Minister to France, United States Senator for twelve years, candidate for President and Secretary of State. He is the patriarch of American statesmen, so far as length of official service is concerned.

MOSES Y. BEACH, the former proprietor of the *Sun*, now resides at Wallingford, Conn., where his public spirit and liberality have made him hosts of friends. He has established prizes in the public schools at a personal cost of above $1,000 per annum.

MR. RUSSELL, of the London *Times*, has received marked attention in Washington, dining with Lord Lyons, Seward, Douglas and other eminent men. He is now at Savannah.

IT is reported that President Lincoln has apologised to the California Deputation for the *brusqueness* of their late reception.

EX PRESIDENT BUCHANAN appears to be enjoying his *opium cum digitalis* to a very large extent at Wheatland. Since resuming the duties of private life, he has evinced no disinclination to mingle with society. Quite recently the committee which accompanied him on the trip from Washington to Lancaster received an invitation to visit the homestead, and were entertained by the Ex-President and Miss Lane. To those disposed to converse on such matters Mr. Buchanan very freely expressed his disapproval of the course of Floyd and confederates, and denounces the traitors in severe terms. He defends strenuously the policy pursued during the close of his Administration, insisting that it was the only true one to avoid the shedding of fraternal blood.

THE *Daily News* says: "One of our exchanges says, and says it boldly, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently lectured at Utica, and commended tenpins as the most exhilarating and healthful exercise in the world, and billiards as the most brilliant game that can be played. The *Observer* says that a large number of the young men of Utica have taken to these games, to testify their approval of the recommendation of the great Puritan preacher. Henceforth we conclude that tenpins and billiards are to be classed among the amusements of the Christian portion of the public. Perhaps they have been heretofore. Let the pins be set up on both alleys."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The National Academy of Design.

A BEE in a flower garden, a bull in a china shop, are fair types of one who faces six hundred pictures with a view to notice them. The bee is afflicted with an *embarras des richesses*, the bull is puzzled to choose where to kick, and if our position does not exactly resemble that of the bee, neither is it identical with that of the bull, but it resembles both as to the puzzled condition. One cannot put a bushel of oats in a quart measure, nor can one notice six hundred pictures in a space hardly sufficient to print their titles. In this embarrassing position, therefore, we shall be compelled to content ourselves with mentioning those only which are prominently noteworthy one way or the other.

In our last we commenced with PAGE, because he was more prominently bad than any other of the fine artists exhibiting, and because his bad eminence deserved a prominent rebuke. On subsequent inspection we do not find his other picture, No. 440, "Dolce far Niente—Italian Peasants," more worthy of praise than his "Infant Bacchus." We cannot in any way account for the tone which pervades this picture. A ghastly blue gray permeates every portion of it, from the foreground to the scumbled-over background, which cannot, by any stress of courtesy, be dignified by the name of landscape. The figures are eminently ungraceful. The two-hundred-and-forty-pound female on the right, in a heavy sleep, is more like an Indian squaw than an Italian woman. The female on the right, of Dutch build and idiotic face, expresses anything but voluptuous or even comfortable relaxation. The principal figure is elaborately drawn, and evidently carries his entire wardrobe on his back, but is neither graceful nor *aplomb*. He is certainly balancing his *dolce* on his left foot and preserving his *niente* by holding on to his staff, the only visible means of securing his perpendicular position. The accessories of the picture are really wonderful. There is a small doubled-up child, brother to the "Infant Bacchus," but respectably clothed, resting his head on the foot of the Dutch-built woman, and looking on in blank astonishment is a miraculous lamb, which, strange to say, is without its stand and castors! though why a toy-shop lamb should be introduced into this picture *without* its stand and castors we cannot imagine. One could with as much appropriateness paint a Venus with her clothes on. Behind the Dutch-built woman are two sheep, we think, which from their somnolent state are evidently smelling their *dolce far niente*. And here let us introduce to our readers the only living object in the picture. Close to the, what we think are sheep, is a dog—it may be a sheep, by the wool, but it looks like a dog, by the head—well, this dog is wide awake; he has evidently not got his *dolce* yet, and it is equally evident that he thinks he could take his *dolce* off those sheep, we think, very comfortably if he dared. That dog is an inspiration.

It is impossible to treat such a picture seriously, it is so intimately allied to the ridiculous. Ordinarily we look with respect upon the idiosyncrasies of a great artist, and Page has too often proved that he is great for a doubt to occur now, but we do not think there is a redeeming point in his large picture this year. It exhibits, of course, some fine coloring, which makes us the more regret the labor and talent wasted. Seeking after originality is a wild goose chase. It cannot be got by straining—it is spontaneous in conception or nothing. This picture is a bad elaboration of a weak idea.

We turn with unaffected pleasure to those inimitable sketches by Darley. What freedom and expression, what sentiment and character are exhibited in even the weakest work by that master hand! We have not even space to name the thirteen sketches he exhibits, but we state that they are all worthy of admiration. The numbers are 17, 18, 34, 35, 38, 55, 56, 69, 70, 79, 80, 95, 96.

No. 530, "Sunset over the Jersey Flats," A. WEST. The rich light—the clouds, behind which the sun is hidden, and the warm reflected tints upon the water and a portion of the landscape, while the remainder is subdued in tone, are skilfully managed and produce an effect at once natural and charming. It is a clever picture.

No. 529, "On the Sea Shore," by H. B. BROWN. The water is well drawn, but lacks transparency. The rocks in the foreground and the cliff in the distance are well painted, and the effect of the misty sun in a murky sky is admirably rendered.

No. 533, "Gems for the Market," by FRANK HOWLAND. The subject of this admirable picture is the conveying of slaves to the harem market of Constantinople. A group of lovely maidens, Circassians, Georgians, &c., are seated in various languid positions in a barge, which is slowly propelled through the waters of the Bosphorus by a huge lateen sail. Several male figures are dispersed over the boat; the principal one, occupying the centre, is evidently the fortunate merchant who has those gems to dispose of. The whole centre of the picture is one mass of rich coloring, which is deepened and intensified by the shadow of the sail. The reflection in the water of the gorgeously-colored cloths and stuffs is skilfully managed, and greatly heightens the oriental richness of the design. The figures are drawn in with great spirit and freedom. The girls look lazily happy, for to be the Queen of the Harem is the one thing they have dreamed of for years. The distinguished traits of the various races, both male and female, in the group, are preserved in a very marked and characteristic manner, showing that the subject had been carefully studied. The coloring is admirable, and the *ensemble* is such that it at once attracts and fixes attention.

No. 538, "On the St. John's River, Florida," J. B. BRISTOL. This is distinguished by a fine effect of rich golden haze in sky, and the reflected glowing tints upon the water, which is admirably liquid. The shore on the left is rich with tropical growth, and is effectively painted.

No. 551, "Indian Summer," by JERVIS MCENTEE. The right hand of the valley is a masterly study of trees and rocks, boldly and admirably drawn and skilfully painted. The misty effect over the valley lacks the warmth of the rich Indian summer tone.

No. 446, "Madame Lafayette with her Daughters joining her Husband in the Prison at Olmutz, 1795," by E. LEUTZE. There is all the earnestness of reality in the picture, and the very freedom from conventional stiffness shows the source of the inspiration. The group is strong and natural; there is a perfect abandonment to emotion in the expression of all the figures which tells the story without the aid of description. The figure of Lafayette is boldly conceived, and the struggle of suppressed feeling is finely portrayed, while the female figures display the utmost intensity of emotion, powerfully expressed both in gesture and feature. It is a picture full of high sentiment, and is richly and admirably colored.

No. 342, "Twilight," J. B. BRISTOL. A fine bit of glowing color; the sky is still rich with the glory of the vanished sun; the young moon is as yet powerless in the heavens, and the mists of evening are gathering over the landscape. In the foreground a fine group of trees, black in the shadow, give the crowning effect by the strong and well considered contrast. It is a little gem that many will covet.

A Beautiful Thought.

The following little poem from an esteemed correspondent is really earnest and beautiful. In previous numbers of our paper we have published contributions from the same pen distinguished by great force and fine sentiment—poems, in fact, which made their mark:

The Grave in the Wood.

[In one of his rambles in the woods, the writer saw a little grave, moss-covered, and surmounted by a rustic cross.]

Two tall trees in the wood,
A little grave beneath;
Silence and stately Solitude,
Twin-watchers over death!

Here have they laid a child,
To consecrate the sod—
Alone, within the forest wild,
With Nature, and with God!

Far from the vulgar tread,
And mourning crowds' pretence,
Have Love and Sorrow made the bed
Of infant innocence.

Earth hath no fitter spot
To raise the holy cross—
An evergreen forget-me-not,
A violet shrined in moss!

MUDIL BRAIO.

Mal du Tete.

Being entirely at leisure, in short, having nothing to do—for our readers must be fully aware that an editor's life is one continued round of pastime; that papers, which to the uninitiated public seem to be the result of toil, research and night-watching, are in reality tossed off in two hours before breakfast, without even a trifling mental effort; well, having nothing else to do, we strolled down town, to beguile the lazy hours which were hanging on our hands. We dropped in at MENDUM's, to chat with the boys. We saw Jones in the act of raising a glass of creamy ale to his lips.

"How are you, Jones?" we said.

He put his hand to his head, swallowed his drink, sighed and sloped.

"Curious," we said; "Jones must be sick."

We turned round, stumbled over Smith—Smith of Fifteenth street—and greeted him pleasantly. He gazed at us for a moment with a lugubrious expression, put his hand to his head and departed.

"Curious," we said; "Smith must be sick."

We left Mendum's, strolled down Broadway to the corner of Pine, and hung on there uncertain what to do. Presently, in rapid succession, Brown, Watkins, Stuart, Lyons, Wetherbee, passed us by; one by one they bowed, smiled a ghastly smile, put their hands to their heads and went their way.

"Curious," we said; "are they all ill?"

We were troubled in our mind. What could it be? We knew that the changeable weather of April was very trying to weak constitutions, but we had heard of no epidemic prevailing. Diphtheria, to be sure, was a very fashionable complaint just now, but that didn't affect the head! We grew more and more mystified, for ever and anon flitted by us grave-looking men, with that everlasting hand upon that woebegone head.

Involuntarily our hand rose to our head and scratched, as hands will do when the mind is wandering, and in a hopeless state of mental fog we turned down Pine towards Nassau street. We entered the Custom House, for we have many friends there, and gazing round that busy rotunda the same extraordinary sight met our view. While every clerk had one rapid hand flying over vast pages, the other hand was pressed upon the head. Flesh and blood could no longer stand this horrible mystery. We rushed up to our friend, Deputy Collector H——, and in an agitated voice (for he, too, exhibited the prevailing peculiarity) we hoarsely whispered,

"What is the matter with everybody's head?"

We shall never forget the fearful change that came over that once jocund and beaming countenance, as in sepulchral tones he said,

"We've got the *mal du tête!* The knife will fall to-morrow—we're holding our heads on to keep them from falling now! Pray for the dead!"

A ray of intelligence struck us at once, and we both—smiled.

Toujours Gai!

Heaven be thanked that there are some quasi-poets who are not steeped to the lips in a sublime and preposterous despair! It is quite refreshing to find one "jolly dog" who looks upon life through a *couleur de rose* medium. He informs us that the following lines are after Beranger. He is right; they are after the style of that great poet, but so far after that they'll never catch up with it:

Toujours Gai!

Toujours gai is still my cry—
Life has lost no sunshine yet;
Sorrow has not dimmed my eye—
Beauty's bright star has not set.
Toujours gai—though very ill,
I am blithe and happy still.

Toujours gai, though youth is gone,
On Hope's altar burns a fire;
And the love of my sweet one
Will not let the flame expire.
Toujours gai is still my cry—
Gay I'll live and happy die!

Toujours gai, though hoary age
Grasps me now with heavy hand;
Bright is still life's closing page—
Round me smile a cherub band.
Toujours gai with latest breath—
Gay through life makes happy death.

Beadle's Dime Books.

We have received another batch of the wonderfully cheap and excellent works published by BEADLE & Co., 141 William street, New York. They are the "Dime Chess Instructor," "Book of Cricket," "Base-Ball Player," "Guide to Swimming," "Florida, or the Iron Will," a novel by Mrs. Denison, and "General Anthony Wayne, the Hero of Two Wars," by G. J. Victor. They are all published at ten cents each, in convenient form, with clear type, good ink and paper. Excessive cheapness has given to the publications of this house an immense sale all over the country. The liberal enterprise of the proprietors fully deserves this gratifying result.

Bruno Wollenhaupt's First Grand Concert.

The first grand concert of this admirable violinist takes place at Irving Hall on Saturday evening, April 6th. The programme is one of unusual attraction, and will meet with the approval of all lovers of fine music. The large orchestra will perform, under the direction of Carl Bergmann, Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 and Weber's Overture to Oberon. Some arias by Mr. Centemeri will relieve the instrumental pieces. Bruno Wollenhaupt will perform Vieuxtemps' Grand Concerto in E major, Ernst's "Airs Hongroise," and an exquisite piece of his own composition on Felician David's "Les Hirondelles." We can promise our friends one of the richest musical treats of the season. It will be brilliantly attended, for the majority of our best families have taken an earnest interest in this greatly gifted young artist, and over a thousand tickets are already sold. We have no doubt that the public verdict will fully sustain the opinion we recently expressed of his wonderful mastery over every difficulty and every beauty of the violin. No one who can go should fail to be present.

Another Visit from the Italian Singing Birds.

On Monday evening, the 8th inst., we are to welcome back again to the Academy of Music the associated artists, Madame Colson, the Misses Hinckley and Kellogg, Brignoli, Ferri, Susini, &c., under the conductorship of Signor Muzio. The first opera given will be "Un Ballo in Maschera," with the same excellent cast which gained it so great a success a short time since. We hope to see the whole musical world turn out to give the welcome visitors a hearty and substantial greeting. The persevering faithfulness which has kept this excellent operatic commonwealth so long together is worthy of all praise and every possible encouragement. Let us hope that they may prolong their stay beyond the brief period stated in their announcement. To insure this all must be liberal with their dollars.

Gottschalk is Coming Back.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Gottschalk will be here in a few days and will perform again in public. The last time he was here he gave over twenty concerts, in close succession, to overflowing audiences. His reappearance will renew the old furore and crowd his concerts night after night. He is the most original of all our pianists; he is like no other player, and being so great in himself his charm is irresistible. We are indebted to Max Strakosch for this visit; we shall reap the delight, and he will surely gain a rich harvest of profit. Miss Carlotta Patti will be the vocalist of these concerts. We do not care how soon they begin.

DRAMA.

NIBLO'S.—On Friday of last week, and Monday of this, Mr. Forrest performed, for the first time during this engagement, his great part of "Virginius." As a matter of course, the house was crowded on each occasion, to witness this masterly performance. Nixon's Circus occupies the off-nights with great success. It is the best equestrian company we have had for many years. It is said that Mr. Nixon will probably be the lessee of this theatre for the next three years. He will prove an energetic manager.

WINTER GARDEN.—The week was signalised at this house by a new play and a new actor. The title of the first, "The Babes in the Wood;" the name of the latter, Mr. J. S. Clarke. Both were mildly successful. The comedy, which is by Tom Taylor, was only saved from failure in London by the capital acting of Mr. Buckstone as Mr. Beetle. In New York, we think it owes a similar piece of good fortune to Mrs. Chanfrau as Mrs. Beetle, and Miss Clifton as Lady Blanche Rushton. As for Mr. Clarke, he is a rather agreeable actor with a pleasant countenance, and quiet but unconventional style. We should presume that he would prove quite an acquisition to a metropolitan company. We must, in justice add, that the house was crowded to excess on the night of Mr. Clarke's debut, and he was received with great applause.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Mr. Wilkins's capital comedy retains possession of the stage at this house. Our artist has transferred one of the most telling scenes to our columns.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—This favorite temple of amusement is now in full holiday blast, Mr. Barnum having recalled from Philadelphia his army of curiosities lately stationed there, to give an additional pleasure to his myriad visitors. The drama of "Ruth Oakley" has been a great success. The Grizzly Bears of that famous old hunter Adams are also part of the attractions, which are far too numerous to recapitulate.

FASHION IN 1730.—At the time I mention hoops were constantly worn four and a half yards wide, which required much silk to cover them, and gold and silver were much used for trimming, never less than three rows round the petticoat, so that, though the silk was slight, the price was increased by the trimming. Then the heads were all dressed in laces from Flanders, no blondes or coarse edging used; the price of these was high, but two suits would serve for life; they were not renewed but at marriage or some great event. Who could not afford these wore fringes of thread. In those days the ladies went to church and appeared on other public occasions in full dress. A row of them so rigged out, taking a place in the procession at the opening of the General Assembly, used to be spoken of by old people as a fine show. When a lady appeared in undress in the streets of Edinburgh, she generally wore a mask, which, however, seems to have been regarded as simply an equivalent for the veil of modern times.

HAS art any nationality? And do the Muses speak in any favored language in preference to the rest? Deviating in this from civilized Europe, the Poles have plunged boldly into the question, and answered it in the affirmative. A week ago, Herr Dreyschock, the famous pianist, advertised a concert at Warsaw. The name being German, the *salle*, as a matter of course, presented a beggarly show of empty benches. On the day following a paragraph appeared in the papers, stating that the great *virtuoso* derived his extraction from Czechian ancestors, who, it was added, originally gloried in the Sclavonian appellation of Trzykopa, but, owing to the abject spirit of one of the race, had had it changed. That same evening the hall witnessed a crowded audience. Trzykopa had filled the pocket of Dreyschock. Long live Trzykopa!

NOW that Scribe is no more, several matters known only to a few are more generally talked of. His marriage took place late in life (age fifty-seven), and was quite as dramatic as any in his multifarious stage imaginings. Calling one day at his notary's office, a lady in deep sorrow was going out from the establishment, her grief being so poignant that he had the curiosity to ask about her, and was informed that her husband was on the verge of bankruptcy, not being able to meet liabilities unexpected and unforeseen. Scribe asked what amount would stave off the misfortune, and being told 50,000f., left orders to have that sum advanced on the husband's note at a year's date. The year had not elapsed before a second meeting occurred at the same office, when Scribe remarked that the lady was in deep mourning. The husband was dead. The same lady was to be seen in the church of St. Roch once more in widow's weeds, on Friday week. She was Madame Scribe.

THE popular air of "Dixie's Land" is the composition of the late Stephen Forster, of Pittsburg, Penn.

IT is a curious fact that the sale of *Punch* is immensely greater in Glasgow than in any other city in the kingdom, London excepted—affording a good set-off to Sydney Smith's dictum, that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head.

LIGHTHOUSE IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Charleston Lighthouse is situated on Morris Island, and on the west side of the ship channel into Charleston harbor—in latitude north 32.41.55, longitude 79.52.29. It has a fixed light, which can be seen a distance of twenty nautical miles. It is one hundred and ten feet from the base to the focal plane, and one hundred and thirty-three feet above the level of the sea. It was built in 1857.

VISIT OF COLONEL LAMON,

Special Messenger of President Lincoln, to Major Anderson at Fort Sumpter.

In connection with the recent visit of Colonel Lamon to Major Anderson, on a special mission from the President, the following facts connected with his journey cannot fail to be interesting.

Colonel Lamon reached Charleston on Sunday morning, and booked himself as "Ward H. Lamon, of Virginia." He did this because he ascertained that he could not reach Fort Sumpter without a permit from Governor Pickens, and could not see the Governor until Monday morning, and in order not to make himself a target for the curious for twenty-four hours, as he would have done had he announced himself from any other State. He was not annoyed until Monday morning, when a delegation of Charlestonians called upon him, and inquired if his name was Lamon. He replied, "Yes, my name is Ward H. Lamon." They asked him if he was a friend of President Lincoln. He replied that he was. He was then asked if he had any objection to tell them the object of his mission. He said he had objection, and added that he had important business with Governor Pickens, with whom he was soon to have an interview, and if the Governor wished to state to them the result of the same he could do so.

This put a stop to questions; but a strict watch was kept upon the Colonel, as if he was some infernal machine that had been thrown suddenly in their midst to destroy them. No insult was offered to him, however, but thousands of the Charlestonians assembled to gaze upon the representative and friend of "Old Abe," all wondering whether he was the messenger of peace or war.

Colonel Lamon soon obtained an interview with Governor Pickens, and informed the Governor that he was bearer of despatches from President Lincoln to Major Anderson, and he wished to be allowed facilities to reach the fort. Governor Pickens treated Colonel Lamon with great courtesy, and promptly informed him that he should have a steamer in which to proceed to the fort, and immediately detailed Colonel Duryea, one of the Governor's staff, to accompany him. The Governor also assured Colonel Lamon that he would issue orders to the Mayor of the city, to see to it that he had safe conduct through the city during his stay.

Accordingly, everything was provided as indicated, and the fort was reached. Colonel Lamon invited Colonel Duryea to accompany him into the fort, where he was introduced to Major Anderson and the other officers in Fort Sumpter. Colonel Lamon and Major Anderson then left Colonel Duryea to be entertained by the other officers, and proceeded to private quarters, where an interview of several hours was had; the result of which has been reported to the President. Our sketch represents the landing of Colonel Lamon and Colonel Duryea at the fort, and their reception by the gallant Commander.

An old Dutchman, who some years ago was elected a member of the American Legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Ven I vent to the legislatur I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pick fools dere as I was."

Lighthouse in Charleston Harbor.

NEGROES HUNTING THE WATER MOCCASIN SNAKE

On the Ashley River, near Charleston.

We give a very spirited sketch of one of the favorite amusements of the negroes in their leisure hours, and which is attended with considerable danger. The moccasin snakes are found in the swamps and underbrush of South Carolina, and vary in length, the largest being about eight feet long. They are very venomous, and frequently turn upon their pursuers. The common method is for half a dozen or more negroes to arm themselves with long sticks, sharpened at the end, or else pointed with a nail. Sometimes their hunters take guns and fire at them, but the sharp-pointed spear is more generally their weapon. This they sometimes dart at them as harpoons. The moccasin snakes are generally found stretched at full length on the grass and basking in the sun, from which *dolce far niente* they are roused by the insertion of a spear, or the entrance of a load of shot. Our Artist, who has frequently watched the swarthy assailers of the slimy race, says that the scenery where these reptiles abound is very beautiful, and thoroughly tropical. Towering over the cactus, Spanish bayonet, tall grass and other rank vegetation is the palmetto, giving a finish to the picture which only an artist's eye can appreciate.

LEWIS P. CLOVER.

As most of those who were actively and personally engaged in the struggle for our country's liberty have passed away from the busy scene of life, simple justice and gratitude require that we should not be unmindful of the existence of the few who survive.

Lewis P. Clover was born in Morris county, New Jersey, in 1790. At the early age of thirteen years he was sent to reside with a relative in the city of New York. Fond of reading, in which he freely indulged, a spirit of adventure took possession of his youthful fancy. When the war of 1812 was declared, our hero took an active part, and offered his services to a ship fitting out for a cruise in the Indian Ocean. The vessel made a quick passage out, and after several rich captures of Indiamen, most of which were retaken, disabled by a terrific gale, which lasted several days, and being weakened by the distribution of her men on board the prizes, she fell an easy prey to a line of battle-ship which hove in sight as the gale abated.

The vessel was taken to Calcutta, and the crew immured in Castle William, one of the strongest fortresses in Hindostan. Here he remained a prisoner of war for several months, until the authorities could find an opportunity to send him to England. Placed with others on board the Lord Wellington, Mr. Clover succeeded, on her arrival at Gravesend, in effecting his escape, and made his way to London, with the hope of being able to reach his own country. He was, however, recaptured and confined on board the loathsome prisonship Irresistible, and eventually taken to Dartmoor prison, where he remained until the close of the war. The dreadful massacre of American prisoners, which took place during his confinement, and of which he was an eye-witness, is graphically described in one of a series of articles written by him, and published in a magazine, from which we extract the following account of that melancholy event:

"On the 6th day of April, 1815, the sun broke forth with unusual splendor. A warm, gentle breeze dispersed the heavy pall of vapor which had enveloped the place during the winter, and it appeared as though all nature smiled to make glad the heart of the poor captive. All the day the yard was thronged, and faces were lighted up with joy, hope and peace, that had long been worn and furrowed with care. The sick and feeble came forth to enjoy the air; the hale and strong were there; the youth of fourteen, and the gray-headed man of sixty were there; some amusing themselves at various games, some wrestling, some walking and meditating upon their homes, wives, children and friends, whom they hoped soon to see, after a separation of many years. Tears filled their eyes, and sobs choked their utterance, as they conversed together upon their anticipated happiness. The day was spent as in a happy dream. Late in the afternoon a small party was engaged in a game of ball, in the upper part

Colonel Lamon, escorted by Col. Duryea, landing at Fort Sumpter with a flag of truce, to have an interview with Major Anderson.—From a sketch by our special artist now in Charleston.

NEGROES HUNTING THE MOCCASIN SNAKE ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY GRANVILLE PERKINS, ESQ.

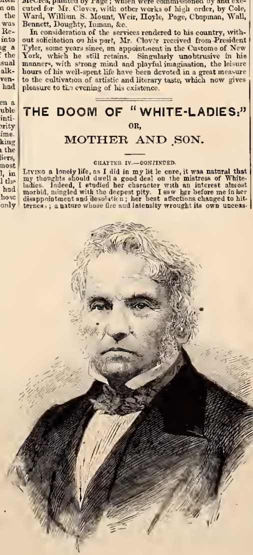
of the yards of prisons Nos. 5, 6, and 7, and near the wall separating them from the soldiers' quarters. During their play the ball was sometimes knocked over the wall, and was as often thrown back by some one of the guard who was not then on duty. At length, becoming tired of returning the ball, the amusement was at an end. They then threatened if the ball was not returned, that they would break through and get it. Receiving no answer, they proceeded at once to put their threat into execution, and with their knives soon succeeded in making a small breach. By this time it was nearly dark, and most of the prisoners had retired to their quarters, it being about their usual supper-time, a few remaining in the lower part of the yard, walking and conversing together, enjoying the tranquillity of the evening, and some dozen or two continuing around the hole that had been made in the wall.

"I was within the building, standing by a window, when a person who had just come in observed, 'There will be trouble soon, caused by that break in the wall.' This was the first intimation conveyed of the occurrence; myself and a large majority of the prisoners were totally ignorant of it up to this time. While conversing we heard the report of firearms, and looking out we beheld the walls lined with soldiers, and down in the yard saw the prisoners closely pursued by a platoon of soldiers, at a charge speed, led on by Shortland. All was in the utmost confusion. It was discovered that the monster Shortland, in order to make surety doubly sure, had, unobserved, closed all the doors but one of each prison. The long-threatened storm had burst upon them in all its fury. On the first alarm many of those within rushed out to learn the cause, by which means the only entrance was for a time blocked up; and those outside, finding escape cut off at the closed doors, hastened to that which was open, closely pursued by the soldiers, who used their bayonets without mercy; they suffered severely at the same time from a cross fire from those stationed on the walls. The scene now baffled description. The fugitives, in their haste to get under shelter, were met by those coming out, by which means they were for a time exposed to the balls and bayonets of Shortland and his mercenaries. At length they all got in, dragging with them, at the same time, several of the killed and wounded of their comrades. The door was then closed and secured, and Shortland and his heroes retired. It would be impossible to give a correct description of the scene which now presented itself. On the floor, opposite where I messed, lay a handsome youth about fifteen years of age, stiff and cold as marble, pierced through the heart by a bayonet. A few yards further on lay another; a ball had entered his forehead and passed out at the back of his head. I examined the spot the next morning, and saw part of his brains, which had been dashed against the wall, nearly opposite the prison door. Among the wounded who were brought in by their comrades was one with a wound in his shoulder; another with his thigh broken; another had a most miraculous escape with his life—a musket ball had passed through his mouth, from side to side, taking out nearly the whole of his teeth. I saw him after he had got well; he could take no food except with a spoon. It was several days before the full extent of the mischief was known, when it was ascertained that the killed numbered over sixty, and about an equal number wounded."

From the time of his coming to New York at the age of thirteen years, with the exception of the period he was abroad, Mr. Clover has been a resident of this city, universally respected. The Rev. L. P. Clover, Rector of the Episcopal Church in Springfield, Illinois, and an artist somewhat distinguished, and Judge Clover, of St. Louis, are sons of this gentleman.

Himself an amateur artist of merit, Mr. Clover's private collection of paintings, sold some years since, will be remembered as unsurpassed by any collection of the same size in the country. Among the pictures were the Capture of Major André, by Durand, afterwards purchased by James K. Paulding; a full-length cabinet portrait of Col. John Trumbull, by Twibill; full-length portrait of Henry Clay, by George Linen; the Murder of Miss McCrea, painted by Page; which were commissioned by and executed for Mr. Clover, with other works of high order, by Cole, Ward, William S. Mount, Weir, Hoyle, Page, Chapman, Wall, Bennett, Doughty, Inman, &c.

In consideration of the services rendered to his country, without solicitation on his part, Mr. Clover received from President Tyler, some years since, an appointment in the Customs of New York, which he still retains. Singularly unobtrusive in his manners, with strong mind and playful imagination, the leisure hours of his well-spent life have been devoted in a great measure to the cultivation of artistic and literary taste, which now gives pleasure to the evening of his existence.



LEWIS P. CLOVER, ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE DARTMOOR PRISON

THE DOOM OF "WHITE-LADIES:"

OR,

MOTHER AND SON.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

LIVING a lonely life, as I did in my little cure, it was natural that my thoughts should dwell a good deal on the mistress of White-ladies. Indeed, I studied her character with an interest almost morbid, mingled with the deepest pity. I saw her before me in her disappointment and desolation; her best affections changed to bitterness; a nature whose fire and intensity wrought its own unceasing torture. Surely love must be still alive, I thought, to cause so much suffering. The heart bled daily in rebel strife against that will of iron. Who could tell?—a memory, a word perhaps—just the right chord struck might give it mastery once and for ever. Ay, the right chord struck; but how was that to be done? One could but grope blindly after it with uncertain fingers. A direct appeal I felt, would be just laying a blister on an angry wound; but perhaps some way might be found to touch my lady's heart.

Possessed with this notion, though I kept it to myself, when I went up to London that spring I begged Rose to let me carry off her eldest boy. He was then a fine little fellow, rising five, but sadly pale and thin from the scarlet fever; and his mother agreed with me that it would do him a world of good to run loose in country air for a few weeks, under the charge of Mrs. Martin—that most careful of women and housekeepers.

"She must be touched—she must be touched!" I said to myself, the Sunday after my return with little Harry, as I slily watched him from my reading-desk, perched up on a hassock by Mrs. Martin's side. There the child stood, his dark locks clustering round his face, the face so like her son's—so like her own, joining in the psalm with all his might, and looking full at the great pew with those large wide open eyes, his fancy completely caught by its decorations of carved monster heads and griffins' claws.

That evening, as, sitting in my study, I saw Christian coming across the fields to the Parsonage, my heart beat all the quicker. I sat there expecting him to burst in upon me with important tidings—the least being that my lady had sent for her grandson. My quick fancy pictured the reconciliation; the fatted calf killed at White-ladies, though, Heaven knows, my poor Harry had been no prodigal; Rose, now sadly faded, bright and blooming again; the joyous faces of children, and their pattering feet about the dim old house. "Ay, the people here will want to ring the bells, no doubt; and so they shall," I caught myself saying, half aloud. But why did Christian stay so long? In my impatience I rose, and opened the study-door. Just then Sally Martin's voice, raised in indignation, came from the kitchen across the little brick-paved hall.

"You don't mean," she was saying—"you don't mean that my lady hasn't said so much as a word about him; and he her own flesh and blood: pretty dear! What hard hearts your fine quality folk must have! She never looked twice at him at church; nor took a bit of notice, no more than if he 'ad been one of the Sunday-school lads."

"My lady did see him, though," Christian returned; "she hasn't touched a bit of dinner, and looks like a ghost this afternoon; just as she does whenever a letter comes from Master Harry, for all she sends them back without so much as breaking the seal. It isn't my lady's fault; mind that, Mrs. Martin; it's all that wicked house. What I say is this: Let them as don't believe in ghostes bide at White-ladies one winter."

Here Christian's voice dropped to a low growl, in which "rattling chains"—"rustlings"—"something white in the avenue"—were the only words to be distinguished. At last it rose again:

"Now I must be going, Mrs. Martin. I couldn't help just coming down to have a look at Master Harry's boy—God bless him! No, thank you, no more beer; it doesn't suit my constitution."

Away went the old man, and with him all my hopes and fancies. I think Mrs. Martin was wroth at the slight put upon her small-beer, a marvellously washy and vinegarish brew. "What are you standing there with your mouth wide open for, Betsy?" I heard her say sharply enough to her help, a girl out of the village. "Maybe you believe all Master Christian's stories. Folks that go down of evenings to the Royal George, as he does, are like to see strange sights when they come back. I've been at all times and hours at the old house, and never saw anything there worse than myself."

One more attempt I made to reach Lady Marsden's heart. And let those despise the effort who cannot understand all it cost. I actually preached a sermon at the mistress of White-ladies. Not a sermon upon the duty of forgiveness: there was not a sentence in it, for I weighed them all carefully, that she should say was levelled at her. But taking for my text that beautiful promise of Jehovah to his people, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," I found occasion to dwell upon the wonderful tenderness which God has implanted in the mother's heart; a tenderness so pure, so deep, so lasting, that He chose this among all human feelings as the best interpreter of His eternal loving-kindness towards His creatures. Thus I fashioned my discourse; and wove in here and there, like a golden thread, some word or fragment out of those old letters; not so that she could recognize them, but

that they might come to her like a perfume from the former happy times.

More than twenty years have passed since I preached that sermon, but the whole scene comes before me now as vivid as a memory of yesterday. I see the little whitewashed church, its door wide open, the sunshine lying on the graves outside. The summer air: a hushed voice from the sea came to me in the pulpit. I feel that shiver run all down my spine as I give out the text; my face is burning; my hands are damp and cold. I look at my congregation, men and women; the singers in the gallery through a mist—they seem a long way off, and show like figures in a dream. Only straight before my eyes, though I never once turn them that way, is one clear sharp photograph—the great pew with its single inmate. I see that tall figure in its perpetual mourning; the white hair a strange contrast to those raven eyebrows. The face so full of pride, with the weary yearning look upon it I have come to know so well; those eyes which burn, but have no tears, seem to pierce through me while I speak. I hear the beating of my heart; the tremor in my voice as I preach my sermon. But as I went on there fell upon me a strong sudden consciousness, like a flash of light, of the place where I stood—of Him whose minister I was. The vision between me and my people vanished; I saw them listening with a fixed attention far beyond their wont. And, somehow, seeing this, I preached no longer; I forgot my carefully-written discourse; I spoke to them out of my own heart; I felt my words go straight to theirs. The strong pure Saxon—simple images taken from their simple daily life—came ready to my lips that day. The carved pew might never have been in the church at all, so completely had I forgotten it, when, towards the end of my sermon, chancing to look that way, I caught Lady Marsden's eye, where she sat unmoved, cold, and still as those effigies of her ancestors lying in the chancel. At this sight a sudden chill struck back upon my heart, my voice faltered, the words froze upon my lips; I felt that I must give the blessing abruptly, and thus end at once.

A weary, dejected man sat in the parson's study next morning. To tell the truth, the Rev. Arthur Arnott was on the worst terms possible with himself. How could I ever have fancied that a few poor words of mine could reach a malady so deeply rooted? My folly had been as presumptuous as that of those old surgeons who muttered spells over a cancer. Why had I gone out of my way to no purpose? I asked myself. I was there to teach the people of Hartford their duty as I best could. Why had I not preached against smuggling and drunkenness—the two great temptations of my coast parishioners? Why had I not? Ah! even then the answer was on the threshold of my door. Mrs. Martin burst in without knocking, that stolid face of hers alive with some great news.

"Oh! sir" cried the woman, "you'll be so glad to hear it; for all my sister Lee swore last autumn that poor Jane should never see her face again, she's got a horse and cart this morning, and gone off to seek her; and she says she'll bring her back without one hard word. She will have it that the morning's sermon yesterday was for her: to be sure there wasn't anything about forgiving Jane in it; but for all that she told me she felt, while she was sitting in church, that if she had a lap of gold she would give it freely only to see Jane, and to be the mother to her that she always was."

I rejoiced with my housekeeper. I was quite willing, too, that the village should think my sermon intended to teach Widow Lee her duty towards her daughter, a pretty, careless young thing, who had been led astray while in service at Exeter. Oh! ye who sow in tears, leave to the all-wise husbandman where and how the harvest shall be reaped!

CHAPTER V.

During the September of that year a very great event came off in our family—nothing short of a double wedding: my twin sisters, Agatha and Margaret, took it into their heads to be married on the same day. Fancy, if you can, the trial to a nervous clergyman. I declare my first sermon preached before the bishop was a trifle compared to it. The two brides, "twin cherries on one stalk," so exactly alike that their own mother could hardly tell one from the other, were to be dressed just the same—veils, wreaths, and all. In vain did I protest and expostulate; I even went so far as to declare I would not perform the ceremony; I felt as if it would be impossible to go through the service without making some dreadful mistake. My father took my part, but the women-folk of the family thought they had a right to rule on such occasions, and held their ground. I was coaxed into submission at last, and gave in upon my mother's promise to tie a blue ribbon on Agatha's left wrist before she went to church. Had it not been for some such precaution, I believe, to this day, that the wrong bridegroom would have been married to the wrong bride. This great trial fairly over, and no disastrous mistake made, I had a happy, happy time of it at home. It came to an end all too soon, for the friend who had taken my duty for me being unexpectedly called away after the first week, I could only take a clergyman's fortnight—that is to say, from the Monday to the Saturday week.

No doubt it is a dreadful thing that a clergyman should own to wanting a longer holiday, and that he by no means enjoyed the prospects of going back to his parish a week earlier than he had fixed; but, put a hundred black coats upon human nature instead of one, and you shall find it very much the same through them all. Mine rebelled sorely at the change from the sunny home-atmosphere to my gray lonely life at Hartford. Moreover—why should I keep back any secrets?—there was a certain far-away cousin of ours staying at my father's house. She came down from her home among the Yorkshire moors, to be one of the bridesmaids, and so I saw her for the first time. A bonny girl was Lucy Stratton. She had caught, and carried about with her all the freshness and bloom of her native heather at sunrise. When I add that Lucy Stratton had been for many years the Lucy Arnott of my fireside—the *placens uxor*, who loves, honors, and does not obey—my readers will not think it strange that I was vexed to find my holiday cut short.

It was no use grumbling; return I must; so Saturday evening saw me back at the parsonage. I sat by the fire, watching my housekeeper bring in my single cup-and-saucer, with all the preparations for tea on the same scale, and went into a fit of disgust. Could any living creature, who was not a wild animal, enjoy a solitary meal?

"Anybody been, Martin?"

I put the question as people do when they say to themselves, while they ask it, "Of course not: who ever comes here?"

"No one in particular, sir," was the reply. "You see everybody knowed you was away. Bet Scarf has been begging as usual—that woman must think we're made, at the parsonage, of shillings and old clothes and bits of broken victuals; and yesterday Nan Frost came, crying like mad. That idle big boy of hers has gone and 'listed for a soldier. All the better, I told her: it'll be a good thing for him, and a good riddance for Hartford."

Here Mrs. Martin rattled my tea-things as if they had been a service for a dozen people. She knew I had a sneaking kindness for the bold half-gipsy boy, who was, indeed, an Ishmael in his native village. My housekeeper was right; he had done the best possible thing for himself and every one concerned for him. So I had occasion to think only the other day, when Sergeant Frost came to see me—a bronzed, fine-looking man, proud to show his Crimean medals, proud to fight his battles o'er again by my study fire.

Martin went on: "My sister Lee, sir, is a joyful woman. Jane was sent for to White-ladies last week, and she's pleased my lady so well that she's to go with her into foreign parts. Poor Jane will be quite set up in the world again when she comes back. It's quite true, sir, what folks was saying before you went away; that my lady is going abroad somewhere, and Christian and his wife are to keep the house. Dear! that reminds me, Christian has been twice up here to-day, to know if you were back."

"Christian! Was there anything the matter at White-ladies?"

Not as I could rightly make out, sir. He said my lady was well; but he spoke short and gruff, and had a down-hearted look with him. Bless me!" she set the loaf down—"there, he is coming across the fields again. Your tea is quite ready, sir, and the bit o' meat nice and hot. Shall Christian send in his message, or wait till you ring to have the things taken away?"

"By no means; I would see him at once."

The old man came in. I asked him to sit down; but he stood at the door, twirling his hat round with his fingers. He seemed to want to say something without well knowing how to begin; so, by way of an opening, I asked,

"Well, Christian, has Lady Marsden sent you with a message?"

He shook his head.

"No, sir; she doesn't guess that I'm here to-night." He drew nearer, and lowered his voice to a whisper: I couldn't rest without coming. Oh, sir! my lady's going quite away—I don't know exact where, but a long way—quite to the other end of the world; and my mind misgives me somehow, that she never means to come back any more. She's had one of them lawyer-folks down from London, and he took away with him a heap of papers in a box. I know one thing; that the house is to be shut up, and me and my wife are to keep it as long as we live. I should have written myself to Master Harry, but I didn't know rightly where a letter might find him. You'll do it best, sir, now you're come back. He must come down here, and try to get a sight of my lady. I'm afraid she won't see him; but, Mr. Arnott, something tells me it's his last chance, and he must try it. My lady goes away on Saturday, this day week; so there's no time to lose."

Christian had spoken with broken voice and glistening eyes. I felt mine grow moist, as now I saw him fairly sobbing behind his blue cotton handkerchief.

"Do you think——?" I began, but I stopped short; I did not like to question the old servant.

He caught at my meaning.

"No sir," he replied, solemnly; "my lady has no more forgot Master Harry than she forgot him when he was a babe on her knee. It's my belief he's mostly in her thoughts, and will be to her death. Ay, Mr. Arnott, it's easy for folks to think why doesn't she forget and forgive all, but it's just the family nature—they can't do it. I lived with her father; he was the same—never would hear a word about my lady, nor give an answer to any of her letters; but, for all that, he kept the bits of playthings she had when she was a little girl; and I believe many's the tear he dropped over them. Why, when he lay dying, her name was the last words on his lips. And there's my lady—my heart aches for her, to think how lonesome and miserable she is. When she hasn't company she'll sit all day alone in the turret chamber, and has her bed in the room across the landing, so she's quite cut away from the whole house; she won't even have her maid sleep near her. Sometimes when I wake up at night I have thought, maybe my lady is ill, and not a soul within call. Then I can't rest till I've crept down, and across the hall, to the foot of the staircase; and many's the time I've heard her walking up and down, moaning and crying like. Oh, sir! I often think I would not have all she carries in her heart in mine, to own all her money and grandeur, though the people down the village do say my lady's next to the queen, and might go about all day long with a gold crown on her head if she liked."

I was a great deal too much touched by what Christian had said, to smile at his simplicity. I thought he was going now; but, instead, he came up close to the table, and spread out upon it before me a greasy, worn five-pound note.

Then hurrying back to the door, he stood with his hand on the latch ready for escape if I should attempt to force it back upon him.

"When you write to Master Harry to come, please put that in, sir. I've reckoned it will cost him as much as that, and my mind misgives me that he'll have nothing but the journey for his pains."

"But, Christian——" I took up the money.

"No, indeed, sir," he interrupted, in answer to my gesture, "I can't take it back again. Say you've given it to him yourself—anything; or, Mr. Arnott, would you mind saying it was from a friend you couldn't name; and that at any time if he wants money bad, there's more where that came from. Nay, it'll all be his some day, what little there is of it. I know folks say I'm a skin flint; but if I scrape and save, it's all for Master Harry. Only just enough to keep my old woman from the parish—please God to take me first—and he shall have all beside; nay, he may have it now any day if he likes."

The old man stood erect; a light came into his face and eyes as he told the one pleasant secret of his life. I looked at him with amazement while he spoke. This man I had held so cheaply—mean, grasping, selfish, not over-sober, not over-honest; I saw him transformed before me into a hero of loyal devotion. Thank God for all the hidden good He has put into our human nature!

As Christian had said, there was no time to be lost. Our country post had gone for that day, but I wrote the first thing next morning, and Harry reached my house on Wednesday. Let me spare my readers all the vain attempts he made to see his mother. She was inexorable—visit, letter, message were equally refused. Towards the evening of the next day he was so completely prostrate, both in mind and body, that I persuaded him to lie down. He did so under my promise that I would go to White-ladies myself, see Lady Marsden, if this were possible, and bring a message of some sort from her to him. So I set forth on my errand with a heavy heart, pondering all my way across the fields what sort of an appeal I should make.

Christian met me at the door.

"Oh, sir! it's no manner of use," he said, sorrowfully; "but as my lady hasn't said any thing about not letting you in, you'd best come up straight after me."

In obedience to this suggestion, I followed the old man close up the staircase. He opened a door, announced me, and I stood at once in Lady Marsden's presence. Partly, perhaps, that I had come in out of the western sunshine, the apartment struck me at that instant with a gloom and chill; partly, too, that my eye was not prepared for the contrast between the elegant furniture of the reception rooms, and that of this favorite sitting-room. Here every object—the black oak panelling; the heavy crimson hangings, dim with age; the old-fashioned furniture, so square and formal in design; the worn Turkey carpet; the faded needlework on the chairs, showed one and all like details of some picture painted in the darkest tones. Bright flowers, music, perfume—all that brings light and ornament into life, would, had they been there at all, have seemed strangely out of place; but in this room everything was in keeping, as perfect as it was melancholy. Even its sole ornament, the group of heavy-headed dahlias on the table, only served, with its sombre colors, to add another point of gloom. Every object which the eye took in seemed as if it could tell its own story of the mourning, and the weary pacing to and fro; and even now that restless grief had its interpreter, where, through the casement by which my lady was sitting, there came the wailing of the sea—those old dreary whispers among the elms.

She half rose on my entrance, and motioned me to the chair which Christian had set; then turning her eyes again to the black shadows gathering over the sea, on which her gaze had been fixed, she seemed to wait my errand. That she knew why I was there I felt certain, so I spoke without preface or preamble. What I said I do not remember now; certainly not half of all I had intended to urge as I came along. I spoke briefly and faithfully to her. I dwelt upon her son's unextinguished affection, and, finally, I conjured her, by the love she had borne him once, at least, to return him some message. Always looking over the sea, her gaze lost in those heavy shadows, Lady Marsden spoke when I ceased speaking. She did not appear to reply to me: I thought she was only repeating some lesson she had gone over day after day to herself.

"His choice was free," she said. "It lay between his mother and that girl, who sought him for her own advantage. He chose her and rejected me: what amends can he make now if he would? Can he break off his marriage? can he put back into my life one hope he has taken out of it? No! it is past—his way and mine lie far apart: let it be so to the end."

How could I answer these unjust words? While I was thinking she turned suddenly upon me—a cold, hard gray in her face, like the gray of a rock; a stillness about her mouth and eyes which I never saw on any other living face—the stillness of an agony which had overpast the whirlwind and the storm.

"Go back," she spoke, in a clear resolute voice—"go back and tell your friend"—she would not even say "my son"—"all that I have done. I have made my will, and the boy who was down here in the spring is my heir: and tell him, mind, that the child does not come into the property till he shall be thirty years of age. Say that I am returning to the Cape. I have nothing in England; there, at least, is my husband's grave. My punishment is just: I let him sacrifice his life—and for what?"

Her voice seemed to choke, but she spoke again: "Let him remember, when he is poor and wants, that his suffering is light to all he has brought on me. Have I not hungered and thirsted all those years? have I not——"

Her voice did not quaver nor break; it ceased at once, passed into the awful stillness of her face: the lips closed, white and rigid over the sentence just begun, like lips that shall never speak again. She rose abruptly, went into the room opposite, and locked herself in.

I remained standing where she had left me, as a man might do before whom had arisen a vision out of Florentine's Inferno. There was a terror in the sight of this mother, as inexorable to herself as to her son, of this nature whose light had become darkness, and how great was that darkness! Out of such a presence I could carry back no hope. Reconciliation seemed utterly impossible. Those two divided lives must run on each to its grave, and never meet—"Never! never!" I cried, bitterly—"Never! never!" the dreary whispers caught it up: "never! never!" echoed that wailing sea.

With my lady's face still before me, and her words ringing in my ears, I went down the staircase, and re-entered the hall.

What man, even more preoccupied than I was, but would have been spell bound by that marvelous play of light? Through some crimson panes in the western window a band of blood-red sunshine clove the hall in twain, and fell in fierce concentrated splendor upon the Holbein over the chimney piece. The dim armorials of the shield, its motto—only the one word, "Inébranlable"—shone out as distinct as if only painted yesterday. That was no picture: it was Ralph Verdan himself, who, starting from the wall mantled in blood and flame, appeared to defy the intruder, his right hand grasping his battle-axe, a cruel scorn upon his features. While I stood gazing the sun dropped down behind a cliff; the figure faded back into its frame; dark shadows swept across the hall. The house was silent as a grave. Afterwards I could remember how I had been half-conscious of an oppression in the air, a close, vapory odor, a sense of brooding heat. I was surprised to find, as I hurried from it, that the evening had become so chill.

I fain would have kept back Lady Marsden's cruel words from her son, but he would have them every one. Struck to the very soul by this last blow, he wrung my hand.

"Arthur! Arthur! I have not deserved it of her!" he said. He groaned aloud. "She is going, and I shall never see her face again. Oh, Arthur! to-night I could wish you had not saved me from the river!"

Poor Harry! I strove to give him comfort, though I could give no hope. We sat together hour after hour, for neither of us could have slept, and I thought it kindness not to leave him to himself. We talked of his wife, his children, his parish; touched a hundred topics, but dwelt on none. Nay, we went back to our old college-days; laughed over time-honored Oxford jokes; fought the bygone battles of the cricket-ground and boat-race; yet, let me try to cheat him of his suffering as I would, Marsden came back always to that one thought, "Going, and I shall never see her face again!" And thus the night wore on.

But listen! hark! We started to our feet. What cry has aroused the sleeping village? what mean those confused sounds, like the voice of some great terror; murmur, and din of shrieks, and going to and fro of hasty feet, whose tremor echoes that cry of "Fire! fire!"

Both springing to the window at once, we tore aside the curtains, flung the shutters back, and, merciful heavens! what a sight we saw. There, where the old house had frowned in the sunset, there rose masses of heavy smoke, of red and turbulent flame!

How we reached White-ladies I know not to this day; I only remember that Christian met us. The old man looked in Marsden's face; his glance a dreadful answer to the question we dared not ask.

"Six miles from the engine," he sobbed. "My lady! oh, my lady!" And with this he seemed as if he would throw himself into the flames, but the people held him back.

How, or how long the destroyer had broken loose, no one could ever tell. Unwatched, unsuspected, it had smoldered, and crept from beam to beam, till reaching some point where its fiery tongues came forth and lapped the air, it had burst out all at once into quenchless, resistless fury. One moment I looked up at the turret chamber. I turned sick, my eyes swam, my brain reeled, as I saw the white figure clinging to the window. Well might the fiery element exult over its one chosen victim, for what could rob it now of its prey? Was not all hope barred out by those narrow casements—escape forbidden by that gulf fast swallowing up the stairs—a gulf where roared and raged the flame?

I heard Marsden's voice—a hollow, soundless murmur, such as might come from a man trying to speak under a sudden deathblow; but the crowd caught it up: "Quick! quick! there is a staircase in the turret."

A dozen of us rushed forward; we knew the attempt was perilous, the effort vain; but was it not better than standing idly by, in sight of that great horror? Even women and children, eager with this feeling, pressed on, to be rudely pushed aside. The turret stood as if it had centuries still to stand, clasped by its ivies of a hundred years. To pluck these up, tear them away like fragile weeds, was but a minute's work, and so we came upon the door—a little, low, strong door; iron-bound and clamped into the solid masonry. It creaked, it shook to blows smote as those strong right hands had never smote before; but will it never give way? or too late, too late? A cry from the crowd comes to us; have they seen the death-glare light up those windows? Our sinews crack, our muscles strain, the sweat of agony is on every man's brow. O God of mercy! more help, more strength! Shock after shock from that living battering ram—the turret seems to reel before us—the door is beaten in.

And she whom we sought to rescue—she knew not our desperate efforts—she had no thought for herself, her peril, not even for her God. One moment, by the glare of her funeral fires, that face, so haggard, white and wan, had risen; and as men at the foot of the guillotine have taken note of the merest trifles, so then her eye remarked the threadbare coat, took in all the stamp which narrow means and narrow cares set upon a man. The years of poverty and suffering passed before her, and she, his mother, who had loved him—ay, loved him still beyond all words—it was she who had robbed him of his right and kept him from his inheritance. Like a thunderbolt fell the thought that the wrong she had done would not perish with her that night—when she lay a few calcined fragments, then that instrument of her lost revenge must take life and power. Full well she knew there was no flaw to make it worthless, that it was guarded with all formalities, made stringent by every jealous care. Would to God only that this cruel will were in her hand, that, casting it in the flames, she might follow gladly. But no, it was gone from her, utterly beyond her power: it could no more be revoked than a wrong done to the dead, or a curse from dying lips. The agony of that consciousness was too much: her hand unloosed its grasp, she sank down from the window to the floor, while we were groping up the staircase. We burst open the door in the wainscot easily; the smoke rolled out, the fires roared their loud welcome to the air as it rushed in. Marsden sprang forward alone: there was a pause: it seemed as if every heart among the bystanders stood still through those few moments of suspense. Neither cheer nor shout greeted him as he re-appeared with that figure in his arms—only one deep breath drawn by all as the breath of one man—a common sigh—almost a groan of unutterable relief. The crowd fell back; he bore her through them all, a little way apart. She had not fainted, as we thought at first. Opening her eyes, she fixed them on his face.

"Mother! my mother!"

"Oh, my son! my son!"

And at that cry—that Eureka of the heart, with crash, with uproar, and with utter ruin, the roof of the ancient house fell in!

THE END.

It is such a novelty to hear of any royal person being under any alarm on account of their spiritual welfare, that we are happy to record a bright exception in the case of the Empress Eugenie, who, it appears, is in a state of perpetual alarm as to where she will go to. Her mind is tottering. At one moment she is for setting out on a pilgrimage in the Holy Land, at another she is absorbed in all the mysteries of spirit rapping; then the Emperor finds her in a state of nervous affection, as if life were an absolute burden to her. The priests have told her that Providence has assigned to her a grand rôle. It was for this that she was rescued in that terrible hour of agony when it became a question whether the Cæsarian operation must not be performed, and it is for this she lives at the present hour. But the poor soul is fairly bewildered with all that is told her; and while she loves the Emperor and her little child with her whole strength, she is in doubt whether she ought not to desert both—throne and all—for the sake of the sacred Vicar of Christ.

The murders committed by the Russian authorities at Warsaw on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Grochow have deeply roused and irritated the Polish heart, and caused so much apprehension at St. Petersburg that General Zobalkoff, who ordered the firing, has been brought before a Court Martial; and Trefew, the Police Minister, has been dismissed. A thorough investigation into all the circumstances has been promised, and in the meantime men of the highest rank are busily engaged in preparing a memorial to the Emperor urging numerous reforms, and the recognition of nationality. The year 1861 will be one of peaceful reforms in Europe. The tyrants are cowed.

A Paris surgeon has lately performed a most remarkable operation on a soldier who was shot in the Crimea. The ball entered his brain, where it had been ever since till Dr. Lambali extracted it some short time since. The man is rapidly recovering.

Sir Charles Fellowes has bequeathed to the British Museum the watch formerly belonging to John Milton. There is considerable doubt whether the watch is the real Simon Pure.

Victor Hugo, having completed his great romance of "Les Misérables," demands £12,000 for the six volumes. Solar, the publisher of *La Presse*, offers £3,000 for the right to publish the work in the feuilleton form; another publisher offers £3,000 for the absolute property of the volumes, but the poet resists both inducements.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A man named Lewis Snowden, an engineer on the Bellefontaine and Indiana Railroad, was married on the 23d. A few minutes after the ceremony was performed a dispatch was received stating that Snowden was already married, having a wife and three children living in Pittsburg. The newly-made wife demanded that the matter be cleared up, and she and Snowden started for Pittsburg for that purpose, but before reaching that city he left the train and has not since been heard of. The injured woman continued to the end of the journey, and found all true as reported to her by telegraph.

Several young ladies, and young men in female apparel, residing in the neighborhood of Livermore, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, were recently taken before a magistrate, upon the complaint of a young man residing in the town, who alleged that the defendants, while returning from a prayer meeting, threw him down, and having daubed him with tar, applied feathers. The young ladies stated that he had made use of offensive language concerning them. The matter was arranged by the payment of a small fine and costs.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* relates that the pastor in one of the churches in that city recently became aware that a young man of his congregation was forming bad habits. Meeting the stray lamb one night in the streets with some dissolute companions, the reverend gentleman attempted to dissuade him from going further, but the rowdies in company objected, and one of them struck the parson. The fellow had reckoned without his host. In a moment the clergyman had thrown off his coat and "sailed in." A very brief space of time sufficed for him to "wax blazes" out of the crowd, and having accomplished the feat, he quietly resumed his coat, and with it his equanimity. He was not molested further, we presume. Whether he rescued the object of his anxiety from the possession of the party is not stated.

The Pittsburg *Post* of the 28th March exposes one of the most diabolical plots ever concocted to throw an Express train from the track of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, for the purpose of robbing the mails. It was discovered that divisions of the gang existed at Loudonville, Lakeville, Massillon, Mansfield, Bucyrus, Upper Sandusky, Crestline, Galion, Columbus, Cleveland, &c., and that they were bold and reckless men, fit for any crime. Also, that the parties suspected of the murder of Mr. Whitney, a respectable citizen of Loudonville, Ohio, who was brutally killed and robbed about four years ago, and of assaulting a brakeman on the railroad, were connected with the association. One of the principal conspirators and directors lives at Loudonville, and has manufactured large quantities of counterfeit money, by which means he has supplied his associates with funds. While the detectives were engaged in this investigation, and were waiting to get the conspirators fairly in the clutches of the law, the officers of the road were notified by the Postmaster of Pittsburg of the contents of a letter intended for a member of the gang, but by accident addressed to the Postmaster.

At Hartford, Connecticut, on the 28th, a most difficult operation was performed by Drs. Beresford and Ellsworth. It was the removal of a tumor from the neck of a young lady, in doing which it was necessary to sever the jugular vein, and tie the ends while the operation was progressing. This most difficult and perilous feat was accomplished without injury to the patient, and there is every prospect of her perfect restoration to health.

On the 30th, a very daring attempt was made to steal a mail bag from the Chamber street station of the Erie Railroad. Fortunately the eye of a detective saw the thief and arrested him on the spot.

The Springfield *Republican* says George W. Smith, a tea and coffee merchant in New Haven, married a worthy young lady a short time ago, whom he has since abandoned, and run away to California with a woman of doubtful morals. We would respectfully ask where the doubt comes in.

The purchase of the Adriatic by the Galway Steamship Company has put the Cunard Company on their mettle. They have resolved to sell the Arabia and Niagara, and build two boats of greater size and speed.

The Aberdeen *Conservative*, a paper published in the northern part of Mississippi, says: "We attended the Sheriff's sale and were perfectly astonished to see such a sacrifice of property. One gentleman actually purchased one hundred and sixty odd acres of land for forty dollars, another bought a half interest in a brick law office for fifty dollars; a one hundred and twenty-five dollar buggy was sold for thirty dollars, and other property sold equally low."

The body of the Hon. J. Sheridan Hogan, a Member of the Canadian Parliament, whose portrait, as a missing man, was published in our paper of the 28th July, 1860, was found in the River Don, in Canada, on the 30th of March.

Ulysses Harrison was, on the 25th March, convicted in St. Louis of the murder of a man named John Massey, during a drunken brawl in a house of ill-fame in that city. As there were extenuating circumstances of provocation, he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

The unterrified Democrats of Hoboken met at Hortung's City Hotel on Monday night, and nominated the following candidates on their side. For Mayor, John R. Johnson, renominated; City Treasurer, William Shepherd; City Clerk, William R. Harrison. Third Ward Nominations—Councilman, George Wilhelm, renominated. Justice of the Peace, Frederick W. Bohnstedt, renominated. Constable, Charles L. Meredith, renominated. Mr. Johnson is the Hoboken Land Improvement Company's *protégé*, but there is no chance of his being elected if the other party put up a good man against him, as Mr. Johnson is unpopular with our German citizens.

An unknown man was found on the 1st lying on the lower road to Bull's Ferry, shot through the head and a pistol lying by his side. He is about five feet eight inches high, well built, high forehead and light complexion, dark auburn hair. He was dressed in a brown sack overcoat, black cloth frock coat, black cloth vest, mixed cashmere pants, fine linen shirt, woollen undershirt, checked necktie, soft hat and fine boots. A memorandum book was found on his person, in which he writes, in German, that he shot himself, "not for want of money but being tired of life, and gives his respects to his brother and sister."

The Toronto *Globe* gets very excited over the flight of a Canadian Postmaster, named Davidson, of Berlin, who, having robbed the Post Office of about $10,000, set sail to England. This is surely running into the British Lion's mouth.

A Mrs. Stackpole, of Brooklyn, died last week from the bursting of a Kerosene oil lamp. It has been discovered that the corner grocery men who sell these fluids are in the habit of adulterating Kerosene oil with camphene and burning fluid, thus, for the sake of a few cents, wilfully endangering the lives of their unwary customers. An example ought to be made of the man who sold the Kerosene oil to Mrs. Stickpole.

Alderman Green, who was charged with corruption, has been tried, but the jury was unable to agree—eight being for conviction and four against.

The danger of violent exercise and excitement combined had a very painful illustration on Friday, the 22d, when a young man, clerk in the Brooklyn Post Office, while enjoying a game of snowballing, fell dead from the exertion. He was a nephew of Mayor Powell, of Brooklyn, and only in his nineteenth year. Post mortem examination discovered that he had ruptured a blood vessel of the heart.

A few weeks since two sportsmen, firing simultaneously, killed sixty-seven wild geese at one shot (four barrels) at Montauk, Conn. Since then, more than fifty persons have been there to get the same shot, and went away with "nary geese."

Libel will soon need a new statute to define what it really is, since we read that the captain of the ship Adelaide Bell has sued the proprietors and editors of the New Orleans *Crescent* for $50,000 damages, on account of certain reports in regard to what was alleged to be a Black Republican flag, which was unfurled from the masthead of that vessel.

Four runaway negroes belonging to citizens of Florida went to Fort Pickens recently, and demanded the protection of Lieutenant Slemmer. That officer promptly returned them to their rightful owners.

In the town of Concord, Mass., according to the recent census returns, there are annually manufactured 100,000 pails and 75,000 tubs, worth $94,000; 2,900 gross of pencils, worth $4,000; 2,000 packs of gold leaf, worth $14,000.

Hon. W. G. Dix, formerly of the United States Legation at Quito, South America, delivered a lecture on Spanish American Revolutions, on Monday evening, the 25th March, at Clinton Hall. It was numerously attended, and well received. Mr. Dix spoke of South America as a fitting place for the exercise of American curiosity, energy and perseverance, and ended with a glowing description, partly in verse, of the diversities of climate and productions, and the natural wealth and splendor of the Ecuador.

Prince Alfred, the sailor son of Victoria, has arrived at Bermuda. He is expected to arrive in Havana about the beginning of April. It is not settled when he will be in Halifax. He will not touch at any port of the United States, either North or South.

Captain Lovell gave his last lecture to the Twelfth Regiment to the largest audience of the season. It was on Seacoast Defences.

A writer in the *Historical Magazine* for the current month gives the early—perhaps the earliest—authentic notice of the land in England, from which the grandest name in American history is derived. In the first volume of "The Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon," published in illustration of mediæval British history, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, by the British Government, at page 337 we find a grant of land from King Edgar, the Anglo-Saxon King, to "Athelund Washingatune." The document bears date A.D. 965, about nine centuries ago.

Congressman Van Wyck, who was recently assaulted in Washington, has suffered many narrow escapes during his lifetime. When a boy, residing in Bloomsburg, he fell into a well head foremost, and was only miraculously saved. While riding on the Hudson River Railroad, a few years since, he, with other passengers, was precipitated into the North River. Two years ago, while riding on horseback during a severe shower, he and his horse were struck senseless by an electric shock.

E. K. Collins, the famous steamboat man, has struck an oil vein, so says the *News*, near Hammondville. Its yield is prodigious.

The Judges of the British House of Lords have decided that a clergyman has no right to solemnize his own marriage. This is tantamount to saying that a doctor has no right to take his own physic.

Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher delivered, at Irving Hall, on the 3d of April, his lecture on Terence McManus, one of the Irish patriots. It was well attended, and much applauded. Mr. Meagher is an eloquent orator, but he too frequently spoils his finest points by exaggeration.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

What kind of cradle would be the most uncomfortable for a baby to lie in?—Scratch cradle.

Jones cannot fathom how it can be true that those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one.

The poet who tried to render a piece of poor prose into rhyme did all he could to "make what was bad—verse."

"I would have you know, sir, that my name is Frances, and not Frank."
"Ah, yes, miss, but you know I have the franking privilege."

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music. "Wa'al," said the old woman, "I really don't know. Won't you take the candle and see?"

A man died of apoplexy the other day. The next day the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from a visitation of one beefsteak, eight cold potatoes and fried sausages."

A temperance lecturer in Devonshire, a short time since, finished his discourse thus: "And finally, my hearers, why should any of you drink ardent spirits? My son Tom has got as good cider as any in the county, at sixpence a quart."

It being hinted to a barrister, who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied,
"I will speak as long as I please!"
"You have spoken longer than you *please* already," said his antagonist.

We lately picked up the following memoranda, which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an elegant velvet talma, an exquisite Honiton collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exaggerated flounces: "I must get a Vail, Sarcknet, Gluvs, Broun Hoss, Laise, Shynimezet, Kalone."

When Lamartine was in the ascendant, at the early part of the Revolution of 1848 his merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors. "Ah!" said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat." Douglas Jerrold, who was present, turned round, and said, "But not with the same sculls!"

A young country editor, was very desirous of gaining the good graces of the new vicar, and in describing his first entrance into church, wrote thus: "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity." But to his astonishment, and the amazement of all the inhabitants, it came out next morning in types, "He is a most miserable sample of iniquity."

The Rev. Robert Hall, disgusted by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon, was provoked to say,
"Yes, there was one very fine passage of your discourse, sir."
"I am rejoiced to hear you say so—which was it?"
"Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry!"

An anxious mother in Scotland was taking leave of her son on his departure for England, and giving him all good advice. "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang south, and get a' the siller ye can from the Southerns—tak everything ye can; but, the English are a brave boxin' people, an' take care o' them, Sandy; never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

"How," said Mr. A. to a friend who wished to convey a matter of importance to a lady without communicating directly with her, "how can you be certain of her reading the letter, seeing you have directed it to her husband?"
"That I have managed without the possibility of a failure," was the answer, "she will open it to a certainty, for I have put the word 'private' in the corner."

Newspaper people are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe one of the craft did get "tightly slight" a few days ago, and the following is a sample of his paper next day: "Yesterday morning at four o'clock p.m., a small man, named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a pistol in the hole of his trowsers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss."

An amusing incident occurred at the close of the Edinburgh review. A major was about to refresh himself when, in the act of raising the potion to his martial lips, he, evidently becoming aware of the confused position of some of the companies, called out in stentorian tones, "—— Battalion, attention!" and, immediately thereafter, when all eyes were turned upon him awaiting his commands, conveyed the liquid to its destination. The effect may be easily imagined; ill-suppressed laughter ran along the lines, and even the gallant major could not refrain from a smile at the amusing *contretemps*.

A good story is told of Lord Bath. He owed a tradesman £800, and would never pay him; the man determined to persecute him till he did, and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?" "My money!" said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next seat; he leaned over and said, "My money—give me my money!" The sermon was on avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they who heap up riches." The man groaned out, "Oh, my Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that Lord Bath went out and paid him.

A census-taker found a woman who gave her own age as twenty-eight years, and that of her oldest son as twenty-three!

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I ever have seen."
"Oh, yah," replied Hans, "I know de reason for dat—mine moder was a voomans."

A minister being threatened with deprivation, said to some of his flock that if he were "deprived" it would cost a hundred men their lives. On being asked what he meant by such a threat, he explained that if he lost his benefice he should set up as a doctor, and if so he had no doubt he should be the death of at least a hundred patients.

Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at church while the minister, a very addle-headed preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped and cried,
"Waukin, my Lord Elphinstone."
A grunt, and then "I'm no sleepin', minister."
"But ye are sleepin'—I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."
"Ye said, waukin, my Lord Elphinstone."
"Ay, ay, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."
"I wager ye dinna ken yersel'."

Not long since a native of the Fejee Islands presented himself to a missionary and humbly begged to receive the rite of baptism.
"But," objected the priest, "you are a polygamist—you have several wives."
"Only two."
"That is one too many."
"Good; I will get rid of one of them."
"Keep the one that you have lived the longest with."
"No, I prefer the other, she is younger."
"As you please."
Eight days afterwards the converted savage returned to the priest, with his face radiant with innocent joy.
"Now, father," said he, "you can baptise me."
"You have only one wife now?"
"Only one, on my word."
And he pointed to quite a pleasant-looking young woman who accompanied him.
"And what has become of the other?" asked the priest.
"Oh, I ate her!"

Witnesses are often exceedingly stupid, but we don't know whether this witness ought to be called stupid or not. He was before Baron Martin. It was desired to get from him an exact account of a certain conversation, with the "says I" and "says he;" but the counsel could not make him comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement. So the court took him in hand.
"Now, my man, tell us exactly what passed."
"Yes, my lord certainly. I said that I would not have the pig."
"Well, what was his answer?"
"He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he——"
"No, no; he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person."
"No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord."
"I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words."
"There was no third person, my lord, only him and me."
"Look here, my good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig, he said, 'I have been keeping it.'"
"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship I must have heard it."
So the court had to give it up, though the witness was only too ready to tell all he knew.

How women do admire their weddings—not their own merely, but anybody's! How they throng the churches, "just to see the ceremony!" Then what animated descriptions of the whole affair! what glowing accounts of what the bride "had on!" What criticisms of the bridesmaids! In short, what an immense amount of simper, and giggle, and prattle—all because two inoffensive people are going, in a legal and orderly way, to set up housekeeping! Funny, isn't it?

Weber was one day invited to a dinner party by a well-known London music publisher who had reaped a little profit by the publication of his *Oberon*, and whose residence and establishment were on the most splendid scale. On entering the gorgeously furnished drawing-room, our modest German opened his eyes to their fullest extent, and, looking round, sighed softly, at the same time saying to himself, "Ah! I perceive it is better to sell than to write music."

The man "who couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reuben, Muscatine, Ia.—The statement is correct.

C., Wilmington, Del.—Foul.

E. G. T., St. Louis.—We have mailed full particulars to your address.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

Billiards in Cincinnati.—We have received a welcome letter from old our friend, Phil Tieman—Phil's missives are always welcome—on friendly topics, matters in general and billiards in particular. Mr. Tieman has assumed the sole proprietorship of the National and International Saloons in Cincinnati. It is needless to say that we wish our friend double success under his double responsibility; and where a generous and kindly disposition are united to undisputed talent, as in Mr. Tieman's case, success is not a difficult achievement. We are glad to learn from Mr. T. that billiards rain "very lively" in the Queen City of the West. Mr. Seereiter, of Detroit, made a second visit to Cincinnati during the past two weeks, though he only remained one day. He played four discount games in Mr. Tieman's saloon with a leading amateur of Cincinnati; two games were won by Mr. Seereiter, and two by his amateur opponent. Mr. Seereiter made a run of 188 points, caroms, on the red balls, and his opponent the very respectable run of 146 points on the red and white balls making 18 more caroms than the Detroiter, and had the balls been the two reds in his case he would have scored 219 points.

Mr. Tieman has put up a gold watch and chain as a prize for the best run made by an amateur in his establishment. Notwithstanding the increased demand on Mr. Tieman's time and attention, consequent on his having two establishments under his charge, he writes us that he hopes to be able to tear himself from home for a week or two, in order to assist in the coming tournament. There is little doubt that if Mr. Tieman does not carry off all the honors on the occasion, he will take his share, and give his opponents some trouble in getting theirs. Our cotemporary, *Wilkes's Spirit*, in a late article on billiards in Cincinnati, pays a high and well-deserved compliment to Mr. Tieman, in the course of which the writer says:

"When he (Mr. T.) comes again in the great tournament in June, let him but be in thorough battle trim, and the boldest lance will beware of him as the fearfullest adversary in the field. The Cincinnatians firmly believe that he has no superior among the players of America, and he will doubtless feel it to be a higher duty to respond to this proud confidence by the most careful preparation, rather than to yield to the blandishments of friendship before Capua is taken. Should he prove successful in this great coming expedition, he will have another claim upon his city for helping to honorably advertise her name, and she will have the gratifying consciousness of knowing that, in addition to having, in Phil Tieman, one of the best fellows alive, she has produced the champion billiard player of our Western World. Such men as Phelan, and Tieman, and Seereiter, and Murphy become largely and substantially identified with the reputation of their respective cities, and no city is so great, or so well fixed in her position, as to afford to be indifferent to the manner in which her champions uphold her name in those honorable contests which attract the imagination of mankind. So look out, friend Tieman! and be watchful, Cincinnati, of the tournament in June!"

Mr. Frank Parker, late of Milwaukee, a player of talent, and well known to the billiard public of the West, has transferred his field of operations to Cincinnati.

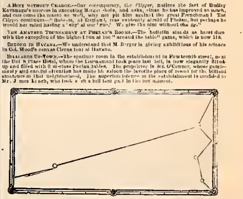
Billiard Exhibitions in Boston.—The series of billiard exhibitions given by Messrs. Kavanagh and Geary commenced on Thursday evening last, at Moran's Billiard Rooms, Bowdoin square. The opening exhibition was well attended by the lovers of the game. The entertainments commenced with a French carom game, which was well contested. A four ball carom game of 500 points was won by Mr. Kavanagh, who, in the course of the play, made runs of 81, 81 and 124. Mr. Kavanagh wound up the evening's performances by giving his excellent imitations of Berger's masse and other inelastic strokes. The abilities of Mr. Phelan were added to the attractions on Friday evening. Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh commenced proceedings by an American four ball carom game, which was won by Mr. Kavanagh, whose highest run in the game was 67; Mr. Phelan's highest count being 109. The next game was the French carom, which was close and very interesting, and was won eventually by Mr. Phelan. The Boston papers speak very highly of the quality of play exhibited on this occasion. The third exhibition, on Saturday evening, was commenced by a French carom game of 50 points, which Mr. Kavanagh won by 2 points. This was followed by a four ball carom game of 300 points, between the same gentlemen, which was won by Mr. Phelan by 65 points. Kavanagh's best run was 93; Phelan's, 53. The entertainments were wound up by a game of 150 points between Mr. Kavanagh and a leading amateur of Boston, and a display of Mr. Kavanagh's Berger shots. On Monday evening an exhibition was given in Providence, in which Mr. Phelan assisted. After this exhibition Messrs. Kavanagh and Geary were to return to Boston, where they were to give some more exhibitions of their skill in public and before some of the clubs. After concluding in Boston, Messrs. Kavanagh and Geary start for Albany and Troy, and then pursue their Western tour.

A Hint without Charge.—Our cotemporary, the *Clipper*, notices the fact of Dudley Kavanagh's success in executing Berger shots, and asks, since he has improved so much, and can come the masse so well, why not pit him against the great Frenchman? The *Clipper* continues—"Roberts, of England, was evidently afraid of Phelan, but perhaps he would not mind having a 'shy' at our 'cue.' We give the hint without charge."

The Amateur Tournament at Phelan's Rooms.—The bulletin stands as heretofore with the exception of the highest run at the "around the table" game, which is now 118.

Berger in Havana.—We understand that M. Berger is giving exhibitions of his science in Col. Wood's canvas Circus tent at Havana.

Billiards Up-Town.—The spacious room in the establishment in Fourteenth street, next the Union Place Hotel, where the tournament took place last fall, is now elegantly fitted up and filled with 8 first-class Phelan tables. The proprietor is Mr. O'Connor, whose gentlemanly and careful attention has made his saloon the favorite place of resort for the billiard amateurs of that neighborhood. The superintendence of the establishment is confided to Mr. James Leach, who took a [illegible] in the last national.



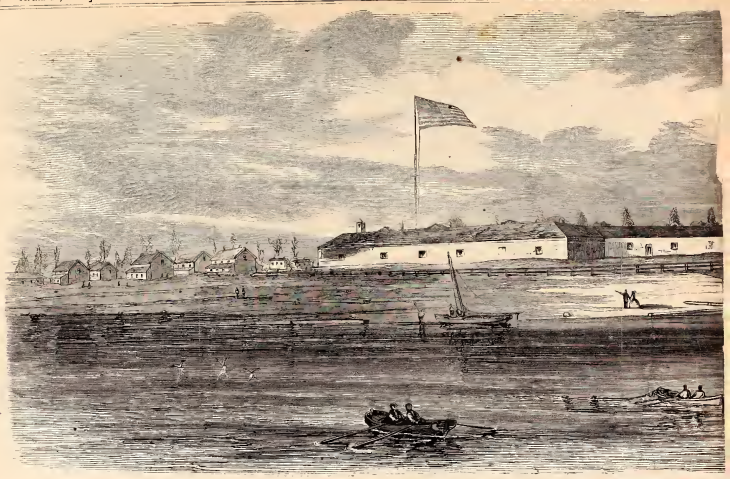
Eleven Shot, made by R. H. D., Detroit, Mich.

Great Improvement in Making Sugar.—*L'Opinion Nationale* of Paris, under the heading, "A Revolution in the Manufacture of Sugar," announces a discovery by M. Rousseau, which, it says, will more than double the yield from a given quantity of cane. The process is exceedingly simple, and the editor says that he has repeated it with complete success in the laboratory, and sees no reason why it should not succeed as well on a large scale. It is known that saccharine juice, as obtained from plants, alters rapidly in the air, because it contains albuminous matters which become brown or black by the action of oxygen. M. Rousseau removes the albuminous matters by heating the juice with about three one-thousandths of its weight of crude pulverized plaster. As soon as the liquid arrives at boiling heat, a thick scum forms on the surface, and by decantation, a perfectly clear liquid is obtained. This liquid, left in the air, would become as black as ink; but by mixing with it six to eight per cent. of its weight of hydrated peroxyd of iron all the alterable organic matters are removed in a few seconds. It will then remain for an indefinite time without color, and it is only necessary to boil it down to obtain crystallized sugar.

After the important discoveries made during the last few years in warlike weapons one would have thought that the genius of destruction had exhausted its inventive power. It is said that the Giovanni-Franci mortar-cannon, which the *Moniteur de l'Armée* designates an extraordinary weapon of war, is one of those productions which, from its originality, is expected to surpass all others. This cannon is of open work throughout its entire length, a mortar forming its breech. To load, the mortar is separated from the cannon by sliding on a thick iron shaft adhering to the cannon. Whenever it is detached for the purpose of loading it becomes a mortar, and can then be used either to throw a shell or to be again attached to the cannon. The cannon, being of open work, cannot be heated, and there is nothing to check the rapidity of firing. But what is said to be one of its most important qualities is its facility of transport as cannon of the largest calibre can be taken to pieces. We have merely alluded to this discovery as one important enough not to be passed over in silence. The French War Office has appointed a commission, composed of artillery and engineer officers, to examine the gun and make a report on it.

The Power of Hearty Laughter.—The following incident comes to us thoroughly authenticated, although we are not at liberty to publish any names: A short time since two individuals in this city were lying in one room, very sick—one with brain fever, and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of the fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak loud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprung from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakening both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck both the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found both his patients vastly improved—said he had never known so sudden a turn for the better—and they are now both out, well. Who says laughing is not the best of medicines?

Antiquity of Hoops.—There is a curious little song, dating back to 1601, entitled, "Oh, Mother, a Hoop," in which the value of hoop-skirts is set forth by a fair damsel in terms that would delight a modern belle. In 1728 we find hoop-skirts and negro girls, and other "chattels," advertised for sale in the same shop.



FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA, AS SEEN FROM THE JAME

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.

THIS remarkable fort is situated on the north point of the mouth of James River, and is about one mile from Fort Calhoun, on the Rip-raps; thus these two posts command the entrance to the river. Fort Monroe is one of the largest and strongest military posts in the Republic. The walls are more than a mile in circuit, very thick, and very high, surrounded by a moat, which is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridge and outer batteries. It mounts some three hundred heavy guns, has mortars for throwing shells, and is provided with furnaces for making the shot red-hot. The range is about three miles. The walls enclose about seventy-five acres. The parade ground is in the centre, and all round it are the barracks. Being well planted with trees, it is a pleasant shady place in summer. Outside the moat is a fine walk, with a view of the sea.

In this fort is the famous fifteen inch gun designed by Major Hoffman, U.S.A., which is supposed to be the largest piece of ordnance ever cast whole.

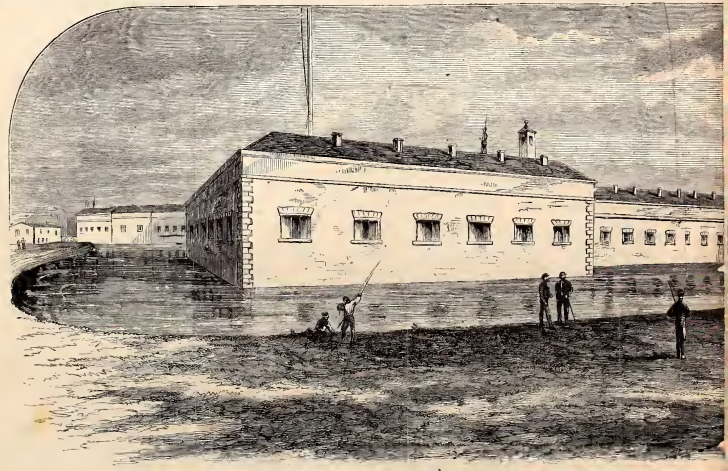
The fort is in the possession of the United States Government, and is strongly gar risoned by the United States troops.

Old Point Comfort is a favorite spot for pleasure-seekers in summer, and is im mediately contiguous to the fort.

THE GREAT GUN AT FORT MONROE,

Formerly called "The Floyd Gun."

THE Great Gun which we engrave to-day is undoubtedly the largest piece



FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA—VIEW FROM THE BANK OI

RIVER.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. SHEELS, OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

rdnance in the world, and is as wonderful in its propulsive powers as it is in its echanical construction. It was cast on the 18th of January, 1860, at the foundry f Knapp, Rudd & Co., of Pittsburg, Pa. This famous cannon, designed by Major ahman, of the U.S.A., was cast upon the hollow principle, and has proved an entire success. Its weight, independent of carriage, is forty-nine thousand one hundred pounds, or over twenty-four tons. The bore is fifteen inches in diameter, and twelve feet and a half long. It has two feet of solid metal at the breech, making the extreme length fourteen and a half feet. The outside diameter at the breech is four feet. It will project a ball weighing four hundred and twenty pounds a distance of between four and five miles with singular accuracy and tremendous effect.

The gun now at Fort Monroe is mounted upon an iron centre-pintle carriage, the top carriage of which recoils upon the rails of the lower one, and permits, by a notched cut in the middle of the gun, an elevation of twenty-eight and a half degrees. The rails of the lower carriage being inclined, the gun runs forward of itself from the position of recoil into battery, on rollers attached to an eccentric axis, easily brought to bear by two men with handspikes. Notwithstanding its great weight, it was easily manipulated by a firing party consisting of a sergeant with six men.

When fired horizontally, or nearly so, the time of loading and running into battery was, in one case, one minute ten seconds; in another, one minute fifty-two seconds.

When fired at its maximum elevation of twenty-eight degrees thirty-five seconds, the time of loading, including depressing, sponging, loading, elevating again, and running into battery, varied from three minutes ten seconds to four minutes.

THE MOAT OR DITCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The shell is attached to an oaken sabot. In loading, it is seized by nippers, the points of which enter small holes in opposite extremities, of a diameter of the spherical surface. Four men with a handspike passed through a ring (of the nippers) and standing on a platform, about four feet below the muzzle, easily raise it. When opposite the muzzle, another man turns it on the axis of suspension, so as to introduce the sabot into the bore. It is then easily rammed home.

By experiments made for determining the initial velocity, the average was one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight feet per second, with forty pounds of large grained powder, and one thousand two hundred and eighty-two feet per second, with fifty pounds of perforated cake powder.

The ranges, with maximum elevation of twenty-eight degrees thirty-five minutes, shells of three hundred and thirty-four pounds and fifty pounds of Rodman's perforated cake powder, were as follows: five thousand two hundred and ninety-eight, four thousand nine hundred and fifty, five thousand three hundred and seventy-five yards.

With forty pounds of large grain powder they were five thousand four hundred and thirty-five, five thousand and sixty-two, five thousand seven hundred and thirty yards, and the time of flight about twenty-seven seconds.

With ten degrees elevation and forty pounds large grain powder, they were two thousand seven hundred, two thousand nine hundred, two thousand seven hundred and fifty-four, two thousand seven hundred and sixty yards.

These ranges do not exhibit any decided advantage of those obtained from the ten-inch gun up to ten degrees elevation. Beyond that elevation the gain is considerable, and may be estimated at about six hundred yards for the elevation of twenty-eight degrees thirty-five minutes. With thirty-nine degrees elevation and a charge of forty pounds of large grained powder, it is probable a range considerably beyond four miles might be attained. Indeed, the conviction appeared to be general among the officers who witnessed the firings, that the gun could, if necessary, bear much heavier charges, though, for all ordinary uses, it is doubtless best to keep them down to somewhat less than the above.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
All records saving thine come cool and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of past years;
For others, good or bad, hatred or tears
Have become indolent; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.—*John Keats.*

Ishmael's discernment did not deceive him—Beatrice Stanhope loved Erle Gower.

There was natively much romance in her composition, but she had been early schooled to render implicit obedience to the "proprieties" of life by a preceptress selected with thoughtful care by her father. This woman, indeed, for a lengthened period, occupied the place of her mother, who had died while she was very young, and Sir Harris Stanhope had reposed such confidence in her, had treated her with such tender courtesy, had declared himself so enchanted with her management of his daughter's education, had so often declared himself grateful beyond any possibility of an equivalent, that the matron believed it not impossible that she should, one radiant day, become a baronet's lady, or, at worst, the recipient of a very handsome gratuity in addition to an annuity for life.

She awoke from this dream at the very instant she had decided that her hour of triumph and reward had arrived.

She informed Sir Harris Stanhope, one evening after dinner, with an affected coyness of manner, that she considered the education of his daughter was at length completed. She adopted this course with the design of drawing him out.

She succeeded.

His bland, stereotyped, pleasant smile instantly vanished from his face, he bowed stiffly to her, and at once coldly dismissed her from his service, at the same time informing her that his private secretary would settle with her all questions of salary.

For the moment the woman stood petrified, and ere she could utter an observation Sir Harris quitted the apartment, leaving her standing speechless and alone.

At length she found her tongue. She clenched her fists, and scalding tears of bitter disappointment forced their way through her eyelids.

"I have formed her into a creature without a heart!" she almost screeched after him. "Oh, when most you need her sympathy and tenderness, may she convert you into stone by her coldness and unfeeling indifference!"

The woman was wrong in her assertion. She had not fashioned Beatrice into a creature without a heart. She had done her best towards it, and Sir Harris had earnestly seconded her efforts. But Beatrice had a heart, and with it a will. Her will had permitted her to adopt the lessons poured hourly into her ears when it suited her inclination to do so, and to decline them when her heart secretly—remember, secretly—rebelled against their propositions. If Beatrice had possessed less self-will, and had hated her governess less, that individual's teachings, aided by her father's worldly counsels, might have accomplished the intended result; as it was, they fell short of their mark. Nevertheless, the attrition of those perpetually propounded precepts upon her mind was of a somewhat positive character, and established a difference between feeling and thought. Her emotions were not unfrequently in direct hostility with her convictions, and she was herself at times surprised by the width of the interval between them.

But her emotions were her own, and her convictions those of her monitress and her father.

She had been very carefully tutored, and constantly reminded that it was an essential thing to temper love with discretion, that it was imperative first to select a husband from men of birth and fortune, and after the preliminaries were settled—indeed, after the wedding-knot was tied—then to commence the duty of loving him. Her preceptress had pointed out to her the folly—to say nothing of the impropriety—of bestowing love upon a man who might, perhaps, at the last moment be prevented by circumstances becoming her husband; on the other hand, she enlarged upon the prudence as well as the propriety of caring nothing for the individual to whom she might be engaged until she had absolutely secured him. It gave her the opportunity of "behaving so well." It enabled her to part with indifference with the creature to whom she might be betrothed, should the match be broken off, and to transfer with elegant decorum her untouched affections to another, or to several others in succession, as occasion might warrant, until the desired husband was absolutely made fast by the bonds of matrimony.

Beatrice thought this reasoning incontrovertible, more because her father endorsed it than because her preceptress advanced it. But when she came practically to apply it, she found a difficulty in making it assimilate with her natural feelings.

Her father, at an early date, had pointed out Cyril Kingswood as her probable future husband, that is, as the son-in-law he most desired to secure. He did not conceal from her that there were difficulties in the way, but he explained to her how, by skilful management, those difficulties might be surmounted. Cyril Kingswood was a light-hearted, high-spirited youth, partaking sufficiently of his father's nature not to be insensible to beauty. He was a bird rather easy than otherwise to be trapped by a pretty decoy; and Beatrice was instructed by her father in the arts necessary to wile him—not that she needed much tuition that way, few women do—but Sir Harris Stanhope left nothing to chance, and he laid down a plan for her to pursue, under which he hoped to achieve his wish.

Beatrice was not averse to try her arts upon Cyril. Of all the marriageable youths she had seen she preferred him. He was handsomer, sprightlier and more winning in his manner than any of them, and she consequently found her inclination was as much affected by his person as her interests by his hand.

Whenever opportunity occurred she endeavored to engross his attentions, and as he cared for no one female more than another out of Kingswood Chace, she very frequently succeeded. This course of conduct led her brother Carlton to term Cyril her pet, and to rally her, apparently so unimpressible to the court of others, upon her rather marked suavity to Cyril.

When she first heard of Erle Gower from her brother, she pitied the "poor young person" so situated, and she fancied she was haunted by his story because her brother so frequently recurred to it. When she first saw him she almost fainted, because, recognising his features without remembering whose they resembled, she at once imagined that she had dreamed of him, and that, by his sudden, extraordinary and wholly unexpected appearance, he would influence her destiny.

Almost immediately after he was located in the house of her father commenced the battle between her former convictions and the genuine instincts and impulses of her nature.

Unacquainted with the real standing of Erle in society, he was, under her convictions, a person to be patronised condescendingly at times if it suited a purpose, haughtily at others, but always patronised. What other treatment had a poor, unknown, friendless scholar the right to expect from one of her condition? None other would he have received but for the existence of an unsubdued emotion—a yet unbarriered undercurrent.

While she strove to regard him with an "exceedingly proper" indifference, his clear, expansive brow, his bright eye ever kindling at his own glowing thoughts or the animated language or noble actions of others, his handsome, clearly defined features, and the dignified expression which ennobled them, compelled her to a consciousness that there were feelings welling up within her heart which defied her convictions with all the worldly lessons they embraced.

She laughed their suggestions to scorn, but they returned, whenever Erle suddenly appeared before her, with a force which terrified her. The first impression that he was linked with, and would have, if not control over, at least influence on her destiny, gradually became strengthened, and then she began to wonder whether he was a proper object to make an eligible match.

Here she encountered a serious difficulty, and she found the strength of her convictions sorely tried. She discovered that she liked Erle for himself alone, and that no condition in life, elevated or humble, could rule or govern the tender interest he had awakened.

To her, tutored as she had been, this was an astounding discovery. It was an exceedingly awkward consciousness, which assured her she had met with one whom she could not, under any circumstances, part from with indifference, or find a successor who could ever hold the same place in her heart.

It consequently became immediately to her an important question to ascertain who he was, whether he was one her father would accept as her husband, or whether he was wealthy enough or likely to be able to support her in the style of living to which she had been at least accustomed, whether her father accepted him or not. For though we are loth to say it, her father's consent weighed less with her than the prospect of being reduced to a humbler sphere.

At present he was surrounded by a mystery she was unable to penetrate, or even base a surmise upon; indeed, reflection appeared only to bewilder her. His strange resemblance to Cyril and Lord Kingswood, her father's anxiety about him, his singular connection with the cold, stern, sad-looking man, Vernon, and the beautiful, spirit-like girl, Violet, all perplexed, confused and confounded her.

She had been taught by her father to believe that wherever mystery existed there was something evil, or at least of a suspicious tendency behind it. Her mind, however, obstinately refused to think ill of Erle. Alas! for her, it thought only too well of him and too much, for his image, after a time, made her brain its abiding-place.

Thus she passed through the first phases of love, struggling against it, reluctant to believe that she had advanced beyond that emotion which halts at preference, secretly dreading that she was deceiving herself, and yet fancying that she could make but few of the sacrifices which a true love would never shrink from, weeping with vexation when at times alone because she was conscious of the supreme power he possessed over her heart, yet dwelling with delighted pleasure on the memory of his looks, his words, his mien.

As if to withdraw from her all loophole of escape from this undesirable passion, her father's nervous anxiety to get at Erle's history, the subtle designs of Ishmael, backed by her own strong inclinations, gradually narrowed the intervals which kept her and Erle apart; and she was thrown thus more frequently than ever into his society, thrown enough to perceive that, as yet, she had failed to make any impression of a tender kind upon his heart.

It is easier for a woman to discover that a man does not love her than that he does. Men simulate affection cleverly, but they can never hide from a woman's eyes an actual indifference. Beatrice was piqued, and forgetting the lessons of caution and prudence she had received, determined rashly to compel Erle to fall in love with her.

She deceived herself with the conceit that he had no preformed attachment. She remembered that he had evinced some slight confusion at the mention of Lady Maud, but she gazed proudly in her mirror, and believed that, if she willed it, she could compete triumphantly with the proudest beauty in the land.

And so she resolved to bring to her feet the proud reticent being whom she loved, loth as she was to admit it even to her conscience, which with her, as with others, submits to no reserve.

She, with her brother Carlton, were frequent in their visits to Erle and Violet. Ishmael would not permit the latter to return those of Beatrice, although he offered no objection to any calls Erle chose to make at Sir Harris Stanhope's, because it squared with his policy. He knew that the knight would only become more perplexed and worried respecting Erle's parentage, and, with all his astuteness, would be able to obtain nothing from him helping to a solution to his carking conjectures.

Beatrice, in commencing her attack upon Erle's heart, quickly found that it could not be carried simply by assault, but that it must be besieged with more than ordinary skill, and that it would stand a somewhat prolonged siege.

Coquetry, she speedily perceived, had no effect upon him, although he seemed pleased when she appeared in high spirits and rallied him with vivacity. She, therefore, without appearing to do anything of the kind, set herself to work to inform herself of his habits of thought and action, the real tone and bent of his mind—what pleased him, and what he held in repugnance.

How quickly a woman who loves can acquaint herself with all the peculiarities favorable and unfavorable of the beloved object. Beatrice, gifted with all the penetration and acute discernment of her sex, speedily pierced through Erle's mailclad reserve, and made herself mistress of his true nature.

And when she had won her information, her cheek burned, her heart swelled, her brain seemed to glow, for she found him as high-minded, noble, true-hearted a gentleman as any of whom she had ever read, while, as such, he surpassed all she, in her brief life, had ever known.

If he had only had a vice, a weakness, a foible to reduce him to the level of others, she felt that it would have afforded her a consolation if, winning him, want of means or position compelled her to resign him, or if she did not win him, to part with him; but there was not one small point in his character which she could discover that would permit her at any time to separate from him without regret the very bitterest and the most poignant.

She read with him, conversed with him, yielded up her mind to his, made him feel that she did this less in acknowledgment of the superiority of his acquirements than in confession of another influence he had obtained over her which it was for him to determine.

Her hand trembled when it touched his. Her bosom heaved and fell when he addressed her. She sought his eyes with a dreamy expression in her own, and let her eyelids fall in seeming confusion when his clear, bright orb rested on her own.

And still in vain.

He was gentle to her, courteous, attentive. He smiled when he met her, and he pressed her hand when they parted. If in society, he preferred evidently her conversation to that of others, and when alone, excepting some occasional fits of abstraction he was equally amiable and agreeable to her.

But there was no undercurrent; he was too equal in his conduct to her. There was a want—the want a woman feels so keenly if it is not supplied. A look, a touch, was all that was needed; one look alone would have supplied all that she was thirsting to know, but neither that look nor the touch, nor yet a word, came from him to enable her to murmur even to herself, "*Io triumphe*," or even to solace her under her disturbing doubts.

The consequences entailed by her endeavors to bring Erle to her feet were moodiness, irritability, fits of inordinate vivacity, or prostrating depression, excited liveliness in society, and passionate, sobbing fits, when quite alone locked within her chamber. But she persisted, for she had plunged willingly into a stream with the pride of a swimmer who possesses a lofty consciousness that he can control the waters and advance or retreat at pleasure, and she found herself in the grip of a powerful current, borne resistlessly and impetuously onward.

Narrowly observant of Erle's conduct to herself, she was not less regardful of his behavior to others, and was inexpressibly perplexed by his manner to Violet as by that of Violet to him.

She knew, she felt that Erle did not love Violet, yet anything more tender or affectionate than his demeanor to her it was scarcely possible to conceive. She tried to fathom the secret impulse which impelled him thus to act to his home companion, but she was baffled. That there was a hidden motive she was sure; what it was the sharpest exercise of her natural penetration did not enable her to discover.

The thoughtful tenderness, the gentle and assiduous kindness which Erle displayed to Violet was fully reciprocated by her. Beatrice was enabled to see this, and was at the same time gratified to find that, with all the affection Violet evinced, there was identified with it no love, as Beatrice understood that passion—yet no lovers could have appeared more affectionately disposed towards each other than this strange pair.

There was, however, embodied in Violet's attachment to Erle a species of reverential respect which sorely puzzled Beatrice, although she was compelled to confess to herself that there was a peculiar dignity and a proud reserve in Erle's character, which, though by no means offensive, still forbade familiarity and seemed rather to demand worship than to promise reciprocity.

A woman having once conceived an affection for one of the opposite sex clings to it with obstinate tenacity. She may know the attachment to be hopeless. She may, unhappily, be convinced that it is wrong, sinful, degrading to others as well as herself, but she will not—perhaps because she cannot—surrender it. She may outwardly appear to stifle it. She may inwardly argue, reason, strive with herself, but she continues to love, and unless circumstances be favorable, will continue, even though she involves herself in ruin, and those who ought to be dearest to her in grief and shame.

Beatrice seemed to feel that her growing attachment to Erle would not reach a happy realization of its aspirations, that it would, indeed, prove hopeless. That was a presentiment, an intuitive presumption, founded on no real basis, in fact, she entertained a self-flattering belief that she could win the heart of any man upon whom she chose to exercise her fascinations with the intention of making him captive to her charms; still, with respect to Erle, desirous as she was of enslaving him, she could not keep down an unpleasant conviction that his hand and heart were destined for another.

It would have been better, on making this discovery, to have withdrawn herself from his society, to have held communion with her heart, and to have given up all thoughts of him at once. But no, true to her woman's nature, she could not resist the influence he had obtained over her; it was so pleasing, so delicious, so fascinating, that she shut her ears to the counsels of prudence, her eyes to consequences, and with the conviction that she was guilty of weakness and folly, she threw herself more than ever into his society, going so far as she could dare to go, giving him every opportunity of learning the conquest he had made.

In doing this she knew that she acted dangerously for herself, as she was quite conscious, that if Erle discovered her secret—so transparently hidden from him, though carefully concealed, as she imagined, from every other eye—he would take the initiative in sundering the intimacy existing between them if she had not succeeded in touching his heart. But she found herself incapable of controlling the impulses of her passion for him.

One thing she fancied, and that was, if he had not already surrendered his love, he might be drawn into an attachment, and by her. So she resolved to discover what was the real state of his affections, as that knowledge, when obtained, would enable her to shape her future course with better probability of success.

Up to this time she had been unable to extract from Erle or even Violet, by any hastily-dropped word, by innuendo, by, in short, any remark accidentally or designedly uttered, the least clue to their origin. Ishmael was by no means a man to attack with direct questions, or with hints or insinuations. The consequence was, that Sir Harris Stanhope, who had delayed his visit to Lord Kingswood on the subject of their conversation at the Marquis of Chillingham's day after day, with the hope of previously acquiring information which would direct him what ground to take, communicated with angry sharpness to his daughter his vexation at her failure.

Setting his teeth together, he hissed, rather than spoke, as he thus one morning addressed her:

"The air pervading Mr. Vernon's mansion must have weakened your intellect, deadened your faculties, rendered you more effete than a Turkish harem doll. You must change your tactics. Beatrice, you must entice Mr. Gower here, receive him alone; you need not fear being overlooked or interruption. A woman knows how to enthral a man if she will. I need not instruct you what to do, the wiles of your sex admit of no instruction, because they are natural to all, they only require an uncontrolled sphere of action, and that you shall have. Mark me, suggestions are not realizations, promises are not performances. In a state of transition between expectation and fulfilment, you can extort anything you wish from the lips of a man, and promises were made to be broken. 'At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs.' You understand me——"

"Sir, this outrage——" interposed Beatrice, with burning cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Silence, Beatrice. You are not a fool!" he cried, sharply, "else my tuition, and that of the best of preceptresses, has been thrown away. Let me not have to repeat this conversation, or you may find it take a yet more unpalatable form."

Having made these execrable observations, he bowed with studied politeness to her, and with a bland smile on his unpleasantly-set features, he quitted her presence.

She hurried to her room, and with blushing, burning face, wept scalding tears, but withal could not forego a desire to follow out the instructions of her father, and to receive Erle alone, in an apartment in which she knew they would not be intruded upon, so that, irrespective of her father's wishes, she might obtain some definite clue to her own fate.

It so fell out that, early on the following day, Erle called at the mansion in Hyde Park gardens just as Sir Harris Stanhope was about to leave it. By his directions, Erle, who had come in quest of Carlton, was ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes afterwards Beatrice appeared before him. Her cheeks were flushed, but her lips were pale, and by the rapid heaving of her breast it was easy to see that she was laboring under some strong excitement.

Erle addressed her with his usual frankness, and held out his hand, in which she placed hers, cold as marble. He pressed it, and she rose her large, lustrous eyes, and looked into his with an expression it would have been impossible for him to mistake if his heart had not been pre-engaged.

He inquired for Carlton as he conducted her to a seat, and was informed that he was absent, but was expected shortly to return.

"The interest, if not too trying to your patience, you will, perhaps, kindly fill up by a little conversation with me. I want to talk with you, Mr. Gower," she said, in a low tone, and speaking with evident difficulty.

He put down his hat and gloves.

"Miss Stanhope," he said, "you are fond of depreciating your own attractions. I am sure it cannot be with the unnecessary purpose of extorting compliments, always trembling on one's lips when you appear. You know the pleasure I feel in your society, and yet you talk of trying my patience by passing with you an interval which cannot fail to prove agreeable to me."

"Perhaps to me," murmured Beatrice, her breathing being yet short and thick.

"If I thought it would not be," he returned, quickly, "you should not have occasion to accuse me of trying your patience by remaining here."

She looked up to him with a somewhat startled aspect.

"Why," she said, trying to smile, "do you flatter yourself that your society should prove agreeable to me?"

"I judge by the past, and perhaps some faint idea of your nature. You have ever received me with distinguished kindness, for which I am deeply grateful and I believe, from my inmost soul, that unless my presence was acceptable to you, that you would, while being kind and affable, have established a distinction so wide from your present behavior to me that I must have recognised," he replied, in a full, rich tone of voice.

"I thank you, Mr. Gower," she replied, in a scarcely audible voice, "I am sincere; oh! believe me, I am sincere, and of all the world, the most to you."

He raised her hand, which she extended towards him, to his lips.

"A friendship, such as yours is indeed, to one like myself, an inestimable possession!" he exclaimed, with some earnestness.

Friendship! how she hated that word!

She turned her head coyly towards him, and said, as she affected a smile, though her lips perceptibly trembled as they curled—

"I think there is something very cold in that word friendship."

He opened his eyes.

"It is chief among the social virtues," he returned, with some little ardor, "I prize it, Miss Stanhope, beyond almost all others—of course there are exceptions. In my early life, isolated as it was, it was to me a lode star, to which my one earthly hope was directed. Of all the emotions human nature is capable of possessing, it is the truest, sincerest, most faithful, most loyal, as it is the most enduring."

"You have—omitted—forgotten, perhaps—love!" faltered Beatrice, looking down at her small feet, as it peeped from beneath her dress.

"Love is an emotion of another kind," responded Erle, thoughtfully, "though when they are co-existent, they cannot fail to be productive of a happiness no cares or trials can allay."

"Yet surely love is the higher emotion," she observed, gazing suddenly and steadfastly at him.

"Highest, dearest, brightest, best of all," he exclaimed, his eyes kindling with a sudden enthusiasm; and then, with some confusion of manner, he added, with a smile, "the poet tells us that 'friendship is love—without his wings!'"

"Aye, without his wings!" she repeated, musingly, then added, "poets are fond of painting love as inconstant. Why should it not be as constant and enduring as friendship? I believe it is."

"And I!" exclaimed Erle, emphatically.

"In fact," observed Beatrice, in a low tone, and with her heart beating tumultuously at the same time, "I suspect that between—that between two persons of opposite sexes—a youth and maiden, that friendship is—is love—and the wings have nothing to do with it."

He, as that last remark caught his ears, saw in his mental vision the form of Lady Maud, even as she looked when they made the discovery of the form their friendship had taken, and he rose up and said, with his heart full—

"Indeed—indeed, Beatrice, it is!"

And she rose up too, blinded with tears and emotion, and tottering towards him, threw herself upon his neck, murmuring—

"Oh, Erle, dear Erle, it is love, not friendship, which exists——"

She could not conclude the words, and sank insensible in his arms. Utterly bewildered and overwhelmed, he stood for an instant motionless, then he bore her inanimate form gently towards a couch, and laying it gently upon it, rang the bell violently.

A servant appeared, and he said, in rapid accents—

"Miss Stanhope's maid instantly. Miss Stanhope has been seized with a sudden faintness. I will send a medical attendant."

With that he seized his hat, and rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER XLII.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier at arm's end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love.—*Shakespeare.*

For an instant Lord Kingswood was disconcerted by the abrupt entrance of Philip Avon into the chamber in which he was conversing with Lady Maud. He was not quite certain that he had not overheard his concluding words. He greeted him with a silky smile, and said, as he pointed to Lady Maud,

"I have somewhat roughly prepared Lady Maud for your rather unexpected arrival. Her ladyship is a little disturbed—I should say, rather agitated by your sudden appearance—and a little disorder of the mind in one so foolishly nervous can hardly surprise you. Indeed, when we remember the terrible circumstances which nearly cost you your life, her emotion is simply natural; you will, therefore, overlook any shortcomings which may appear during your reception, and attribute the deficiency to the right cause. I have thought it best to acquaint Lady Maud with the object of your visit, and my pledged word to your father, Sir Walter. I have, I think, smoothed the way for both of you, and it will enable you to shorten the duration of the present interview, which no doubt will prove in some respects a trial to both. I will leave you together, assured that Lady Maud, knowing my wishes, will respect them. On the termination of your interview you will, perhaps, Mr. Avon, rejoin me in my library?"

Philip Avon bowed his head coldly, and Lord Kingswood, with a sidelong, uneasy glance at Lady Maud, quitted the room.

Although Lady Maud was in a half-fainting condition from horror, fright and sickening dismay at the communication Lord Kingswood had made to her, she yet had true and noble blood in her veins, and that unpurchaseable high-breeding which enabled her to assume a dignified and even haughty carriage, though she could barely keep herself from swooning.

Pale as marble, cold as a pillar of ice, with erect mien, and a haughty expression upon her exquisitely-chiselled features, she awaited in motionless calmness what he had to say.

For at least a minute, he, too, stood immovable and in silence, with his large, unearthly-looking eyes resting upon her fair, beautiful, and aristocratic face.

As he slowly traced her delicately-formed features, a deep and passionate

sigh burst from his lips, for they seemed to him, even in their wanness, more exquisitely lovely than he had ever yet beheld them.

But they seemed, too, in their immobility, to indicate that for him they would never become animated or radiant, that the downcast eye would never flash with joy at his coming, or beam with tenderness at his presence, that the slightly-compressed lip would never curl in a glad smile of welcome or of love for him. That the fair face upon which he gazed with passionate admiration would never glow with animation at his fervent words, or with delight at the deep and earnest offerings of his heart. This emotion of despairing hopelessness wrested a bitter sigh from his proud and turbulent breast, and this sigh caused Lady Maud to turn her eyes upon him.

She could not but be shocked by the change he had undergone.

His frame, naturally powerful, with well knit limbs, had always indicated considerable physical strength without betraying bulkiness. Now it was wasted, spare—unpleasantly gaunt. His face was thin even to fleshlessness; his cheek-bones and massive jaw-bones were disagreeably prominent; his eyes were deeply set in their sockets, from whence they burnt brilliant and fiercely; his complexion, which, previous to his encounter with Eric, had been a rich nut-brown, was now a horrible, pale, sallow tint, like that of one who had been for twenty years incarcerated in a dungeon.

As he stood erect, grim and ghastly, glaring upon her, a fearful shudder, like a spasmodic convulsion, went through her frame, and if whiteness could be added to the hue of alabaster, her face became yet a shade paler.

Her emotion, however, was but momentary; with that power of controlling the outward aspect which most women possess in the presence of a man for whom they entertain a deeply rooted distaste, she remained firm and even majestic in her deportment.

One glance at his face and figure had sufficed her: her previous repugnance was now changed into a deadly aversion.

To become the wife of this man was a doom in which none clinging to the House of Kingswood could afford a parallel. Death, as an alternative, was a leap into Paradise from horror; and thus she felt even while the words of Lord Kingswood were yet ringing in her ears.

We seem instinctively to know when we create a favorable impression or a feeling of dislike, and Philip Avon, from the first, knew that he had only succeeded in inspiring Lady Maud with aversion. Now, more than ever, he perceived how wide was the gulf which separated them, but what might have been passing in his mind he studiously concealed from her. He affected an attitude of melancholy, adopting the tone and manner of one who has a heavy grief weighing upon his heart, as though he hoped to win from her commiseration and sympathy what he could not hope to obtain from her love.

"Lady Maud!" he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, on finding that she awaited his speech "an interval has passed since last we met of heavy moment to me. I will not shock or vex your ears with a history of the events which made me a victim to acts of the most cowardly villainy, acts which the miraculous interposition of Providence alone prevented being attended with a fatal termination. They relate only to myself and another. I have suffered, and the task of avengement is before me. Perhaps I am not wholly without blame in the matter. My natural impetuosity of temperament, allied to a nature that feels deeply, that loves as it hates, with passionate ardor and inflexible endurance, may have served to precipitate a crime which I have but too sound reasons to suspect would have been perpetrated at no very distant period. However, let it pass you; Lady Maud can only be distressed by any reference to it, and it is my most anxious wish to spare you, so far as it lies within my power, distress of any kind."

His furtive glance enabled him to tell, by the compression of her lips and the inflation of her nostrils, that his words had not been without their effect upon her.

No, indeed they had not: she felt bitterly the implied calumny upon Eric, which he had with such effrontery uttered, but she restrained the words which rushed to her lips in his defence, and only despised the calumniator the more.

Philip Avon, finding her silent, continued:

"I think, Lady Maud," he said, in the same quiet and somewhat humble tone, "it is due to your innocent and ingenuous nature to be plain and candid with you. It is my belief that misconceptions, and, in truth, much mischief, arises if questions of moment are left to be understood rather than expressed. We cannot actually know what is really intended by implication, but we have no excuse for misinterpretation when the plainest and most unequivocal language is adopted; it is, therefore, my purpose to be frank in my speech, and to utter my sentiments without the slightest disguise. You will not, at least, Lady Maud, be offended at me for adopting such a course."

Still silent, pale, immoveable, with downcast eyes, Lady Maud stood; and neither by sign or word, gave him to understand that she assented or dissented from his proposition.

His eyes glittered, and his teeth grated, as he awaited a remark; but it did not come, and he continued to speak:

"Lady Maud," he said, drawing a deep breath, "though known to you for years, our intimacy is of comparatively recent date; nevertheless, from the first hour of introduction to you, transformed from a mere child into what you now are, I have loved you; I can hardly say fondly and tenderly—the words do not suit my nature—but I have loved you wildly, madly, passionately. It is no puny affection this love; it is not adoration, for that, in my eyes, is self-abasement; but it is, as I feel it, a delirium, a frenzy, an intoxication, but with this distinction—that it is not an insane delusion, a wild chimera, or a temporary infatuation, from which I am likely to awake cured of such folly. I love you as a man should love a woman, boldly and bravely; as one who should sit on his right hand and move with him proudly through life as he moves; dear to him as his life-blood, or his honor, as, in some sense, she is the mistress of it; he being, in her eyes, all in all, he her monarch, her world, her god. Thus, Lady Maud, do I love you, thus have I loved you. I could not permit a nameless dependent, a creature without origin or place, to dare to raise his eyes where mine rested. I could not, would not suffer even the familiarities of relationship to play and dandle with the object on which my heart was set. Hence I have been, perhaps, hasty, violent and rude, where I only intended to protect my honor and my love, and to raise her to a pinnacle where she might be admired but not approached. If you, Lady Maud, will recall circumstances which have passed, you will discover, if the fact has not forced itself upon you already, that it is to this spirit I have acted. I, therefore, presumed that you could not discommend proceedings taken avowedly in your honor, and to maintain inviolate the exalted position you are entitled to command."

Lady Maud unconsciously felt her self-possession gradually returning. No one likes to hear the thing he loves, however mean, depreciated; certainly no one blessed with a particle of a generous spirit submits quietly to hear the being he honors as well as loves spoken of in contemptible terms. Especially is this true of woman. Especially was it true of Lady Maud when Eric Gower was thus derogatorily mentioned.

She turned her eyes coldly upon him, and with a distant *hauteur*, and in a voice fainter than she wished it to be, she said to him,

"You have presumed too much, Mr. Avon. I do not recognize any right you possess to defend my position, even if attacked. I am wholly unconscious of its having been attacked in any fashion displeasing to me."

"There you err, Lady Maud," instantly returned Philip Avon. "I love you—that would give me a title to defend your fame and your station from being tainted by contact with the unworthy. But I have yet another and a stronger right to interfere, a right which is, in fact, wholly independent of your recognition, a right by which I stand here now to address you."

"I comprehend you, sir," responded Lady Maud; "you allude to the promise made to Sir Walter Avon by Lord Kingswood. Let me add, however, that promise is worth little without my acquiescence."

"Worth everything, worth all," rejoined Philip, quickly. "Lady Maud, I first knew that I loved you by finding myself jealous of the attentions paid to you by others. I at once spoke to my father, Sir Walter, upon the subject of a marriage with you. I found in him, to my surprise, a bitter opponent to my views. He is fierce, obstinate, passionate, far more so even than myself. You perceive, Lady Maud, that I am candid in my admissions, and when I expressed my determination to make you my bride, his rage became incontrollable. I laughed it to scorn, and after a severe struggle for the mastery, I brought him to reason. Understand me, Lady Maud, his opposition was based upon some monstrous superstition, which furnishes a terrible doom for him who marries a Kingswood, particularly one of the female branch. If making you mine brought perdition upon me, I would, knowing it, still wed you—and I will."

Lady Maud shrank back a step at this terrible confirmation of Lord Kingswood's assertion, but with rare courage she recovered herself almost instantaneously, and bravely held on.

"Actuated by these feelings I sought Lord Kingswood," continued Philip, and to him I broached the subject. He expressed no objection, and referred me to you. Such a reference I felt to be idle, because I believed your fancy to be limed, but not by me. So I suffered for the time your coyness to prevail, because there was a serpent in my path whose poisonous sting I had resolved to cut out, and should, but that he basely and treacherously took an advantage of me, and——"

"It is so!" exclaimed Lady Maud, excitedly. "I know him to be as incapable of a dastardly act as I am sure you are incapable of coping with him on fair and honorable terms."

Philip's face changed from its unearthly, sallow hue to a yet more awful, livid tint.

"Your ladyship is quick at solving allegories," he said, savagely. "I spoke of a serpent. You readily understood to whom I alluded."

"You alluded, Mr. Avon, to one upon whom, by your own admission, you intended to inflict some deadly injury—to one who had the courage to face you and the skill to defeat you, even upon your own terms," she returned, betraying yet further excitement.

He bowed stiffly.

"I will not contradict you, Lady Maud," he said, displaying his teeth in a spiteful, sardonic smile; "nor will I discuss the matter with you; it would be a needless waste of your time and mine. His triumph, such as it is, will be a shortlived one, and you, anon, will either be won to look down with shame upon the weakness which beguiled from you a thought upon him, or be enabled to mourn in silence and in secret—mark me, in secret, Lady Maud—that the creature is a thing of the past. But pardon me, all this is digressive and foreign to what I wish to say to you. Returning to the point which immediately affects us both, I felt, after what had happened in Kingswood Chace, that a simple reference to you, deeply and unjustly prejudiced as you have been against me, was worse than useless to enable me to prosecute my suit with success. I therefore instructed my father, Sir Walter Avon, to wait upon Lord Kingswood, and to extort from him—if he could obtain it no other way—his consent to bestow your hand upon me. I knew that, according to the terms of his guardianship, Lord Kingswood possessed unlimited control over your hand and your fortune; and if I once obtained his unequivocal pledge that you should be mine it would be irrevocable. I have obtained it, and I am here to present myself to you as your future husband."

"Never!" burst from the lips of Lady Maud

"One moment, if you please," interposed Philip, raising his hand. "It is not necessary to ask your consent; you must obey—you will."

"I will perish rather," exclaimed Lady Maud, firmly.

"Still, you will obey Lord Kingswood's mandate, and become mine," persisted Philip Avon. "I will tell you why. My father, Sir Walter, holds in his hand the fame, name, all that is dear to Lord Kingswood. Persist in your refusal to wed me, and nothing shall save him, Lady Kingswood, and your toy boy cousin, Cyril, from utter destruction."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Lady Maud, astounded at this extraordinary announcement.

"Nevertheless it is true," rejoined Philip Avon. "It is an easily-uttered threat, and might be spoken by me to terrify you, without being founded in truth; but it is truth. Sir Walter was well acquainted with the late Lord Kingswood, who perished by his own hand."

"A calumny," ejaculated Lady Maud, feeling cold and faint at this recurrence to the history of the Kingswoods. "The late Lord Kingswood was found dead at the foot of the old hunting-tower in the Chace, murdered by some undiscovered ruffian."

"Undiscovered until doomsday," responded Philip, with a sneer. "His hand committed the crime, or that of—— No matter now. My father knew the present Lord Kingswood in his boyhood intimately, and there are periods in men's lives, Lady Maud, when they place themselves utterly in the power of another. Lord Kingswood has done this, and upon you rests his immunity from ruin. In good time I will prove this to you, and you will not then withhold your hand from me. I love you for your beauty, Lady Maud; but there are qualities of your mind which it would be impossible not to admire, because they display a romantic absence of selfishness. I have the greatest faith in your readiness to sacrifice yourself to save the Kingswood family from a frightful fate."

He paused for a moment to watch the effect his words were having upon her. He could see that they were working upon her brain and heart as if they were slowly murdering her; but he saw, too, that he should triumph, and that she would sacrifice herself to save Lord Kingswood and his family from the fate he foreshadowed for them should she refuse him.

He noticed how deadly was the pallor which overspread her features, and he feared that she would swoon. He did not wish this; he therefore added, rapidly:

"But of this anon, Lady Maud. I do not wish to pain, distress, or terrify you. I only seek to impress upon you that mine you must and shall be, and having proved that, turn to gentler matters. I wish to woo you, Lady Maud, gallantly as well as boldly—tenderly, if that will better suit your taste. I know that your opinion of me has been clouded by the mist of prejudice. I am anxious to prove to you that I am not so repulsive as you deem me, perhaps as I have been painted. To do this successfully, I must have a fair and clear field. I must come and go at will, and I must be listened to when I speak. I will make pretty speeches enough to you to sicken you of them. I will bring you presents the richest wealth can purchase, or fancy design, down even to a poor bouquet of worthless flowers. I will ride with you, walk with you, kneel to you—be a very Romeo if that will pleasure you—do all that I may to make you love me, and if I do not with all this trouble, most patiently exercised, succeed, still shall you be mine."

Again he paused as if to let her make some observation in reply, but she spoke not. Her eye was fixed on vacancy. She stood like a marble statue, but with her mind actively brooding upon a wild, chaotic confusion of horrors.

Philip Avon frowned, and subjoined,

"My health is not yet sufficiently restored to permit me to remain in London, and I therefore return immediately to Hawkesbury. The clear field I demand in which to woo you must be Kingswood Hall. Thither you must return at once; there I will woo you, win you if I can, conquer you under all circumstances. I take my leave of you, Lady Maud, until then. You will remember what I have said, especially my menace concerning Lord Kingswood. We shall meet again, and soon, at Kingswood Hall. Then do I expect to see your brow lighter, your eye grow brighter, the bloom return to your cheeks, and your happiest smiles bestowed upon Philip Avon, your future husband."

With these words, bowing haughtily, smiling triumphantly, he stalked out of the apartment; while Lady Maud sank upon her knees, raised her clasped hands to Heaven, and exclaimed,

"O my God! in you alone can I put my trust! Aid me, aid me now!"

(To be continued.)

POWDER USED IN THE FIFTEEN-INCH GUN.

The powder used in the fifteen-inch gun is known as "Large Grained," and as "Rodman's Perforated Cake Powder." The former differs from common powder only in the size of the grains, which are six-tenths of an inch cube, and the degree of pressure to which it is subjected in its manufacture. The latter is prepared in solid compressed cakes, subject to a pressure in the making equal to that they will be subjected to in the gun, and perforated with holes to permit access to the flames. They are the improvements and inventions of Major Rodman.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

Bad Pays among the Etrurians.—"If any one amongst the Etrurians," says a Greek author, "contracted a debt, and then declined paying, he was, for the purpose of being exposed to infamy, followed about the streets by boys shaking an empty purse, as they hallooed and shouted at his heels."

Is the gift of a policy of assurance *in articulo mortis* a gift good in law? The question has been raised on a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench. One John Amiss was about to be married to a Miss Floyd, with whom he had been living. She died on the day fixed for her wedding, but before her death she presented her intended husband with two watches, some jewels and a policy of assurance for £1,000. The relatives of the woman brought an action to recover the property. It was shown that they were really given to John Amiss, but the counsel for the plaintiff objected that a policy of assurance had never been passed as a *donatio in articulo mortis*, and Justice Blackburn reserved this curious point.

Canvassing for Votes.—The late Sir H. Smith, long M.P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school, and among the advocates of Reform his resolute opposition to a change had given him a reputation for folly and obstinacy which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing, in the presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied, "I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool." "Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry, "I'm the very man to represent you." This diamond shaft of wit went to the farmer's heart, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote. [Very good, but here's its equal: When the present Earl of Glasgow, then Lord Kelburne, stood successfully for Ayrshire, on Tory principles, and before Free Trade times, he canvassed the county on horseback, which was no great toil to him, as he had hunted the county for many years, and was accustomed to long hours in the saddle. Turning into a farmyard in the north of Ayrshire, he encountered a decided Rad. Lord Kelburne was alighting, and had barely touched the ground, when the hard headed constituent shouted, "Ye needna speer me to vote—I'd rather vote for the devil!" "The devil, would you!" said his lordship, gazing at him and replacing his foot in the stirrup; then, turning round in the saddle as he moved off, he said with a quiet smile, "If your friend, however, shouldn't come to the poll, I suppose I may calculate upon you?"

Russia is understood to urge on England the despatch of an efficient British force to co-operate with the French in keeping the peace round Lebanon. The *Invalide Russe* openly accuses Downing street of caring more for Epsom races than such an event as Syrian massacres.

The celebrated composer, Maestro Verdi, has taken his seat in the Italian Parliament, as member for Borgo San Domino.

The Two Miss Smiths—Proposing to the Wrong Lady.—Miss Smith—yes, let that be the name, as it is of a lady belonging to a great family we are writing—thought an officer, handsome, and of ample fortune, of a capital county family, had looked approvingly at her, almost affectionately, and sure Miss Smith had had more than one eye on the captain, and she looked in vain for the moment when he should declare the passion which she was convinced burned within him. The moment came at last—the volcano burst into flame. One morning she received a letter, beginning, "My dear Miss Smith," and couched in unmistakable language. It was brought by a servant in livery, who waited for an answer. She selected the neatest sheet of pink paper, poured forth a modest yet delighted assent, and gave it to the messenger with her hand. Then she awaited the captain. She waited that day and the next. He came not. She refused exercise, and remained at home a third day. He came not. A week passed and he came not. A fortnight, and he came not. At last she ventured to write, and she received an answer:

"My dear Miss Smith—It is all the fault of James; he took the letter to the wrong house. Deeply as I regard and respect you, I must not conceal from you that my letter was intended for the daughter of Colonel Smith; and I am sure that you, who in your note assured me that my happiness was your soul's desire, will be glad to hear that it is at last secured. I am yours, very sincerely, ————"

A Novel Ruse.—During the past trout-fishing season two lovers of the rod from the neighborhood of Greenock went northwards on a piscatorial ramble. In their peregrinations they reached a well-preserved stream, which ran past a baronial castle, and being determined to share in its riches, they agreed, in case of detection, to feign that they were deaf and dumb. Scarcely had they thrown a fly into the river, however, when down came the keeper. Approaching the man furthest down the stream, he roughly asked what leave he had? Our Walton was too hard of hearing and intent on his fly to answer, but a rough shake by the collar awakened him to the consciousness of passing events. After staring at the keeper with assumed wonder, he laid down his rod, and began talking on his fingers in a manner that would have puzzled the inventor of the science, so far removed was it from the reality. The keeper gave him up, and proceeded to his friend up the stream, who immediately replied in chirology to the rough inquiry regarding leave, and the keeper fell back aghast and discomfited, no doubt thinking that a deaf and dumb asylum had broken loose. At this moment the angler below hooked a large fish, and in his ecstasy shouted, "Lord, Tam, here's a big ane!" Great was the keeper's surprise at hearing the dumb thus suddenly restored to speech but when it subsided, instead of dragging the impostors to justice, he, with an appreciation of a practical joke seldom found among his brethren, told the poachers that it was the best trick he had ever heard of, and that they might fish the river as far as they pleased, provided they kept out of sight of "the big hoose."

One of the Smith Family Who Thought He Could not be Outdone.—Smith was a man who never permitted himself to be outdone—he could do whatever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bath room and Brown, knowing the other's peculiar conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any living man. Thereat Smith fired up, and a bet was made. Two baths were prepared with only six inches of cold water in each. Separated by a cloth partition, each got in and let on the water at the word, the wager being who could stay in the longer with the hot water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith,

"How is it Brown; pretty warm?"

"Yes," says the other, "it's getting very hot, but I can hold out a minute yet."

"So can I," answered Smith. "Lightning! it's awful!"

Fifteen seconds, equal to half an hour by Smith's imaginary watch.

"I say once more, how is it now?"

"The thermometer is nearly up to the boiling point—oh! how excruciating!" answered the one who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape pipe.

By this time Smith was twisting about like a boiled lobster, and called again

"I s—a—y over there—how's it now?"

"Hot as a furnace," replied Brown; "but—whew!—I can hold out another minute."

"The deuce you can!" shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out and ran through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked.

"You rascal, why didn't you put the plug in?"

"Why, I didn't agree to it," said the imperturbable jester, "why didn't you leave yours out?"

Solid ink is being sold for use in ordinary pencil cases instead of leads. It does not admit of blots, and appears to be fully as indelible as the ink fluid.

Cigars are to be subjected to an increased taxation in Paris, it being considered desirable to arrest the heavy consumption of tobacco, which is pronounced to have deteriorated the population of Paris, and, combined with the abuse of absinthe, to have introduced all kinds of diseases dependent on debility amongst the young men of the middle classes.

We hear from Paris that the Nice and Italian ladies are enthusiastic for war, and have resolved to get up an army corps of 5,000 ladies. The idea is a good one, for the Austrians will never have the heart to risk the Italian women when they are determined on conquest. Who is to be the general is not decided. But he must be a fastidious man, and not of the Napier race, who thought a towel, a bit of soap and a shirt enough for the wants of a warrior! Fancy the baggage for crinoline alone of 5,000—dare we say baggages?

Scribe has left no less than fifteen dramatic works in his writing desk, in various degrees of completion.

CHESS.

The following position by the distinguished musician and problematist, R. Willmers, of Vienna, has gained the prize at a Problem Tournament in connection with the Berlin *Schachzeitung*. It is a production of pre-eminent merit, and has baffled even the sagacity of our very best connoisseurs. In presenting it to our readers, we particularly call their attention to its great ingenuity. We shall withhold the solution for a month, in order that they may have time to solve it.—*Era*.

PROBLEM No. 289.—By Herr Rudolph Willmers, of Vienna. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Carl Moeller, New York. Many thanks for the "counterfeit." It is received with very great pleasure.

MATCH BETWEEN HORWITZ AND STANLEY.

We present our readers with one of the games played in the interesting contest between the above gentlemen. It has been kindly placed at our disposal by an esteemed Manchester correspondent.—*Era*.

WHITE. Mr. B. H.	BLACK. Mr. C. H. S.	WHITE. Mr. B. H.	BLACK. Mr. C. H. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 3	20 P to Q Kt 3 (g)	Kt tks Kt's P
2 P to K B 4	P to Q 4	21 Q R to Q Kt	Kt to Q 5
3 P to K 5	P to Q B 4	22 Q to Q 2	Q R to Q B (?)
4 Kt to K B 3	P to Q 5	23 Q R to Q Kt 2	Kt tks B (ch)
5 P to Q B 3 (a)	P to Q 6 (b)	24 Q tks Kt	B tks P
6 Q to Kt 4 (ch)	Kt to Q B 3	25 Q to K Kt 4	B tks R
7 Q to Q B 3	B to Q 2	26 Q tks K P (ch)	K to B
8 Q tks Q P (c)	K Kt to K 2	27 Kt to K Kt 5	B tks Kt (ch)
9 Q to Q B 3	Q Kt to B 3	28 K tks B	R to B 2
10 K B to K 2	K Kt to Q 4	29 B tks K (k)	Q to Q 4
11 P to Q 3	K B to K 3	30 Q to Q B 2	Q R to K
12 Castles	Q B to B	31 Q to Q 2	R tks B P (l)
13 P to Q R 3 (d)	Castles	32 Q tks R	R to K 8 (ch)
14 P to Q B 4	K Kt to Q Kt 5	33 K to B 2	R to B 8 (ch)
15 Q Kt to B 3	P to K B 3	34 K to Kt 3	R tks Q
16 K P tks P	B tks P	35 B tks R	Q to Q 6 (ch)
17 Q Kt to K 4	K B to Q 5 (ch)	36 K to Kt 4 (best)	P to R 4 (ch)
18 Kt tks B (e)	Kt tks Kt (f)	37 K tks P	Q to B 4 (ch)
19 Q to Q	B to Q R 5	38 B interposes	B to K 5 (ch)

Mr. Horwitz resigns.

(a) B to Q B 4 was here the correct move.
(b) The premature advance of this Pawn was, no doubt, done with the object of sacrificing it, and thereby retarding the development of White's forces, but we believe that the step was a hazardous one to be ventured in a match game.
(c) To have taken the Pawn with Bishop would have been bad play.
(d) In order to be enabled to play P to Q B 4 afterwards.
(e) Badly played, and may be said to be the cause of White's future embarrassment.
(f) Black has now obtained a very superior position.
(g) This was forced, because had White moved the Queen the loss of the exchange must have immediately followed.
(h) The last series of moves was played with great ability, by which an additional advantage is gained sufficient to render victory a certainty.
(i) Q to K R 3 would decidedly have been preferable.
(k) It is obvious that taking the Queen would cost mate on the move.
(l) Very well played.

Consultation Game played between Count Koucheleff, Mr. T. H. Hampton and Mr. Lowenthal, against Captain Kennedy and Herr Kolisch.

WHITE. Capt. K. and Ally.	BLACK. Count K. and Allies.	WHITE. Capt. K. and Ally.	BLACK. Count K. and Allies.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 P tks Kt	P to Q B 3
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	17 Kt to Q 4	Q to Q 4
3 Kt tks P	P to Q 3	18 Q tks Q	P tks Q
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt tks P	19 Q R to Q sq	Q R to Q sq (d)
5 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	20 R to Q 3	R to Q 2
6 B to Q 3	B to K 2 (a)	21 K R to Q sq	K R to Q sq
7 Castles	Castles	22 Kt to B 5 (e)	B to B 4
8 P to Q B 4	B to K 3 (b)	23 Kt to Q 6	P to B 3
9 B to K B 4	Kt to Q B 3	24 Kt to K 4 (f)	B to K 2
10 Q to K 2	Kt to B 3 (c)	25 P to K 6	R to B 2
11 B to K 5	P tks P	26 R tks P	R tks R
12 B tks P	Kt to Q 4	27 R tks R	R to Q B 7
13 Kt to Q B 3	Kt tks Kt	28 B to Q 7	R tks K P
14 P tks Kt	B tks B	29 Kt to Kt 3	B to B 4
15 Q tks B	Kt tks B		

And the game was, by mutual consent, given up as a drawn battle.

(a) A move suggested by Count Koucheleff; it is much better than B to Q 3.
(b) The only correct defence; it was first adopted by Morphy.
(c) Rendering White's attack perfectly harmless.
(d) Q R to Q B sq would, perhaps, have been better play.
(e) From this point the game is highly interesting and instructive, and is conducted by the White allies with remarkable ability.
(f) Very finely played.

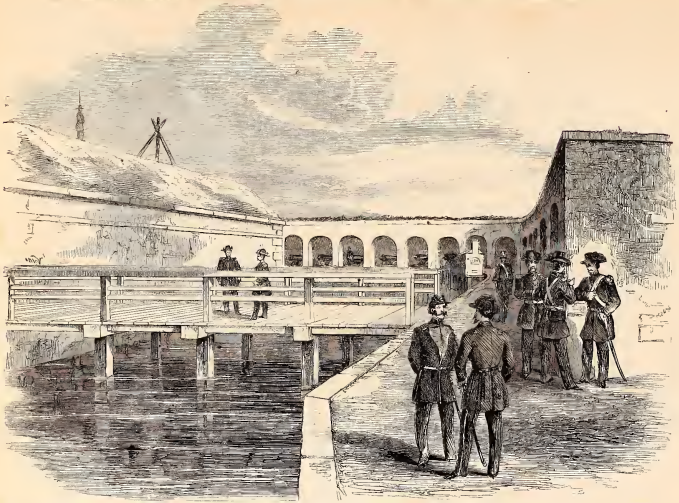
SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

Problem No. 284.—Q to her 5 (ch); K tks Q; Kt to Q 8; anything; Kt mates. Variations.

Problem No. 285.—Kt to Q 5; K tks Kt; Kt to Kt 4; P moves; Kt to B 2; P tks Kt; P mates.

Problem No. 287.—B to K 2; P moves; B to B 3; P moves; K to B 6; K tks Kt or P Q's (ch); mates.

Problem No. 288.—B to K sq; P moves; Kt to Q 2; P tks Kt; Kt to B 4; P tks Kt; P mates.



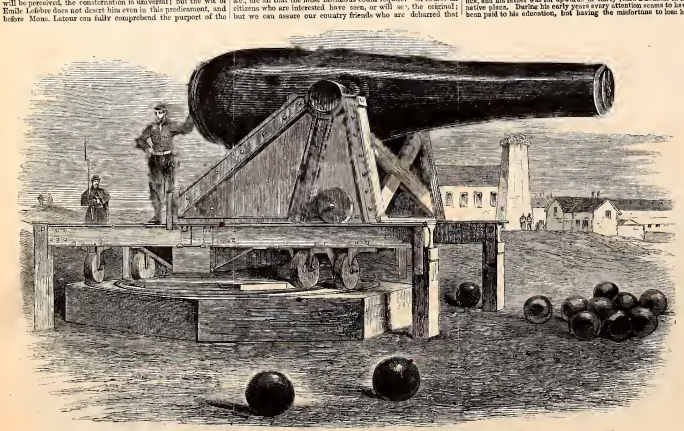
FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA—THE WATER BATTERY, SHOWING THE FURNACE FOR HEATING SHOT, AND THE ESPLANADE USED BY THE LADIES OF THE GARRISON AS A PROMENADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 328.

SCENE FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF "HENRIETTE."

Those who have seen Mr. Wilkins's charming comedy of "Henriette," as performed at Wallack's Theatre, will recognize at once the truthful character of the representation furnished by our artist of one of the final scenes. This is one of the most telling scenes in the play, and is caused by the unfortunate "billet-doux"—upon the adventures of which the plot turns—falling into the hands of the absurdly jealous Mons. Latour. As will be perceived, the consternation is universal; but the wit of Emile Lefebre does not desert him even in this predicament, and before Mons. Latour can fully comprehend the purport of the "billet," he relieves him of it, manages to put an entirely foreign construction upon its contents, and then deliberately burns it in the candle; thus putting an end at once to its travels, the discord caused thereby, and the play itself. The characters represented in the tableau we have selected for illustration are Henriette (Mrs. Hoey); Madame Latour (Mrs. Sloan); Madame Solenge (Mrs. Walcot); Lefebre (Mr. Lester Wallack); Latour (Mr. Young); and Blossiere the Naturalist (Mr. Norton). As will be perceived, the adjuncts of scenery, furniture, costumes, &c., are all that the most fastidious could require. Of course all citizens who are interested have seen, or will see, the original; but we can assure our country friends who are debarred that pleasure, that our Artist furnishes them with a lifelike counterpart of the most telling scene of this truly elegant comedy.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. VINCENT PHILIP MEYER-HOFFER.

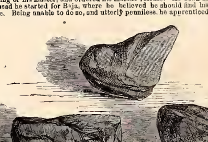
The Rev. Vincent Philip Meyerhoffer, whose portrait appears on page 329, was born at Raab, in the Kingdom of Hungary, in the year 1764, on the 22d of January. His parents were both Roman Catholics, and his father was for upwards of thirty years a Senator in his native place. During his early years every attention seems to have been paid to his education, but having the misfortune to lose his



THE GREAT FIFTEEN INCH GUN, DESIGNED BY MAJOR ROGMAN, U.S.A., AND NOW IN FORT MONROE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 328.

SCENE FROM E. P. WILKINS'S HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL COMEDY OF "HENRIETTE," NOW PERFORMING AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

father when only eleven years of age, his mother, who seems to have treated him during his whole life with marked unkindness, apprenticed him to a grocer in the city of Pesth. Here he spent five years, during which period he was treated with unkindness by his master, and abused by his fellow-apprentices. His mother never came near him, or even wrote to him. At last he was determined to alter his circumstances, as his apprenticeship was at an end. Upon stating this determination to his master he was arrested and locked up in the common jail amongst the worst of characters and common felons. One of his uncles coming to see him was exceedingly distressed at finding him in such a condition, and went immediately to the Mayor, who was highly indignant at the illegal proceeding of his master, and ordered his instant release. As soon as released he started for Baja, where he believed he should find his uncle. Being unable to do so, and utterly penniless, he apprenticed



LARGE GRAINED POWDER USED IN RODMAN'S FIFTEEN-INCH GUN. —SEE PAGE 331.

himself to a baker, and after a variety of adventures was recognized by one of his old preceptors, who reinstated him in the schools at Golocs. Here he remained two years and then made his way to Bats, in Sclavonia, where he entered as a novice in the Franciscan Convent. At the age of twenty-one he took the vows of the Franciscan order. At twenty-three he was ordained as a Roman Catholic priest by the Bishop of Alba Julia. From this time to 1811 he acted as curate in Neoplanta and Priglavitza Szentwany. Disgusted with the immoral conduct of the rector, he applied for and obtained the appointment of garrison chaplain at the fortress of Peterwardein, and shortly afterwards was appointed regimental chaplain to the Austrian Regiment No. 60, commanded by Count Ignatz Cyuley, Ban of Croatia. This regiment comprised a portion of the troops sent by Austria to aid Napoleon in his Russian campaign. Mr. Meyerhoffer was therefore a participator in all the horrors of that disastrous retreat. Shortly afterwards the same regiment formed part of the allied army sent by Austria against Napoleon. They were encamped at Dippoldiswalde, having retreated from Dresden, when Napoleon attacked them by night and captured five regiments. Mr. Meyerhoffer was taken prisoner whilst he was attending to the wounded. He was taken before Napoleon, who said that he "did not want priests for prisoners," and ordered his passport; but the Governor of Dresden detained him with the other officers as prisoner of war. From Dresden he was sent to Mayence. When there, being very much impressed by a dream warning him that he would soon be sent to the interior of France, he made his escape to Oppenheim, where he was secreted by the rector in the belfry of a church. The Mayor of Oppenheim dying of agitation and alarm, Mr. Meyerhoffer was elected Mayor of the town, and discharged the duties of that office until the arrival of the Russian General Benigron. He then set out for Chalons, but met his own regiment on the road, by whom he was received with open arms, the more so as they were under the apprehension that he had been slain at Dippoldiswalde. With them he again joined the main body of the allies, and was present at the investment and capitulation of Paris. His regiment also formed part of the escort that guarded Napoleon to the coast, whence he was taken to the island of Elba. Mr. Meyerhoffer used often to entertain his friends by the history of his personal adventures during the wars of Napoleon, and always took pleasure in relating many anecdotes known but little beyond the localities in which they happened. He was intimate with all the great Generals of the allied army, especially with Field Marshals Schwartzenberg and Wredin.

During Napoleon's imprisonment at Elba he marched with his regiment to Italy, where he visited Turin, Milan, Pavia and many other cities interesting from both ancient and recent events. After the battle of Waterloo, and the conclusion of peace, he was presented, as an acknowledgment of his merits, with the Parish of Klingenmunster, near Landau, in Bavaria; here he remained two years, but being disgusted with the corrupt practices of his church, and afraid of losing his life if he changed his religion in a Roman Catholic country, he resolved to emigrate to the United States. For this purpose he wrote to the Bishop of Philadelphia, and having received an invitation to come, set sail from Amsterdam in the ship Elizabeth, during the summer of 1819. Shortly after his arrival here he was appointed Missionary at Canewago, where there were a great many Germans.

Here differences arose between him and the Jesuits, with whose conduct he was greatly disgusted, and especially so with that of two of their number, a French priest named Lekue, and the Vicar-General De Barth. The Jesuits did all they could to induce him to join their order, but he had seen too much of their practices in Eurnpo to be easily duped. When they found he was proof against their cunning, they began to persecute him, but the churchwardens and congregation, who loved and esteemed him, took his part. Then the priest Lekue attempted to poison him, but Mr. Meyerhoffer fortunately detected the attempt and escaped. This decided him, and he left the Church of Rome in company with another priest who was, like himself, a Franciscan friar. This priest—Mr. Huber—opened a drug store in company with Mr. Meyerhoffer, at Little York, Pennsylvania. He then determined to get married, being convinced of the unlawfulness of the monastic vow. After a short acquaintance with Mrs. Meyerhoffer, who was a widow, they were married by Mr. Miller, a Moravian clergyman. "Now," he says, "I studied the Bible for two years to find out which church I would select, and I concluded to enter amongst the German Reformed Brothers in Pennsylvania." There he took the degree of M. A., in Alleghany College. From thence he came to Buffalo, and attended four congregations inside and outside the city. Here he became acquainted with the Episcopal clergyman upon whose advice he wrote to the Bishop of Qachec, requesting to be admitted into the Church of England. Having passed a favorable examination at Toronto, Canada West (then Little York), he was appointed as Missionary to the Townships of Vaughan and Markham, where he performed church service alternately in English and German. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion in 1837, Mr. Meyerhoffer made himself so obnoxious to the Reformers, that they nailed up his church and placed a sentry with orders to shoot him if he came near the door. When the Orangemen heard this, they came in a body and drove away the guard, opened the church, and told the rebels that if they placed another sentry there he should be hung upon the nearest tree. Mr. Meyerhoffer served twenty years in Markham, during which time he succeeded in building, by subscription, three churches, two in Markham and one in Vaughan.

On the 1st of January, 1850, he was superannuated on a pension of seventy-three pounds per annum, and he then removed to Toronto, where he occasionally assisted the city clergymen. In 1851 he went to Whitby, where he resided for two years; and from thence went to Perrytown, near Port Hope, where he built another church and opened a congregation by the permission of the Bishop. In 1854 he returned to Whitby, having been obliged through illness and the advice of his medical attendants to give up his congregation in Perrytown. Here he resided until the time of his death, living comparatively retired, but preaching and performing church service when circumstances required. Altogether he was fifty-one years a clergyman; for twelve years a Roman Catholic priest, nine years a preacher before the German Reformed Brethren, and thirty years a minister of the Church of England.

He was a man of simple manners, temperate habits, strictly honest and conscientious, and very zealous in the discharge of his ministerial duties. His bearing and manners were courteous and affable in the extreme, and he was noted for acts of kindness and hospitality. In his public and private life he was an exemplary Christian, discharging his duties to God and man with fidelity.

Mr. Meyerhoffer was highly educated, writing and speaking

THE LATE REV. VINCENT PHILIP MEYERHOFFER, PASTOR OF VAUGHAN AND MARKHAM, CANADA.

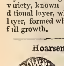
Greek, Latin, German, French, and the Sclavonian dialect, with as much ease and fluency as his native Hungarian. He was a Royal Arch Mason, and for some time Grand Chaplain of the Order in Canada. He was also an Orangeman, of which body he was for many years also Grand Chaplain. Surviving Mr. Meyerhoffer are his widow, two sons and four daughters; all the children are of age, the daughters married, and the sons earning their own living. He left also one surviving sister, who still resides in her native city of Raab. Six weeks before his death, which took place on the 15th of January, 1859, he complained of weakness, and told his friends that his time for this world was not long. He expressed great satisfaction in the idea of his earthly troubles being almost over. Up to the time of his last moments he never expressed a doubt or fear as to the future, but glided away in perfect tranquillity almost imperceptibly, and apparently without pain. A short time before his death he called some of his Masonic brethren to him, and expressed a wish to be buried as a Mason, and also that his brother Orangemen would attend his funeral. This was accordingly done, and the Whitby papers of the day speak of his funeral as the largest and most imposing that had ever been seen in the town of Whitby.

He left behind him a manuscript containing the history of his own life and the scenes through which he passed during his career as a military chaplain in the wars of Napoleon. His account of the retreat from Moscow, and of the battles of Leipsic, Jena, Culm, Dresden and many others is interesting in the extreme. This manuscript is in the press, and will shortly be published for the benefit of his widow.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN BY A BEAR.—The following extraordinary story has appeared, dated Berne, March 5th: "An English gentleman, Captain L——, of the British army, met his death here last night in a most dreadful manner. Captain L——, after supping with some friends, took a walk through the city in company with three other Englishmen. As the bearpit lay in their way, the party went for pastime to look at the bears. This pit was separated into two compartments, in one of which was a he-bear, and in the other the female and several cubs. While bending over the railings, watching the animals, Captain L—— overbalanced himself, and fell over into that part of the pit in which the old bear was confined, breaking his arm in the fall. One hour elapsed before any assistance was obtained and brought to the spot. Efforts were then made to extricate the unfortunate man from his perilous position by means of hoisting him up with ropes. It is remarkable that up to this time the old bear, although the most savage of the family, and therefore placed in a separate compartment, had not attempted to injure the young man. But this state of things was not to last long. At the moment when he was being hoisted out of the pit and had reached half-way up, the bear became savage and tore him down into the pit again. A horrible struggle then ensued, which after nearly half an hour's duration resulted in Captain L——'s being killed by the ferocious beast. One of the party of Englishmen would have jumped into the pit to his friend's aid had he not been forcibly restrained by the bystanders. Great indignation is expressed by the inhabitants of Berne that no aid came from the quarter whence it ought to have been rendered, even at the risk of life. A sentinel was posted at about thirty paces from the pit, and I understood that a searching investigation has been instituted into this man's conduct."

CAMEOS, AND HOW THEY ARE CUT.—Rome is now the chief city of the art of cameo cutting, two kinds of which are produced; those cut in hard stone, and those cut in shell. The stones most valuable for this purpose are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx, provided they have at least two different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for this purpose, if it has four or five different colored parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in making the device of the cameo. For example, a specimen of stone which has four parallel layers may be used for a cameo of Minerva, where the ground would be dark gray, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brown or gray. All such cameos are wrought by a lapidary's lathe, with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust. Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show two layers, one white and the other either pale coffee color or deep reddish orange. The subject is cut with small steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. Shells adapted for cameo cutting are dense, thick, and consist usually of three layers of differently colored shell material. In one variety of these shells, each layer is composed of very many thin plates, that is, laminated, the laminæ being perpendicular to the plane of the main layer, and each laminæ consisting of a series of elongated prismatic cells, adherent to their long sides. The laminæ of the outer and inner layers are parallel to the lines of growth, while those of the middle layer are at right angles to them. In another variety, known as the cowries, there is an additional layer, which is a duplicate of the nacerous layer, formed when the animal has attained its full growth.

Hoarseness and Sore Throat.



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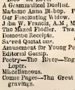

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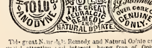

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Is the Budget's suggestion of

HOW HE SHOULD GIVE UP FORT SUMPTER.
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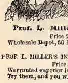

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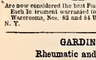

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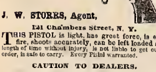

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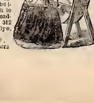

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 282—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

FIRING ON THE SCHOONER SHANNON, From the Battery on Morris Island, Charleston Harbor, S. C.

Our Artist in Charleston has sent us sketches of two exciting episodes in the present unfortunate epic of national trouble. We cannot do better than give them in the words of an eye-witness:

"The city was startled late in the afternoon of the 3d by firing from Morris Island. It was supposed at first to be mere practice shots; but those who had the best glasses could see that a schooner was the object, and what that schooner meant and where she came from, and what she wanted in this harbor, remained a mystery until late yesterday afternoon. I enlisted a Charleston pilot in my service, and finally he brought me the following. It seems that about four P. M. a schooner was seen

FIRING AT THE SCHOONER SHANNON, LADEN WITH RIE, FROM THE BATTERY ON MORRIS ISLAND, CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C., APRIL 3, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW ON MORRIS ISLAND.

BOAT FROM FORT SUMTER ARRIVING AT SUMMONS' POINT WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, CONVEYING CAPT. SYMMUR AND LIEUT. SNOWD, TO ASK PERMISSION TO RUN DOWN TO THE SCHOONER SHANNON, TO ASCERTAIN IF ANY DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE BY THE FIRING FROM MORRIS ISLAND, APRIL 3, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOW ON MORRIS ISLAND.

beating up the channel. She had no pilot aboard, as was evident from the fact that she failed to give the usual signal to the guard boat. As she still kept on her way, apparently shaping her course for Fort Sumpter, she was fired into by the Fort Morris battery, they sending a shot across her bows. Still she kept on, but throwing to the breeze the Stars and Stripes. When she came abreast of the Mortar battery they sent some very heavy shot, not pointed at her hull, but which nevertheless hit her. As she still persisted, they sent a shell which burst close to her rudder. My informant said in his rough, sailor parlance, that he was quite near at the time and called out to the captain, 'Why in h—ll don't you heave to?' The captain of the schooner was evidently bewildered, and didn't know what to do. When the shell was fired he hove to in desperate haste.

"Major Anderson, who had been carefully scanning the whole thing with his glass, immediately sent the fort boat, and detailed Captain Seymour and Lieutenant Snyder to row over at once to Morris Island, to ask an explanation of the firing, and to obtain permission to visit the schooner. This was granted, and they immediately went on board. After tarrying awhile they returned to the fort, and the schooner put at once to sea. It has been blowing a gale for several days, and on Wednesday evening the entire bay was white with foam. To this may be ascribed the fact that although a coast steamer was sent in pursuit of the unknown vessel, she returned at midnight, stating that she was unable to find her. The fact of the visit of the officers from Fort Sumpter has led all Charleston to believe that the schooner had provisions and men for the fort, and that she was the *avant courrier* of a fleet on the way, and that the raising of the United States flag was well understood by Major Anderson. As I know that she had a cargo of ice on board, I look upon this surmise as amounting to nothing, but the Charlestonians persist in thinking that there was something immense intended, which they happily upset. The Captain of the Shannon evidently thought that ice was in demand here, notwithstanding the two dollars duty per ton. He certainly did his best to come in, but I fancy he will not care to repeat the experiment."

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1861.

Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—Lord Palmerston, having appointed himself Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, necessarily resigned his seat in Parliament, and appealed to the electors of Tiverton, who, of course, re-elected the old Premier. He made a speech on the occasion, in which he said, in allusion to our present fratricidal strife: "Of this I am sure, every man who hears me, every British heart will feel that it is our cordial wish that whatever may be the ultimate result of the differences now prevailing, that result may be brought about by amicable adjustments, and that the world may be saved from the afflicting spectacle of seeing brothers arming against brothers, and parents against children, and of seeing that state of social happiness which has hitherto been the admiration of mankind defaced by disputes, and a country which has been the scene of peace and industry polluted by the effusion of blood." Would that our politicians, now blind with bigotry, could see with the calm eye of a spectator the drama they are enacting. The Paris *Patrie* has an angry editorial on the presence of the Prince of Orleans at the funeral of the Duchess of Kent. It forgets that her brother married one of the daughters of Louis Philippe.

France.—The Council of State has condemned the Bishop of Poictiers to be formally reprimanded for his sermon, in which he compared the Emperor to Pontius Pilate. It ought to be borne in mind, that many have considered the Roman Governor as an ill-used man, and that all he wanted was moral firmness. It must be confessed that Louis Napoleon cannot be said to resemble, in that grand essential, Pontius in the least. War preparations still continue with unabated vigor, and there is little doubt of an impending struggle between Austria and Italy, in which France will have to play a decided part. The French papers are very quiet on our American troubles. The Morrill tariff has very much changed the opinion of Germany, France and England on the Slavery question. There is such a thing as paying too much for a nigger, as well as a whistle. The health of the Empress is improved, and her spirits are so much better, that the *Court Journal* says "she giggles, an accomplishment which the Emperor by no means admires." It is said that she has read Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural, which she much applauds—certainly a great encouragement to the Abolition philosophers and Fourierite declaimers. Several French editors on an excursion to Venice were very roughly treated, and finally expelled in a most ignominious manner. What makes this the more remarkable is, that their passports were *visé* by the Austrian Embassy in Paris. The warlike aspect of Europe had depressed the Bourse very much.

Italy.—Austria was concentrating large bodies of troops at various parts in Venetia, and the common talk of the officers was an approaching campaign with Sardinia. Hungary was, however, by no means satisfied with the reform, and Garibaldi, it is rumored, had called a conference of his old associates at Brescia, to deliberate on the best plan of commencing the war. The Pontifical gendarmes at Canino, near Viterbo, are said to have treacherously attacked the citizens, three of whom were killed. The indignation was general, and the people were signing addresses to Napoleon, praying him to protect the city. The Italian Chamber of Deputies on the 29th adjourned until April 24, on which day Signor Massari will bring forward an interpellation in reference to the affairs of Naples. Count Cavour had made a speech, in which he declared that Rome must be the capital of Italy.

Austria.—The German papers announce that the Count of Rechberg, Prime Minister of Austria, had sent his son to London on a special mission to know how far England would back Austria in the event of her being forced into a war by the aggressive nature of French policy. Lord Palmerston said that with Hungary dissatisfied, and Venetia requiring so many men to hold it, he did not consider Austria capable of performing her old part in the politics of Europe.

Havana.—It is certain now that St. Domingo is to be annexed to Spain, President Santana having formally transferred the Dominican Republic to the Spanish Queen. A large Spanish force was on the point of sailing for St. Domingo to complete the transfer. The Commissioners from President Jefferson Davis had arrived in Havana, on their way to England and France. They had been cordially received by the British Consul there.

Turkey.—It is said that the Sultan has declined to submit his intended reforms to the Great Powers, and that they have declared he shall. The sick man of Turkey is in *articulo mortis*, and his decease should be accelerated, as an act of benevolence.

China.—Lord Elgin is on his way to England; but it is said that the Mandarins of Foo-Chow have altogether ignored the late Treaty, and consequently another campaign may after all be necessary to re-convince the barbarian Chinese.

Japan.—The murder of Mr. Heusken, the Secretary of the American Legation at Jeddo, has caused great consternation, and the English, French and Dutch Ministers had left the capital, which is the headquarters of fanatical hatred of foreigners, and gone to Yokohama. Mr. Harris had, however, remained at his post. We are glad to find that Tommy, the ladies' pet while in America, has not been put to death, but is alive, and making theological remarks about Mr. Heusken's going to Heaven. At least, so says the pious *World*.

Our Artist in Charleston, S. C.

For over three months our Special Artist has been stationed in Charleston, S. C., occasionally varying his location to Columbia and to Montgomery, the capital of the Southern Confederacy. By this means we have been enabled to furnish to our readers vivid and reliable sketches of the important events which have transpired in those localities. No other Illustrated Paper has been permitted to enjoy the same privilege, and our illustrations, therefore, are the only ones to be relied upon.

We tender our warmest thanks to the authorities of those cities for the courtesies they have shown to our Special Artist, and for the privileges they have accorded him in his connection with our Illustrated Newspaper. He is now on Morris Island, in Charleston Harbor, by special permission of the authorities, and in the best possible position for observing and sketching all that publicly transpires in the coming great drama of our country's history.

Aspect of Affairs.

The past week has been one of great excitement and gloom, for every one feels that the question of Peace or War depends upon the chance of a minute. The President and his Cabinet, after a temporising policy of above a month, appear to have determined upon a coercive policy, or in other words they have resolved to reinforce Forts Sumpter and Pickens. For this purpose a fleet of war vessels and transports has been organized, and by this time is on its way to the seat of action. In consequence of the vessels having sailed with sealed orders it is impossible to designate their precise destination, although everything points to Charleston and other Southern ports. We give a list of the vessels despatched during the week:

Coatzacoalcos	1,500
Fashion	500
Atlantic	2,845
Baltic	2,885
Illinois	2,123
Ocean Queen	2,802
Yankee	400
Uncle Ben	300
Empire City	1,050
Star of the West	1,500
Total	16,505

In another part of our paper we have illustrated the departure of the Atlantic from the Collins dock in Canal street.

The Demoralization of Office.

The present condition of public affairs is, in many respects, a painful one. At a time when all true men are gazing with the profoundest sorrow on the melancholy spectacle of a great Republic torn to pieces by intemperate politicians, we have the additional humiliation of seeing the men who aspire to the manning of the noble craft, rushing on board, not to save the vessel, but to plunder it. Their conduct is more that of pirates and wreckers than that of Americans and patriots. Nor are the President and his Cabinet blameless in the matter. A precious month has been lost in the weighing whether Hiram Barney or Simeon Draper shall have this or that position, and in gathering around them a pack of the most ravenous wolves that ever pursued a Siberian droskie.

We have before alluded to that atrocious custom of changing, with a few exceptions, the entire *personnel* of the Government on the advent of a new President, a system founded upon the bandit cry of—"To the victors belong the spoils!" Thus an honorable pursuit becomes akin to that of the gambler or the partisan, and a horde of unprincipled place-hunters are fastened upon the community, at once to rule and rob. Nor must we omit from this disgusting picture of political depravity the demoralizing effects this miserable system has upon the officials themselves. It eradicates the last spark of manhood. Truth and honor are sacrificed to the Molochs of rum and gold, and the Hard-Shell Democrat of eight years' standing has as sudden a conversion on his road to the Jericho of Salt River as did the Apostle of old. It is wonderful to see what an effect the approach of the guillotine has upon the impenitent heretics of the Custom House and the Post Office. They are ready to forswear their old religion, and embrace the new faith, to save their official lives; but the Black Fiend having extorted from their fears the sacrifice of their integrity, they are ruthlessly slaughtered, perishing thus both politically and morally.

If anything could more fully exhibit the debasing power of the present system, it is to be found in the fact that nearly one-half of the present Government employés declare they have been Abe Lincolnites all their lives, without, of course, knowing it themselves, or anybody else. Nor can any other course be expected from men trained as they have been. They may have commenced their career of politician as honest and industrious men, they may have shrunk from grogshops with as holy a horror as Father Mathew or Horace Greeley; but once in the fatal current, they are imperceptibly drawn into the vortex of rowdyism and corruption. It is a statistical fact, that every office, however small in power or profit, makes at least twenty politicians, thus at one blow converting twenty industrious citizens into as many men who are content to gamble their future life on the chance of a four years' prize. Talk of the demoralising influence of the lottery, what is it to that of politics? Surely never has the old legend of a man selling his soul to Satan, for the possession of a short-lived paradise, had a more complete illustration, than in this fatal pursuit of office, which is not alone destructive to the men themselves, but subversive of the Republic, by erecting an army of Janizaries who are compelled to follow blindly the dictates of unprincipled leaders, whose supreme law is their own aggrandisement. Whatever may be the result of the present unhappy struggle between the two parties which now divide the country, and which has been chiefly caused by the very evil we are considering, let us hope that it will result in those amendments to the Constitution which the altered state of society imperatively demands.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The *Palmetto Flag* says that William L. Yancey has received from the fair hands of his numerous lady friends in Montgomery a splendid gold mounted cane and a bouquet of rare flowers, in token of their appreciation of the untiring zeal and self-sacrificing labor which have distinguished his patriotism in behalf of Southern independence and domestic peace and quiet. The Philadelphia *Press* adds that when the admirers of certain politicians present their idols with a cane, it is a delicate hint to walk off.

The Levees daily held at the Custom House by the Emperor Barney are very suggestive of the immense surplus patriotism now in the market. Considering the troubled state of the nation, this is very creditable to them. When we find so many men anxious to throw themselves into such positions of danger as clerks in the Custom House and Post Office, and for the small sum of a thousand a year, no man need despair of the Republic. Let us suggest to Mr. Barney the propriety of forming a regiment out of the applicants for official honors and emoluments.

Ex-Governor Rodman Price has not shown his usual prudence in his letter advising New Jersey to join the Southern Confederacy. Such a position would resemble the ass between two bundles of hay, neither of which he could touch. Between the two stools she would come to the ground. It is a great pity that the letter in question was not washed out of his cabin window with the rest of his California vouchers. We recommend General Wright to review the ex-Governor's letter.

Kossuth and the Emperor of Austria are at war in the English courts of law about the manufacture of Hungarian bonds by order of Louis Kossuth. The defence is that the Emperor of Austria is not *de jure* King of Hungary. It is a strange spectacle to see an Emperor and his rebellious subject thus meet as equals in an English court of justice; but it would, indeed, be truly ludicrous were the verdict to justify Kossuth, since it would be tantamount to declaring Francis Joseph of Hapsburg an usurper.

The Inhabitants of St. Paul, Minnesota, have a very quiet way of doing business—it is purely intellectual. They don't tar and feather, but they pass resolutions much more effective. The last object of their sarcasm is the Rev. Mr. Fisk, who, in a sermon, declared Ossawattomie Brown to be a second Jesus Christ; whereupon, some of the principal inhabitants of St. Paul met and passed the following resolution, which they handed to him, and had another copy framed and put up in their City Hall:

"Whereas, the Rev. Mr. Fisk, of St. Paul, has declared from the pulpit 'that John Brown was a second Jesus Christ,' therefore,

"*Resolved*, That Mr. Fisk has made himself a *second Balaam's ass*; provided, however, nothing herein contained is intended to slander the original ass by intimating that Mr. Fisk is his lineal descendant."

We await with considerable interest Fisk's next bray in reply.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

National Academy of Design.

We should judge, from the number of people present whenever we visit the Academy of Design, that the receipts must be highly satisfactory. Considerable interest is evidenced by the public, and it would require but little exertion to make it one of our most popular institutions. We have not reviewed the pictures in any order of succession, but have commented upon those which most particularly attracted our attention, and continue in the same vein.

No. 194, "A Lake in the Highlands," J. R. Gifford. This picture is a blaze of sunlight, which throws a golden glare over every object—the sky, the water, which is liquid light, and the gorgeously tinted foliage—the very shadows in the water float in gold, and the glory of light embraces all. Still there is nothing positively glaring, for a wonderful atmosphere softens and harmonizes the whole. Altogether, it is a fascinating picture, and one of Mr. Gifford's happiest efforts.

No. 199, "A Reminiscence—Trenton Falls," Thomas Hicks. This little picture contains a masterly and beautiful moonlight effect. But there all praise must end, for the mass of chalky matter, supposed to represent the falls, is utterly unlike water under any aspect.

No. 338, "Shower at Sunset," A. D. Shattuck. This is a striking picture, exhibiting a strong but not uncommon natural effect. The sky is heavily clouded over the whole right of the picture, throwing a shadowy gloom over the landscape. Towards the centre the clouds are breaking under the influence of the setting sun, and in this strong break of light, which is reflected, with magical effect, on portions of water and foliage, the falling of a shower of rain is distinctly traced. Mr. Shattuck is a close observer of nature, and his facile pencil transfers her varied moods to the canvas with an accuracy which simulates reality, and strikes the observer with its truth at a glance.

No. 389, "Autumn," J. R. Brevoort. A group of trees, with a mass of undergrowth and bush foliage, dyed with the gorgeous tints of autumn, with a glimpse of a landscape beyond, form the subject of this picture. The group is admirably drawn, and skilfully and effectively painted. It has all the richness of autumnal tints without exaggeration or extravagance.

No. 429, "Hyde's Hotel, Sudbury, Vt.," A. H. Wenzler. This is a new style of advertising, and we wish to know how much the Directors of the Academy of Design charge for a "square"—say three feet—of their exhibition walls. This is not the only advertising picture there. A tariff of advertising prices should be published, from the diminutive cabinet to the largest size, and we feel sure that the funds of the Academy would reap a great revenue from this new business—the advertising community is very enterprising. Mr. Wenzler's picture is good enough for a month's free board.

No. 435, "Recollections of Capri," A. Bierstadt. The "Grotto of Nymphs," a remarkable stalactite cave in the Island of Capri, at the south entrance of the Bay of Naples, is the subject of this very clever picture. We are in the heart of the cave, and surrounded by a strange gloom. Far in the distance is seen the pale light which marks the entrance, while in one of the fissures on the left the strong red glare of a fire is visible. The contrasts afforded by these opposing lights, blending with the general tone of the cave, make up a rich and effective bit of coloring.

No. 426, "Mrs. Hasbrouck," D. Huntington, N.A. This is a fine portrait in all its details. The face is well drawn, the flesh tone rich, the shadows clear, the millinery excellently painted, and the general management natural and attractive.

No. 423, "The Highlands, from Shrewsbury River," J. F. Kensett. A large number who view this picture will remember the precise spot, and many will doubtless have seen the very effect so ably represented. A bold bluff stands prominently out into the water, throwing a dense and heavy mass of shade. The water beyond is studded with small craft and floating seadrift. The whole is admirably painted, and the atmosphere is so positive that the eye wanders

into the depths of the far distance as though it were limitless. It is a charming picture, one of those transcripts of nature which Kensett excels in.

No 494, "Pools by the Shore," Wm. Hart. This happy effect of Mr. Hart's pencil represents a level landscape, trending to the sea in the distance. The foreground is broken, cool pools of water running in landward, and on the right are heavy masses of rock finely drawn and painted. It is a work of high merit.

No. 374, "The Culprit," by Eastman Johnson, A. This is an inimitable touch of real life. The culprit is evidently a very bad boy indeed. Placed in a corner, on a high stool, he still scowls defiance upon his fate. Correction has evidently brought no contrition to his mind, for both face and figure are expressive of the most dogged obstinacy and non-repentance. It is carefully painted, and the thought is so faithfully portrayed that the story is told at a glance. It is a little gem, unpretentious, but revealing a master hand. It is worthy of Hunt.

No. 467, "A Lady," by W. Oliver Stone, N A. This is a charming portrait. The subject is handled with delicacy and sentiment. The intelligent face is skilfully painted, and the expression caught with admirable fidelity. The drapery is graceful, its transparent texture happily rendered, and the position easy and natural. A more subdued tone would have greatly added to the value of the work. Still it is a portrait worthy of note.

No. 133, "Strolling Players in a Snow Squall," by R. Zimmerman. This is a picture full of character, containing points of marked excellence. The huge wagon, drawn by two veritable Rozinantes, faithfully represents the Noah's Ark of the strollers. The crowded group, huddled together for protection, and promiscuously mixed up with scenery, drums, properties, and all the tawdry trumpery properly belonging to an itinerant acting company, is full of action, and is skilfully and spiritedly drawn. The two strollers by the side of the wagon and the dog, probably an actor, too, look footsore and shivering; and the men have that hat-on-one-side, coat-buttoned-up-to-the-chin, jaunty, shabby-genteel air peculiar to the class, and unmistakable when met with. The snow flurry is cleverly managed, and the leaden tone peculiar to such an incident imparts a feeling of extreme desolation. The *ensemble* presents a real life scene, which is striking for its fidelity, admirable for the naturalness of its sentiment, and for its clever and spirited execution.

A Reply from "Cousin Clara."

They may talk about music moving rocks and stones, and of its power over savage beasts, but give us a delicately pointed poem, with flattering possibilities and a dash of sincerity, and in power over the sentiments of woman it throws music far away into the shade. We felt sure that if Cousin Clara was a real flesh and blood woman, and not an unsatisfactory and intangible myth, that our "Appeal" would challenge a reply. Our presentiment has been justified; Cousin Clara has answered, and in a very graceful, charming and genial manner. She is evidently a genuine daughter of the South, and accepts our Northern courtesy with a frankness which is at once truthful and charming. Our readers will perceive that she has *adopted* Frank Leslie, and after saying many flattering things, places him among that pleasantly privileged class her "cousins"—an honor which he fully and deeply appreciates.

But Cousin Clara, with exquisite cunning, or rather, innocent diplomacy, has evaded our question, and although her handwriting proves that she is not a "myth" but a "shy little birdie," her veritable identity is not revealed. The suggestion, however, in the last verse of her charming poetical reply we shall duly bear in mind, and advise the Colonel, or rather Cousin Harry, to be on his guard when he next visits New York, for we shall assuredly hunt up some "Robertson's" and do our best to pump him. But read what Cousin Clara says:

Nashville, Tenn., March 23, 1861,
– Saturday Night.

Dear Mr. Gossip—As I was busy this evening, preparing to attend one of our delightful concerts (for you must know we are a music-loving people in our city), my little Mercury came in with quite an armful of mail matter, and as he threw it on the table I caught sight of your paper, and to use a Southern phrase, pounced upon it like a "hawk upon a chicken," whilst all the girls were exclaiming, "Now, coz, you'll not be ready!" "Only one peep, darlings," I cried, "just to see if Cousin Harry has anything in it!" When, lo and behold! there was your beautiful and flattering "Appeal to Cousin Clara," as large as life, staring me right in the face. I was so astonished for a moment or two I couldn't believe my eyes. What? *I* in *Frank Leslie's*, it could not be, it must be some other Clara! But no, there it was, and no mistake, and who but that dear, good, kind Cousin Harry the cause of it, too, for I know he must have said something very nice about me to induce you to compliment a stranger in such a pretty way. Now, didn't he, dear Mr. Leslie? the sly, teasing fellow, and not to give me the least hint about it either.

Well, notwithstanding all the girls could say, I read it over and over, inhaling at the same time the delicious fragrance of a magnificent bouquet of hyacinths, and I could think of nothing more appropriate than a reply suggested by their delicate aroma, mingling with the spicy breath of many other sweet floral beauties, sending up their pure incense-offering on the soft spring breeze to the bright starry heavens, shining so lovingly down on us, as we wended our way to the Concert Hall.

I enjoyed the fine music very much, but all the time the rich harmony was floating around me I was thinking of you, and what I should say to you about my plain little self that you would not laugh at. Now, you must not do that, Cousin Frank (you see I have adopted you already), for I do love cousins—some, of course, in particular; but don't let Cousin Harry see this, for the saucy fellow would be putting on airs directly, and he is vain enough now of all the petting he gets here in the sweet sunny South, I can tell you; I really believe he has bewitched us all here anyhow—everything and everybody loves him and pets him till he is nearly ruined. Why, even the very Fairies themselves are taken on with him; yes, even the Queen herself, and I'm getting "green-eyed" about it, too, and if he don't mind—well, I won't say what terrible thing I might have done, but now I've got a new cousin, so let him look out, that's all.

But, as I was just going to tell you, after I came home I could not rest until I had scribbled off the enclosed lines, as a reply to your pretty "Appeal;" they are not much, but will serve to show you, by the promptness with which I have complied with your request, that I at least appreciate the delicate compliment you have paid me in thus inquiring who I am.

But now I am so weary, I cannot say anything further that will in the least interest you, unless I add, what every one already knows, that Frank Leslie is a decided favorite throughout the length, breadth and depth of the entire South, and we look for his arrival every week with far more anxiety than we do for the proceedings of all Lincoln's Cabinet, for we don't believe it contains either a Solon or a Solomon, to redeem it from the d—downfall of the simple.

Wishing you a kind good-night, success and happiness,

I am truly,
Your Petite Cousine,
Clara.

"Cousin Clara's" Reply to Frank Leslie's "Appeal."

Wind of the Sunny South, hyacinth-laden,
Waft on your balmy wings buoyant and free,
To the cold frigid North—from our rosy-hued Aiden,
A message to gallant Frank Leslie from me.

Tell him, I am not a strong-minded woman,
Nor yet a brunette with a dark flashing eye;
But a pale, little, pensive, hazel-eyed creature,
That can love—if I'm loved again, yes, love till I die.

But tell him alas! I'm no golden-haired beauty,
Tho' a wealth of dark ringlets o'ershadows my brow;
Nor am I a myth, but a nice little armful,
Weighing exactly—one hundred pounds now.

And whisper, sweet zephyr, I am low-voiced, gentle,
Sensitive, loving, fond of innocent mirth;
Yet, a shy little birdie—ever singing and soaring,
Whose delicate foot rarely touches the earth.

Living in dream-land with music and flowers,
Building cloud-palaces up the blue sky,
Roving with angels amid the sweet bowers,
Where friends that I love never leave me or die.

Where the Heavens are glowing with rainbow-hued arches,
Star-jewell'd blossoms, and clear purling streams,
That flow thro' the forests in musical murmurs,
Soothing the soul into mystical dreams.

But haste, gentle breeze, so soft, spicy-pinions,
Press thy warm lip to the cold Northern snows,
Till they melt, as should hearts, in those icy dominions,
And the laurel entwine with our sweet Southern rose.

And now, Cousin Frank, if more you'd be knowing
About such a lone little birdie as I,
Just ask Cousin Hal, when "old Robertson's" flowing,
And I think that he'll tell—with a "drop in his eye."

Reorganization of the Management of the Academy of Music.

"The king never dies"—so says that ancient fiction perpetuating without a moment's lapse the dynasties of the Old World. "Ullman never dies," say the veracious chroniclers who hang round the fashionable locality of Fourteenth street, in expectation of the scraps which fall to their share. Ullman, yesterday crushed up, beaten out, used up and utterly demolished, to-day is on his legs again, plotting, planning, scheming and contriving, master of the position and fully prepared for another campaign. Ullman is like that celebrated snake often scotched but never killed.

When he suddenly and peremptorily closed his operatic season a few months since, it was supposed that his connection with the management of the Academy had ceased for a long period, if not for ever. Indeed, Ullman himself rather favored the impression that he had withdrawn from public life for two or three years at least. The pressure upon the ex-manager was, however, too great for him to withstand, for the Directors of the Academy unanimously voted him the lease of the building, over very flattering offers made to them from other sources. Such a vote was highly complimentary to the intelligence and integrity of Ullman, and proved the entire confidence placed in his abilities. We understand that his lease is based upon terms of extraordinary liberality, rendering it possible, with a good company and ordinary success, to carry out a season to a successful end, and leaving a profit to the management. Under such an arrangement the affairs of the Academy cannot but prosper, and for the first time we may entertain the hope that Italian opera will assume the position of an established fact.

Among other rumors, it is stated that Ullman has entered into a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Max Maretzek, thus uniting the interests of the two great rivals; also, that arrangements have been consummated with Marty of Havana, which will insure extraordinary brilliancy and variety to the operatic campaigns of next season. We look upon this as very good news, and we have no doubt, if the arrangements are carried out in good faith, that the results will be highly satisfactory to all concerned.

Woodworth's Collected Poems.

The collected poems of the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" will meet with a welcome all over the country, for it is not too much to say that that one poem has made every section of the United States familiar with the name of Woodworth. Its gentle sentiment, the holy home affection which breathes in every line, and the pleasant versification, have rendered the "Old Oaken Bucket" universally popular. The two volumes before us, which have been brought out in beautiful style, blue covers and gold leaves, by Charles Scribner, Grand street, New York, contain a vast number of most charming lyrics on a variety of subjects, together with pungent humorous sketches in the way of medleys and burlesques. The poems are grave and gay, pastoral and sentimental, patriotic and descriptive, and in all is found the evidence of a pure and gentle nature, and a refined and contemplative mind. Our readers will find in these volumes many favorite and valued poems, the authorship of which they were ignorant, from the fact that the popularity of the poet caused his fugitive pieces to be reprinted all over the country, and in most cases the author's name was omitted. We can recommend these attractive volumes very cordially to our readers.

The Household Journal.

We have received the first volume of this clever weekly periodical, bound in elegant style. Its contents are of the most varied character, and are well calculated to obtain a large circulation. It is ably and judiciously edited.

We have also received from the same publishers, Alexander Harthill & Co., the *Household Musical Album*, a very handsome volume, containing over twenty pieces of music, both vocal and instrumental, beautifully printed on excellent paper. It is a very cheap publication, the separate pieces of music costing hardly four cents each. The price of the volume is one dollar.

Bruno Wollenhaupt's First Grand Concert.

Bruno Wollenhaupt's concert on Saturday evening, the 6th inst., at Irving Hall, was one of the most brilliant and interesting of the season, not only in the contents of its programme, but the execution of the same. The hall was not crowded, although over a thousand people were present, but the audience was fashionable and highly critical, comprising our very best musical amateurs and professors.

The opening piece was Weber's magnificent overture to "Oberon," and we do not award any too much praise when we say we never heard it so finely performed in New York as on this occasion. Every point was brought out with remarkable precision, its exquisite shadings delicately executed, and its grand masses of sound rendered unusually impressive by the just contrasts so rigidly observed. Let Carl Bergmann and the orchestra share the praise which rightly belongs to both.

The second number was Vieuxtemps' magnificent Concerto in E major, with orchestral accompaniments, which introduced Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt to the public. He was received most enthusiastically; indeed, the welcome was so warm that it seemed to overpower the young artist and to rather unsteady his nerves. He did not quite recover his composure until he had been playing some little time, but as he warmed to his work he regained his steadiness of nerve and was soon absorbed in the grand work which he was interpreting. It was no slight task for one so young to stand up before an audience familiar with the composition through the performance of its author, Vieuxtemps, who is probably the greatest violinist in his peculiar school in the world, and who had the additional advantage of interpreting his own creation. This was no slight task, and to stand the test of comparison was either to fail or to place himself side by side with that great master. Bruno Wollenhaupt was equal to the emergency, and if we missed the cool confidence of the experienced artist, Vieuxtemps, we found the same marvellously perfect *technique*, with the added charm of fervor and enthusiasm. The vast difficulties of this Concerto were mastered with a fluent ease as surprising as satisfactory; so little apparent was the effort that the uninitiated must have been unconscious how great was the technical achievement they were listening to so delightedly; while those who knew rendered just homage to that genius which had so early mastered an art which is a lifetime study. The mere execution of this great Concerto is not the only praise due to Bruno Wollenhaupt. His broad and grand conception of its character, his refined, intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of its sentiment and design, and his passion and feeling, which gave a life to the whole, are points of artistic excellence which call for special remark and unqualified praise. Clearness, rapidity and brilliancy of execution, purity and breadth of tone, and a certainty in *stopping*, which does not admit of a shade of variation from the true pitch, are among the distinguishing beauties of Bruno Wollenhaupt's school. His *cantabile* playing has never been excelled in smoothness, purity and sympathetic tenderness.

For three quarters of an hour he held his audience in rapt admiration by the charm of his playing. After every pause the applause burst forth, and at the close the enthusiasm was unbounded, and did not subside until the young artist re-appeared and acknowledged again the generous and cordial approbation.

His second piece, "Airs Hongroise," by Ernst, quaint and peculiar in its character, and abounding in the most crabbed difficulties, was executed with the like perfection, and drew forth the same enthusiasm and another recall.

But, to our mind, the interpretation was not as successful as that of the previous piece. Ernst has written *himself* in this, and music was studied less than personal idiosyncrasy. Its interpretation demanded a peculiar and marked mannerism, and a certain degree of *charlatanrie* or trickery, which could be justified by the idea of the composition, and would not seem a strained rendering by the composer, who would be naturally imbued with the peculiar characteristics of his own quaint creation. These characteristics are of almost impossible attainments by another, for they were rather momentary impulses than written thoughts, and yet without them, the idea seems incomplete, and the *spirituelle* or weird charm is wanting.

The third piece was an introduction and variation, composed by himself upon the charming Tema, "Les Hirondelles," by Felicien David. In this composition, Bruno Wollenhaupt has revealed some of the best points of his own style. The introduction is thoughtful, graceful and tender, and well constructed in reference to the following Tema. The variations are elegant, ingenious and brilliant, and well calculated to display his perfect and admirable mastery over every difficulty of the instrument, affording, at the same time, a medium for the exhibition of that passionate tenderness and earnest feeling which are the crowning beauties of his performance, and prove how dominant in his nature is his reverence for the esthetic in art. This piece, both in itself and in its execution, was a grand success, and at its close the applause was so enthusiastic that the artist, after bowing his thanks a second time, was compelled to acknowledge the demonstration by playing again, selecting for the encore a very pleasant and difficult arrangement of his own, of "Home, Sweet Home."

It is with sincere pleasure that we chronicle the unqualified success of Bruno Wollenhaupt. He has grown up among us from mere childhood; his genius has developed here, and the honor due to a great talent is reflected back upon our city. Let us foster it, and prove that we are capable of appreciating the highest excellence in executive art, without waiting for European endorsement which has hitherto been the guide to admiration of both our public and our critics.

Mr. Centemeri sang an Italian and a French Aria with much taste and effect. He has a fine voice, and sings with expression and judgment. Mr. Herman A. Wollenhaupt accompanied his brother in the three last pieces most admirably. It is rare to find a first-rate pianist so entirely ignore his own eminence in his desire to give effect to the performance of another. One of Steinway's superb grand pianos supplied the place of the orchestra in those pieces, and filled the large hall with its ample volume of tone.

This admirable concert concluded with Beethoven's Sinfonia No. 2. It was performed with admirable precision and effect; indeed, we have rarely heard it so finely rendered. Bergmann seemed to enter with his whole heart into the spirit and the sentiment of the composition, and his orchestra obeyed every indication of his mind. The symphony was warmly applauded—nearly all the audience remaining until its close.

We understand that Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt will shortly give another concert.

The Italian Opera.

The associated artists commenced a brief season at the Academy on Monday, the 8th inst. "Un Ballo in Maschera" was the first opera given, and was performed admirably. On Wednesday, the 10th, the "Jewess" was given, Madame Colson appearing for the first time as the Jewess. She achieved a great success. Miss Hinckley as the Princess was also excellent. On Friday evening, Miss Kellogg appeared as Linda, in "Linda di Chamounix," and sustained the excellent impression made by her previous appearance. "Un Ballo" was repeated at the matinée. The company has met with a success altogether unexpected at this time of trouble, when "wars and rumors of wars" pervade the whole country. It is but justice to state that the enterprise of the management and the excellence of the company fully deserve the most liberal patronage of the public. They leave New York next week for Philadelphia.

Concert Performance of Wallace's Opera of Lurline.

The enterprising and flourishing Mendelssohn Society of this city gave a concert-room performance of Wallace's beautiful and successful opera of "Lurline," at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 6th inst. Great care was taken in its production, particularly with the choral department, but the principal performers were by no means equal to the tasks allotted them. In the absence of a theatrical rendering of this work, we should be thankful for a performance which conveys some idea of its grandeur and beauty. Great praise is due to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Berge, for their untiring exertions in bringing "Lurline" before the public.

Madame Bishop's Complimentary Benefit.

This interesting musical affair will positively come off at the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, the 19th inst. She will be ably assisted, and from the interest exhibited in musical circles, we believe that the Academy will be fully and fashionably attended. Madame Bishop deserves a substantial compliment, for no artist has been more faithful in her duties, or more deservedly popular.

Gottschalk's Concerts.

We understand that Gottschalk's delightful Concerts will commence about the 17th of the present month. We expect a great excitement about that time.

HOLLAND LODGE, NO. 8—COMPLIMENT TO R. W. JOHN J. CRANE.

Holland Lodge, No. 8, on Tuesday evening last, paid a well-deserved tribute to their late Master, Dr. John J. Crane, who we trust will hereafter serve the Fraternity in a wider sphere of usefulness.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

To the W. M. and Brethren of Holland Lodge, No. 8.

The Committee appointed at a Special Communication held on the 30th of March, 1861, "to present resolutions at the next regular Communication expressive of the sentiments of this Lodge towards its late Master, R. W. J. J. Crane, and of its appreciation of his services as Master thereof, and as a member of the Masonic Fraternity,"

Respectfully Report,

That your Committee, with unfeigned pleasure, discharged the agreeable duty confided to it by presenting the following resolutions:

Resolved, That during the seven years of R. W. Brother Crane's Mastership of this Lodge, he has ever proved himself its firm supporter and steadfast friend; and that it gladly avails itself of this occasion to acknowledge that to his counsels, exertions and unswerving fidelity it is chiefly indebted for its present prosperity and position.

Resolved, That the declination of our late Master to accept a renomination at the last December election was received by this Lodge with sincere regret; but that—while deeply sensible of the loss which it sustained in being deprived of a presiding officer so eminently qualified, and possessing so fully the confidence and personal attachment of the members—they could not fail to recognize, in the reasons which he assigned for declining, the sound judgment, disinterestedness and solicitude for the welfare of the Lodge which have characterized his course as its chief officer.

Resolved, That the great ability displayed by our late Master in performing the work; his regular attendance at our Communications; his uniform firmness, with moderation, in exercising the high prerogatives of his office—"ruling his Brethren with love rather than force, cultivating a spirit of conciliation among them; subduing, by mildness and urbanity, the irritations which too often arise in debate; seeking rather to establish the correctness of his judgment by the persuasions of reason than by the force of authority," his faithful care for the important interests of the Lodge and of the institution, and his eminent, moral, intellectual and social qualities have won for him the admiration, esteem and affection of the members of this Lodge.

Resolved, That the devotion of our late Master to the best interests of the Fraternity at large, his zeal in the performance of his Masonic duties, and his efficient services in the advancement of the objects of the institution, have distinguished him as one of the most valuable of its members, and rendered him worthy of its highest honors.

Resolved, That the Master of this Lodge be, and he hereby is, empowered to procure a suitable Testimonial, to be presented to R. W. Brother J. J. Crane, together with a copy of these resolutions.

JOTHAM POST,
CHAS. A. RAPALLO, } Special Committee.
CHARLES D. MEAD,

The Master of Holland Lodge, W. Joseph N. Balestier, addressed Brother Crane in the warmest and most flattering terms, and especially urged that the Fraternity should be allowed to avail themselves of the services of Brother Crane in a more exalted position. The worthy recipient of this ovation replied in a few eloquent and feeling remarks, and all the Brethren present joined in demonstrations of affectionate respect.

The elections for municipal officers in the cities of Hudson, Hoboken and Jersey City passed over very quietly. Edward T. Carpenter was elected Mayor of Hudson City, Mr. Van Voorst for Jersey City and John R Johnson for Hoboken. They are all good men. At the last minute John Kennelly was substituted for Harrison, who was on the ticket for City Clerk, and elected without any trouble. Dr. Elder was re-elected Superintendent of the Public Schools, a position where he has given great satisfaction. It is well known that had he chosen he could have been nominated for Mayor.

Mr. John S. Allen has been appointed Postmaster of Williamsburg, L. I. It is worth $2,000 a year.

THE DAHLGREN HOWITZER.

During the Mexican war the want of a suitable armament for boat service was severely felt, for on the vast sea coast of an enemy's country, that enemy having no navy, there was not much for our ships to do, but in shallow water or on the land. For these operations boats of light draught were needed, and with them guns combining the greatest possible power with the least possible weight. This happy combination has been achieved by Captain J. A. Dahlgren in his ship or boat howitzer, which is now generally adopted in the American navy.

After the Mexican war, Captain Dahlgren, being in charge of the ordnance duty at the Washington Navy Yard, proposed to the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance a system of armament for boats. His plan was approved of, and in 1849 he furnished howitzers to the United States ship John Adams, then fitting out for the coast of Africa. The Dahlgren howitzers are of three classes, viz: the twenty-four pounder, weighing about one thousand three hundred pounds, adapted for the launch of a seventy-four gun ship; the twelve-pounder, weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, designed for a frigate's launch; and the twelve-pounder, weighing four hundred and thirty pounds, adapted for the launch of a sloop of war. In their design the utmost simplicity of figure has been chosen, and all ornament avoided. Around the charge the bronze is distributed in the form of a cylinder, extending sufficiently in front of the seat of the projectile, thence to the muzzle it is continued as a truncated cone. The breechplate is a portion of a sphere. The bore is terminated by a conical chamber, which affords the greatest facility for rapid loading, without incurring the least chance of the charge being detained when sent home by the rammer. The howitzer is mounted by a loop similar to that of a carronade. The elevation is performed by a screw passing through the cascabel knob, worked by a light disc attached just below the thread of the screw. Its edge is coarsely milled, so as to afford a firm touch to the hands. The lock is a plain hammer, perforated at the head, so as to permit free egress to the blast from the vent. A round tangent sight is made to move in a perforation drilled in the rear of the base ring. The projectiles used in howitzers are shells and canister, to which is now added shrapnels.

When it is necessary to land men and howitzers for operation on shore, the guns are attached to light but strong carriages, such as are shown in our illustration. The field carriage is of wrought iron, of the lightest possible weight. The trail has a small wheel or runner, to ease it over any obstacle. Its entire weight does not exceed five hundred pounds. The parts of the carriage are fastened together by screwnuts, and can be taken apart and put together with the greatest rapidity.

These Dahlgren howitzers can be readily manœuvred by the ordinary launches' crews, and may now be deemed a most effective and efficient arm of the naval service.

Captain John A. Dahlgren was born in Pennsylvania. He entered the service on the 1st of February, 1826, and his present commission bears the date of 1855. He is at present retained on special ordnance duty.

THE DAHLGREN BOAT HOWITZER GUN, DESIGNED BY CAPT. DAHLGREN, AND NOW IN GENERAL USE IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PETER G. T. BEAUREGARD,

Commandant of the Forts and Troops at Charleston, S. C.

The present Commandant of the forts and troops in Charleston, South Carolina, Brigadier-General Peter G. T. Beauregard, was appointed by the Southern Congress to that important post the latter end of February, and entered upon the duties of his commission on the 4th of March. He is a native of Louisiana, and was, until recent events induced him to resign his commission, high in the corps of engineers of the United States Army.

General Beauregard was esteemed highly, not only as a man, but as an able engineer, and as a masterly strategist and tactician. He has seen considerable service, and was promoted for his gallant conduct and the ability he displayed during the Mexican war. His appointment as Commandant at Charleston has given immense satisfaction to the Confederacy, and has inspired the troops in and around Charleston with renewed spirit. Since his arrival the works of offence and defence have been prosecuted with extraordinary activity, and reliable authorities pronounce Charleston, in its present state, almost impregnable.

General Beauregard is brother-in-law to ex-Senator Slidell, of Louisiana.

M. DU CHAILLU,

African Traveller.

At a meeting of the members of the Royal Institution and their friends (including a large number of distinguished persons) expressly assembled for the purpose (Sir Roderick I. Murchison in the chair), M. Du Chaillu gave an account of his travels in the interior of Western Africa, comprising an extent of about four hundred miles, from 2 deg. N. to 2 deg. S. He started from the mouth of the Gaboon River, and made five distinct journeys into the interior, in the course of three years (1855-9), during which he studied the physical features of the country and the manners of the inhabitants. Amid the beautiful tropical vegetation dwell ferocious beasts and no less fierce human beings. The further inward he went the more intelligent he found the people. The cloth woven of grass was finer, and their pottery and weapons of war better made. Some are cannibals of the very worst kind. Natural death they do not appear to believe in. When they see it drawing near, they kill the sick and aged; and when a person dies, another, to whom they attribute the cause of death, must be killed. No persons but kings and others of high rank are buried; the corpses are eaten, human flesh being sold in the shambles. Among one tribe, M. Du Chaillu was honored as a king and worshipped as a spirit. The people believed that the cloth, &c., he gave them were made by him in the night, and that his clock and musical box were devils. M. Du Chaillu gave also a particular account of the gorilla apes, which, in some parts of their structure, approach nearer to men than any other animal. He had met many in the forest regions on the banks of the Mani River and between the Gaboon and Cape Lopez. The strongly-marked features and large, deep sunken eyeballs, especially in the males, give them an appearance of the most intense ferocity. The traveller's description of his first encounter with this monster, before whom all the beasts fly, was very remarkable. It occurred in the midst of a gloomy forest. The monster came on slowly to the attack, beating his huge brawny chest, displaying his enormously strong teeth, and uttering a terrific roar. "Now," said the traveller to himself, "if you wish to see your friends again you will take good aim." He did so, and the monster fell. Afterwards he killed twenty gorillas. One of his companions unfortunately missed his aim, and was torn to pieces by a gorilla, who even crushed his gun with his powerful tusks. The gorilla is untameable, M. Du Chaillu having tried in vain to domesticate a young one. The gorilla does not, as has been said, erect a shelter for itself. At night the female ascends a tree and the male rests below. These animals resemble men in living in some way in the family state. Their scanty means of support (they being vegetarians, living mostly on berries) will ever prevent their being very numerous. In the stomach of a very aged one, whose teeth were worn out, nothing was found but leaves. Several specimens of the gorilla, and drawings and maps illustrated M. Du Chaillu's most interesting narrative. His book, now in the press, will be anxiously looked for.

CAPT. JOHN A. DAHLGREN, INVENTOR OF THE DAHLGREN GUN.

The Law of Evidence.—Hon. Randall Bunt, an eminent lawyer of Louisiana, has introduced into the Legislature of that State an act removing the common law disability as witnesses of parties previously convicted of crime, or interested in the issue before any court. Husbands and wives of the parties are also rendered competent and compellable witnesses to testify on behalf of any party to the suit or other proceedings. Neither husbands or wives can, however, be required to give evidence for or against each other in any criminal proceeding. Neither husband or wife are rendered competent or compellable by the act to disclose any communication made by one to the other during marriage.

The French Mode of Grafting.—The French are practising a new method of grafting, a knowledge of which may prove valuable to American horticulturists, inasmuch as it can be performed at any season of the year, when the sound matured buds can be had, whether the sap is in a flowing state or not. It is performed by removing a small piece of bark and wood, leaving a smooth and flat surface, to which a similar piece containing the bud, which is to form the future tree, is fitted, which is sealed over immediately with collodion. This forms a strong impervious cuticle, which secures a free circulation of the sap on the approach of warm weather, and a perfect union of the parts.

THE IRON SAFE;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MURDER.

Those of my readers who are familiar with the odd thoroughfares and old world corners of ancient London, well know that there is a legal precinct called Barnard's Inn. It is one of those old, melancholy, dingy-looking clusters of houses that look as if placed under some social ban, and only supposed to exist as a contrast to brighter and more cheerful scenes.

These places are the deep shadows of great cities, which serve to throw up the more prominent lights with greater brilliancy.

This Barnard's Inn (who was Barnard? Alas! even local history seems silent regarding him)—this Barnard's Inn, then, connects, by some mysterious turnings and windings, which look and feel like the internal economy of some gigantic dustbin, Holborn with Fetter lane. As its name implies, it is strictly legal. That is to say, it is inhabited by the genus lawyer—species, attorney.

The houses are black, smoky, dark and depressing. They might be likened to some good old patriarchal spider's web, stretched out in that stray spot to catch unwary flies—clients; and which web, as aforesaid, had borne the brunt of so many winters, that it had thickened and blackened up into something wonderfully dull and dusty.

In one of the holes and corners, then, of the legal web dwelt the firm of Merks & Gadds, solicitors.

They were old men, both Merks and Gadds; but Gadds was one of those old men who, after a certain period, get young again in activity, in restlessness and in some strange idea that they have the world all before them, and that they have only to make the best of it for a time in order to enjoy years and years of luxury and felicity.

Gadds wanted to do that with some one else's money, for the very efficient and particular reason that he had none of his own.

Merks, the senior partner, was rapidly bidding the world good-bye; he was what may be called a decayed solicitor. That is to say, there was a time when he had resided in a more lightsome place than Barnard's Inn, and where he had had good clients, who were well worth having—gentlemen with estates and rents; but Merks had met with reverses, and had decayed and darkened down to Barnard's Inn and a partnership with Gadds.

The basis of that partnership was the restitution by Merks of one lucrative agency.

There was a gentleman—a baronet, named Sir Winton Wells—who was the owner of several manors, and who derived some considerable income from "royalties," as they are called, from mines; that is to say, the share of the profits of the mine which the owner of the soil in which it is excavated reserves to himself in the shape of a rent from the adventurers who seek the mineral wealth of the land.

Then Sir Winton Wells had shares and rents from other sources, and he had some foreign property somewhere in a district of Spain; and, take it altogether, the sixteen or seventeen thousands a-year, which the baronet's income came to, had to be collected from complicated sources.

The agency for this estate, then, and the collection of the rents, royalties, dividends, &c., was retained by old Merks, as the last fragment of his once prosperous and respectable business.

And so he went into partnership with Gadds, in Barnard's Inn.

And, from the moment that he did so, Gadds wanted the Winton Wells agency, as it was familiarly called in the office, for himself, and probably something more than the mere agency.

It was on a very sweet spring morning, when the bright sunshine almost made its way down the narrow opening from Holborn, into Barnard's Inn, that a somewhat heavy and antiquated coach stopped at that entrance.

From this coach there alighted an old gentleman with remarkably white hair.

Then there descended a young gentleman with a very handsome countenance, and particularly fine and sparkling eyes; and he turned—and so, indeed, did the old gentleman with the white hair—towards the carriage, and they both said at once, "Dear May, we won't be long."

Then a young lady, with such a charming, piquant countenance, that if she had but once gone into Barnard's Inn the sunshine of her presence would have lingered there for years, and it would scarcely ever have looked so gloomy again, looked out of the old coach, and, with a smile, that was all over her sweet face at once, replied, "I will not be impatient, dear uncle."

"Bless you, my darling!" said the old man.

"Yes!" said the young gentleman; and he said that "yes" in in such a peculiar manner, that the young lady surely understood that he meant to say "Bless you, my darling!" likewise, although he might not think it expedient to say so many words at that precise moment.

"There, now!" cried the young lady; "you foolish Frank! You nearly fell over the step."

Frank Wells—for that was the name of this vivacious-looking young gentleman—only laughed; then giving his arm to the old gentleman with the white hair, he escorted him along the narrow, dark entrance to Barnard's Inn.

Now, this old gentleman with the white hair was no other than Sir Winton Wells, the one good client of poor old Mr. Merks, the decayed solicitor, and the basis of the partnership with Gadds.

The young gentleman with the fine eyes was his nephew, Frank Wells, the only son of the baronet's brother, and an orphan.

The young lady with the sweet sunny countenance was May Lessington, and the niece of the baronet, being the only child of his only sister; and she, too, was an orphan.

Is it, then, to be wondered at that May had a high appreciation of the fine eyes of Frank, her cousin; and that Frank thought that in all the world there was no one to compare with his dear cousin May?

The old baronet loved them both as though they had been dear children of his own; and it was no secret to any one, who chose to come at the fact, that they were his heirs, and that he looked forward to their union and their happiness as the solace and delight of his old age.

"Frank, my dear boy," said Sir Winton Wells, as they made their way towards the dingy chamber in the gloomy inn, occupied by Merks and Gadds—"Frank, my dear boy, I think our May gets more beautiful and more dear every day."

"I am sure she does, uncle."

"Ah, I thought I was right. She is the dearest, best——"

"Most beautiful!" added Frank.

"Gentlest!" said the old man.

"Affectionate!" added Frank.

"Kind, good——"

"Angel——"

"Yes, yes, Frank! Angel, God knows she has been to me, since the very day that she first set foot in old Winton Manor. God bless her!"

"Amen to that prayer, uncle!" said Frank.

"She is seventeen years and nine months and two weeks old, Frank."

"And four days," added Frank.

"Ah, yes, and when she is eighteen I hope to see you and her happy—very, very happy!"

"Dear uncle, I sometimes wonder," said Frank—and as he spoke his voice deepened and broke a little, and there was a suffusion of tears in those fine eyes of his—"I often wonder what I have done, or what I can ever possibly do to deserve so much happiness as seems to be mine. You are so kind and good to me. May is all that I could ever dream of loving. I have youth and health. Oh, how much, how very much I have to thank God for! My life is surely without a shadow—without a cloud!"

Even as poor Frank Wells spoke, there swept between the earth and the fair sun of that sweet spring day a deep cloud, and a double darkness seemed to fall upon old Barnard's Inn.

The old baronet started and looked up.

Frank, with a gentle smile, spoke.

"Some folks, now, dear uncle," he said, "would take that for an omen."

"Oh, no, no! We will not be superstitious, my dear boy. But here we are, I think, eh?"

They had reached a black and grimy doorway that opened upon one of the common staircases of the old inn, and on the side of the doorpost there were the names of the occupants of the different sets of chambers in the place. Prominent enough among them were the names of the firm of "Merks and Gadds, ground floor."

Leaning upon the arm of his nephew, the old baronet made his way to the chambers of the legal gentlemen, and was soon seated in the clients' chair in the private room of the firm.

Gadds was positively servile in the attention he paid to the baronet.

Merks was quiet, and much more gentlemanlike.

The one clerk that the firm kept, and who was supposed to be some connection of Gadds, although he denied it entirely, took up his station at the keyhole of the private room.

This clerk was named Danby. He was about eighteen years of age, and was tall and slim. The other clerks in Barnard's Inn would have it that he came from the workhouse, and that for the first week he had appeared in leather smalls, and a pepper and salt colored coat, with "No. 14" on a leaden badge sewed to the breast of it.

But be this as it may, Danby was now attired in a suit of the most faded and shabby black that was ever seen on mortal form.

It was evident, though, that Danby was of an inquiring turn of mind, or he would not have listened at the keyhole of the door of the private room of the firm.

Mr. Merks," said Sir Winton Wells, "I have come to consult you about a proposition that has been made to me."

Mr. Merks rubbed one hand over the other in a feeble sort of way.

Gadds threw himself into quite a theatrical attitude of listening, as he cried,

"I am sure, my dear sir, the best, the very best attention we can give to your affairs is but a poor return for the confidence you are so good as to place in us. Hem! A confidence, I will say, which most certainly is not misplaced. Hem!"

"The 'Wheal Fortune Mining Company,'" added Sir Winton Wells, "who have been paying me a considerable royalty on that mine for some years, now write to me, to offer me twenty-eight thousand pounds for my entire interest in the mine."

Gadds gave a slight start.

Merks looked quite placid.

"My own impression," added the old baronet, "is to effect the arrangement, which I think a good one for them as well as for me; otherwise I certainly should not accede to it."

"Hem!" said Mr. Gadds. "How charming it is, in these greedy, selfish times, to find any one so full of—of what shall I say?—generosity. I assure you, Sir Winton, that it is entirely upon such principles as you have now enunciated that we conduct our business."

"I am glad to hear it."

Mr. Merks now made a few figures on a piece of paper, and then he said,

"Well, Sir Winton, I am of opinion that this sale of your right in the mine will be decidedly advantageous."

"Then it can be done at once. They will receive a note from me which will put them into communication with you at once; and as they are ready with the money, why the matter can be settled without further delay."

The baronet rose now to go, and so did young Frank Wells; but Mr. Gadds, in a most insinuating tone, said,

"Perhaps, my dear sir, if you were to write the necessary note accepting the proposal now it might save some time."

"Very well, I will."

The old baronet wrote a brief note to the secretary of the mine, stating that he accepted the offer of the twenty-eight thousand pounds, and left the matter in the hands of his solicitors, Messrs. Merks and Gadds, to settle and conclude.

"Hem!" said Gadds. "Now, young gentleman, if you will be so good as be the witness."

"The what?" said Frank, to whom these words were addressed.

"The witness to your uncle's signature, if you please."

Frank hesitated.

"Surely," said Sir Winton Wells, "no witness is wanted to my signature to a letter."

"Certainly not," said Merks.

"Yes, yes," cried Gadds, flourishing the pen over his head—"yes, my dear sir—and you, my dear Merks—I assure you, by the recent Act, entitled 'An Act to Amend an Amended Act, entitled An Act——"

"Well, well," said Frank, "I will sign, if you think proper, uncle."

"If Mr. Gadds says it is necessary."

"Oh, quite! quite! The Act is——"

Frank had such a horror of hearing anything further about the Act to amend the Act, that he at once signed the letter as a witness to his uncle's signature.

Mr. Merks had a puzzled, confounded look upon his face; and when the baronet and his nephew had gone, and stepped into the coach, where that dear good May was waiting for him, and driven away, he said, "Gadds, I really cannot make out what you wanted that young man's signature to the letter for. Surely, no witness was wanted."

"Yes, yes; I read the Act so."

"What Act?"

"Oh, the last upon the subject of contracts, you know, Merks. We cannot be too particular about such matters now-a-days."

"Well, it's news to me. I think I will go now."

"Hem! Mr. Merks, would it be convenient to you, say to-morrow evening, to come here for about an hour and a-half to look over some papers which have been promised me in an old cause, now in the Rolls Court?"

"Oh, yes; surely, surely."

"About nine o'clock?"

"To be sure—to be sure. I will make the necessary arrangements. Nine o'clock to-morrow evening. That will be Thursday."

"Yes, Thursday."

"Dear me, Mr. Gadds, what is the matter?"

Merks had his hat in his hand, for the time at which he usually left the chamber had come; but he chanced to look in the face of his partner, and there he saw such an expression as he had never seen before. It was perfectly horrible!

"The matter? the matter? Oh, nothing! I—that is—at the moment, I did not feel quite well, but it is all right now—all right now. To-morrow evening, at nine o'clock. Good day! Good day!"

Mr. Merks very much wondering what was the matter with his partner, left the chambers; and then the clerk Danby placed his eye to the keyhole of the private room again, but Gadds was rather a proficient in such tricks himself. He, too, had been a clerk, and he had listened at keyholes, so he fully expected Danby to do so.

Stalking about the room as if with no very definite purpose, Gadds

GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, COMMANDANT OF THE FORTS AND TROOPS IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY QUINBY, CHARLESTON.

armed himself with a long ruler, and then as he passed the door, he suddenly flung it open, and dealt Danby, before he could get away, such a terrific crack on the head, that certainly had it not been of more than ordinary thickness, it must have been broken there and then.

"That will teach you to be prying and listening," said Gadds, with a ferocious look.

He then took his hat, and left the room and the chambers.

Danby howled and swore, but he had no other resources, and, rubbing his head violently, he was compelled to put up with the blow he had received, as one incident in his pursuit of knowledge which could not be avoided.

In order, now, that my readers may comprehend the nature of the "case" to which I have been enabled, from subsequent information, to append this little introduction, I must produce a letter that was received by a firm of stockbrokers in the city, on the afternoon of Thursday:

"Gentlemen:—Will you kindly drop a note into the 'To be called for' box, at the General Post Office, informing me whether I, as a minor, for I am not yet quite twenty-one years of age, can invest money—say about twenty-eight thousand pounds, so as to receive the proceeds of it, and have control over it while I may be abroad. I am, gentlemen, yours obediently, Frank Wells."

This letter was not answered by the respectable firm to which it was addressed, but they kept it, as was their custom to do with all letters on business.

On the Thursday evening that Mr. Gadds had appointed to meet his partner, Merks, to look over some papers, Mr. Merks made his way from his private house in Plumtree street, Holborn, to the chambers in the Inn.

His family, consisting of a wife and a daughter, who was a person of middle age, waited in vain for his return. He never crossed in life the threshold of his home again.

It was early on the Friday morning then, that both the wife and daughter of Merks went to Barnard's Inn, and saw Mr. Gadds.

"Good heaven!" he said, when they were shown into his private room. "What has happened?"

"Alas, sir, we want to know what has happened," said the daughter, "for my father has never come home since he left us, about twenty minutes before nine yesterday morning!"

"Never—come—home?" gasped Gadds.

The two tearful and terrified females shook their heads.

"Good gracious! I was afraid, when I saw you both, that something sorrowful had happened to my old friend and partner. He left here at a quarter past ten precisely, but he seemed sad in his manner, I thought."

The wife and daughter burst into tears, and sobbed to a good extent in the old chambers; and then Gadds advised them to apply to the constabulary, and away they went.

What else could they do?

"Danby," cried Mr. Gadds, "copy this letter and send it off at once by the twopenny post."

"Yes, sir."

The letter was as follows:

"Barnard's Inn.

"Sir—Most respectfully I beg to inform you that I have seen the man of business of the Wheal Fortune Mining Company, and all will be ready on Saturday at twelve o'clock, when the parties will attend here to sign and pay over the amount for purchase of your right in aforesaid mine. Your kind attendance will be esteemed a favor by Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Samson Gadds,

"For Merks & Gadds, Solicitors.

"Sir Winton Wells, Bart."

It is Saturday morning, it wants about ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and once again there stands the old family coach which we have seen on the same spot once before.

Again the old gentleman with remarkably white hair gets out of it.

Again alights the young gentleman with the fine eyes, and again you may see the fair, sweet face of May Leesington at the window of the vehicle.

"My dear child," said the old baronet, "I am afraid I shall keep you waiting a long time."

How terribly true those words were!

"Oh, don't mind me, dear uncle," said May; "I have brought a book with me, and I am not at all cold."

"God bless you, dear."

There was something in the tone in which the old baronet pronounced those words that made May look after him and her handsome cousin with some anxiety of expression, which she could not define to herself.

She called to her uncle just as he was about to enter the narrow archway that leads to Barnard's Inn; and it was very strange that before he could possibly have heard what she said, or that she said anything he turned and came back to the coach.

"Dear," he said, "I don't know why, but something has induced me to come back to you, and say good-bye!"

"Oh, no, no! Uncle, uncle!"

"Well, my child, I don't believe in what are called presentiments, and all that kind of thing, but I never like to disregard powerful and sudden impulses. Bless you, then, again, my dear May!"

The young girl burst into tears, and detaining her uncle's hand for a moment, she pressed it to her lips.

"Frank! Frank!" she said, "I want to speak to you."

"What is it, dear."

Frank bent down his head to the coach window.

"Take care of our dear uncle."

"Oh, trust me, May, for that," replied the young man. "What harm can come to him?"

"None—none with you."

"Come, Frank," said the baronet, "it has struck twelve o'clock. Come now!"

In a few moments they were in the chambers of Messrs. Merks & Gadds.

Mr. Gadds was alone with a gentlemanly-looking man in black and his clerk. This was the man of business of the Wheal Fortune Mine, and upon being introduced to Sir Winton Wells, he said,

"Sir, the deed is all ready, and has been approved by your solicitor. Upon your signature to it, I have here a cheque for twenty-eight thousand pounds to pay over to you."

"Very well, sir. Where is Mr. Merks, Mr. Gadds?"

"Really, Sir Winton, I don't know. He has not been to the office since Thursday night."

"Indeed!"

"No, Sir Winton. I begin, and so do his family, to think that some accident must have happened to him."

The baronet looked shocked and distressed. But he had come on business, and he was taking up other people's time; so the deed was signed, and the cheque for the twenty-eight thousand pounds was handed to Sir Winton Wells.

"Shall I pay it into Coutts's for you, Sir Winton?" asked Mr. Gadds.

"No, thank you. I am going there on other business, and can pay it in at the same time."

"Well," said the man of business of the Wheal Fortune Mining Company, as he rose and took his hat from a side table, "I wonder this old inn is not pulled down. The drainage must be very deficient, for there is at times a most intolerable odor in your chambers, Mr. Gadds."

Gadds's countenance turned perfectly yellow, and for a moment or two he could not speak a word. Then he gave a strange, hideous sort of laugh, and the man of business of the Wheal Fortune Mining Company seemed glad to get away, and to take his deed with him.

Gadds then turned to Sir Winton Wells and said, in as composed tones as he could, "My dear sir, I have some few other communications to make to you about Mr. Merks, if you will spare me a few minutes."

"Oh, yes, yes, certainly! Frank, go to the carriage and stay with May."

"Yes, uncle."

There was no one in the outer office, and Frank had to let himself out. He found May in tears—why or wherefore she did not know; but he strove to comfort her, and said she was getting a foolish girl; and then May laughed, and half an hour passed easily away.

Sir Winton Wells did not come.

Then Frank began to get uneasy.

"I will go back and see for him," he said. "What can possibly detain him?"

Frank ran from the coach into Barnard's Inn, and tapped at the chamber door of Merks and Gadds.

The door was opened by Danby, the clerk.

"Is my uncle here?"

"Don't know, sir—but I will ask Mr. Gadds."

"Do—do!"

It seemed a horrible formality, the slow knocking of the clerk against the door of the private room of "the firm."

"Come in!" said a voice from inside.

"Mr. Frank Wells, sir."

"Show him in."

Frank darted into the room.

Mr. Gadds was seated at his own particular table, with a pen in his mouth, and a large deed open before him. He looked up at Frank with that pre-occupied, vacant sort of expression, which a man who is interrupted in some important business may wear to one who intrudes upon him.

"Sir, my uncle——" said Frank.

"Eh?"

"Sir Winton."

Frank's eyes were cast hurriedly around the room. No one was there but Mr. Gadds.

"Sir, where is my uncle?"

"Oh, he left here some time ago. I should say he has been gone"—Mr. Gadds placed a strange and marked emphasis on the word "gone"—"I should say he has been gone about half an hour."

"Half an hour!"

"Yes, just about."

"But—but he has not come to the carriage. We—that is, I and my cousin—have been waiting for him for full that time."

Mr. Gadds looked calmly in the excited face of the young man, and still kept the pen in his mouth. No doubt it helped him to keep his features composed.

"Not come to the carriage?" he said.

"No."

"Perhaps the business at the bottom of Water lane has detained him."

"The what?"

"The call he had to make at the bottom of Water lane, by Blackfriars. He said he was going there, and no doubt left the inn by the Fetter lane gate."

"Impossible!"

"Ah!"

Mr. Gadds began to read the deed again.

"Sir," cried Frank, "which is the way to Water lane? I will go there. I will go and look for my uncle."

"First turning to left—first to right. Then ask your way, after you get over Fleet street."

Frank dashed out of the chambers, and, with a most undefined notion of what he was about to do, ran all the way into Fleet street, and then found his way to Water lane. In fact, he was absent from May and the carriage, doing no good at all, for full half an hour longer.

During that time a figure, wrapped in a great coat, had come out, at a quick pace, from the Holborn entrance to Barnard's Inn, and had jumped into a hackney-coach, which was on the stand close at hand.

"Bank!" said this man. "Double fare, if you are quick!"

The coachman made the best of his way, and the vehicle drew up at the Bank of England.

Then the muffled-up man who was in the coach beckoned to one of the ticket-porters who are always thereabout, and handed to him a cheque.

"My name is Wells," he said. "Get me notes for that."

"Yes, sir."

The transaction did not take long in carrying out, and Mr. Gadds, for it was he, got possession of notes for the twenty-eight thousand pounds. The next step was to go to the bullion office and change them for gold, which he took away in bags, giving the name of John Smith to the cashier.

Mr. Gadds then drove to an obscure house in St. George's Fields, and opened the door with a key he had in his pocket. He was in that house, to which he removed the gold, about a quarter of an hour. Then he came out and ordered that he should be driven to Holborn Bridge.

He had been absent from the chambers about one hour and a half.

When he reached the entrance to Barnard's Inn from Holborn, the coach of Sir Winton Wells was gone.

Danby was catching flies in the outer office.

"Anybody here?" said Gadds.

"No."

Bang! came a knock at that moment at the outer door, which Gadds had only just closed behind him.

Gadds turned pale. Then he peeped through the letter-box, and turned paler still. The man who had executed that bang at the door was an unmistakable Bow street officer.

Gadds turned still paler, and then he took hold of Danby by the collar, and whispered to him,

"You saw Frank Wells go out of these chambers, arm-in-arm with his uncle, about half-past twelve or a quarter to one."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did!"

Mr Gadds placed about ten guineas in the palm of Danby's right hand.

"Now, you did?"

"Of course I did!"

Bang! came the knock at the door again. It was a business-like bang; not at all impatient.

"Open the door, and show him in."

Mr. Gadds retreated to his private room; he put the pen across his mouth, and opened the deed.

"Mr. Brand!" announced Danby.

"Eh? Brand—eh? Well, sir?"

"Your name is Gadds?"

"It is."

"Pray, sir, at what time did Sir Winton Wells leave these chambers this morning?"

"Sir Winton Wells? Oh, to be sure he was here! Danby!"

"Yes, sir."

The clerk popped his head into the room.

"At what time did Sir Winton Wells leave?"

"About twenty minutes to one, sir, along with Mr. Frank Wells."

"No!" said Brand.

"Eh?"

"There is no occasion to conceal that I am a police officer. Application has been made to the sitting magistrate at Bow street, about the disappearance of Sir Winton Wells. A Mr. Frank Wells and Miss May Lessington made the application, and nothing was said about Mr. Frank Wells going out with the old gentleman."

Mr. Gadds put on an odd, inquiring look, and shook his head.

"Then you know nothing further about it?" added the officer.

"Nothing; but that there was some slight dispute between the uncle and nephew."

"Ah! what was that?"

"Let me see! Oh, yes! Was it not, Danby, that the young gentleman wanted to take the cheque, and the old gentleman would not let him!"

"Yes, sir; that was it."

"You will swear to that?" asked Brand.

"O, dear, yes!"

"Then the case assumes a very different complexion. Good-day, sir. You will hear more of it."

In about an hour from that time Mr. Gadds was politely sent for to Bow street; and when there, he found that Frank Wells was charged with the murder of his uncle, Sir Winton Wells.

Mr. Gadds took Danby with him, and on the road he said to Danby, "I never left the chambers after Sir Winton Wells came at twelve o'clock till now."

"Yes, you did," said Danby.

"No, I didn't!" added Mr. Gadds, as he placed now quite a handful of gold in the ready open palm of the clerk.

"No more you didn't!" said Danby.

The case against poor Frank was just this:

He had, according to the testimony of Mr. Gadds, and Danby, left the chambers in Barnard's Inn with his uncle at a quarter to one, and then came back some time after, pretending to ask for him.

The baronet was missing. Where was he? That was the question.

Frank indignantly denied that he had seen his uncle after he had left him to have some private conversation with Mr. Gadds about Mr. Merks.

Mr. Gadds totally denied that he ever asked for, or wanted, such private conversation; and at all events, so far as the evidence went, it appeared to the magistrate that Frank Wells was the last person in the company of Sir Winton, so he remanded him for a week.

At the end of that week there was a great crowd and commotion in Bow street, and the evidence against Frank was much more conclusive than before.

The stockbroker's firm in the city, owing to the publicity that had been given to the case in the newspapers, produced the letter which they had received, signed Frank Wells, and which we have already given *in extenso*

The ticket porter at the Bank of England, as people will often do, from a sort of wish to get the popularity of supplying a link of evidence, swore that to the best of his belief the person who had brought the cheque for twenty-eight thousand pounds to be cashed was like the prisoner.

At the bullion office, all recollection of what sort of person had taken gold for notes to that amount had passed away.

The magistrate gravely asked Frank if he had anything to say why he should not be committed for trial?

"I am innocent," he said. "God knows it, although man may never know it. Would I have come here at once to put the police in motion upon the subject if I had been guilty?"

"Artifices of that sort, I am sorry to say," said the magistrate, "are common enough. The body of the murdered baronet has not been found. It is not for me to throw out suggestions, but I should point to the river Thames as the probable depository of it. At all events, my duty is quite clear before me, which is to commit the prisoner for trial."

I was but young at the bar then, but I was retained for the defence; and, owing to the indisposition of my leader, a good deal of the burden of the case was cast upon me.

It was Mr. Best, afterwards one of the ornaments of the bench, who conducted the case for the Crown, which prosecuted, and his statement of facts was terribly damaging to Frank Wells.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "the evidence as against this young man lies in a narrow compass, but it is terribly conclusive. Some days before the 2d of May, the respectable firm of Adkins & Brown, stockbrokers, received this letter. (Here the letter was read.) On the 2d of May the prisoner at the bar accompanied his uncle, Sir Winton Wells, to his solicitors, Messrs. Merks & Gadds, in Barnard's Inn. There a cheque for twenty-eight thousand pounds was paid to Sir Winton Wells, and the prisoner at the bar had a dispute with his uncle, because there and then he wished to take possession of it. They then left together; but Miss May Lessington, who was in the carriage at the Holborn entrance to the inn, did not see them come out that way. The prisoner, however, came alone after a time, and then, with a consummate art that makes one shudder at human depravity, he pretended to be anxious about his uncle, and said he would go to the chambers of Messrs. Merks & Gadds, affecting to see if he was there. But Mr. Gadds will depose that he did not come at all. Then, it appears, he was absent from the carriage for nearly another hour. Where was he, gentlemen of the jury? Why, changing the cheque for the twenty-eight thousand pounds in the city—that cheque which he must have taken from his uncle, dead or alive."

The first witness was the stockbroker, who had received the letter in the city. He produced that letter, and several people swore to it being in the writing, particularly the signature, of the prisoner.

Then Mr. Gadds gave his evidence. He deposed to the pretended facts known to the reader; and I rose, I must confess, somewhat hopelessly, to cross-examine him.

"Who was present when you say that the prisoner wanted to get the cheque?"

"I was."

"Any one else?"

"Yes; my clerk, Danby."

I saw that Gadds glanced round the court to see if Danby was there, and I cried out,

"My lord, will your lordship order the witness Danby out of court?"

"He is out of court," said an officer.

"Now, sir, did you not tell Sir Winton Wells that you had something of a private nature to say to him; upon which, did he not send his nephew away to the carriage?"

"Certainly not!"

"Did not the prisoner at the bar come back in half an hour, and ask for his uncle?"

"Certainly not."

"Did you not yourself hire a hackney carriage at the stand in Holborn at about a quarter to one o'clock?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Very well; we will see about all that."

The next witness for the prosecution was Danby, and he confirmed Gadds in all particulars but that of the dispute about the cheque, and the counsel for the prosecution avoided that question to him; but I put it as to whether he was present or not, and he said "No."

"Well," cried Gadds, "I have made a slight error—that is all."

I called for the defence a man named Hammerton, who said that he was in Holborn at the time in question, and saw Mr. Gadds come out in a great-coat and hire a hackney-coach.

This man was so badgered by the counsel for the prosecution, that they got him to say he only thought it was Mr. Gadds.

Then a very strange occurrence took place.

At the solicitors' table in the court Gadds was sitting, and everybody saw that his clerk, Danby, kept pushing a bit of paper before him, and thrusting a pen into his hand, which Gadds as often would not take.

"What is all that?" said the judge.

"Nothing—it is nothing!" cried Gadds, and he crumpled up the piece of paper.

"Bring me that paper," added the judge.

It was wrested from Gadds, and proved to be a blank cheque in favor of Charles Danby, Esq., for twenty thousand pounds.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the judge.

"Nothing, my lord," said Gadds; "only a—that is, a little joke."

Danby looked sullen.

"A strange joke," said the judge. Pray what do you mean by it, Danby?"

"Business, my lord—private business. That is all."

The judge had handed me the cheque, and it was by a sudden impulse I cried out,

"The cheque offers twenty thousand pounds to any one who can produce evidence that will clear Frank Wells of the crime imputed to him."

"I, too, offer it! I will pay it!" screamed May Lessington. "I am sole heir to my poor uncle's estates, and I will pay the sum cheerfully!"

Gadds looked like death; and amid a deep stillness from all in court, he said to Danby;

"I will sign it."

"Too late!"

"No! heaven, no!"

"I take your offer, Miss Lessington," said Danby—"if my lord judge will hold me harmless."

It was rather jesuitical of the judge to say as he did,

"All persons are held harmless who give evidence."

Danby grasped at the words in a moment, and in the midst of one of those breathless silences which so rarely come over crowds of people, he spoke:

"There is in the private room of Mr. Gadds a large, old, long-disused iron safe."

Gadds uttered a scream as if he had been shot.

"In that iron safe," added Danby, "are two dead men."

Gadds fell to the floor in a swoon.

"One of those dead men is Mr. Merks; the other is Sir Winton Wells."

Poor May Lessington shrieked aloud.

"My uncle! Oh, heaven! my poor, dear, fond uncle! to come to such a death!"

"Give me my money," said Danby, "and let me go."

"Officers," said the judge, who was deeply affected, "go to Barnard's Inn, and ascertain the truth of this dreadful story."

The truth was ascertained. The double murder had been committed, and the decomposing remains of Gadds's two victims were found as had been stated.

"Charles Danby," said the judge, looking at his notes for his Christian name, "it is my duty to commit you for trial as participating in the guilt of Samson Gadds. You were privy to the murder, and therefore are in law a joint criminal."

"But, my lord, you said—you promised that I should be held harmless while giving my evidence."

"And so you were. No one harmed you. Remove the prisoner."

Danby uttered screams of rage.

Of course Frank Wells was at once acquitted, and equally, of course, at the next assizes, Mr. Gadds was tried, convicted and hanged.

Danby was transported as participating in the crime by his con-

cealment of it, and for perjury at the trial of Frank Wells. As a convicted criminal, all his effects and property reverted to the Crown; and as the Crown never asked May Lessington for the twenty thousand pounds, she had not to pay the amount as a reward for Danby's villainy.

Chastened by sadness for the death of one so dear to them as their uncle, Sir Winton Wells, May and Frank lived long and happily as man and wife in the old Manor House of Winton.

DRAMA.

Mr. Forrest's illness, from which, we are happy to say, he is rapidly recovering, has left the Circus Company in undisturbed possession of Niblo's Theatre. The performances are endless in variety, and have given great satisfaction to the admirers of this species of amusement.

At the Winter Garden Mr. Clarke has made quite a remarkable success. He is an actor who grows nightly in favor with his audience, his quiet and subdued style rendering it necessary for one to become thoroughly accustomed to it before they can appreciate its excellence. The "Babes in the Wood" has been played throughout the week to very fair houses. We trust that some metropolitan manager will be liberal enough to induce Mr. Clarke to take up his abode among us.

Wallack's.—"Henriette" increases nightly in popularity, and is coining money for Mr. Wallack. It is pleasant to see so many familiar faces among the audience, and mark with what delight they watch the fluctuating fortunes of the characters of this admirable comedy.

Laura Keene's.—Concerning this establishment we have only the old story to relate—"The Seven Sisters" and crowded houses. It is much to be regretted that, with such admirable stage management as characterises this theatre, there should be such a lack of courtesy observable in the conduct of affairs before the scenes. We would gently intimate to the officials having charge of the box office that rudeness and incivility, though they may pass current during a period of unexampled success, are certain at some future time to return "to plague the inventor." Politeness is said to cost nothing; but from the small share possessed by the individual alluded to, we should judge it to be rare as the phoenix, costly as the best diamond from Golconda.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In our last number we called attention to the dangerous fluid now selling as kerosene oil. The Boston *Journal* gives another and fatal instance of the evil results of mixing this oil with camphene and burning fluid. Kerosene oil of itself is comparatively harmless, but when adulterated is as explosive as gunpowder. On the 3d of April, as Mr. French was trimming his lamp, it burst into a perfect mass of flame, and burnt him so severely that his life is despaired of.

Murders are becoming frightfully common. On Saturday, a Deputy-Sheriff, named McManus, went into a saloon, No. 36 Bowery, very much intoxicated, and wagered a friend who accompanied him that he could blow out the gas at the other end with a pistol shot. Upon his friend very foolishly doubting his ability to do it, the drunken ruffian drew a revolver and fired at the gas jet in question. He unfortunately missed the mark and struck a man, who was taking his supper at a table near. The ball had entered the poor man's skull, and he will most probably die. Although there could have been no malice in the matter, the author of such an outrage, whether he was drunk or sober, ought to be either hanged or else shut up in a lunatic asylum for life.

On Monday another homicidal affair occurred at a saloon, No. 31 Baxter street. It appears that a party of young Irishmen went into Morillo's saloon and commenced playing billiards. A dispute arose between Murillo and the men, in the course of which the former drew his knife and stabbed a man named Regan in the abdomen. Murillo and his brothers were arrested. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, and faint hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Chambers street was the scene of a shooting affray last Tuesday, between a couple of silly lads, which may possibly end in a very calamitous manner. It seems that Caleb Baistridge and Thomas McQuade, both fell in love with the same lady, no doubt caused by the scarcity of the female gender. They were unfortunately both employed in Bruce's type foundry, and from words came to blows. After two hard knock down fights, they agreed to have a third, and adjourned to that quiet and secluded spot, Chambers street, to settle the difficulty. While they were preparing for the fray, Baistridge drew a revolver from his pocket, and shot his antagonist, who fell to the pavement mortally wounded. He was carried to the hospital, where the slugs were extracted. The cowardly assassin is in custody.

An amusing scene occurred last week in the Supreme Judicial Court at Augusta, Me. A witness was summoned to testify in an arson case, brought from Hallowell, who refused either by oath or affirmation to render his testimony, assigning as a reason that he was a spiritualist, and could only act from impressional promptings. Judge Rice informed him that his excuse was entirely inadmissible, inasmuch as that, if one and another was excused upon such grounds, anarchy and confusion would ensue, and the rights and property of men would be at the mercy of any one who might set up such an absurd plea for not giving his evidence. He persisted, however, that as there were lying as well as truthful spirits, he was fearful they might make him violate his oath. The judge told him that the court also was moved by certain impressions, which he might find much more inconvenient to evade than that of the lying spirits. Whereupon he ordered the sheriff to take the witness to prison during the pleasure of the court. It took, however, only about twenty minutes' solitary reflection between four granite walls, whose egress was barred by a massive iron door, to enable him to obtain some sort of plenary indulgence, exempting him from his spiritual impressions, and allowing him to give his testimony in the case.

There is no question that Mr. Hogan, whose portrait we published last September, has been murdered. The Toronto papers announce that nineteen arrests have been made. A woman who was concerned in it has informed the authorities that he was first murdered, then robbed, and afterwards the body was thrown into the river with a heavy weight attached to it. It is most remarkable that the body was not eaten entirely up by the fishes—but murder will out.

The Boston *Bee* has been mulcted in $2,500 damages for a libel. It appears that the profane editor made fun of a man named George Jones, calling himself the Count Johannes. We do not see why George Jones may not call himself anything he pleases. The Boston *Bee* will not fail to remember the count's sting!

The total defeat of the Swill Milk trade has drawn from a Sunday paper the following unkind allusion to Alderman Reed: "Where's Alderman Reed, whose official report insisted that Swill Milk was so nutritious? Will he stand this Albanic impugnment of his judgment? And where are all the Herodian babe-slaughterers that, at such a crisis in the milky-way of legislation, they should be silent? Let cows rejoice! They, too, will have a tale to tell (as well as swing), now about the kind of extremities they have long had to endure in their stable performances." We think that Alderman Reed has suffered enough. Everybody knows that his eyesight has been disturbed ever since he indulged in so much Swill Milk.

The *Sunday Times* circulates an amusing *canard* that Hiram Barney is a spiritualist, and adds that Abraham Lincoln is one of the same kind. Another paper says that their notion of our new Collector is confused between Barney Williams and Hiram Anderson, and that they are so mixed up that it cannot tell whether he is a roll of carpet or an Irish farce. Let us settle the question. Hiram Barney, the present Collector of Customs, is a very able and respectable man, the head of a legal firm in New York, and he has been for many years the private lawyer of Mr. Lincoln, who has thus had the best evidence of knowing his integrity and capacity.

An equestrian club has been organized by the ladies of the city of Washington, D. C., whose hour of meeting for daily exercise is half-past six A. M. The attendant cavaliers are disgusted at the necessity thus laid upon them for early rising. Why do not the ladies of New York organize a club, especially as riding in the Central Park is to be the fashionable amusement of the season?

Stephen van Rensselaer, son of the Patroon of Albany, committed suicide on Tuesday morning, at a drinking saloon in Broadway. It appears that he went into the restaurant, and, after sitting down as though lost in thought, he emptied a phial of laudanum into a glass, and drank it off. Despite the efforts of medical men he died about three hours afterwards. He was in his thirty-fourth year, and had for some years led a very dissipated life.

Mr. Barney gives audience to the aspirants for public office every day from three to five. His levee is remarkably well attended. He has already about five hogsheads of testimonials. It is said that he will not make any appointments for a month.

Some ungodly Abolitionists last week got up an amalgamation ball, in which the women were to be white and their partners black. The police very properly prevented the abomination. The nigger is fast becoming the nuisance of the day.

The *Shipping Gazette* gives the following curious coincidence: "Our attention has been directed by Messrs. J. and N. Smith & Co. to the striking similarity between the histories of the ships John H. Elliott and Roger A. Heirn, which may be of interest to our readers. The ships were both built in this city by the same builder (one in 1856 and the other in 1857), are both of the same model and size—1,075 tons. They both loaded for Liverpool, sailed the same day, arrived at their destination the same day, loaded at Liverpool, and sailed thence the same day, met at Sandy Hook, and arrived up to this city the same day." This is not so strange as one that occurred some fifteen years ago. A ship called the Peter Procter sailed for Bombay, and was never heard of. It was supposed she had foundered at sea. Six years afterwards the owner had another vessel built, which he named after the lost vessel. She sailed for Manilla, where she found the long missing vessel. It had been taken by pirates, and sold to a Dutch merchant.

A Mrs. Locke made, on the 16th, a singular application to the Supreme Court. It was the delivery of her husband up to her, the aforesaid grown-up man being, she said, secreted by his father. Much laughter was created by the application, the cause for which we cannot see. It was stated by the bereaved fair one that the father disapproved of the marriage, and had resolved to send his son to California, to get him out of the way of the wife.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

Of what nation are all stocking-menders?—Darn-nation.

Which is the best way of retaining a woman's affections?—By not returning them.

Men who endeavor to look fiercely by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair em-scarem fellows.

A solar eclipse reminds us of Jack's last thrashing by his father; it is a hiding of the son (sun).

A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" answered, "The end what's got the head on."

A Yankee having been convicted of murdering his father and mother prayed the court to have mercy on him, on the ground that he was "a poor orphan."

Some tasteful individual remarks that the best lipsalve in creation is a kiss. The remedy should, however, be used with the greatest care, as it is apt to bring on an affection of the heart.

A pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never say what I think again in all the days of my life."

"Doctor," said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense or knowledge."

"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

"What dogs are those?" inquired a gentleman of a lad who was drawing a couple of terriers along.

"I dinna ken, sir," replied the boy; "they com' wi' the railway, and they ate the direction, and dinna ken where to gang."

A San Francisco merchant takes a white cur, and with stencil-plate and black ink fixes his business card upon each side of the dog, and sends him forth, a locomotive advertisement—a dogerrotype of the fast people of a fast country.

"Now, Paddy," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I will treat you to a whisky punch."

"And be me soul," retorted Pat, "then I say, yer honor is a perfect gentleman."

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool?

"By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

A gentleman, whose house was repairing, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a number of nails lying about, said to the carpenter employed on the work, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they'll certainly be lost."

"No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them in the bill."

"Well, John, I'm going down home," said one young man to another, who came from the same town; "what shall I tell your folks?"

"Oh, nothing," said the other; "only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some!"

In an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter L has, by an accident, dropped from the word lawful, and it reads now, "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

Theodore Hook once dined with Hatchett at his delightful villa of Belle Vue, famous for its culinary completeness. "Ah, my dear fellow," said his host, deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you'll not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us."

"Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchett one can expect nothing but a chop."

Dr. Alexander Webster, a Scottish divine, was a five-bottle man, accustomed to spend half the night in convivial company. Of him is the anecdote told that, as he was reeling homeward in the dawn of a summer morning, a friend asked him what his congregation would think if they saw him thus; to which he replied, "They would not believe their own eyes."

A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love."

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney."

"Forgive me," replied the suitor; "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors."

Horne Tooke's advice to a young friend desirous of venturing upon matrimony was, "Look carefully around among the whole circle of your friends, and choose the nicest girl you can find. Make sure that her fortune is good, her connections unexceptionable, and her personal qualities entirely to your liking. When the happy day arrives, and the bridal party are on their way to the altar, mount the swiftest horse you can procure, and ride off in an opposite direction."

At a small town in the Western States, where Jenny Lind and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks that if they would raise fifteen hundred dollars he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured. As Jenny was singing the "Bird Song," a tall fellow, who seemed to think he had been "sorter" taken in three dollars' worth, exclaimed, on Jenny's repeating the words, "I know not, I know not why I am singing," "The darnation ye don't! Well, I can tell ye; ye are singing for fifteen hundred dollars—three dollars a topknot all round; and there's no use of telling folks ye don't know why ye are singing. I guess dan's corn will find out."

MATRIMONIAL.

One more unfortunate, lonely and troubled,
Rashly importunate, went and got doubled.

How to Meet a Bankrupt.—Take a note of him.

The Skeleton in Every Married Man's House.—His wife's skirt.

Question for Actors.—Can a man be said to work when he plays, or to be a sound man when he is continually in pieces?

"A Legal Tender."—A decided contradiction in terms; for we must say within our experience we never yet knew anything "legal" that was ever "tender."

Three boys at school were found out last half in a practical joke, and they all changed color—Brown turned white, White looked Black, and Green turned crimson.

"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow.

"Well, I will try the water-cure," said his wife, pouring a pitcherful on him.

A paper giving an account of Toulouse, in France, says: "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants built entirely of brick!" This is equalled only by a known description of Albany, which runs thus: "Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with most of their gable ends to the street!"

"Tom, a word with you."

"Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse t'other day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

John hurries home, and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, which, strange to say, drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him next day.

"Well, Tom."

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"So it did mine."

An Irishman of the better class, who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara, arrived at the Falls, and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to a gentleman with,

"And is this Niagara Falls?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what is there here to make such a bother about?" asked Pat.

"Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see that mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?"

Pat looked at the water, and replied hesitatingly, "An' what's to hinder it?"

The other day, one of those hat-renovators who perambulate country districts in search of employment, called at the counter of one of the principal grocers of Galashiels, and demanded "'alf a gill."

"Have you a bottle?" asked the grocer.

"Noa," replied the hatter.

"Then you can't get it here; we don't sell it to be consumed on the premises."

"I'll just drink it at the door," said the renovator.

After some demur the "leem" was placed before him, and very soon went the way where, doubtless, many had gone before. Plunging his hands into his pockets, and assuming a rueful look, the fellow declared he had lost all his money.

"What's to be done?" inquired the broker.

"Why, I don't see as how you can do ought else but send for a policeman!" said Yorkie, with a knowing smile, as he made his exit from the premises.

In Mr. S. C. Hall's lecture on the authors of the age, an amusing anecdote—*àpropos* of Wordsworth's fondness for talking about himself—comes out. Wordsworth and Haydon, the painter, had been dining together in London, and both, rather elevated with wine, were walking along the street, when a young gentleman seeing that they were somewhat unsteady upon their feet, offered his assistance; and so, leaning upon his arm, the two great men were conducted to a coachstand. Turning to the young gentleman, Wordsworth said,

"Sir, you have been courteous to a stranger, I will now tell you who I am. I am the poet Wordsworth."

"And I," said Haydon, "am Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historic painter."

The young man, who had hitherto been so attentive, dropped their arms immediately, and indignant at what he believed to be a hoax, exclaimed,

"You are a pair of lying drunken vagabonds!" and left them in the middle of the street.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A collecting mania is sometimes profitable, when it is persistently and ably cultivated; that of collecting autographs has not been the worst paying, except upon bills of exchange. A collection of hats of all ages and countries recently fetched a great price; and another of impressions of seals has, we perceive, fetched fifteen hundred pounds—at the rate of nearly two shillings a seal. A Russian, of the name of M. Krylor, has bought them for Prince Gortschakoff, and it is said a Scotch Duke recently offered near a thousand pounds for the collection. They are mostly foreign seals, and it seems that our neighbors have most imagination in exterior matters. Upon one of the 12th of February, 1827, a Cupid places it finger on its lips, and gives the sly advice to the Post Office and to Sir James, "The police will find nothing within." The same authorities are likewise warned in an elegant way on another seal. The box of Pandora is opened, with the remark, "Curiosity ruined the world." This bears date 1828. The year 1821 seems to have been one in which the Post Office police were busy, as we find on a seal, "Prompt and discreet—more than the post is."

Really one sees that this childish whim of seal-collecting may have its value in painting the morals and manners of a day. What is there too insignificant to do so? it may be asked. We find the fact verified on an enormous seal of the Post Office of Berlin, 24th June, 1824, which has been attached to a suspected letter; the seal bears the words, "Opened by Authority." On a seal dated 10th July, 1844, we find the words, "Not to be Grahamed," which alludes to the well-known time when Mr. T. Duncombe's letters were "opened by authority," and for which he took the Administration to task right warmly. Balzac's seal has on it, "Raison m'oblige;" Dumas', "Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse;" Victor Hugo's, "Faire et taire;" Alfred de Musset's, "Depuis lors," alludes in a mysterious date, perhaps an epoch in his life. Soulie's seal is "Nec S orte, nec M orte," which is "Nec sorte nec morte;" Souvestre's, "Espoir et crainte;" Adolphe Adam's, "J'espère et je crains;" Nourrit, "Chut, chut, chut;" Hérold's, "Rien de beau sans hasard." Thus we see the seals, in the instances of the literary men, have some tendency to show the character of the writers; but in the seals of great families and important historic personages with which this collection abounds, the fact is still more remarkably truthful.

We said manias are profitable; sometimes the reverse, however, is the case; for we hear that a ladylike person, dressed in the very height of fashion, with a crinoline like a diving-bell, was walking in one of the galleries of the Panoramas at Paris, when she seized a M. Sarcez suddenly by the ear, which she would not release, although force was used. The police arrived, and restored order and the ear of M. Sarcez. She was conducted before the police, and of course burst into tears, producing a splendid pocket-handkerchief to heighten the effect.

"How is it you were guilty of such a breach of manners and of the law?"

"Monsieur le Commissaire," replied the lady, in a lisping voice, "I have a mania."

"A mania! Madame has escaped from an asylum."

"Oh, no! monsieur, I shall say a *penchant*."

"A *penchant*!"

"Yes," replied the lady, in the style of voice of Charles Mathews' French lady in "He would be an Actor." "I have a *penchant* for crabs. *Je suis dans une situation interressante*, and, *ma foi!* at the moment I mistook the ears of M. Sarcez, which are very large, and which were very red with the cold—*vraiment!* I thought they were crabs!"

It is needless to say that the poor lady was a little gone in the upper storey, and was handed over to her friends, who were much afflicted by the event.

The Viennese banker, Baron Sias, is about to bestow his daughter, with a princely dowry, on the son of Ypsilanti, the Greek patriot, who first raised the standard of revolt against Turkish tyranny, and who was as single-minded and reckless of self as Garibaldi himself.

A good many jokes circulate at the expense of Désaugiers, who would be a dramatist. A trifle of his was being performed the other night for the first time; of a sudden there was a voice raised; he listened, it hissed. Désaugiers was in the *coulisse* talking to the manager, and, with admirable presence of mind, appeared to misunderstand the unpleasant sound. "Ah ça!" cried Desaugiers, "qu'est-ce qu'on a donc ajouté dans ma pièce?"

The Emperor of Russia has conferred on Francis II. and his Queen the military order of St. George. Prince Paskiewitsch will be the bearer of the insignia of the order.

There is an old Irish Act of Parliament—one of the most iniquitous of the penal statutes against Roman Catholics—immoral in all respects as well as unjust, which says: "After the 1st of May, 1746, every marriage celebrated by a Popish priest, between a Papist and any person who hath been, or who hath professed himself or herself to be a Protestant at any time within twelve months of such celebration of marriage, or between two Protestants, shall be null and void to all intents and purposes, without any process, judgment or sentence of the law whatsoever."

Drama in Real Life.—On Tuesday evening, as M. P——, an army contractor was walking on the Boulevards, Paris, he perceived his son with a young woman, very plainly dressed, but of modest and respectable appearance, hanging on his arm. He advanced towards the couple, and asked his son in an angry tone how he dared to keep company with a workwoman.

"Father," replied the young man, "I intend to marry mademoiselle, and if I have not hitherto spoken to you of my project it is because——"

"Because, sir, you know well that I would never consent to such an act of folly."

"I do know that, father, and therefore it is that I have waited for my majority. I am of age this day; I have obtained the consent of this young person's parents, and we are to be married very soon."

"And I, sir," cried the father, choking with rage, "I shall be under the necessity of addressing you a respectful summons" (*sommation respectueuse*—a formality indispensable in France in the case of a marriage by any person, however old, without consent of parents). "I will convert all my property into money, and you shall never have a penny."

"I prefer happiness to riches," was the reply.

The exasperated father raised his cane to strike his son, but suddenly his hand dropped, and he staggered and fell into the arms of one of the crowd which the noise of the discussion had collected. He was a corpulent man, of a sanguine temperament, and his anger had killed him!

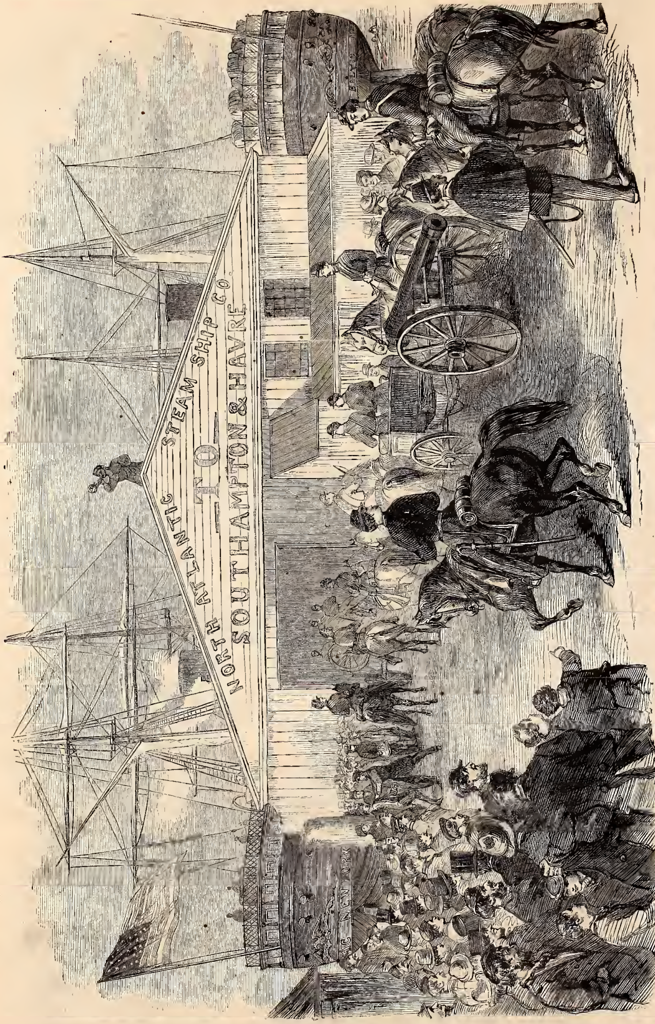
A letter from Rome says: "Cardinal Antonelli has just learned a singular piece of news—that he is accused by Mirès of having received 1,000,000 francs. As this is an infamous calumny, the Cardinal is furious, and will, it is said, insist on having an investigation made to order to demonstrate that he has not received anything."

A curious occurrence is reported from Cracow. The Bank of Poland, it is said, had in its keeping Russian bonds belonging to the Government, which it did not consider itself bound to pay in specie. The Government demanded the amount in cash, and being met with a refusal the bank was surrounded by soldiers, who entered the premises and helped themselves to the amount required out of the metallic reserve. This is a somewhat novel feature in the history of government transactions with banking institutions.

The trireme, or galley, which has been built by order of the Emperor of the French, was launched on Saturday last at Clichy, in presence of his Majesty, Prince Napoleon, and a number of officers, assisted by the whole of the inhabitants of the place, and of the village of Asnières, on the opposite bank of the river. The galley is upon a grand scale, being about one hundred feet long by from twelve to fifteen feet wide. It draws but little water, and the deck is about ten feet above the float-line. The prow is fitted with a bronze *rostre*, or beak, with three branches, intended to pierce and sink the enemy's vessels; and the poop is raised at a considerable height from the deck. Each side of the vessel is pierced for three rows of oars, twenty-two in a row, or one hundred and thirty-two in all. There is but one mast, and that carries a lateen sail. The galley is painted a deep purple, and ornamented with garlands, eagles, a cornice and balustrade in bronze. A number of sailors are on board, and one hundred and twenty more are coming from Cherbourg. When they arrive the vessel is to take her place off St. Cloud, and there go through her manœuvres. A Roman galley, manned by one hundred and fifty live seamen, will be a grand sight for the holiday people this summer.

The First English Banker.—Mr. Francis Child was the first English banker. He was wealthy, and commenced business soon after the Restoration. He had been apprenticed to William Wheeler, a goldsmith, whose place of business was on the site of the banking-house. He became rich by marrying his master's daughter. His bank grew popular, as it deserved; and, after two centuries, maintains its high position. When we cross the threshold of this Plutonian temple, a small share of fancy will transport us to the merry times of the jolly Cavaliers and their witty King; the shade of Nell Gwynne may be haunting the counter with a money order from her Royal admirer; and Buckingham may be flaunting in silks or velvets in that great back office. Charles II. was a bold borrower, and often paid twenty and even thirty per cent. for pecuniary accommodation.

Mr. Horace Mayhew, in his new work on Jutland, tells the following story: "An English manufacturer, settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest; the female chattered away, protecting her nestling under her wings; it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate; there was something *louche* about the whole affair; he would not recognise the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks, birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the pros and cons of the matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. 'Can they be mine?' exclaimed the stork. 'Happen what may, I will never recognise them.' On her side Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and vowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. Alas! alas! how seldom the gentle sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man, or, in this case, by stork kind. The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of the shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and pecked her to death with their long sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them, so they kicked them out of the nest, and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken-hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building-place.



MOVEMENT OF TROOPS FOR THE SOUTH—THEIR ARRIVAL—SCENE OUTSIDE OF COLLINS' DOCK, AT THE FOOT OF CANAL STREET, NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1861.—See Page 349

THE WAR MOVEMENT—EXCITING SCENES ON COLINS' DOCK, NEW YORK DURING THE SHIPPING OF MUNITIONS OF WAR, STORES, &c., ON THE STEAMSHIPS ATLANTIC, BALTIC AND ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 349.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

That while he spoke each cursèd cannon thund'ring his fame,
Three chances it still to pelt, each carry and destroy.
While more'n his borrowed visage, and seeing it
His then confederate lurking,
For heavily which from each dangerous foil
Had not his cloak been long and wide.
Which post assigned, he undertook alone
Partner of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show.
Deep malice to conceal couch'd with revenge.—*Milton.*

HIS PROSPECT, now spread to the comfortable view which we have already sketched, did it, without, to somebody that it appeared as if he had accomplished it by supernatural agency, and by the performance of some wonderful feat, or a prize gained in the most honoured money lender.

Florence felt impressed with at least as being brought to suddenly and so unexpectedly face to face with him; and being naturally of a superstitious turn of—play of the imaginations which was heightened by his occasional residences at the Continent, and by the sensual, and not unfrequently a direct but true philosophic warker, keeping watch over the secret receptacles for important documents belonging to Mr Pengrove, but appeared to stop him and his friend when first from carrying out their pilfering intentions.

He shut his eyes, felt his head spinning round, while a roaring ringing filled his ears, and he was oppressed with painful sickness of breathing.

His partner in the perpetual debt—the unnamed partner, who generously disposed Albertina—was no less for the moment enervated with fright than Florence. But though astonished to the extreme, he was the more vexed, as he was the first to recover himself.

She rose up, and rather hastily for her, ordered spitefully to get Pengrove's room.

"Pengrove," she exclaimed, in a hasty voice, "it was a fool's trick!"

"Fool!" he echoed, in a tone expressing, and yet by no means lack of her sympathy.

"Yes, a fool's trick!" she repeated.

He rejoined more low, and in a tone indicative of a want in us.

"What were you doing at my door?" he exhibited in her ear.

"Listening, you fool!" she replied, in a low voice, but angrily.

"Nothing," she cried, angrily, "nothing! Oh, you fool—you confusion and—you know—you are not to be trusted!"

"What were you doing at my door?" he repeated, in a forcible tone

lives of several of Her Majesty's large subjects in danger, and to deprive Prince Napoleon and Pianciani a few months of the pleasure of each other's society at Chiselhurst.

Here the cab-driver was dismissed, and then Pangrove said abruptly to Lady Chiselhurst—

"Give to me the card which was to obtain you admission to the marquis's presence."

"Card! Certainly not," returned Pauline: "I must Lady Kingsweode's own face, which I merely placed in your hands to look at, and without which it would be utterly useless for me to seek an interview with the marquis."

"I will see him for you," replied Pangrove; "I understand still more this matter, no doubt better than you do. Give me that."

"I do not," exclaimed Pauline, furiously.

"Then I will not," said Pangrove.

"How I said Pangrove. The cab now arrived. Give me the card, or accept the alternative. While you are trying to use me as a tool, you will give you up to justice, you know. Yes, I will produce Lady Kingsweode's real face, and prove how all you have done with the scissors. I don't care for the penalty. It is not my business to commence with the police, but I have further objections to my plan, and I put my friend into another service, where I can more conveniently help him. Give me the card, for great advantage which is using at your own risk."

Pauline groaned. He was mocked, jeered, shocked; he might not help himself, and he gave up the point. Pangrove, satisfied, did not quibble, but in undertone—

"Await me here. You shall know all that passes between myself and Lord Chiselhurst, and that will give you all the power you will require in the case of my failure."

He hurried to the mansion, and was admitted, and in another minute Pauline saw him disappear within the door, which he had in close his knuckles in the cold, and to await the result of a mission which was to prove either a triumph or a subsequent a part.

In the meanwhile, as Florence passed up and down the cold square, Pangrove made his way into the upper hall of Chiltington House, and waiting for the first servant who appeared, he asked, in a tone expressing extreme bad with the card, affecting an air of mystery and delay.

This proved and pompered fellow took the card, and examined it in such a cold eyeglass, and, Lucy with delicate reverence with some surprise for Pangrove quite satisfied with an inspection which seemed mighty to assure Pangrove, by nature—

"Follow me."

Pangrove immediately perceived that Lady Kingsweode's messenger had been ignorant, and consequently unprepared with any warning that he perhaps should receive, because he was rather afraid there would be no one or two impediments thrown in his way. He congratulated himself upon his precaution, but with he, a stranger, would have found it difficult to overcome.

He was conducted through a magnificent corridor, and, at length, one being reached, the servant said, inscrutably—

"Wait here."

He pointed to a seat. Pangrove sat down, and the servant then disappeared through a door which was opened, and which only enabled, when the servant reappeared, and motioned Pangrove to enter. He complied, and was then ushered through a short passage into a comparatively small apartment, furnished as a study, but also with every luxury which could be desired for ease, indolence or comfort. Seated in an armchair, leisurely perusing some written document, was the Marquis of Chiltington. He did not look up at the man upon whom Pangrove entered, nor appear to have the slightest sense of his arrival, and the servant—

"Pangrove, my lord."

Without attending to the announcement, Pangrove retired, and Pangrove was left alone with the lord, Lucy Kingsweode.

The marquis continued to peruse the paper without heeding Pangrove's presence, and the latter, with a countenance expressing nothing but respect for the marquis, remained motionless, only however, his eyes, taking notes through the spectacles of everything in the room.

Not a sound, save the ticking of the clock, broke the silence of the apartment. Pangrove, with his eyes on the clock, and Pangrove absolutely started when the marquis, suddenly laying the paper he had been reading upon the table, said, in a low, cold tone—

"Once my way."

Pangrove stood before him, and the cold, blue eyes of the marquis settled on his face. They fringed for a moment, and then, as if satisfied, he resumed their occasional glassy immobility.

"Well, sir, what is your business?" he said, holding the one Pauline had supplied to him.

Pangrove bowed.

"You have a communication for me?" he asked.

"I have, my lord marquis," he replied, and produced Lady Kingsweode's letter, or rather Pauline's forgery of it.

The marquis took it from him, and opened it with deliberate calmness.

He perused it apparently without any sign of surprise or of any excitement whatever. He only put off his monocle, as though to contemplate some remark he found in the letter, and then, after a few lines, he put it on again, and continued his perusal to the end. Pangrove, all the while—

Who intimated you with this message?" he asked.

Pangrove hesitated for a moment, and was about to make his answer, when the marquis, with—

"Why do you pause?" asked the marquis, with a settled gaze upon him.

"My mission is a confidential one," observed Pangrove.

"Sorry," rejoined the marquis, with a slight contemptuous smile. Hence I can, who confidential, and with a confidential one."

"Quite so," replied Pangrove, cautiously.

"Clearly so," replied the marquis. "What lady?"

Pangrove looked about him, and, dropping his voice to a whisper, said—

"Lady Kingsweode."

"That will do," he resumed, adding, as if soliloquizing, "my son might have need it the combination was more complex."

Again a silence ensued, and the ticking of the timepiece was alone heard. Pangrove was the first to break it, saying—

"I am to wait for my lordship's decision?"

"My," returned Pangrove.

"No" echoed the marquis, abruptly. "How came her ladyship to entrust you with this note?"

"Her ladyship knew me to be trustworthy," responded Pangrove.

"At a third price," observed the marquis, with a cold sneer.

"Her ladyship knew me to be a gentleman," replied Pangrove, with smile.

"How? implied the marquis, with a look of contempt, "a gentleman with an obscure scale of prices?"

"A great gentleman, my lord marquis, but it does as an action that every man has his price," returned Pangrove.

The marquis looked at him for a moment, but made no comment upon his observation. After a pause, he inquired—

"You have known Lady Kingsweode long?"

"Some years," replied Pangrove, with a slight hesitation, and he recalls from the marquis's Lady Kingsweode to Lord Kingsweode, indeed, I have known her birthday a great many years."

"Indeed?" resumed the marquis, very calmly: "so long. Um! By the way, you are not a married man, I suppose, and have no encumbrances of any means to you. Pray, what are they?"

"Your lordship must excuse my returning no answer to that question," replied Pangrove.

"Indeed?" responded the marquis, with a faint sneer: "a purchase you, you know. These fellows are so extraordinarily sensitive to their own dignity—at least, I have an impression that I am rejected—that there are no such things clearing to the Chiltington family. Pray, sir, what is the price of a man refused to fulfil a confidential position. I have, I think, a proper sense of your unconfidential position, but, indeed, excuse if I intrude, what is the price of two questions I should like to put to you, and if you can honour them at all, I can assure you that, in the event of satisfaction, your reward shall be considerably handsome."

Pangrove heard very low in reply.

The marquis continued, coldly—

"You assert that you for many years have been acquainted with the Kingsweode of Kingsweode, and you know—"

And with the insolence of their house, my lord marquis," added Pangrove, quickly.

"Then you know their secrets?"

"I have nothing for their traditions," he said. "I want to know as much as I can learn respecting a certain lady who was formerly governess in the Kingsweode Hall, and disappeared so mysteriously. He is here, I believe, with equal mystery returned to England, and with a child not of mine."

The marquis paused.

"Lucy Kingsweode, of Huntingford Chase, Gloucester, and Eaton-square, London," continued Pangrove, "is the person to whom I refer, and the one you seek to discover—Mr. Eric Gowan."

"The very person," said the marquis; "that is the name he assumes."

"The name he assumes, my lord marquis (I repeated Pangrove).

Again the marquis paused, and looked at Pangrove keenly. He felt an intolerable time to the man, but he could not deny to himself that he was in the power of the marquis, and that he must submit to his coarse, and he still then he would be free to act. Mr. Gowan," said the marquis, "is the person you seek, and I am willing to give you information respecting him, and the manner in which he came by his present name, and the reason why he is now in England, provided you will undertake to accomplish a certain object for me."

"Your lordship's interest in the matter is sufficient to command my services," replied Pangrove.

"Indeed!" resumed the marquis, very calmly: "so long. Um! By the way, you are not a married man, I suppose, and have no encumbrances of any means to you. Pray, what are they?"

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"Your lordship's interest in the matter is sufficient to command my services," replied Pangrove.

"I have discovered all for you to do," said the marquis, in the same cold tone.

"Precisely," proclaimed the marquis, "and you are my instrument to do the work. Now, sir, I am a man who, in a very handsome sum for certain objects. I shall make use of that intermediate for purposes personal to myself. I shall not communicate to any person breathing from what person or in what manner I have obtained possession of the strange history. It will be enough that I know it, and that I am in a position to prove my statements. You, my friend, are to be an instrument in my hands, and I am to be your employer, but what you have collected, leaving upon you a power to use for your own private profit, and the money shall be yours."

Old Pangrove's only offensive, his jealousies stifled, he had a singular in the case, and the money-bag dangled before his eyes; but with the vision of a sum before floating the knuckles amid a golden shower of sovereigns, he perceived a difficulty, and, pointing to the letter, he said, in a tone of respect, but of calmness, which, as soon as it developed itself amid the tones of gentleness, bewildered the marquis, and made a deep impression upon his forehead—

"I have received, my lord marquis, no instructions from Lady Kingsweode as to the course I should pursue."

"I have no pursuit with me, but I can furnish them at a minute time, but I shall be able without them to prove to you that I am an impostor. Your lordship has mentioned a friend of mine, Baron Rembelle."

"You mentioned the name," observed the marquis, coldly.

"Well, my lord marquis, the baron, my friend, and companion, in consequence of his having undertaken a delicate mission for Turin that period to me. Verona saved your lord-ship's life on the Thames and in the burning-field, and your lordship's life—property."

"I understand you," interposed the marquis, quickly, though haughtily "What do you wish me to do with regard to the baron?"

"Simply to prove to your lordship that I am acquainted with circumstances which no one but myself and the baron could possibly be capable of giving information upon, and which, as such has been entrusted with documents as substantiate my statements."

The marquis paused, thinked and thoughtful for a few minutes. He took up Lady Kingsweode's letter and reperused it. Then he laid it down some and said—

"You know the history of the boy called Gowan; give it me briefly. There shall be no interruption from me."

Pangrove bowed, and began his narrative in a low, hesitating tone, but as it proceeded he became more confident, more bold, and, warming from up, there was no hesitation in his manner.

He gained round him, and bent towards the Marquis of Chiltington.

He told the marquis of the birth of the child of Lucy and Lord Kingsweode, and in the rightful heir to the estate and title.

The marquis listened to him, but displayed excitement.

"Now, my lord marquis," he said, "I am ready to say he had hitherto spoken.

"It is true, my lord," answered Pangrove, calmly, his face turning blue, as he handed that on entry, pale face was concerned by his son, and that the child was not the offspring of Lucy Gowan. He compared the letter with the notes within his breastpocket urged him on, for they mentioned of more in the letter.

"Proceed," said the marquis, coldly, and Pangrove bowed in reply.

"Your friend Mr. Vernon, poor soul, fell in love with a young and beautiful governess, and married her. Her name was Lucy Gowan, and her husband, a gentleman of her, and fell with her—married her."

"Indeed!" said the marquis, and Pangrove continued the narrative, with exactness.

He married her, my lord. Sir Harris Bumboo knows that," repeated Pangrove.

"Sir?" muttered the marquis, and then waving his hand, he said, "proceed."

A child was born," continued Pangrove, "and subsequently sister. The mother died, and the child was left to the care of her husband, who, upon the death of Lord Kingsweode and himself, married the present Lady Chiltington, the child Lord Kingsweode and himself, married the present Lady Chiltington, the child Lord Kingsweode was abroad, and the child was left to the care of Mr. Vernon, and was placed by him in the hands of Lady Chiltington, who took her weight. Your lordship knows nearly all that has subsequently occurred."

"Nearly all," repeated the marquis, coldly.

"There is truth in this," he muttered. "But he proved, and took up Lady Kingsweode's letter, and read it through to the end. Then he turned to Pangrove.

At what hour, and when, were you to deliver my answer to the note to Lady Kingsweode?" he said, abruptly.

"At two hours past noon, my lord marquis," replied Pangrove.

"Then you must return at that hour, bringing it must you?" he suggested.

"I will take my answer thither to her myself. You must confine to admit me, and to announce me to her ladyship. I will come disguised, and will bear no objection. Your reward shall be great.

The marquis, without waiting for Pangrove's reply and peremptory nod, and Pangrove, borne down by his manner, retired.

He was no sooner gone than the marquis sent for all the servants' evidence, and I will adopt it.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

EX MAYOR THOMAS was elected Mayor of Chicago on Monday forenoon, and very much injured.

The fashionable suite of the *Free Press*, Detroit, who lately received the compliment of a crediting from Susan Bates, is on the high road to another of the same kind. Mr. Bates, it is said, has presented the editor with a fine cow, for very free with in his estimate.

Mr. Buchanan has the popular negro delicacy, dish of congestion of the brain and lungs, which he has eaten every day for the last three years. He has also a fine hen, and Mr. Buchanan has also a fine hen, and Mr. Buchanan has also a fine hen, and Mr. Buchanan

SCENE FROM TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED COMEDY "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," RECENTLY PERFORMED WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK.

JOHN S. CLARKE,

Now Performing at the Winter Garden,

Was born in the city of Baltimore, in 1833. At an early age he evinced a predilection for the stage, and was, with our distinguished young tragedian, Edwin Booth, the "bend and front" of a little band of juvenile Thespians—the two lads enacting opposite parts in tragedy, which Clarke conceived at the time to be his particular *forte*.

By the earnest desire of his mother (his only surviving parent), young Clarke entered a lawyer's office, for the purpose of preparing himself for the legal profession; but preferring Shakespeare and the drama to musty parchments and the acts of the Revised Statutes, he determined to adopt the stage as a profession. Having obtained an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, he made his first appearance on the 7th of March, 1851, as Frank Hardy, in the comedy of "Paul Pry." He subsequently, in 1852, joined the company at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, then in its palmy days, where he remained until 1856, when he again returned to Baltimore, as first low comedian of the Front Street Theatre. The complimentary benefit which was given to him in the fall of 1854 will be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present as one of the greatest ovations ever awarded to native talent in the country. In August, 1856, he became a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he has been ever since, as the leading comedian, and for the last three years as joint manager with Mr. Wheatley. His occasional "starring" visits to the Southern cities are always greatly successful. In the profession, and by all out of it who enjoy his acquaintance, he is esteemed highly for qualities that render manhood doubly attractive when combined with those of the artist. As an indication of his present extreme popularity in Philadelphia, it may be stated that at his last benefit the throng was so great that the stage was partly given up to spectators.

We have in his comedy the first grand essential. This is efficient, spontaneous, natural humor. For this quality it is impossible to substitute the graces and clever forms and modes that education brings. It is this bounteous gift that runs the artist into dangers. Criticism mistakes simple excess of humor for extravagance, as Dickens is always reminded by those most sensible of his vivid nature, that he puts life under a magnifier, and travesties its incidents and emotions. We know no comedian who is so thoroughly appreciative of the ludicrous as the subject of this notice. His fun is like a perennial fountain, clear, and sparkling and gushing. It refreshes all alike. We have seen old and care-tried men, youths without a care, the educated and refined, and the rough and unlettered, given up literally to its strength and stir. We have repeatedly seen "old stagers" overcome by the fun of a single look, or tone, or attitude, and interrupted in their labors for an unregretted space. Sympathy is the signet of genius—sympathy, or that subtle, close communion with universal nature which, for the sake of distinguishing it from acquired knowledge of the human character, we call intuition. Without this delicate sense, no deep impression can be made by the public performer, whether religious or secular. Mr. Clarke's power with an audience is wonderful, magnetic, because he has its pulse in his hand, and its heart beating close to his own.

We are all the time seeing how Art is measuring and controlling the gift of humor with which Mr. Clarke has been endowed.

All of his delineations are suggestive of intelligent effort to realize the best functions of the stage. In the fresh parts he has played within the past twelvemonth, there has been as little exaggeration as the stage will allow. (It clearly will not allow any precise and unvarying method, since nature is mysteriously various.)

Versatility distinguishes this comedian eminently. In his brief practice of his profession he has covered a wide range. We have seen him as "Toodles," the embodiment of the grotesque and low comical; as "Bob Acres," the half-cowed bragger; as "Farmer Ashfield," the type of the pathetic domestic man; as "Bob Tyke" the nom of fierce passions and cordial good sympathies; as "Tilly Slowboy," the awkward, honest creature; as "Major De Boots," the familiar type of eccentric ardor unsustained by vital forces. In all these characters, and many more as widely contrasted, we think Mr. Clarke has shown the conception of a general artist, and a power of expression which no living comedian possesses in the same degree.

MR. J. S. CLARKE, THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN, NOW PERFORMING AT THE WINTER GARDEN, N. Y., IN HIS GREAT CHARACTER OF "TOODLES."

SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD,"

As Performed at the Winter Garden.

It is all very well, as far as it goes, to write notices of new plays, but one good picture of some striking scene does more towards giving a just idea of the spirit of a play, especially if that play be a comedy, than a whole column of written description. For this reason we present our patrons with an admirable drawing from the highly successful comedy now being acted at the Winter Garden, called "The Babes in the Wood." Our artist has chosen the moment when Sir Frank Rushton (Mr. Barton Hill), overcome with rage at the insulting demands of Todd, the moneylender (Mr. Johnson), orders Beetle (Mr. Clarke), to eject him, Todd, from the room, an order which Mr. Beetle, who has long been a victim of the aforesaid Todd, obeys with alacrity. This is one of the most amusing situations in the play, and as will be seen by reference to our engraving, is made the most of by the artists, eliciting each night peal after peal of laughter and applause.

A MARYLAND belle lately young lady removed her teeth after marriage. On hearing this, a bachelor wickedly observed that it was no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

THE WAR MOVEMENT—UNLOADING OF ADAMS'S MAMMOTH EXPRESS WAGON, CONTAINING MUNITIONS OF WAR FOR THE SHIPS CHARTERED BY THE GOVERNMENT AT COLLINS' DOCK, FOOT OF CANAL ST., N. Y.

THE WAR EXCITEMENT.

Departure of the Steamships Atlantic, Baltic and Illinois.

On Saturday last the neighborhood of Canal street was the scene of a commotion unknown to the oldest inhabitant, for three of our largest and swiftest ships, the Atlantic, Baltic and Illinois, were taking in, at the Collins' dock, troops and munitions of war, not to be employed against a foreign foe, but against the citizens of the Seceded States; for although their precise destination was unknown, yet the fact of their being employed against the Secessionists was admitted. A greater scene of confusion we have never beheld; scattered in little groups were men anxiously discussing the probable destination of the troops, and how far the President was justified in resorting to coercion. There were all shades of opinion, from the rabid Abolitionist to the ardent Secessionist, and it is somewhat wonderful that so much angry argument should not have led to physical demonstration, but with the exception of a few strong expletives, the whole passed off without fighting. One thing was very remarkable, and that was the number of persons who knew precisely what Abe Lincoln's intentions were, and who must have read the secret instructions which were not to be opened till thirty miles at sea! On the other side them were men who knew to a nicety what Jefferson Davis meant to do, and who prognosticated that in a month Washington would be in the hands of Ben McCullough, and New York a free and independent republic, with either Fernando Wood or Sim Draper at its head. The only drawback upon the value of the intelligence given by these gentlemen was, that of the five hundred who knew all about all things they all so differed, that there was no knowing which to believe.

The Steamer Atlantic.

It is needless to inform the reader that this vessel is one of the far-famed Collins' line, and that she is one of our crack vessels. In order to accommodate the horses that were to be transported in her, about eighty stalls had been erected, completely filling up the fore part of the vessel. Every measure had been taken to secure the comfort and safety of these animals.

The sleeping accommodation for the soldiers was most certainly not in proportion to their superior necessities, for they were little better than the horse stalls. Rough boards, carelessly nailed together, were the hoistends on which the men were to stretch their warlike lengths, and as each of these bunks were intended for six men, they will have little chance of turning when once in. As one of the gallant fellows said, "We shall go out of the ship like figs out of a drum, with the impress of his neighbor upon every man's side." The stores are stowed away in the fore part of the hold.

The Troops.

A portion of the troops arrived at Canal street about eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, and of course attracted great curiosity. Innumerable were the foolish questions put to them. The company that arrived was Company A, Second Regiment, United States Flying Artillery, Captain Burry, numbering sixty men. Owing to the crowded state of the dock, and the fact that the stalls were not ready for the reception of the horses, the men were obliged to remain in the street for two or three hours, after which time they were permitted to go upon the dock. They had with them four guns; two of them being brass six-pounders, and the other two brass bowitzers, of twelve pounds calibre.

The men were all fine-looking fellows, and looked as if a slight brush with an enemy would not affect their spirits in the least. They were totally indifferent as to where they were going, and laughed and joked at the prospect before them as if it was an excursion of pleasure. It was said that the horses belonging to the artillery were very valuable animals and highly trained, and that that was the reason of their being taken such extra care of. Company M, of the Second Artillery, commanded by Major Hunt, accompanied the others. They had no horses, being obliged to leave them behind when they left Texas. They will be freshly supplied at whatever point they may land. The balance of the soldiers were taken on board from a steaming later in the day. There were some companies from the Second and Third Regiments, in all about seven. Companies H, Captain Brooks, and C, Captain Allen, of the Second Regiment Light Infantry, are also on board. A company of sappers and miners, from West Point, and a few persons belonging to the Ordnance Department, under the charge of Lieutenant Balch, complete the whole. The total number of men is about five hundred.

The Embarkation

Of the troops and armament was conducted in the usual military style. Some curiosity was manifested as to how so many horses (seventy-eight) were to be got on board, as the steamer was lying several feet from the dock, but the presence of two strongly built stalls soon explained that. The horse was quietly placed in one of the stalls, and almost before he had time to know where he was the steam hoisting apparatus had placed him with his companions on board the ship. The time employed in putting all the animals in their quarters was incredibly short, only a few minutes being given to each. The guns and their heavy carriages were stowed away carefully, and the baggage next received the proper attention.

At five o'clock the steamer Illinois, Maby arrived with soldiers, who were very soon transferred to the Atlantic, and soon after the noble ship steamed into the river, where she dropped anchor for the night.

Among other scenes of interest was the unloading of Adams's mammoth wagon, and which attracted the attention of the crowd. The next sensation was the arrival of the United States troops with troops and ammunition. Our Artist has given a graphic sketch of both these exciting events.

On Sunday morning the Baltic seemed to be safe at her wharf for two or three more days, while steam was up in the Illinois, and she was thought to be ready for a start at any moment. Yet the Baltic was off first, starting at forty-five minutes past five o'clock on Monday evening, while the Illi-

THE WAR MOVEMENT—UNITED STATES LIGHTER CONVEYING TROOPS AND STORES TO THE STEAMER BALTIC, LYING AT COLLINS' DOCK, CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

nois did not get away till long after night had set in. About one hundred soldiers went by the Baltic, and in cargo she took eight thousand bags of oats and an immense quantity of general forage, which seemed intended for the horses in Texas; but there were also a great number of wheelbarrows, picks, spades and similar implements, suited for throwing up of earthworks, &c.

The Illinois has been roughly refitted for the accommodation of troops, besides being absolutely crammed with miscellaneous material in bulk and packages. She went over the bar with a draft of more than twenty feet. Some of the soldiers under orders to sail in her were grumbling at the idea of being cribbed and cabined in the spare room between decks. She could handsomely accommodate four hundred, and take near a thousand tons of freight as well.

Perhaps our military readers will find a clue to the intended purpose of the expedition, of which the Illinois forms part, when we mention she carries a formidable assortment of rockets, bengola lights and similar pyrotechnic signals.

On account of the length of time which it occupied to finish loading the Illinois, it was deemed best to receive the troops from Fort Hamilton before the steamer started, and thus evade the delay of stopping at that place. The steamtug Cataline was consequently dispatched to carry them.

It is stated that the following is the number of troops shipped in these three vessels: Steamer Atlantic, three hundred and fifty-eight; steamer Illinois, one hundred; steamer Baltic, four hundred; total, eight hundred and fifty-eight men.

ANOTHER ROYAL ROMANCE OF LOVE AND BIGAMY.

The celebrated Father Prout, who is the Paris correspondent of the London *Globe*, gives the following pleasant little record of royal rascality:

"The Faubourg St. Germain was in high glee at the posthumous trial of the late King Jerome for bigamy, the prospect of bastardising Clotilda's husband, and the discredit of Bonapartism in general, when lo! the greatest blow dealt yet at Legitimacy has been delivered on this occasion. It is Henry Cinq that turns out a bastard, and it is the Duchess de Berri whose marriage turns out a sham. A matter hitherto lurking in the darkest obscurity has incidentally been forced into the broad daylight, and it now appears that the Duc de Berri, on quitting the *Armée de Condé* at Coblentz, had hardly settled down in England when he was smitten with the charms of a highly respectable girl, a Miss Brown, whom he proposed for and married according to the laws of England, and also at the Roman Catholic Chapel in London (three years after the date of Jerome's marriage at Baltimore, with Bessy Paterson), and during his whole residence in England (ten years) lived with this lady as his lawful wife, to the knowledge of Louis Dixhuit and the whole family. His wife was not dead in 1816, though in that year the restored King of France caused him to commit bigamy and espouse the late Bomba's sister Caroline, the issue of which unlawful connection is the present 'legitimate' pretender to the French throne. When the Duc de Berri was stabbed at the opera-house here, I have a perfect recollection of two ladies being admitted to soothe his dying moments, and the talk at the time was all about the Duchess being so tolerant in the case; but it was his real wife and her daughter, it seems, whom he insisted on seeing before he died. They were amply provided for, and are possibly still living."

Marriage Statistics in Massachusetts.—There were eleven thousand four hundred and seventy-five marriages in Massachusetts in 1859, a decrease of six hundred and fifty-four from the average of the five previous years. Sixty-two persons were married—thirty-one marriages—on every day of the year, on the average. There are more weddings in Oct., Nov., and Dec. than in other months. Less widows and widowers than usual were married a second time last year, ninety-one out of one hundred of the women married were brides for the first time, and eighty-four out of one hundred of the men had not been married before. Ninety-six out of one hundred bachelors selected maids, and only four per cent. chose brides who had been brides before. Sixty-six out of one hundred widowers selected maids, and thirty-four married widows. Of the maids, eighty-nine in one hundred were united to bachelors, and eleven in one hundred were wedlocked with widowers. Of the widows forty-two in one hundred were chosen by bachelors, and six hundred and two, fifty-eight in one hundred, became the wives of those who had been husbands before. Of the ten widows under twenty years of age, nine married bachelors—of the eighty-six widows between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, no less than seventy-four married bachelors. The marriage tables include one man aged thirty-one married to a girl only twelve years of age; one man of thirty-five to a girl thirteen; one of fifty-eight to a girl of seventeen; one of fifty-three (fifth marriage) to a maid of nineteen; a bachelor under fifty to a maid over seventy; a widower over seventy to a widow under twenty-five years old. One hundred and ninety-five boys married before they were twenty-one years of age—five of whom were only sixteen years old, eight of seventeen, and thirty-nine of eighteen years. Four hundred and seventy girls were married before they were eighteen years old, one of whom was only twelve years, four of thirteen, four of fourteen, forty-seven of fifteen, one hundred and twenty-nine of sixteen, and two hundred and eighty-five of seventeen years.

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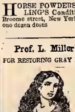

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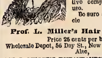

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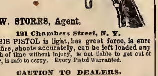

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Second Edition.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 283—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

To Officers and others Attached to the Armies of the Federal and the Confederate States.

I shall be happy to receive from Officers and others attached to either Army, sketches of important events and striking incidents which may occur during the impending struggle which seems to threaten the country. For such sketches, forwarded promptly, I will pay liberally.

My corps of Artists is unequalled in the country, and correspondents can depend upon their sketches, however rough, being produced in the finest style of art.

Any gentleman connected with either Army who will forward us a small sketch, as a specimen of his ability as a draughtsman, will receive, gratuitously, "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," for the coming year.

Sketches of unusual interest will be most liberally paid for.

Special attention is requested to this notice.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square.

The Only Reliable War Illustrations.

The Illustrations of the Secession troubles in the South, in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, are the only authentic and reliable sketches which have appeared. Four months since we dispatched a special Artist to Charleston, who has resided there ever since, visiting Columbia and Montgomery on occasions of importance, and furnishing us spirited and reliable sketches from all those points. During the past few weeks he has been on Morris Island, and was present there during the bombardment of Fort Sumpter.

Two weeks ago we despatched another special Artist to Charleston, who was present in that city during the whole of the fight.

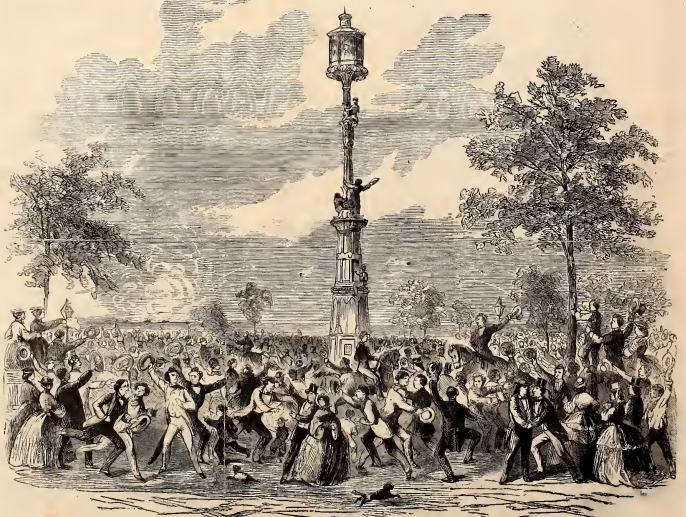
Some of the results of our liberal enterprise will be found in the superb illustrations in our present issue. They are graphic and accurate, and are in advance of all other publications.

For several months we have had a special Artist stationed at Washington, who has kept our readers au courant with all the important events transpiring there.

It is by such enterprise that we distance all competitors, and sustain the proud position awarded us universally as the only Illustrated Newspaper in America.

The most convincing proof of the reliability and accuracy of our illustrations is, that ours is the only Illustrated Paper which is allowed to circulate freely in the South, and an additional proof is, that it stands a critical examination in those places where the scenes we illustrate occurred.

In the struggle which is fast approaching we shall retain our



EXCITEMENT ON THE BATTERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C., DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMPTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 285.

supremacy, for we have perfected arrangements which will secure us copious sketches from reliable sources in advance of all other papers.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1861.

Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up in the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The British Ministry have recognized the King of Italy, being the first of the Great Powers to show its approval of the Revolution. Lord Elgin had reached Vienna. The Duke of Newcastle had been appointed Governor-General of India. The Volunteer Review and sham fight was held on Easter Monday, and was a very imposing affair.

France.—Trade is very dull. A messenger had arrived in Paris with a petition to Prince Murat, signed by 750,000 persons, 70,000 of whom were Neapolitans, to assume the throne of Naples. The prompt action of Lord Palmerston in acknowledging Victor Emanuel as King of Italy is supposed to have been hastened by the knowledge of this intrigue.

Austria.—The Vienna *Military Gazette* says the Emperor has ordered that all the soldiers belonging to the effective reserve, whose term of service expires at the end of June, may at once go on furlough. The *Times* Vienna correspondent says it is said on good authority that the German members of the Cabinet have tendered their resignation. It is not known whether it has been accepted. A dispatch from Vienna of April 1st says the news of a landing of Garibaldians at Spezzia is a mere invention. The insurgents in the Herzegovine have been repulsed by the Turkish troops. The report that the greater number of the Ministers have tendered their resignation is still in circulation, but it is not stated whether it has been accepted. A telegram from Pesth of April 1st says the opening of the Diet will most probably take place on Saturday next. Count Apponzi, Judeso Curke of Hungary, will return to Vienna on April 2d. The Vienna Ministry will remain in office.

Italy.—Garibaldi had an interview with Victor Emanuel on the 2d of April. He has also notified his staff that he will require their services in a fortnight. It is currently rumored that war will ensue with Austria in a short time.

Poland.—The concessions granted by the Emperor have not satisfied the people. The wearing of mourning has become more general, and a much greater number of people appear in the national costume. The journals advocated the necessity for moderation. The concentration of military continues. Unarmed citizens, doing duty as constables, patrol the streets. The twenty-four delegates are again acting as a Provisional Municipality. Another dispatch says Count Zamoyski, on the occasion of his being received at an audience by Prince Gortschakoff, addressed him in a speech, of which the following is a summary: "The country," said Zamoyski, "will accept the reforms with gratitude, but at the present moment these are but nominal. The country now depends upon their being carried into execution." Prince Gortschakoff replied: "It was not incumbent upon the Emperor to concede anything; but in granting reforms his Majesty does so freely and loyally."

Turkey.—Sir Henry Bulwer has presented a project of financial reform to the Porte, advising the publication of the Budget, retrenchment in its expenditure, consolidation of the public debt, and the issue of guaranteed paper money. This scheme has been well received by the Divan. Troops have been hastily sent to the coast bordering on Montenegro. The *Austrian Gazette* says that upwards of 250 Hungarian volunteers, provided with Moldavian passports, have embarked for Constantinople with the intention of proceeding to Naples.

New Granada.—There is no doubt that General Mosquera has triumphed over President Ospina, after two battles, the last of which, it is said, lasted nearly two days. The civil war may, therefore, be considered at an end.

Venezuela.—News from Venezuela has been received to the 21st of March. Congress had met. General Paez had arrived, and been appointed to the chief command of the army, and the opera had commenced. The chief artists were Madame Cortesi, Musiani, the two Amodios and Neni.

St. Domingo.—If we can judge from the intelligence just received from St. Domingo, the re-occupation of that fine island by the Spanish will not be so easily done as the public has imagined. The British and French Consuls both protested against the usurpation, and hauled down their respective flags. Till, however, we hear from London and Paris, it is impossible to know the real sentiments of Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon. It can hardly be imagined that Spain would venture on such an act without the consent of those rulers of Europe. It may be done to see how far they can presume upon the American Eagle in her present half-winged condition.

The Coming Conflict.

In reply to the declaration of war made by the Southern Confederacy upon the Federal Government in its bombardment of Fort Sumpter, while in possession of the Federal troops, the President of the United States has issued the following important proclamation:

By the President of the United States:

A Proclamation.

Whereas, The laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law;

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the Militia of the several States of the Union, in the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities, through the War Department.

I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of our popular Government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the force hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union, and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do, hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective chambers at twelve o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the fourth day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

The Secretary of War, in accordance with the President's proclamation, has issued a call for seventy-four regiments, to be apportioned among the States in the following manner:

Maine, 1; New Hampshire, 1; Massachusetts, 2; Connecticut, 1; New Jersey, 4; Delaware, 1; Missouri, 4; Indiana, 6; Michigan, 1; Minnesota, 1; Kentucky, 4; Vermont, 1; Rhode Island, 1; New York, 17; Pennsylvania, 16; Tennessee, 2; Ohio, 3; Illinois, 6; Iowa, 1; Wisconsin, 1. California, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kansas and Oregon have not yet been called upon, nor any of the States not named above.

The State of New York has responded promptly. The Legislature has authorized the arming and equipping of 30,000 men, and have voted $3,000,000 for such service. The war spirit seems to be thoroughly roused, and offers of immense sums of money and vast numbers of recruits pour in from all quarters. A few days will determine the position of Virginia and the other at present neutral States, when the strength of the contending parties will be defined.

A terrible and imminent danger overhangs our great and beloved country, and we look around in vain in the hope of finding some peaceful solution of the difficulties which surround us. God forbid that their solution should be left to the sword's point and the roar of the cannon!

An Ominous Year.

The year 1861 seems destined to a terrible distinction in the annals of the world, for wherever the eye may rest the upheavings of society are seen. The boasted civilization of the age resolves itself into a question of expedients, and the great cure of our statesmen seems to be quack palliatives. The stimulant of a hideous glory—War, or the anodyne of superstition seem to exhaust their science of government.

The revolutionary processes of England are of so slow a growth that it would be premature to predicate what she is tending to. It would, however, seem as though the inclined plane of her constitutional institutions rendered her changes as beneficial as they are imperceptible. The aristocracy is the soft cushion which receives the force of democratic innovation, and, having by their passive resistance softened their momentum, the sudden shock is tempered and the movement is admitted into the progress of the age. Nevertheless, even England is menaced with the sword of Damocles—a French invasion; and although there is no doubt that the inroad of such a military horde would end in their finding graves where they sought only plunder, yet, with that cold-blooded caution which distinguishes Englishmen, they prefer losing the glory of a victory to gaining it at the expense of a devastation.

Thus, England herself has a very uneasy bed, and ever and anon starts from her golden dream to grasp her spear. France, as usual, has the restless couch of a beauty ill at ease in reputation and conscience; she turns from one side to the other. Her master, the Jupiter Tonans of Olympus Tuileries, grants her freedom of speech, and, woman-like, she indulges in a vituperation of her master and his measures.

This is not surprising—the Celtic nature is female, and tongue and claws are their weapons. France, therefore, like an impatient audience, awaits for the next situation in her last sensation drama. Her nature is theatrical—she is a nation of amateur actors, who waste their lives in striking attitudes. Her *rôle* oscillates between the slave and the tyrant—the Bastile and the Luxembourg—and her national spirit is kept alive by the astonishment she receives from the rest of the world.

Even more unhappy is the condition of Austria. Despoiled of her province of Lombardy and deprived of her allies in Italy, she writhes, like Laocoon, in the embrace of the twining serpents of Venetia and Hungary. Slowly are those silent folds pressing out her life, but she has not the wisdom to speak that one word—Freedom. We can, as Americans, understand the full force of Lord Palmerston's words, that, while Hungary is discontented, and her right hand employed in keeping Venetia pinned to the earth, Austria could not do the work England required of an ally who was to be the counterpoise to France.

Nor has Russia a brighter horoscope. Poland, in an active state of discontent, and writhing under the recent sting of a brutal massacre, has spoken out, in her indignant grief, words which have provoked a reply from Prince Gortschakoff so utterly at variance with the spirit of the age, as to convince us that the recent enfranchisement of the serfs is not the dictate of a great principle, but simply to curtail the power of the Russian nobles. Alexander of Russia must therefore consider himself as a doomed man, without he change his course; for, like all men of his class, he will not only fall between the two stools, but be crushed by them. He has tampered with the truth, and having put his hand to the plough, he has looked back.

Nor has Italy a pure blue sky to shed peace upon her brilliant landscape. Garibaldi, that glorious comet, is now reappearing and throwing his lurid light over the enslaved portion of Venetia. It is hard to say anything doubtingly of so great, so good, so unselfish a man; but our purest men, in their non-calculation of human exigencies, make the greatest errors, and we should not be utterly astonished if we live to know that the impatience of a great patriot has been as fatal to his country as the treacherous delay of a Grouchy.

Turkey, old, decrepid and sick, is now lying on its deathbier, and all the cordials administered by England will never galvanise it beyond a few expiring spasms. It is a thing of the past, and it now encumbers the earth. Let it totter to its Asian grave, and never more trouble Europe. What the Indians are in America, the Turks are in Europe. They are now obsolete. Let the Abdul-Medjids rest with the Pontiacs and the Tecumsehs. Public opinion, and not fire-water and opium, has killed them. We have not space to extend our glance to Japan, China, &c., but there the Old is passing away! Thus, in whatever aspect the world is viewed, it is one of terrible foreboding. The great heart of humanity seems disturbed, and the brain of society has cast loose its usual habits of thought. Interest seems to be the only link to bind man to man, and nation to nation. Principle and patriotism seem to have become so weakened as to admit of mediators, and to engender in the human heart a feeling, or rather a torpidity, akin to that which uttered, "After me the deluge;" but we know well that the reaction will come, and out of this lethargy, mental, moral and social, and this disturbance will rise, even as a glorious day comes out of storm and darkness, an era which will be termed the golden day of the world.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

The Hideous Falsehoods daily promulgated by the electric wires have earned for them the title of the Electric Liars. They have grown so utterly reckless, that one line contradicts another. The metal they are made of must be brass. The grossest absurdities are given to the public, which, at last, becomes so perfectly obfuscated that it opens its mouth and shuts its eyes, and swallows all that is offered to it. In addition to manifold absurdities, the telegraph-liars indulge in such emphatic nothings, that common sense flies into a corner, merely to get out of the way of the Juggernaut of nonsense. Just fancy such telegrams as those which appeared in the daily papers of Saturday. "A gentleman called upon President Lincoln and asked him how he liked the news from Fort Sumpter?" "Not at all," was the President's reply. And again, "The President did not expect any fighting till Saturday!" The telegraphic liars are nuisances—they should only deal in fact. The electric fluid is so adulterated now, that it does not come up to Jersey lightning!

Notwithstanding the Melancholy state of our public affairs, the partisan journals proceed with their wordy warfare against each other. Now and then they say something "smart," but, generally speaking, their vituperation is unredeemed by wit or humor. The Albany *Knickerbocker* of the 6th says, in alluding to the greediness displayed by the old Barnburners:

"If Mr. Lincoln listens to these cormorants, they will undertake to share the White House with him. There is nothing that an old Barnburner won't take, unless it is the small-pox twice. He would take even this, but nature forbids it."

Considering that the old Barnburners constitute about one-fifth of the Republican party, it is not according to Cocker that they shall have seven-eighths of the pap bowl. These squabblers for the pennies on a dead man's eyes are miserable exhibitions.

The Daily Papers have announced lately that Messrs. Haughwout & Co. are refurnishing the White House. The *Daily News*, with more than its usual wit, says: "We wish they would put a new master in it."

G. W. P. Custis, in his "Recollections of Washington," gives a copy of a contract written in Washington's own hand, between George Washington and Philip Barton, his gardener. After the usual clauses, it provides that the said Barton "will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on terms hereafter mentioned." After enumerating the clothing, &c., to be furnished, it further says he was to be allowed "four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights. Also two dollars at Whitsunside, to be drunk two days; also a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon." We can easily comprehend what such rabid water drinkers as Gough and Greeley would say at such a singular compact; but the inference is that Washington, being an eminently practical man, saw the impossibility of eradicating the vice in otherwise a good and valuable servant, and so made a compromise, which should retain him in the rank of rational beings. Had he drawn the string too tight he might have driven Barton into the realms of rum altogether. Six days' intoxication is not two per cent., and is very moderate compared to many of our modern officials.

PERSONAL.

Miss Prescott, one of the most brilliant writers of our age and country, is about to marry a young lawyer. She is too intellectual for the dull routine of every day married life.

Joseph Tinker Buckingham the Nestor of journalism, and founder of the Boston *Courier*, died on the 11th April, in his eighty-fourth year. He was an able but bitter writer.

Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, have lately published a volume of translations from the Latin and Greek poets. They are accurate and elegant.

Major-Gen. George G. Thomas is now commander of the Federal forces in the city of Washington. He has many near relatives, as well as other warm personal friends in this city, in whom his name is a guarantee that the flag of the Union will be upheld at the capital of the country against the Secession traitors. General Thomas comes of revolutionary stock, and his father is Vice-President of the Society of Cincinnati for the State of New Jersey. He graduated at West Point, in the Fourth artillery, as captain of cadets. He served in Florida, and was wounded at Fort Mellon, when the commander, Major Mellen, was killed by his side. He then retired from the army, and took up his residence in Washington, where he is now enabled to render his country important service as Major-General of the Second Division of the Militia of the District of Columbia.

G. A. Scroggs, of Buffalo, has resigned his position as General of the Thirty-first Brigade, New York State Militia. The General does not fear war, but is Sheriff of Erie county, and is thereby inhibited from holding any other office.

Edwin Forrest, the distinguished tragedian, is recovering from his indisposition.

Theatrical *fracasses* are becoming too common. Not long ago, Jordan, of the Cocktail Guards, and Eddy, the tragedian, had a passage-of arms in a saloon in New Orleans, and lately Johnstone and Eddy were belligerent in Broadway. Gentlemen of the sock and buskin, tone down your exuberances.

The King of Italy has rechristened his three sons—their titles being Count of Milan, Count of Turin, and Count of Florence.

Miss Kate Beecher, sister of Rev. Ward Beecher, has accepted the position of matron of the Milwaukee Female College. She is well qualified for that onerous task.

Mr. James Carroll, a most talented and amiable member of the Bryant's Minstrels, died of consumption last Tuesday, April 9, at his lodgings, in New York. He was formerly connected with Buckley's Minstrels.

The New York *Atlas* says: "Mr. Ashmun, who was President of the Chicago Convention, and other leading Republicans, made strong efforts with 'Old Abe' to leave Fletcher Webster retained as Surveyor of Boston, out of respect to his father; but the voice of the Congressional delegation was against them, and the head of the son of Daniel Webster was obliged to fall with the other victims to Republican power." While we can understand that eight years' absence from the spoils of office may increase the appetite of hungry applicants for power and plunder, we were hardly prepared for such a total absence of propriety as the Abolitionists have lately evinced in their rush for place.

Mr. Tyng preached on Sunday, the 7th April, his fortieth anniversary sermon. He entered the ministry in 1821.

Roger A. Pryor, of Potter bowie-knife fame, has become one of General Beauregard's aids.

At the palace of Drottningholm, in Sweden, there is a portrait of a reindeer which is represented, on an occasion of emergency, to have drawn an officer with important despatches the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours. The event is stated to have happened in 1699, and tradition adds that the deer dropped down lifeless on its arrival. M. Pictet, a French astronomer, made some experiments, in the year 1769, in order to ascertain the speed of the reindeer when exerted to the full, for a short distance. Of three deer yoked to light sledges, the first performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet eight inches in two minutes—that is, at the rate of nearly nineteen miles an hour; the second did the same distance in three minutes, and the third in three minutes twenty-six seconds.

THE BEGINNING OF CIVIL WAR.

The Bombardment of Fort Sumpter by the Forces of the Southern Confederate States.

DEFENCE BY MAJOR ANDERSON.

SEVEN BATTERIES CONCENTRATE THEIR FIRES ON FORT SUMPTER.

THE FORT SEVERAL TIMES ON FIRE.

Surrender of Fort Sumpter after Forty Hours Bombardment.

Little did we think, when we issued our last paper, that a bloody and fratricidal war was so close upon us. We felt then that the danger was imminent; but we trusted that the forbearance which had hitherto characterized the movements of both parties would still prevail—that the attitude of strength which both parties assumed would have engendered a mutual respect and a wholesome dread of a resort to arms, which must necessarily lead to a fearful, protracted, bitter and bloody struggle, the end of which would either be still disunion or a forced submission, which would, ultimately, prove as disastrous. We were rudely awakened from this pleasant dream of security on Friday evening, by rumors that the forts of the Confederate States had opened their fire upon Fort Sumpter, and were being replied to vigorously by Major Anderson. The report ran through the city like wildfire. Not more swiftly did the electric fluid flash the message over the lines than did the news fly through the length and breadth of the city. On Saturday morning the city was in a state of the wildest agitation. By many the news was utterly discredited as it reached us through a means which was entirely in the control of the Confederated authorities; but the majority felt a solemn conviction that, although some of the details might be exaggerated, the leading points were founded on facts, and that the most terrible of all calamities—civil war—was at last commenced in earnest.

The Cause of the Commencement of Hostilities.

From the moment that the telegraph made the Government of the Confederate States aware that ships of war and provision ships had sailed from New York under sealed orders, the preparations for defence and attack in Charleston harbor were carried on with extraordinary activity. The sentiments of the officials and the public became at once marvellously warlike. All seemed to have arrived at the solemn determination not to permit reinforcements and supplies to be thrown into Fort Sumpter, while supported by the presence of Federal ships of war. It was believed that if unarmed vessels approached with provisions only they would be permitted to pass the cannon-bristling forts unchallenged and unmolested. It was this general belief which rendered the public mind utterly unprepared for the astounding news which was suddenly to precipitate the entire community into astonishment and dismay.

The immediate cause of the commencement of hostilities will be found in the following correspondence:

GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Charleston, April 8, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumpter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Montgomery, April 10, 1861.

Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, Charleston:

If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington Government to supply Fort Sumpter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation; and if this is refused proceed in such manner as you may determine to reduce it. Answer.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Charleston, April 10, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

The demand will be made to-morrow at twelve o'clock.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Charleston, April 11, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

Major Anderson replies,

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance."

He adds:

"Probably I will await the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces we will be starved out in a few days."

Answer.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Montgomery, April 11, 1861.

Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, Charleston:

We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumpter if Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that, in the meantime, he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be employed against Fort Sumpter.

You are thus to avoid the effusion of blood. If this or its equivalent be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be the most practicable.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Charleston, April 12, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

He would not consent. I write to-day.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Growing Excitement Among the People.

While this correspondence was going on the excitement in the city of Charleston was intense.

Hundreds of persons were waiting for hours on the wharves and other points of observation, to see the beginning of the conflict, among them a great number of ladies. The people were out on the housetops watching with feverish interest for the first signal of attack. Every train brought throngs of citizens and soldiers to town. Twenty-two car loads came from Columbia on the night of the 10th. A call was made for three hundred mounted volunteers, as an extra patrol in the city. Over one thousand responded. The Sixteenth regiment was ordered on duty. This embraces all the militia of Charleston not already in the army. Major Anderson is said to have fired a signal gun during the morning, for what object has not transpired. He was busy all day strengthening his position. The movements at Fort Sumpter are plainly visible with a glass. The State has thoroughly prepared for the event. The supply of ammunition and artillery is adequate to any emergency. The confidence in its ability to do all that is attempted is unlimited. Fire signals were burning in the harbor.

Senators Wigfall, Chesnut, Ex-Governor Manning, of South Carolina, Hon. W. P. Miles, ex-Member of Congress, and Pryor, of Virginia, are on the staff of General Beauregard.

Business was suspended. The Citadel Cadets were guarding the battery with heavy cannon. Thousands were waiting to see the attack commenced. One thousand mounted men and two thousand patrols, heavily armed, were guarding the city.

The Night Before the Siege.

On the 11th it was generally known in the city that a formal demand to surrender Fort Sumpter would be made by Gen. Beauregard of Major Anderson; and as might be expected the city became alive with excitement. It was a season of terrible and feverish anxiety, which beggars all powers of description. The streets were thronged. Agitated thousands crowded the Battery; the windows and the housetops were alive with people, and even the church-towers displayed their anxious crowds. Every eye was fixed upon the silent, threatening forts, and "Will he surrender?" "When will the firing begin if he does not?" were questions asked thousands of times and again and again repeated.

The Morning of the Fight—Extraordinary Excitement of the People—Thousands of Ladies on the Battery.

That day passed, but the crowd did not diminish nor the anxieties cease. It became known that the demand to surrender had been made to Major Anderson and refused, and that the fort would be positively bombarded within a few hours. Hundreds of people never sought their beds that night, actuated by a restless desire to see the commencement of a foray which would in all probability be prolonged and deadly. With the first boom of the gun thousands rushed from their beds to the harbor front, and all day every available place was thronged by ladies and gentlemen viewing the solemn spectacle through their glasses. Most of these have relatives in the several fortifications, and many a tearful eye attested the anxious affections of the mother, wife and sister, but not a murmur came from a single individual.

Commencement of the Bombardment.

At twenty minutes past four on Friday morning, April the 13th, the bombardment commenced by guns from Fort Moultrie. To these Major Anderson replied with three of his barbette guns, after which the batteries on Mount Pleasant, Cummings' Point, and the Floating Battery opened a brisk fire of shot and shell.

Major Anderson did not reply, except at long intervals, until between seven and eight o'clock, when he brought into action the two tiers of guns looking towards Fort Moultrie and Stevens' iron battery. His fire was principally directed against Fort Moultrie, Stevens' and the Floating batteries and Fort Johnson. Only five of the nineteen opposing batteries were opened upon Fort Sumpter, the others being held in reserve to operate against any naval force that might come to the assistance of Major Anderson. During the whole of the day the bombardment was kept up without cessation on both sides.

Some fifteen or eighteen shots from Fort Sumpter struck the Floating Battery, but made not the slightest impression upon its iron-cased sides. The Stevens' Battery was eminently successful, and did terrible execution on Fort Sumpter.

From the regular and unintermitting firing from Fort Sumpter, it was thought that it must have been secretly reinforced. If not, the service was wonderful under the circumstances, and the labor of the short-handed garrison must have been tremendous. The most devoted loyalty to their flag must have animated that handful of brave hearts thus hopelessly battling against such overwhelming odds. Such Spartan-like devotion won admiration even from their determined assailants. Two rainstorms occurred during the day, but caused no interruption to the siege; but at 7 P.M. it poured down so heavily that hostilities were suspended until 11 P.M.; from that time during the whole night bombs were sent into Fort Sumpter from all the batteries, making about two a minute. The scene was magnificent beyond description, and thousands who had been watching the action all day returned when the batteries resumed their fire at 11 P.M., and remained until morning.

The first shot was fired from Fort Johnson, on Morris Island, by Captain James, and the second by Lieutenant U. H. Gibbs. The first shot from Stevens' Battery was fired by the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia.

The damage done to Fort Sumpter by the day's bombardment was thought to be very severe. The rifled cannon literally tore the solid brickwork into fragments. It is estimated that from twelve to eighteen hundred balls and shells were fired during the day. Over one hundred shells took effect inside the fort.

THE SECOND DAY'S SIEGE.

During the night of the 12th the guns in Fort Sumpter were silent. The garrison were laboriously engaged in repairing damages and in protecting the barbette guns not already disabled. At seven A.M. on the 13th, Major Anderson again replied to the vicious attacks which assailed him on every side. For two hours his great guns flashed and boomed incessantly. But another enemy had found him out, even in the heart of his own stronghold. A dense smoke, which soon enveloped the whole fort, showed that it was on fire within. The red-hot shot from Fort Moultrie had ignited the officers' quarters, and the flames raged fiercely. But even in this terrible position, the firing was not discontinued, only slackened. The little garrison must have worked with superhuman vigor in repelling an enemy from without and subduing a fiercer one within. By noon the whole roof of the fort was on fire and all the buildings, and to add to the fearful emergency of the garrison, several heavy explosions of magazines and shells took place. A raft was hastily constructed and laden with many men, who passed up buckets of water to their comrades in the fort, in a vain attempt to extinguish the flames. During this time the Federal flag was displayed half-mast as a signal of distress. Still no help came from the ships, which were plainly visible in the offing. The beleaguered men must have bitterly felt the seemingly cold-hearted indifference of their friends thus calmly viewing their certain destruction.

Gallantry of the Besiegers.

Still the iron hail poured out remorselessly and incessantly from the Confederate batteries. The work of destruction was carried on with extraordinary skill and perseverance. Every shot and every shell told with fearful effect upon the doomed fortress. The Southern soldiers, officers and men, vied with each other in enthusiasm and daring. After every discharge, they leaped upon the ramparts to watch the effect of their missiles, then jumped back again, shouting triumphantly. They seemed perfectly reckless of their lives, and showed a gallantry and daring courage that could not be excelled.

During the morning, the flagstaff of Fort Sumpter was carried away, but shortly after the Federal flag was seen floating from a pole, soon, however to be replaced by a flag of truce, and, later, by the flag of the Confederate States of the South.

Raising of the Flag of Truce.

After struggling against circumstances the most terrible and calamitous, Major Anderson felt the necessity of raising a flag of truce. It must have cost the gallant soldier a bitter and severe pang before he came to the determination to yield that which he had so nobly striven to retain.

After the flagstaff of Anderson was shot away, Colonel Wigfall, aide to General Beauregard, at his commander's request, went to Sumpter with a white flag to offer assistance in extinguishing the flames. He approached the burning fortress from Morris Island, and while the firing was raging on all sides, effected a landing at Sumpter. He approached a porthole, and was met by Major Anderson. The commander of Fort Sumpter said he had just displayed a white flag, but the firing from the Carolina batteries was kept up, nevertheless.

Hauling Down the Flag of the United States.

Colonel Wigfall replied that Major Anderson must haul down the American flag; that no parley would be granted. Surrender or fight was the word. Major Anderson then hauled down his flag, and displayed only that of truce.

All firing instantly ceased, and two others of General Beauregard's staff, Ex-Senator Chesnut and Ex-Governor Manning, came over in a boat and stipulated with the Major that his surrender should be unconditional for the present, subject to the terms of General Beauregard.

Major Anderson was allowed to remain, with his men, in actual possession of the fort, while Messrs. Chesnut and Manning came over to the city, accompanied by a member of the Palmetto Guards, bearing the colors of his company. These were met at the pier by hundreds of citizens, and as they marched up the street to the General's quarters the crowd swelled to thousands. Shouts rent the air, and the wildest joy was manifested on account of the welcome tidings.

A Boat Comes from the Fleet Outside.

After the surrender, a boat, with an officer and ten men, was sent from one of the four ships in the offing to General Simons, commanding on Morris Island, with a request that a merchant ship or one of the vessels of the United States be allowed to enter and take off the Commander and garrison of Fort Sumpter.

General Simons replied that if no hostilities were attempted during the night, and no effort was made to reinforce or retake Fort Sumpter, he would give an answer at nine o'clock on Sunday morning.

Major Anderson's Reasons for Surrendering the Fort.

Major Anderson stated that he surrendered his sword to General Beauregard, as the representative of the Confederate Government. General Beauregard said he would not receive it from so brave a man. He says Major Anderson made a staunch fight, and elevated himself in the estimation of every true Carolinian.

Major Anderson surrendered because his quarters and barracks were destroyed, and he had no hope of reinforcements. The fleet lay idly by during the thirty hours of the bombardment, and either could not or would not help him; besides, his men were prostrate from over-exertion.

There were but five of them hurt—four badly, and one, it is thought, mortally—but the rest were worn out. The flames have destroyed everything. Both officers and soldiers were obliged to lay on their faces in the casemates to prevent suffocation.

After the fort was turned over to the Confederate Government, Major Anderson became the guest of General Beauregard until the time when he and his command left Charleston in the steamer Baltic for New York. The time fixed for their departure was Monday night, at eleven o'clock.

The most extraordinary feature of this remarkable siege is, that during *forty hours* of severe bombardment, replied to vigorously during a whole day and part of the next night by Fort Sumpter, *not a single life* was lost; and so far as we can learn, no man on either side was seriously wounded. It will for ever be a matter of astonishment how two or three thousand shots and shells, almost all of which reached their destination, should fall thus harmlessly as regards life. Stone and brick walls were battered, guns dismounted, embankments pierced, but of the thousands of men who fearlessly hazarded their lives on that occasion, not one was injured. Though vigorously contested, it was the most bloodless battle on record. It is a source of sincere congratulation to every true patriot that no kindred blood was shed, and the prayer is earnest in every section of the country that Providence will aid man's wisdom in averting that dreaded calamity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eagan, who was stabbed by an Italian, named Murillo, died at the hospital on the 11th. Murillo and his brothers are in custody, as likewise is a rowdy, Denais Shay, who commenced the fight. These drinking saloons are rapidly becoming now manufactories of murder. It ought to be mentioned that the murdered man attacked Murillo first, instigated by Shay.

The birthday of Henry Clay was celebrated by a banquet at the St. Denis Hotel on the 12th, a day now ever to be cursed by all Americans, as inaugurating civil war. Flags were displayed during the day from the public buildings of New York. It was the eighty-fourth anniversary of our departed statesman's birth.

A most respectable lady, the wife of Mr. Porter, 46 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, committed suicide at her house, on the 12th, in consequence of malignant reports current among the scandal-mongers of that city. This love of tittle-tattle is the curse of suburban towns, and flourishes in Hoboken with remarkable vigor. There was an old law which rendered female maligners liable to the ducking-stool and the penance of the white sheet in the parish church. A few examples of this kind would benefit the community very much.

A pugilistic auctioneer, whose name is Zeno Burnham, has been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment and a fine of $50, for assaulting a gentleman and insulting a lady. Auctioneers may knock down the goods they sell, but not their purchasers. As it is, Burnham is an instance of "going—going—gone" to prison.

The *Tribune* is very easily humbugged, and its readers are equally susceptible of the soft impeachment. The Boston *Journal* states that the W. H. Turner, whose wrongs at the hands of the South some time ago constituted a brilliant feature in the *Tribune's* issue of the day, is an impostor, who goes about hoaxing fanatic editors with imaginary sufferings.

The Chicago papers are very jubilant at what they term retributive justice. It appears that a colored man, named Hayes, has made himself very conspicuous by his activity and success in ferreting out fugitive slaves. The praise he received for these acts called the attention of his master to him, who discovered that he (Hayes), the great planter's sleuth-hound, was himself a fugitive slave. A requisition was sent on for him, and he has been delivered up to his master.

A gentleman, named Coppis, who resides at 71 Horatio street, and who is in the habit of meeting with remarkable adventures, reported to the police that last Thursday, about ten o'clock in the evening, as he was walking in Greenwich street, he was suddenly knocked down and stunned by some party unknown and that when he came to his senses he was swimming about in the North River! He swam on shore, and finding his money and watch safe, he concludes very wisely that he had not been robbed. About a month ago he was thrown down an area and much bruised. Mr. Coppis ought not to venture out after dusk.

Professor Anderson, the necromancer, was arrested in Troy on Thursday, on the false charge, preferred by a barber of that city, of having violated a young girl who came to his room. The whole affair proved a gross calumny, and the professor was so outraged in his feelings that he administered a well-merited flogging to the author of his woes. Merchants and their clerks cannot be too careful in suffering these girls to come into their premises, as they are generally tutored by wicked parents and others to every species of crime and extortion.

One day last week there was a very disgraceful scene in Albany. Mr. Schaffer, the District Attorney of Albany county, threatened to cowhide Mr. Buckbee, a Member of the Assembly, for voting against the expulsion of Mr. Gibbons. It appears that Mr. Schaffer had been in pursuit of the ardent, and the ardent had overcome him. It is said that he actually went to the hotel where Buckbee was staying, for the express purpose of personally chastising a member for exercising his legislative prerogative.

The Mississippi *Intelligencer* proclaims Rarey a humbug, and that Offutt is the real Simon Pure. It adds: "We have seen Denton Offutt take a pair of three-years-old fillies, that had never had harness placed on their backs, and drive them up and down our streets within ten minutes after he first saw them. We have also seen him take a horse that for seven years would suffer no one to approach him, and in less than an hour the horse followed his every motion like a dog."

A very pretty little comedy of errors is recorded by one of the northern papers. A young man, a farmer of Rensselaer county, who has a sweetheart residing in Albany, went to the city, to visit her, a few evenings ago. He hitched his horse to a post in the street, several blocks distant, and, as the hours sped away, and the animal was uncared for and unclaimed, a benevolent lady, in front of whose house it was hitched, called a policeman, and had the horse taken to a stable. When the lover at last bid his Dulcinea good night and looked for his team, it was of course missing. He supposed it to have been stolen, and telegraphed to Troy and other places, requesting that any one driving such a team might be arrested. Subsequently, inquiring at the police-station at Albany, he got track of the property, recovered it by making proper explanations, and drove homewards rejoicing. But at Troy the telegraph subjected him to another annoyance, for he was arrested as a horse-thief, upon his own description of the team, and could not escape from the cells of a prison except by sending for friends to come in from his rural home and identify him. He threatens to sue the lady whose sympathy for the horse led to the original difficulty.

A niece of John Hancock has presented to the President a share-ticket, issued by the British Province of Massachusetts, dated 1765, for the building of Faneuil Hall, Boston. It is signed by John Hancock, and endorsed by Abraham Lincoln, the great grandfather of the present occupant of the White House.

As a gratifying proof that personal merit, even when modest and unobtrusive, sometimes meets its reward, even in politics, we may mention that John Kennedy, who was put on the Democratic ticket at the last minute, in place of W. H. Harrison, was elected without the cost of a dollar. Kennedy is the expressman of Hoboken, and is competent as well as civil and honest.

A terrible tragedy occurred last week at Amelia, a little town near Cincinnati. A sign painter, named Grigsby, having become jealous of his wife, a young and beautiful woman, he separated from her, and took from her their only child, a fine boy of four years. On the day of the fatal deed she had managed to regain her child, and was about taking it with her to her home when her husband arrived. He drew a revolver, fired at his wife, whom he mortally wounded, and then blew his own brains out.

One hundred and four Musquakee Indians have renounced their savage habits and settled at Tama county, Iowa, on farms.

George West, of Columbia, Mo., a few days ago shot a wild turkey, which weighed, when dressed, twenty-two and a half pounds. His "beard" was over ten inches long.

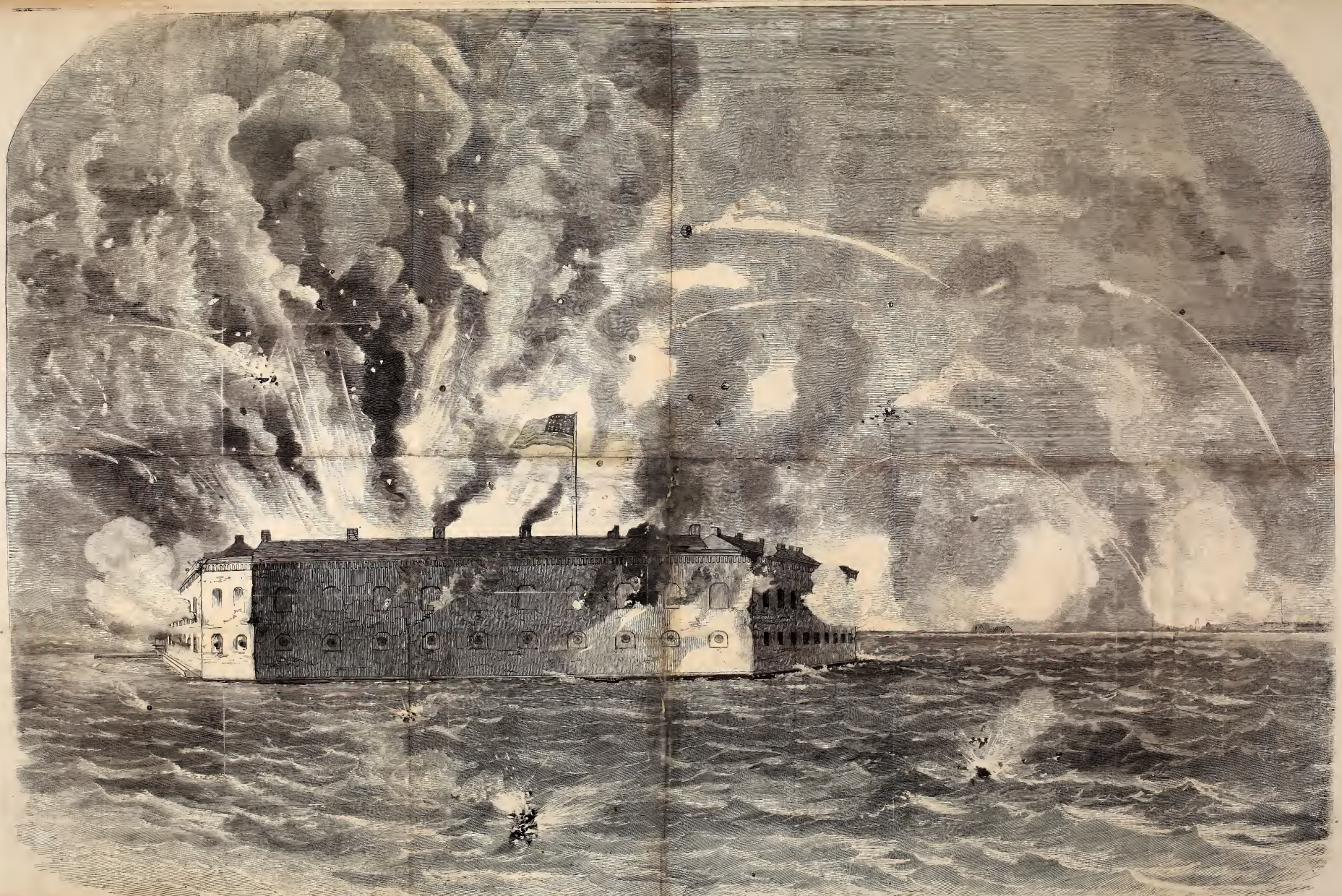
The mails recently burned near Pittsburg contained, it is said, over one thousand applications from office-seekers. "It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good!"

One Communion Sunday, an old Kentucky soldier who had fought under General Jackson at New Orleans, and knew well what manner of man he had been, attended the Hermitage church, and saw the aged warrior kneel reverently before the altar. He was transfixed with astonishment. After the service was over, he was observed to be unusually silent and thoughtful, and upon being questioned related what he had seen. He concluded his narrative thus:

"When I saw the man who had fought armies, parties, cabinets, and never fought without conquering, get down on his knees in that church, I said to myself, 'Well, when General Jackson kneels, I tell you, boys, I think it's about time for me to knock under.'"

Four weeks after he joined the church, and lived and died an exemplary member.

The ex-Queen of Naples showed so much courage and *sang froid* at Gaeta, under such trying and critical circumstances, that the German Princesses, it is said, proud of the conduct of their countrywoman, have resolved to offer her Majesty a crown of laurels. Each Princess will give a leaf, on which the donor's name will be written. The crown is to be of gold, and is making by the Paris Court jeweller.



The Bombardment of Fort Sumpter, Charleston Harbor, the 12th and 13th of April, 1861.—This Picture was taken by our Special Artist, shortly before the Surrender of Major Anderson, when the Officers' Quarters were on Fire.—See Page 355.

LUCILLE DE VERNET;

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1814, the one preceding that of the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon Bonaparte raised all countries to arms, a group was assembled in a handsome and commodious saloon in one of the old castles situate on the delightful and far-famed banks of the beautiful Rhine.

A fair girl of great beauty stood in one of the large bay-windows, looking with careless and unheeding eye on the depth of waters beneath her, as she smiled brightly, and half feelingly, half coquettishly favored the earnest pleadings of a handsome young man for one of the golden curls that played carelessly and wantonly, as the breeze from the river wafted them around her rosy cheeks and white chiselled shoulders.

The young man might have been about to join his regiment when he asked for such boon; for his dress and air pronounced him a soldier, as did his dark eye, raven hair, elegant moustache and imperial bespeak him a southron.

The flowers of eighteen springs had budded and bloomed beneath the maiden's feet, for her path had been all roses, without a single thorn to impede her progress. The youth might have numbered twenty-four summers.

A lady about seven-and-twenty, in the close deeply shading cap and the sombre dress which tells of widowhood, sat with her feet resting on the fender, apparently engaged with the page before her, but in reality listening attentively and anxiously to as much of the conversation as she could catch of the occupants of the high gothic window. She was the young officer's sister: he was all stern nature had left her to cling to; his hopes, his wishes were her own; she knew he loved the charming and much sought-for Ella, but he was poor, nothing but a French soldier of fortune, and with but few pretensions to rank, and she feared amid the glittering offers showered upon her, her brother's true love might be overlooked. But there was another to complete the group; it was a lady who had passed the meridian of life, and to look upon her now, we could well judge how lovely she must have been at Ella's age.

The figure was tall and elegantly formed, the slight bend from the waist tending rather to increase than diminish its symmetry; the contour of her face was still perfect, and though Time had traced with his finger a few lines on her broad open forehead, and threaded many white hairs among the bands resting on her pale cheeks, their original color still predominated; and if grief had dimmed the lustre of her hazel eyes, neither old nor young could look on her without veneration. This lady was the Baroness von Waldenburg, the possessor of the old castle on the banks of the Rhine. She had also suspended her knitting to gaze upon the youthful pair. She heard not distinctly a word that either uttered; but the change of expression that crossed her speaking countenance told that memory was bringing back with all its force scenes which had passed, that time and change had mellowed till their intensity had faded, but which never could be forgotten; a cold tremor slightly shook her frame, and clasping her hands, she appeared to be silently and reverently asking strength to bear the new trial that was opening upon her.

Henri de Vernet had obtained his long petitioned for pledge, the golden curl from the Grecian-moulded head of Ella, and she, to conceal the blush his thanks and protestations of everlasting love which the gift had called forth, was bending over a book she had taken from a table, busily employing herself in rapidly turning over its leaves. While doing so, a folded paper fell to the ground. Henri caught it up hastily, declaring it to be a billet-doux. Ella, to free herself from the imputation, and to ease her lover's uneasiness, which, spite of his raillery, betrayed itself, desired him to open it. He quickly availed himself of the permission, when some lines, evidently written under the effects of a wounded mind, met his eager eye; they were addressed to the planet Venus, shining as the evening star, and signed "Una." Henri read them aloud.

He pronounced the signature "Una" in a loud key as he ended; it was the first word that had distinctly caught the ear of the baroness. It gave a quick revulsion to her thoughts; and rising precipitately, with a saddened, anxious countenance, held out her hand for the lines, exclaiming, "Give, oh, give them to me! Is it possible that this relic of my Una remains to be treasured up by me?"

The young man respectfully presented them. The baroness caught them eagerly, as eagerly perused them, then lowly articulated, "Sweet Una, these lines were traced by thy wasted fingers when thy cup was full of bitterness; but thy longing heart had its desire. Thou art a blest resident of the abode thou didst covet whilst on earth, and to which thou wert akin."

As the baroness raised her eyes reverently to the star just rising in the horizon, she pressed the paper to her lips, then placed it in her bosom, as a newly-discovered and prized treasure, and again sunk into the ample armchair she had vacated, memory responding to the feelings which agitated the frame of this usually serene and always pious woman.

Ella covered her face with her hands, that her tears might fall unseen; then moving towards the baroness, knelt at her feet, and throwing her arms around her, said, "Dearest aunt, pardon me for taking this troubled moment to ask a long-coveted request; but when you are calm and happy, I have neither will nor power to break in upon your serenity. Una!—how often has the name been breathed to me by my nurse in my days of childhood, with injunctions not to mention it before you! She was not my mother, I know, for my mother's name was Hilda; nay, was she not my aunt, and Una and Hilda the two dear sisters whose early fate caused you such unbounded sorrow? You once promised, when I was old enough to understand and to know that life and care were analogous, to make me acquainted with the incidents of your youthful days. Do I ask too much by begging to know them now? I do not demand it from idle curiosity, but in the feeble hope of lightening your grief by making me a participator in it; for surely one so near and dear to you as your Ella should share your sorrows, as you take care she ever shall your joys."

The baroness pressed her hands on the head of the kneeling girl. The tears standing in her eyes were chased by larger drops from those portals, and fell rapidly over the thick curls reposing in her lap. A minute they flowed unchecked, then with a strong effort she dried them sufficiently to answer.

"My child," said the baroness, "I have forborne to tell you why I sometimes weep in private, because I would not willingly cast a gloom over the sunny hours of youth with the recital of the woes of those unknown to you, but so linked to me by ties the tenderest. But you ask to share my sorrows, Ella? They have ceased to be sorrows; for time and my Heavenly Father have so calmed them, that it is only when deep memories are awakened that I find they cannot be wholly subdued till I sleep," said she, pointing to a small churchyard in the precincts of the castle, "beside the dear inmates of yon mausoleum."

"Dearest aunt, nourish not such sombre thoughts," said Ella, entwining her arms still closer round her; "think of my loneliness; if deprived of you, life would indeed then be a blank."

The baroness smiled, as her eye met the half-reproachful glance of De Vernet; but there was reproach, amounting to severity, in her voice when she replied, "Ella, you are unjust to Nature and yourself to exclaim thus; and because one blessing may be taken from you to close your heart against the many yet remaining to you. Why shudder to speak of the grave? Is it not the refuge of thousands, and the resting place of all? I have seen father, mother, sisters and lover, all pass to their last tenement; yet I am here, a blessed, a happy being; for in my chastening my support was in religion. I called it to my aid in the hour of trial, and it came, a sweet solace to save my mind from the wreck of its reason; it whispered to my heart that, though robbed of my earthly gifts, there was still a heavenly Paradise to anchor my hope upon, and by doing what was just and kind to my fellow mortals peace and comfort would crown my efforts. I have tried to obey the monitor, and, thanks to a bounteous Father, I am enabled to look with calmness on the past though the cup I drank from was filled to the very brim with bitterness; and," continued the baroness, changing her grave, monitory tone to one of liveliness, and kissing Ella's cheek, "where will Henri's hopes rest if all your affection is placed on an old woman? He is young, brave and true, and, if I mistake not his character most sadly, well worthy your love and faith, and to him I trust my Ella, certain that in him she will ever find a friend and protector."

"Ever, ever!" repeated the youth, fervently; and encouraged by the smile which shone through Ella's tears, he ventured to steal an arm round her waist, and raise her from her kneeling position.

"But your story, dearest aunt," urged the young girl, as she yielded to her lover's gentle violence.

"My love, it is too long and too sad to relate to you now," replied the baroness; "but in my many lonely hours I have solaced myself with committing the events of the past to paper, and some day you shall see the narrative; if not during my life, when I am no longer here to feel regret or hopes on earth."

Ella's tears were again ready to flow, but the entrance of servants with lights and supper prevented further discussion, and soon after the little party separated for the night.

CHAPTER II.

The busy clatter of feet, the laughing faces, the merry sound of laughter, the white bows decorating hats and bosoms, the knots of graceful girls in high flowing dresses, and, above all, one more beautiful than the rest, with a myrtle wreath on her brow, plainly showed that Hymen had once more lighted his torch beneath the turreted roof of Waldenburg; yes, Ella had exchanged vows with the young and handsome De Vernet.

It was a clear open day in October, the autumnal morning sun showered its warmth and brightness on the happy group assembled to celebrate it; and all was so gay, so cheering within and without its old walls, that the hitherto saddened face of its mistress lightened of its gloom, and shone with its habitual serene expression, while giving her sincere and heartfelt congratulations to those of the more lively and voluble throng composing the marriage train.

But the wedding-baked meats were scarcely cold, the waltzers' feet barely recovered from their long exercise, when a hasty summons to De Vernet to join his regiment on immediate service threw a damp over the festivities. The merry laugh was hushed, and gay words gave place to sounds of regret and commiseration; one by one the gay throng disappeared, delicacy telling them their presence was unwelcome to the inmates of the castle now sorrow had superseded the lively paraphernalia of the bridal; all, indeed, seemed changed. The old domestics—who had seen so many changes, all dismal ones, after a marriage festival had been prepared—shook their heads, and whispered to each other that fresh griefs were about falling on their venerated mistress, and some went so far as to hint that Mademoiselle Ella, with all her beauty and good humor, would ere long rest beside her mother beneath the tall black cypress.

The morning of De Vernet's departure, Ella, the petted child of a doting household, who was now experiencing her first trouble, hung round his neck, unable to conceal a single particle of the sorrow called forth. It was in vain that Madame de Walstein and the baroness breathed the hope and comfort to her they dared scarcely believe themselves. At every word she clung if possible more pertinaciously to him, exclaiming, "Henri, cannot I accompany you?"

"My Ella!" he exclaimed, trying to smile as he raised her head from his shoulder, to look once more into her tearful eyes, "this emotion is unbecoming a soldier's wife. I expect to fight a hundred battles yet, and if you send me from you with such sad anticipations of the future, you will unman me before my first is achieved. Come, cheer up, dearest; one smile before we part, as a forerunner that I return victorious," and taking a small knot of ribbon from her hair, he placed it in his helmet. "This," said he, "shall lead me on to glory; when I look at it I shall remember our parting, and know that the prayers of my wife are raised to Heaven for my safety on the battle-field."

Another kiss, an hysterical sob from Ella and Madame Walstein, and the soldier was on his war charger galloping fast from them, his helmet drawn low over his eyes, to conceal even from himself the emotion which neither the soldier nor the man could subdue without a struggle.

For a time Ella was inconsolable, but De Vernet's lively spirited letters, which none knew better how to pen than a Frenchman, filled with hopes of returning to her crowned with victorious laurels, had soon the effect of restoring her to herself, and with returning tranquillity came the happy feeling that she was still with her beloved aunt, whom she must have parted from had De Vernet not been called so imperatively away; and she sometimes found intruding thought whispering, "Dear as De Vernet is to me, it would be easier, were I assured of his safety, to separate from him than aunt Ulrica, who has been everything to me since I became an orphan."

We trust some excuses may be framed for these ideas, which tended but little towards the promised happiness of the husband, considering the youth and almost idolatrous affection she had for the baroness. She was also a very young wife, and separated so soon after marriage from the man her fate was united to, before the romance of courtship had settled into the steady trust of matrimony, perhaps some allowance may be offered if, in after life, her own home appeared but secondary to her, when compared with the one her childhood and youth had ever considered an elysium.

And the baroness, what were her feelings? Why, as one who had received a reprieve. Ella was again wholly hers; for months she would be so. And though she prayed fervently for De Vernet's safe return, she felt a thrill of joy at the idea it would not be speedy.

* * * * * * *

But a year had passed since De Vernet quitted Waldenburg. October, bright and frosty, had ushered in the winter, and set his seal on the few summer blossoms which had languished till he approached. The young soldier was again beneath the roof of the baroness; he sat with one arm round the waist of Ella, the other, with his sword, had been left on the plains of Waterloo, where the best blood of England and France had mingled through the overweening ambition of one man. His eyes alternately wandered from the blooming face of his wife to a small piece of humanity swathed in lace and cambric, slumbering on her knee, undetermined on which to bestow the palm of loveliness, both in his idea being matchless specimens of it. His thoughts for a brief space were turned by the entrance of a servant with a packet. He broke the seal, and scanned the contents.

"From the Duke d'Angoulême," said he. "He informs me His Majesty, as an equivalent for the loss of my arm, has bestowed on me a permanent post at the military depot in the south of France, whither he wishes me to proceed by the end of the month."

"By the end of the month!" responded Ella, starting so violently that the sleeping babe on her knee nearly fell to the ground. "How?—Impossible to accept it on so short a notice!"

"Not at all short, Ella. We have full three weeks before us, a long notice to a military man, who is expected to be always ready. It will be pleasant occupation to you to prepare for the journey."

"Pleasant occupation," she returned, sighing, "to prepare for the first time in my life to separate myself from my more than mother! Henry, refuse this appointment, and make Waldenburg our home; it is the only one I can ever acknowledge or be happy in."

The young man fixed his eyes on the fair face raised appealingly to his, with a sternness unusual to them.

"What?" said he. "Become a dependent on the relatives of my wife! Ella, you have yet to learn my free, unshackled spirit."

"No, no," she returned softly. "I know it all; but to leave my aunt so prematurely will break her heart. I am reluctant to leave her, but will follow you wheresoever you wish me."

"Then by the twenty-fifth be ready to accompany me, if you can give up the splendor you have been accustomed to, to live within the limits of your own and my small income. If you cannot do so willingly, I will go to my appointment alone; and in the solitary home I must make for myself, endeavor to forget the fond promises of the honeymoon."

"Oh, no! I am yours wholly!" she cried, all her good feelings predominating at the moment, and laying the infant on a couch, she threw herself into his arms, and sobbed violently.

Henri de Vernet, whose heart was formed of the warmest feelings of human nature and who loved her with all its warmth, pressed her to his bosom, and with a gentle admonition to her not to sin again on such a subject, sealed his pardon on her lips.

But there was occasional gloom on his brow. The remaining three weeks of their sojourn at the castle, Ella was frequently in tears, the least allusion to his appointment caused a tremor of the frame and an anxious glance at the baroness, who with her usual good sense, by a kind rebuke and a hope that they should soon meet again, tried to restore serenity between them; but in spite of all, De Vernet could not hide from himself that he stood but secondary in the heart, where he had hoped to have possessed the crowning place, and that Ella, though beautiful, gentle and endowed with many virtues, was not formed to make him happy. On his child then he fixed his hopes: may they be realised!

CHAPTER III.

In a small but elegant cottage, in one of the most beautiful vine crowned valleys in the south of fertile France, is situated the home of De Vernet and little Lucille. The child was now seven years old, and as wild as any chamois-goat that ever scampered over the mountains. Ella was seldom to be seen in the bosom of her family; other misfortunes had assailed the baroness; through a lawsuit she had lost a great portion of her income, and Madame Walstein, who had consented to become her companion on Ella's marriage, had made a second choice, and resided in a distant province. Ella's visits to Germany, which had been long and frequent before this, were now extended to great lengths, which necessarily engendered a coldness between the husband and wife, and after much vain remonstrance on both sides, and some skirmishing, it was eventually settled that Waldenburg should henceforth be her abode, on condition that her child should be left solely to De Vernet's charge.

This last condition for a long while made the mother hesitate; but De Vernet was determined on the point. She could visit the child when she liked, but he would not part from her a single day. After many tears and upbraidings at his cruelty, old habit conquered even the affections of the mother, and with a determination to see them often, she quitted her husband's house, with a heart filled with grief certainly, but which was soon softened on being reinstated in her old home, and in ministering to the cares of the being she was devoted to.

After a lapse of three years, during which time Madame de Vernet had made many excursions to the cottage and numerous handsome presents had arrived for both father and child from the inmates of Waldenburg, De Vernet began to think that the hitherto neglected education of Lucille must be attended to. Accordingly a young lady, the daughter of a brother officer who had fallen at Waterloo, was fixed on as governess; not that she was highly accomplished, but because she was useful, youthful and amiable, and well fitted to become the companion as well as instructress of the little girl, who, hitherto left almost wholly to her own guidance, was only what nature had made her, beautiful and impetuous, and with more of good sense and decision of character than could have been expected in one who had never bent to control, or scarcely known a mother's care.

Madeline le Noir, then lovely sixteen, and just from boarding-school, at first found her task an arduous one. Lucille would neither listen to her nor her father, when books or anything appertaining to school industry were mentioned; with a flying kiss on the bronzed cheek of her father, and a roguish, mischievous glance at Mademoiselle le Noir, she would jerk the book to the extreme end of the room, and dashing through the open window, bound to the hills she had so long been used to traverse alone and unchecked, and with wild fruit her only food, remain among them till the dews of evening and the sinking sun told her she was free till the following day from the slavery of learning.

But those wanderings continued only a short time. Madeline's good humor and gay disposition won her by degrees to her wishes, and after a few months it was only by occasional starts that Lucille betook herself to her favorite hills. She began to feel the value of a companion, and a taste for the books Madeline read to her, and would blush painfully when she took up the book the subject of which had so delighted her, to find it was only with the greatest difficulty that she could read a sentence from it. Conscience whispered to her she was a tall dunce, of ten years old; it had the effect, and Madeline's cares as a governess were lightened.

It had been one of those close, hot days which in southern atmospheres precede a night of storm and ravage. Evening was closing in, and the dark, hanging clouds told of the heavy thunder lurking beneath them, murkily waiting their opportunity to shed their destruction on all within their limits. De Vernet walked backwards and forwards from the house to the garden, his eyes anxiously fixed on the hills surrounding the valley. This had been one of the days when Lucille, tired of the schoolroom, had in the morning dashed off to her old and best loved haunts, and he feared lest in her thoughtlessness and search for the flowers, with which she always returned laden, the lurid sky should have been unnoticed by her.

A vivid flash of lightning startled Madeline to her feet and De Vernet to the garden gate. "I can bear this suspense no longer," he cried, "but must haste in search of her. If exposed to the threatened storm she will be killed. Madeline, your eyes are younger and clearer than mine—cannot you discover any vestige of her among the hills, which from the lowness of those portentous clouds are now become scarcely visible?"

"I cannot see her," said Madeline. "But hark! I hear a light but distant footfall." And bounding to De Vernet's side, as one her flash of lightning nearly blinded her, added, as she recovered herself, "Oh, now I see her. She has descended the hill, and is flying up the valley. Wait, monsieur. By going after her you will but retard her flight. Open the gate. She will be here before the storm has reached any height to injure her."

Another minute, and Lucille, panting for breath, stood beside them. De Vernet turned angrily from her as she ran towards him. "This is beyond endurance!" he cried. "If you again leave the house without permission, I will send you to Germany and your mother."

"Father," she cried, timidly following him, and shaking the rain-drops from her bright curls, "you have been alarmed for me because I have had to face a few black clouds and lightning flashes. You forget I am a rough village damsel, used to the changes of weather, which never in the least affect me; but I promise you willingly never to go to the hills again without permission, if you will only forgive me," and she coaxed herself into his willing arms. "You will not send me to mamma and that hateful Germany?"

De Vernet smiled, without answering. He had similar ideas of Germany to his child, disliking the country because one who claimed it as a birthplace had in a degree made him bankrupt in his happiness.

"But the beacon, papa," cried the little Lucille, starting from her father's bosom, where she had buried her head to shut out the roaring of the storm, "you have forgotten to place the light in the door-porch. Let us put it there immediately, that it may guide some poor traveller to seek our shelter from this merciless night. Oh, how the rain patters against the glass! it will surely break it; and the lightning—its vividness pierces through the light of the candles! Oh, how I wish, if any poor creatures are exposed to it, they may be able to descry our tiny light, and seek our hospitality!"

De Vernet had scarcely responded to the little girl's wish when the rumbling of a vehicle was heard through the pauses of the thunder, and as it approached the dwelling a loud halloa proclaimed that their beacon, insignificant as it was, had been conspicuous through the darkness.

Lucille clapped her hands with the joy childhood ever experiences at giving relief where it is needed, while De Vernet hastened to the door just as a travelling carriage with four horses dashed boldly up to it, and a voice from the box demanded in a hasty tone, "How far to the nearest inn, monsieur?"

"Two miles, and a steep acclivity to ascend," was the reply; "but if the travellers choose to rest here till the storm subsides, they are welcome."

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried a female voice from the interior of the vehicle. "Let us stop here, Jules, if monsieur will give us shelter a few hours, for I am nearly lifeless with alarm, and I verily believe blind from the continued light flashing in my eyes for the last half hour."

Before this speech was half ended the first speaker had descended, and assisted by a servant had opened the carriage door, when a lady, followed by a girl about fourteen, hastened into the house, and approaching the blazing wood fire on the hearth that had been expressly kindled for the accommodation of some drenched wanderer and seating herself in an easy chair without thought on other objects, seemed determined to make herself as comfortable as the accommodation would admit of; while her daughter, a tall, pale girl, stood patiently by her side, timidly glancing her large dark eyes round the small but comfortable room.

In a few minutes De Vernet entered with a fine young man of eighteen, who had remained with him while he gave orders to his own servants about the disposal of the horses and the attendants of his guests. Madame turned, and bowing blandly to him, said to her son,

"Jules, you must be wet. Monsieur will permit you to change your garments, and make yourself at home as I have done. Have you presented monsieur our cards?"

"I hold them," returned De Vernet. "I have the honor to see Madame d'Almaina and her son the young count, the inmates of my humble roof, and trust they will avail themselves of its shelter, at least for the night."

"Willingly," she returned, with the freedom of a woman of fashion, "and a thousand thanks for your offer, for my nerves are in [illegible]

tered by the dangers the storm threatened that I do not think it possible I could venture forth again, if only bread and water were to be my portion here; but I hope we do not break in upon your bachelor habits, for I see no ladies here. Pardon, monsieur, for the intrusion."

Before De Vernet could answer, Emile's large eyes had discovered Lucille and Madeline in the corner they had resorted to on the entrance of Madame d'Almaine, and she exclaimed in a half whisper, "Mamma, that beautiful little girl in the corner is monsieur's daughter, I am certain. I wish she would come and speak to us."

"Come forth my dear," cried the countess, urbanely. "Pray do not let us benighted travellers scare you from your own fireside."

Lucille, half alarmed at the easy nonchalance of the countess, came forward, but glided close to her father as if unwilling to come in very close contact with the strangers, as madame opened her eyes wide and the young men, who was shaking the wet from his travelling cap, desisted, and looking into her face, exclaimed admiringly, "Quite a little angel, mother. If you had her at Paris you would transform her into one of your lions."

"Yes, she is pretty," returned the countess; "but how is it she has dark blue eyes and golden hair? They do not belong to our country, monsieur."

"She inherits them from her mother," said De Vernet, "who is a German, and I know not but what my little girl should claim the same country, for she first saw light there."

"No, papa," cried Lucille, pleadingly, "you are French, and my name belongs to France. Pray, then, say I am a French girl, and let mamma have all Germany to herself, for she loves it so well that she forsakes us for it."

An expression of curiosity was on the countenances of De Vernet's guests, but they were too polite to hint their thoughts, as a cloud at the remembrance of the bright days of his honeymoon crossed De Vernet's brow, brought there by the innocent remark of his child, who, all but forsaken by her mother, had thus early formed her prejudice.

He arose and rang for supper, when the conversation became as animated as the storm, which still continued to rage with violence, permitted.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun glanced merrily on De Vernet's breakfast table: but little trace was left of the last night's storm beyond the beaten down grain and trailing vines that, heavily laden with their ripe fruit, lay scattered and broken by the merciless weight of the storm-fraught rain drops.

As the meal ended, Madame d'Almaine, looking from the window, exclaimed, "You are delightfully situated here, Monsieur de Vernet; but I suppose it does not wholly prevent you from mixing in the world. When you visit Paris I hope you will make the Hotel d'Almaine your home during your stay."

"You are kind, madame," said De Vernet, shaking his head, "but when I go to Paris it is on business. I am a mere bird of passage, scarcely stopping for rest or refreshment, so anxious am I to return to my duties and my child."

"Ah!" said madame, "you must spare me your little girl, then. She is beautiful, and will want polish. Let me have her to bring up with my Emile, they will learn together, have the best masters, and with the aptitude so apparent in her expression and manner, we shall make her quite a paragon. Do not say no, monsieur; think of the advantage a fashionable and elegant education will be to the child, and give me a trifling opportunity of showing my gratitude for your hospitality, and reasonable plea for again being your guest."

"Your last plea is indeed an inducement, madame, and could anything move me to part with Lucille, it would be the happiness of seeing you in my humble home again; but I cannot separate myself from her; the education I can give her here will be sufficient for her walk through life, which, I trust, for her own happiness, may not exceed mediocrity. But, madame, if you wish to return any favor you may have found here, leave your daughter with us a few weeks, the children seem to have formed a friendship for each other, and I think I may promise you that we will transplant a few of our valley roses to her cheeks before you see her again."

Emile approached the countess, and said softly and timidly, "Do, mamma, allow me to remain; I should so prefer it, to going to Marseilles, where there will be nothing but parties, and none to converse with of my own age, and Lucille is so merry and healthful. She has promised to take me to the heights, and with the soft breezes of the valley blowing on my cheeks, by the time you return they will be plump and blooming as her own. Allow me to remain, mamma."

"What vanity!" returned her mother, "to suppose that in anything you can resemble Lucille! To punish you for your conceit I shall take you with me, mademoiselle."

Lucille, who had been looking pleadingly, her bright eyes earnestly fixed on the face of the countess, her red lips half open, ready to give utterance to her pleasure and gratitude at having Emile left with them, at this cold speech ran to her father, and hid her face on his shoulder to hide her rising tears; while Emile, with her head drooped on her hands, allowed a sob of disappointment to escape her. The young count, who possessed, perhaps, more influence with with the countess than any other person, saw the disappointment of the children, and the slight indignation on the countenance of De Vernet.

"Dear mother," he exclaimed, "leave Emile here till we return. She is but a drooping plant, and the marriage festivities we are going to celebrate at Marseilles will be attended with such late hours, and such a continual round of gaiety, that it is quite certain she will suffer from them; while by leaving her here a few weeks under the hospitable superintendence of Monsieur De Vernet, and his madcap little daughter, she will become quite a Hebe."

"Well," returned the countess, "if you imagine the exertion will be too much for her, and monsieur will take charge of her, she may remain till we return; for of all things I abominate anything resembling illness in the abode of festivity;" and she glanced half-angrily at her daughter.

This somewhat ungenerous permission was received with pleasure by De Vernet, and unrestrained delight by the girl, and each ran to D'Almaine as the promoter of it. Emile flung herself into his arms, while little Lucille impulsively kissed the hand round his sister's waist; then, ashamed of her temerity, with a brighter sparkle in her eyes from the blush brought into her cheeks by her feelings, said falteringly, "Pardon, monsieur, I forgot at the moment that Emile's brother was only papa's guest; I so wished I was his sister."

"He shall be your brother, too," he returned, animatedly, "if you will give him your love and friendship," and drawing her towards him, he pressed her with Emile in his arms, alternately kissing the cheek of either.

And thus, through a thunderstorm, was a friendship cemented between two families, so opposite in position and manners and disposition, which in after years was to wring the hearts of one with sorrow, and give a check to the pride and expectations of the other.

For several successive years Emile made her annual visit to the valley; it was her greatest pleasure; for being of a quiet, social nature, preferring solitude and its calm to the fashionable career of her mother and brother, she was little cared for or thought of by the first: while the latter, being young, rich and handsome, was so followed and caressed, that he had but little time to give to a sister he really loved, and whom he seldom saw except at a soirée of the countess's, Emile only mixing with the gay throng when compelled in courtesy to her mother, and being affianced to the Duke de Grammont, a young nobleman whose weak intellect had led him deep into fashionable vices, she was permitted, not having to look out for a husband, to follow in a degree her own inclinations.

Emile had never been accompanied in these visits by either her mother or brother; the circumstances which led them to De Vernet would probably have been obliterated from their memories by pursuits more suited to them, but for Emile's anxious appeal every autumn to be allowed to pass a few weeks with Lucille.

"How does Lucille look now she is growing a young woman?" inquired the countess on one of these occasions, after having coldly given her consent. "Is she as pretty as her childhood promised?"

"Infinitely more so, mamma," was the reply. "I wish you would take a trip to the valley to see this beautiful wood-nymph, for I fear Monsieur de Vernet will never lose sight of her long enough for you to see her in Paris."

"Oh, I have no desire to have her here," said the countess. "We have too many fine women in Paris for her to be thought much of here."

"She is awkward, of course," said D'Almaine, looking from the newspaper he was scanning over; "a mere country girl, with plump rosy cheeks, and a figure, from the buttermilk and vegetables she consumes, very sufficiently developed, and devoid of grace and symmetry."

"Yes, she is a country girl, with plump rosy cheeks, Jules, and a figure," returned his sister, "but I will say no more on that subject for mamma already shows evident signs of disgust at the idea of a creature, born and educated so far from the capital, and barely sufferable of course. You must see and judge for yourself."

"Ah!" he returned, yawning, "take a trip with you and spend a week with our old host; it would be but polite and grateful after his kind attentions that merciless night. When do you go, Emile?"

"Next week, if mamma can spare me."

"Spare you!" ejaculated the countess, "for the benefit you are to me for ever; but Jules, I do not exactly approve of your going, with your face and figure you may make an impression on the girl's fancy, and I do not particularly desire that you should make Monsieur De Vernet's fireside quite lonely by robbing him of his choice piece of rusticity."

The brother and sister exchanged glances at this not very maternal speech, neither deeming it worth a reply. They retired to a window and conversed in a low tone; Emile's voice and manner were earnest; but the count's, as usual, was careless and indifferent, and when they separated he avowed his intention to accompany her.

The Count d'Almaine, at twenty-five, was what is generally termed a gay man of fashion; his handsome person had led him deep into the mazes of gallantry, he had found his conquests so easy that his good faith in woman had been weakened, and although he would sometimes almost wantonly pursue an object, yet none admired virtue when he proved it more warmly than himself. He was open and generous, although, like his mother, and it was almost the only point he resembled her in, he had a large portion of family pride, which, in returning, often led him into error; he possessed a large share of good sense, but his thoughtlessness often perverted it; had he been brought up in any other school than that of a proud indulgent mother, who, from infancy, had flattered his faults without cultivating his virtues, Count d'Almaine would have shone a bright ornament to his country and mankind; as it was, he was too indifferent about fame, and so much devoted to what are termed the pleasures of life, that he aimed at little beyond them.

Into the path of this dangerous being, such a compound of good and bad qualities, handsome, insinuating, generous and thoughtless, was the innocent Lucille about to be thrown; not that he came to De Vernet's with any design—no, he was above that, his motive in making the visit was a wish for change, tinctured with friendship for the past. When he thought of Lucille, if he ever did think of her, which, to do him justice, was only when his sister named her, it was as a beautiful child, he was too idle on such a point for his idea to wander further.

CHAPTER V.

Madeline le Noir had won the affections of a young and thriving farmer, whose means of provision were not wholly dependent on his lands. He was the near neighbor of De Vernet, and owing to the young man's worth, a friendship had sprung up between them, likely to increase as Madeline, the orphan child of his early friend, was to find her future home and protection near him. The marriage-day was fixed, and full of spirits and bright anticipations Madeline and Lucille, as they sat at a worktable giving the finishing touches to a white robe of transparent texture, talked freely over the merits of the handsome and worthy Jacques Batiste, the devoted servant of the former.

"This will be very becoming, Madeline," exclaimed Lucille, abruptly breaking off the praises of Jacques, and holding the robe graced with its white satin rosettes before Madeline. "You will look more charming than ever, and irresistible in the eyes of your lover when it is worn."

Madeline gave a furtive but satisfied glance at the mirror, which reflected her *petite* person, then hastily dashing the dress aside, cried, running to the window, "Hark! do you not hear the approach of a carriage? Can it be Emile already here?"

"Yes, yes, it must be Emile! I can see her handkerchief waving from the window!" was the answer, "and I see a second person in the carriage—I hope it is not the fashionable and haughty countess."

"It is a gentleman, and I verily think the young count," said Madeline; "he has done me the honor of coming to my wedding. Lucille, beware of your little head, for one wedding is certain to engender another; and poor Monsieur de Vernet will have to regret the loss of both his housekeepers, if you do not take due caution."

The last part of this sally was scarcely heard by Lucille; she had bounded to the garden gate as the carriage stopped there. D'Almaine jumped from it to hand out his sister, but in a moment the girls were in each other's arms, regardless of all near them; and not till her father called her to bestow some slight attention to the brother, not lavish all on the sister, did Lucille, who had forgotten he was near, turn, with heightened color, to welcome him. She was going to give him her hand, with the freedom of girlish acquaintance; but abashed by his ardent and unmistakable gaze of admiration, slightly curtseyed, and again drew near Emile to hide the confusion which she felt must make her appear such a mere country girl in the opinion of Emile's fashionable brother.

"I had better take up my residence at the inn, monsieur," said the count; "for, being an unexpected visitor, my presence might interfere with the arrangements of the ladies on the eve of a wedding. Is it distant?"

"Too distant for you to attempt to locate there, monsieur," replied De Vernet; "our cottage, though small, is amply large to accommodate you; and I will answer for your being a desirable acquisition to the ladies. Come forward, Madeline and Lucille, and tell the count he is welcome; and, if nothing else offers, that one or both of your apartments are at his disposal."

"Have I your permission, Mademoiselle de Vernet," said D'Almaine, turning gaily to Lucille, "or must I, like a summer swallow, seek another resting-place?"

"My father's wishes are law," she answered, laughing.

"Then I am welcome," said he, "though unexpected."

"Oh, monsieur, do not be so fastidious," said Lucille. "Believe yourself ever welcome as our guest and Emile's brother."

"Thanks," he returned. "Under those titles I will endeavor to make myself agreeable, that should I, by the charms of yourself and surrounding objects, be hereafter drawn here, I may deserve the place in your estimation Emile's brother will be so anxious to attain."

Madeline and De Vernet had withdrawn to consult about the disposal of the count's servant, Emile had run into the garden to enjoy its sweets, and Lucille was alone with D'Almaine; confused at the discovery, and fearing he might deem it uncourteous to leave him alone, she tossed some flowers from a vase and began hastily to re-arrange them.

"These are beautiful blossoms," he exclaimed, drawing near her; "but I see none among them half so fresh and blooming as yourself."

"Oh! spare me," she interrupted, gaily; "recollect, monsieur, I am but a rustic, and quite unaccustomed to courtly compliments; pray reserve them for the Parisian ladies, they know better how to appreciate them than I do; nature and ingenuousness will be easier for me to understand."

"It is in the latter language I address you," said the count. "You are as far above compliment as you are above the Parisian dames; for if they boast a rich bloom on their cheeks, art placed it there; and their elegant and courtly manners too often cover a heart false as their complexions; but you, mademoiselle——"

"I cannot stay to listen to a libel on woman," she cried, laughing, and withdrawing the hand he had taken. "See, yonder is my father; he shall read you a lecture on the subject, for he asserts all women are deserving of confidence, while man deserves it—— See, Emile is observing us, and, by the disconcerted air you bear, she will imagine our first interview has been stained by a disagreement. Let us join her."

With that light easy gaiety which is known only to early youth, and which sits so beautifully upon it, Lucille, with a gossamer step, was soon by Emile's side, and putting her arm round her waist, whirled her several times round the lawn in the graceful waltz.

D'Almaine followed her with admiring eyes, and for some time after the girls had disappeared among the lofty trees that skirted the dwelling, he continued to stand in a kind of pleased bewilderment; it seemed to him so like a dream, that the little girl he had held in his arms six years ago should, to his fancy, at once have expanded into a woman, and one so charming, that every sense appeared absorbed in the strange, unaccountable, though pleasurable sensations she had raised. He had seen her but for a few minutes, yet his whole thought was upon her. "What does it mean?" he asked himself. "I have heard of love; can this be it?" He laughed at the idea that one so redoubtable as he had proved himself in its mazes should be so easily caught by the rustic charms of a mere village girl, "who, I suppose," he said, still musing, "has never been ten miles beyond her cottage home, and whose vistas and education, without doubt, are limited to the extent of her travels."

Before the count retired to rest, the rustic Lucille had discovered to him, without the slightest premeditation on her part, besides a fine voice that had been skilfully cultivated, a fund of good sense, and a strength of character in one so young, that surprised and created a degree of respect in his mind, which a few hours earlier he would have deemed it ridiculous to suppose any woman, much less a girl of sixteen, could have commanded.

The marriage of the handsome and kind-hearted Jacques Batiste to the pretty and amiable Madeline le Noir had been solemnized, and she was duly and happily installed in her new home, which was so near De Vernet's, a field only separating the abodes, that her absence was scarcely felt by the inmates of the cottage. This near vicinity gave Lucille so many opportunities of running to the farm, and D'Almaine as many excuses to accompany her, and so much lingering about to admire the distant hills as the setting sun gleamed upon them with his golden magnificence, that although the distance might have been traversed in a few minutes, hours were often taken to accomplish it. Emile often accompanied them, but her presence seldom interfered with the deep tale of love D'Almaine poured into the ear of Lucille—a tale which had truth and generosity for its foundation, but which the known pride of his mother, who had nourished, almost with her existence, the high views she had planned for him, sometimes almost made him wish to crush ere it had taken too deep a root to be eradicated.

But love was never yet to be played with, the lighter it is treated the more potent its power. In his endeavor to smother the flame Lucille had engendered in his bosom, the spark burnt more vividly, and before a month had passed in their daily, hourly interviews with each other, he was compelled to own that his life and best feelings were bound up in her—to win her became his first hope, that of losing her, despair.

D'Almaine was involved in a maze of difficulties; his love was honorable, but to combat his mother's prejudice against want of fortune and birth inferior to his own, he knew would be impossible; and for De Vernet, with his open noble nature, to give his daughter to him with any impediment to her being openly and unhesitatingly acknowledged by his family, he knew would be equally so. What had he then to trust to the fulfilment of his wishes but Lucille, whose affections he was too well initiated in woman's heart to doubt.

"Lucille," he cried, one evening, as they were returning from Batiste's farm, "Lucille," and he pressed closely to his side the arm linked in his, "I love you with sincerity. Tell me, with the candor of your nature, if I dare hope a return to it—if I may some day call you my own?"

Lucille, startled by his vehemence, attempted to withdraw her hand, but he held it more firmly.

"Not till I have your answer," he continued; "not till you make me happy, or crush my presumptuous wishes, shall you have your liberty. I repeat, Lucille, I love you; say, is it too much for me to expect an answering affection?"

Lucille's eyelashes had rested on her glowing cheeks as he spoke, but she raised them, and her eyes met his.

"Jules, you know your power," she answered. "If your love is such as my father will listen to, if it is visionary and cannot be trusted, let your first confession be the last; and though I may be the sufferer, I will not complain."

"You are cold, Lucille," said the count. "Is it to check my love ... from duty to your father that you say he must be the judge? I ... sigh for your heart. At once say it is mine, or send me from you crushed and wretched."

"Cold!" she said in a low tone, and her head sunk on his shoulder. "You call me cold when I admit your power. Do you doubt me, Jules, because I have spoken too openly? You love me not if you would have me say more."

He drew her again close to him, and now his voice trembled.

"Lucille, you love me," said he. "Will you prove to me your love is sufficient to make a sacrifice for me?"

"Yes," she answered, in a firm tone, "if the sacrifice is not incompatible with honor."

"It is not," he answered, proudly. "Perish every idea of dishonor! But—but——" and again his voice had a slight falter in its tones, "I would propose to you, as the only method to reconcile my mother to our marriage, that it should be conducted privately; that is, that she should know nothing of it till it is too late for her to throw in the way of its accomplishment the obstacles, which, from my knowledge of her, I am certain she would."

Lucille, by a sudden start, freed herself from his arms.

"Monsieur D'Almaine," she said, "I cannot listen to you longer—you have said too much already. Your mother is proud; she will not admit Lucille de Vernet into her family because her father boasts not of a title. Assure yourself that neither she nor her father will consent to enter it in a manner derogatory to their own dignity."

He could not see it, for she had proudly turned her face from him, but he felt that the proud blood of France insulted was staining her cheeks. He wished to lull it to slumber, to reinstate himself in the good opinion he had fallen from, but she repulsed him, and with quick steps reached the house. De Vernet sat in the porch as she passed, and he noticed her agitation.

"You walk too long and too late," he said. "Lucille, you are becoming as great a truant as in the days of your childhood, and will make Emile and the count your counterparts."

"I believe it is the case, father," she returned, hurriedly, "and I am suffering from it; my head aches so violently that I must retire. Excuse me to Emile and her brother."

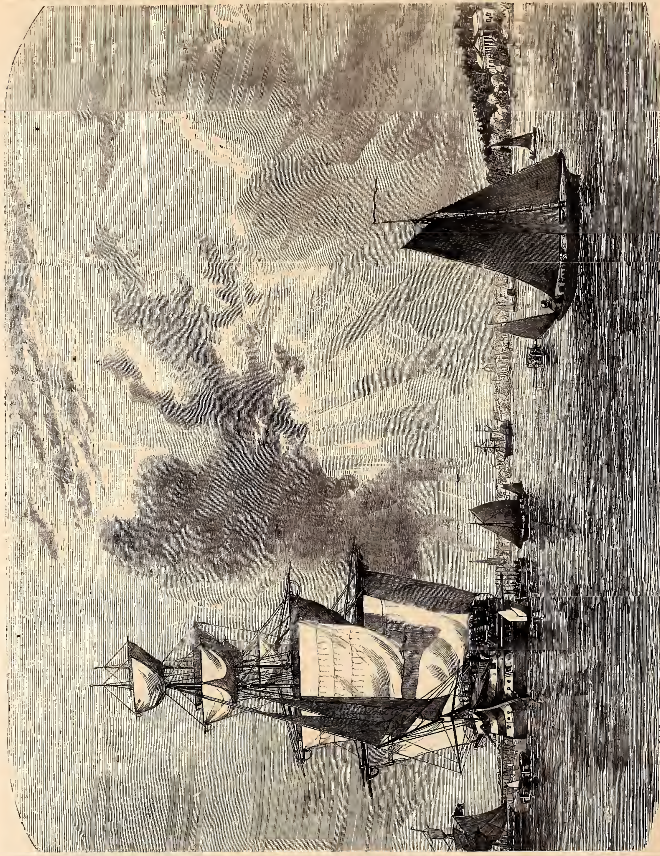
Without attending to her father's admonition, Lucille ran up stairs, and, throwing herself on the bed, shed the first bitter tears of her life, which even the gratification of having acted rightly had not power to soften. She heard D'Almaine and Emile walking beneath her window; they talked low and earnestly, and her heart swelled with offended pride. Pride is no match for love, and Lucille, a novice in life's mysteries, had to prove its truth; pride at that moment whispered, her resolution could not waver. Had her bosom possessed no other monitor, what heart-breakings would have been saved her—what wanderings, what insult! Even now she might have presided as the beloved mistress over a happy home.

(To be continued.)

A Queer People.—*Chambers's Journal*, discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that *terra incognita*: "But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither household temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes. They do not marry, but live indiscriminative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child only for a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself it wanders away whom it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave-hunters hold up bright colored clothes as soon as they come to the moist, warm bamboo woods where these human monkeys live, and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attraction offered by such superior people. They crowd round them, and are taken in thousands. In slavery they are docile, attached, obedient, with few wants and excellent health. They have only one fault—a love of ants, mice and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity, the ape."

The Bostonians are improving the present opportunity. One day last week a colored barber, named Anderson, took his seat in the jury-box. He is the first nigger ever placed in that position. Barnum ought to put up the What Is It? to succeed John Andrews as Governor of Massachusetts. It must be confessed that the modern Athenians are not quite equal to the ancient ones for their knowledge of the beautiful.

SCENE ON THE FLOATING BATTERY IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C., DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.—SEE PAGE 356.



CITY AND HARBOR OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, THE GREAT NAVAL DEPOT OF THE UNITED STATES.—SIX U. S. WAR VESSELS ARE NOW AT THE NAVY YARD—THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OBSTRUCTED BY THE AUTHORITIES—COM. PRENDERGAST THREATENS TO LEVEL THE CITIES OF NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH IF THE OBSTRUCTIONS WERE NOT REMOVED.

SECOND EDITION.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

It is rumored that the entrance to the harbor of Norfolk, the great Naval Station of the United States, has been blocked up by the sinking of small boats in the channel. This intelligence is probable, since the Secession of Virginia is certain, and is of very significant importance, as it may have vital bearing upon the supremacy of the Federal Government upon the ocean. At the present moment there are at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, six vessels of war, the Merrimac, Germantown, Bainbridge, United States, Pennsylvania and Potomac, two or three of which powerful ships are now ready for sea. President Lincoln fully appreciates the extraordinary importance of these vessels and also of the naval stores, &c., contained in the Navy Yard, and a profound anxiety in relation to them. No success could give more aid and comfort to the Government of the Southern Confederacy than the capture at once of the vessels and the Navy Yard. So far, much confidence is expressed in the fidelity of the officer in command at the Yard, and also in his ability, with the means in his possession, to successfully defend it until assistance can be sent to him.

A later report states, that up to the 18th all was in *statu quo* at Norfolk, and it was further stated that when Captain Pendegrast ascertained that the channel was obstructed he placed his ships broadwise to Norfolk and Portsmouth, and demanded the obstructions in the river to be removed, else he would level both places. It is added that the citizens complied with the demand. Further news is looked for with great anxiety.

The city of Norfolk is situated on the right or north bank of Elizabeth River, eight miles from Hampton Roads, thirty-two miles from the sea. Next to Richmond, Norfolk is the most populous city of Virginia. It has more foreign commerce than any other place in the State, and, together with Gosport, is the most important naval station in the Union. The harbor is large, safe and easily accessible, admitting vessels of the largest class directly up to its wharves.

A Spanish Lieutenant turned Highwayman.—An instance of highway robbery occurred in Havana one evening in February last. A lieutenant of the regular army presented his pistol to the breast of a Frenchman, at about eleven o'clock at night, and demanded his watch and money or his life. The watch and money (some $40) were given, and the Frenchman fled, dodged around a corner and hid. Presently the robber passed along, but was stealthily followed by his watchful victim into the Tacon Theatre, where a squad of soldiers were called upon to arrest a lieutenant, who proved to be their own "superior officer." Efforts were made to shield him, but the booty being found on his person he was sent to prison, the next day tried by a Court Martial, and summarily shot.

Extraordinary Relation by Marriage.—Not long since a man in Sauk county, Wisconsin, married for his second wife his own stepmother, who singular enough, was a sister to his wife. The lady is, therefore, not only stepmother and aunt to her husband's children, but also their grandmother, while the husband is stepfather to his stepsister. Her issue by his marriage will not only be own cousins to their stepbrother, but uncles and aunts also, and the lady herself being grandmother to her children and nephews, may be regarded as mother to herself and child to herself, and, therefore, her own grandmother.

The Guarantee Fund for the International Exhibition has received signatures to the amount of £248,000. Almost all the continental countries, and America have put in claims for much larger space than they had in 1851.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

Our fame is in men's breath, our lives upon
Less than their breath; our durance upon days,
Our days on seasons; our whole being on
Something which is not *us!* So we are slaves,
The greatest as the meanest—nothing rests
Upon our will; the will itself no less
Depends upon a straw than on a storm;
And when we think we lead, we are most led.—*Byron.*

Old Pengreep quitted the mansion of the Marquis of Chillingham with sensations which did not harmonise with the sweet applaudings of a clear, unstained conscience. Though the night was cold, he was smoking hot, and he continued to feel a scorching, parching, dry heat pervade his frame, and scalding blood prick, shoot and tingle in his veins, as the immediate past, glaring in his eyes like a fiery finger-post, pointed out the exceedingly dangerous consequences likely to prove the end of the path he was now pursuing.

As a rule, rogues practising roguery don't turn back. They are not blind to the rascality of their proceedings, nor to the odium which attaches to them, nor, indeed, are they insensible to the penalty which they incur if discovered in the commission of their misdeeds. Old Pengreep, as certain vaticinations presented themselves to his active brain, experienced some nervous twitchings of the nose and mouth, but then these forebodings were only prophetic presages which might not come true, while the actual cash he had receive was a fact which did not admit of the possibility of a doubt respecting its realization. Then, too, it was something to have a marquis who was a Minister to the Crown for a patron, because, in the event of being urged to the very brink of grief by services done to his advantage, if the minister could not advance a protecting hand, who could?

Such impressions crowded into the mind of the old man, as he shuffled across the courtyard before the Chillingham mansion, prepared to meet his co-partner in knavery. He hugged the pocket containing the crisp bank-notes to his bosom, and chuckled to think what a clever fellow he was, and to what a masterly style he had obtained the whip-hand of Pharisee.

He saw keenly enough that he was drawing the teeth and nails, and exhausting the blood of Pharisee's designs; but for that he cared nothing, any more than he suffered compunction at the possibly fatal consequences to Lady Kingswood which might follow the introduction to her in the dead hour of night, in a dark, silent and lonely apartment, of the man who had the most infamous designs against her honor.

He had two objects in view; the one to gratify the promptings of a malicious spite, which he ennobled by terming it revenge, and the other to add to an already ample store which he could not enjoy on this side of the grave, and for the mode of its accumulation he stood a first-class chance of being terribly punished on the other. But this latter consideration, as with all men of his class, was an element which did not enter into his calculation. Present success and present fancied benefit were the points which governed him, and he brushed away, as most of us do, disagreeable shadows of future retribution for present faults or follies. He caught sight of Pharisee's form gliding backwards and forwards in the misty street, and once more he chuckled, this time not alone because he had outwitted him, but that he should have, in order to carry out the commands rather than the wishes of the Marquis of Chillingham, to again cheat, cajole or force him to act precisely as he directed.

He underrated Pharisee. It is not wise to underrate either friend or foe. He did not know what thoughts chased each other through Pharisee's brain while he waited in the street, nor imagine what schemes of retaliation were resolved by the chilled, chagrined valet. The latter knew himself to be out-manœuvred, and while fretted by the circumstance, naturally directed his mind to the discovery of a certain and speedy mode of turning the tables. By the time old Pengreep returned to him he had constructed a plan likely to be successful, but he was careful not to be too hasty in commencing operations, because it was of such a nature that failure would be fatal to himself.

He appeared, when Pengreep rejoined him, to be resigned to the position into which he had been thrust by the old man, and asked meekly of him what had been the result of his interview with the Marquis of Chillingham.

Old Pengreep answered him evasively, but Pharisee was not so to be put off.

"I have to meet Lady Kingswood in the picture-gallery," he said, urgently. "It is I who must be ready to answer every question my lady may put to me; how the marquis looked, what he said, whether he was excited or indifferent, what he proposed to do, what he is likely to do. I must, in fact, be prepared with a thousand answers to as many questions."

"Pshal!" returned Pengreep. "You take me for an inexperienced goose. I know the peculiarities of these proud and haughty dames better than you do. Lady Kingswood would ask you for a note from the marquis and that will be all. If she receives it she will instantly disappear, and you will neither hear nor see her again until she needs your services. I know the creatures well. I have had them at my knees to induce me to relax a demand or relent from enforcing harsh measures, but when their turn was served not a word or a look was left for me."

"*If* Lady Kingswood receives a note from the marquis!" repeated Pharisee, with surprise in his tone. "Of course she will receive it. That of necessity you must resign to my keeping; Lady Kingswood will not see you."

"I am not so sure of that," returned Pengreep, in a short, sharp tone.

"I am," replied Pharisee, promptly. "Her ladyship considers it sufficiently humiliating to have to consult with and engage my services in this affair. To know that you were mixed up with it would drive her frantic."

"Lady Kingswood, like many another of her sex, should not deviate from the straight path of honor and morality; she would then not subject herself to mortification and humiliation," returned old Pengreep, with a sanctimonious drawl.

"Her ladyship has had bitter cause," rejoined Pharisee, instantly.

"Cause—what cause?" asked Pengreep, affecting surprise.

"What cause!" echoed Pharisee. "Why, who should know better than you the circumstances of Lord Kingswood's unfaithfulness to her?"

"His errors or his crimes cannot justify her in the commission of similar acts," responded Pengreep, turning up his eyes. "His guilt cannot possibly afford an excuse for her; on the contrary, it ought to be a monument of warning to her—a mirror in which she may see the enormity of his offence, and thus preserve her own purity. Women are fools to themselves when they adopt the argument of retaliation; for what is considered to be in a man a venial sin, in a woman becomes shamefully criminal."

Pharisee regarded old Pengreep with unaffected astonishment.

"I never took you for a saint," he exclaimed.

"Oh, I can preach," rejoined the old man, with his eyes still upraised.

"Aye, but the practice?" returned Pharisee.

"That is a matter which concerns myself alone," old Pengreep answered, sharply.

"See, we are close to Kingswood House," suddenly exclaimed Pharisee. "Give to me the marquis's note."

"I cannot," returned old Pengreep.

Pharisee's face became purple with rage.

"Give me the letter," he growled. "I have been yielding and compliant as yet to you, but there is a limit beyond which I will not go, and you cannot make me. I can and will risk the worst consequences rather. Give me the note."

"I repeat I cannot," answered Pengreep, coolly.

"Why not?" interrogated Pharisee, angrily.

"For the simple reason that he has not entrusted me with one," rejoined the old man.

Pharisee uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he said,

"What message?"

"Neither did he entrust me with a message," observed Pengreep, with provoking calmness.

"If I did not know the contents of her note to him, your answers might deceive me; but as I am acquainted with every word she penned to him, your assertion will not do for me," rejoined Pharisee, with excitement. "My lady asked for a reply, and an answer the marquis would be sure to send."

"I did not say he would not," remarked Pengreep.

"You have told me that you had neither note nor message," said Pharisee.

"And I have told you facts," responded Pengreep; "but I did not say that neither one nor the other would be sent."

"Sent!" echoed Pharisee. "Sent, impossible! Sent! When? How?"

"By messenger, at one hour after midnight," returned Pengreep, speaking with slow distinctness. "The messenger will be at the servants' entrance at one o'clock; he must be privately admitted and secreted until Lady Kingswood's appointed hour arrives, then he will see and converse with her alone."

"Madness!" cried Pharisee. "Horrible frenzy! Such arrangement would be the destruction of every one concerned."

Old Pengreep stopped abruptly.

"You had better yourself return to the Marquis of Chillingham and tell him that you object to the whole proceeding, and therefore it cannot and shall not be carried out," he said, with a cutting sneer.

Pharisee stamped with his foot.

"You have no idea of the frightful risk I shall incur," he exclaimed vehemently, "and Lady Kingswood as well. It is impossible."

"It will be done, nevertheless," said Pengreep. "I have arranged it all, and when I undertake such arrangements as these, I always contrive that they shall be faithfully fulfilled."

"You—you! What can you have to do with this part of the affair?" exclaimed Pharisee, bitterly. "It is I who will have to run the hazard and to pay the penalty of discovery."

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Pengreep, "I shall have much to do with it. You will provide me with the key of the servants' entrance. I shall admit the messenger. I shall secrete him and be prepared to conduct his departure. You may rest yourself contented with respect to your share of any personal risk. The marquis's messenger once safely housed, nothing further will be required of you but to keep close within your private apartment until the whole affair is over."

Pharisee gazed at him perfectly bewildered.

"I will be no party to any such arrangement," at length he cried. "You have made it—complete it the best way you can. As for myself, I wash my hands of it altogether."

"It is not so very late," mused Pengreep. "I had, perhaps, better ring at the hall door and request to see Lady Kingswood; I can, then, if I am refused an audience, send her in a note explaining the share I have had in the transaction, and inform her that you——"

"You will drive me mad," cried Pharisee, interrupting him. "You know that any such step as you suggest would produce frightful consequences. You had better retire, and I will call upon you to-morrow. I will endeavor to carry out your arrangements. I will receive the messenger——"

"We are at the door," interrupted Pengreep. "Shall I inquire whether Lady Kingswood——"

"Hush! hush, you frantic old man," whispered Pharisee, placing his hand over his mouth. "You do not know who may hear you. I assent to all—follow me."

Pharisee went, with stealthy step, to the servants' entrance, closely followed by Pengreep, who examined every spot with the closest scrutiny, counted steps both descending and ascending, observed the direction in which the passages and corridors ran, everything, in fact, right and left, where a glimmer of light aided him to see. He noted all down in his memory, and took such mental notes as would enable him to find his way from Pharisee's room to the street again, even if the whole establishment were to be plunged in intense darkness.

It happened that the servants were at supper in the servants' hall, the butler taking his evening meal and his grog in the housekeeper's room with the portly lady, who indulged in a glass or so of wine after her supper, and tasted frequently the butler's "nightcap," merely to please that very dignified personage.

No one was moving about, and Pharisee contrived to smuggle old Pengreep up to his room without any one having perceived him; but though he had him safely locked in his chamber with himself, he felt very ill at ease; for, after the experience he already possessed, he felt that he was not safe for a minute from a visit from either Lord or Lady Kingswood. In fact, it was at first difficult to divest himself of an impression that one or other of them was concealed in some dark, shadowed corner of the room.

The room, however, was unoccupied, save by himself and old Pengreep. But the old man immediately commenced to give him much anxiety and trouble, for he hunted and pried into every corner, and at everything within the apartment. If drawers and trunks had not been locked he would have pulled them open, or lifted up lids, without the slightest regard to propriety, or to the fact that he had no possible right to investigate their contents.

At length Pharisee prevailed upon him to be seated, and he tried to elicit from him a connected version of what had transpired between him and the Marquis of Chillingham, but could not succeed in drawing anything like a coherent relation from him.

He, however, obtained instead a series of grimaces, which at first surprised, then alarmed, and ultimately horrified him. The old man grinned and gibbered; now elongated his face, and then compressed his features until they looked squat and most forbidding. At times he sat bolt upright, grim and gaunt as a spectre; then he crouched in his chair with his knees huddled to his chin. Now he suddenly flung his arms erect, or threw them straight out; then he would coil them about his neck tightly, as if he intended to strangle himself; and anon let them drop to his side as if he was powerless and exhausted.

All the while he stared awfully at Pharisee, and uttered a quantity of strange, incoherent nothings, until the latter, believing that he had suddenly gone stark mad, became almost beside himself with fear.

Mephistopheles, or the Gnome-King himself, could hardly have played more fantastic antics; and the superstitious mind of the valet tempted him to believe that his guest was, if not the last, certainly the first.

While anxiously trying to think of a plan of escape from this terrible situation, the deep-toned bell of the neighboring church tolled the solemn hour of midnight.

The last beat was followed by a dead silence between the two for at least five minutes.

Then old Pengreep rose slowly up, and strode with noiseless step to Pharisee, and clutching his wrist, said in a whisper, which sounded frightful in his ears—

"The key!"

So affrighted was Pharisee that he absolutely gasped for breath.

Pengreep shook him.

"It is below," he muttered.

"We must have it. Come!" hissed Pengreep.

Half-fainting with terror, Pharisee took his light, unlocked the door, and on tiptoe proceeded to descend the stairs, closely followed by old Pengreep.

The former knew where the key was kept, and he went to the place where it was hanging and obtained it.

Old Pengreep, with glittering eyes, snatched it out of his hand, and immediately, to Pharisee's horror, made trial of it. Satisfying himself that it was the right key, he motioned to Pharisee to lead the way back.

After they had mounted the first flight of stairs, he whispered in Pharisee's ear,

"The picture-gallery; show it to me."

Pharisee knew remonstrance to be useless, and conducted him to it. Pengreep, having made himself master of the passages leading to it, nodded his head complacently, and pointed upwards.

Once more they entered Pharisee's room, and the door was again locked on the inside.

The old man, seating himself opposite Pharisee, resumed his antics, only this time he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and twisted it into different shapes, flourishing it to and fro, and going through various manœuvres, until he had contrived to get, unseen, a small bottle from his pocket, with the contents of which he saturated the handkerchief.

Suddenly he leaped up, seized Pharisee by the throat with one hand, and pressed with the other the handkerchief over his mouth and nose.

For a minute or so Pharisee struggled violently, then he became motionless, as if dead.

Old Pengreep, when he found resistance to his diabolical act cease, withdrew the handkerchief, stuffed it into his pocket, and, taking up the lifeless form of the valet, he laid it upon the bed.

Then he sat near it, and watched it until the clock struck one.

Within two or three minutes after this he stood at the servants' entrance, where, shrouded in a cloak, stood a tall figure, immoveable.

"Chillingham," whispered old Pengreep.

"Chillingham!" repeated the stranger, in a tone equally low.

"Follow me!" murmured Pengreep.

The figure entered, the door was noiselessly closed, and together they ascended, with soundless step, to the picture-gallery.

Without a word, old Pengreep pointed out the projection formed by the Corinthian pillars, and the muffled stranger sank down behind them. Old Pengreep apparently glided from the gallery, and left it once more to deep, intense darkness and silence.

The church clock struck two.

The next instant a faint, glimmering light appeared at the extreme end of the gallery, and advanced rapidly towards the centre. It disclosed the white, anxious, half-distracted features of a woman. With wild eyes she gazed right and left, and then she muttered,

"He has not come."

It was Lady Kingswood.

She glided to the projection formed by the Corinthian pillars.

She uttered a sudden scream of horror, but in an instant it was stifled by the stranger, who caught her in his arms, and passed a portion of his cloak over her mouth. At the same time he whispered in her ear,

"Be silent, for your life! Fear not. It is I—Chillingham."

She struggled and tore herself from his arms, and another low wail of terror burst from her lips.

He unfolded his cloak and revealed himself to her. She saw, by the feeble rays of the lamp she had brought with her, that it was the Marquis of Chillingham who stood before her.

She wrung her hands.

"This is terrible, indeed," she murmured. "Why—why have you been guilty of this worse than madness?"

"Listen," he said, bending over her. "I received your note. I possess the information you seek. I know its importance and the necessity for its secrecy. I know, also, your intense anxiety to become mistress of it. I would not commit it to paper—therefore am I here."

She pressed her hands over her eyes, and shuddered. Then from before her blanched face she withdrew them, and said, in a low tone,

"Go on; I am prepared to hear."

"Kingswood is a villain," returned Chillingham. "The boy you saw at Kingswood Hall is Kingswood's son—born while his vows, his oaths, were breathed in your ears, and his kisses were pressing on your lips. That boy—the offspring of a marriage—thrusts you, nobly born, loftily bred, into a state of ignominy, and hurls your son, whom you love so much, out of the heirship to the House of Kingswood?"

A groan of unutterable anguish burst from the broken heart of the agonised woman.

"Oh, heaven! oh, shame! oh, death! can this indeed—indeed be true?" she ejaculated.

"It is true. You shall have the proofs," he replied, with rapid accents. "You remember Vernon, of Huntingford—years, years back?"

"I remember him," murmured Lady Kingswood, with difficulty forcing the words between her parched lips.

"He formed a passionate attachment to a young and beautiful girl, intending to make her his wife. Kingswood, at the time your fond and loving suitor, saw her, seduced her away from Vernon, married her, and then, wearying of her, returned to you, to lavish upon you the caresses which he had to spare from the woman he had left."

Lady Kingswood pressed her clenched hands upon her temples.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "this is maddening."

"The proofs of all I have stated will, within a few hours, be within my hands. I will show them to you."

"I shall suffocate!" she exclaimed, staggering, as if about to fall.

He caught her in his arms, and, for a moment, she availed herself of their support, but only for a moment, for she suddenly and hastily disengaged herself from his embrace.

"What will you do?" he whispered in her ear. "You will not remain with Kingswood?" he added.

"Oh, no—no—no," she exclaimed, with a terrible shudder. "Not another day will I pass beneath his hated roof."

"Not another hour," he urged. "He has wronged, outraged you, insulted you beyond all possibility of atonement. Leave him. Revenge is your right—retaliation your weapon. Plunge into his heart the same shaft with which he has so basely wounded yours. Yours is not a spirit to sit tamely beneath your wrongs, to be content with weeping away your injuries. No, scorn him, spurn him, wring his proud heart with the same humiliation with which he has bruised, though not crushed yours. Fly, and at once."

"Oh, Chillingham, your words, your suggestions, are terrible!" she exclaimed, with a distracting air.

"They are just," he exclaimed, with eager emphasis. "You must despise, loathe this man. Fly at once! Why delay? I have a vehicle at a short distance from the house, prepared to convey us to a place where discovery—until you, for the purpose of vengeance, may wish it—is impossible."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she responded, shuddering, and weeping bitterly.

"Why hesitate?" he urged. "Remember, I loved you before Kingswood; remember, for your sake, I have remained unmarried, hoping against hope that some day you might be mine. Come with me, dearest; I, at least, will not wrong you. I will love, worship you; make you happier by far than it is possible you can ever be elsewhere. Come—come."

"I dare not. Oh, in the name of mercy, do not tempt me," she sobbed.

He saw the conflict which was going on within her breast, but he saw, too, that she would yield, and he redoubled his entreaties.

"What," he said, in sarcastic tones, "will you be made the finger-point for fools? be scoffed at as the lady of the meek soul, who had not the spirit—being scandalously wronged—to conquer a tremendous revenge when it was within her grasp? Shall he triumph over you? Shall the woman for whom he quitted your side triumph over you? Shall her son thrust out yours from the rank to which he is justly entitled, and you bow your head meekly, and say, 'Be it as thou wilt; you shall triumph, and I will bow my face in the dust?' Have you no soul? Have you lost the proud, the great, the noble spirit you once possessed? Has your nature changed with your wrongs? You must avenge yourself! I offer you the means. Come now, or remain here a creature lost to your own sense of injury, an object of pity to all, and of derisive scorn to Kingswood himself."

"Never, Chillingham. It shall be as you counsel. The die is cast!" she exclaimed, flinging up her head with passionate fervor. "I will go—Ha!—Oh, eternal Heaven!—Almighty Powers!—Look there!—there!—behold!"

With a low, hoarse gasp of intense horror, half cowering to the earth, trembling like an aspen, she pointed to a female figure, clad in white, standing motionless within a few feet of them, bearing in her hand a lamp, and her face turned towards them.

It was Lady Maud, with her eyes wide open, lustreless, sightless.

She was in a state of somnambulism.

Her young and lovely face was pale and sad, but unmarked by any other expression save one of angelic purity and sweetness.

She suddenly, though slowly, turned round, and walked at a gentle pace to the side of the room, and stretched forth her hand as if in search of a book resting upon a library shelf. An expression of disappointment stole over her face.

"It is not there!" she murmured. "They took it away when he left."

Then she slowly directed her steps to the door by which she had entered.

The Marquis of Chillingham had yet the wrist of Lady Kingswood clasped in his hand. She suddenly wrenched it from him, and tottered, swayed, staggered after Lady Maud.

"Maud—pure angel," she gasped, in suffocating tones; "take me with you, or I am lost. Maud—Maud—take me with you—my child—Maud." Her words were scarcely articulate, and her motions so feeble that it seemed as though she would fall senseless upon the floor of the gallery.

She clutched at the flowing drapery of the yet sleeping girl, and reeled with trembling steps still after her.

The Marquis of Chillingham was about to pursue her, when he felt himself seized by the arm.

He turned with a start, and beheld old Pengreep at his elbow.

"My lord, in another instant the whole household will be alarmed. You must fly. Follow me, or you will be discovered here," exclaimed the old man in a hoarse whisper.

With an anathema on his lips, the marquis, seeing at a glance his critical position, turned, and with a hasty step followed old Pengreep from the picture-gallery.

A piercing scream caught their ears as they made, with light step, their swift way to the servants' entrance, Pengreep guiding the marquis with unfailing correctness. They quickened their flight at the sound, and paused not until they were both without in the dark night.

The marquis hastily glanced his eyes upwards at the mansion, and observed lights flashing to and fro in the windows.

He caught Pengreep by the arm.

"Write to me, and quickly," he said, in a low tone, "I will reply, appointing an interview."

The next moment he released the old man from his grip, and hurried to the carriage which was awaiting him and a companion who did not accompany him.

CHAPTER XLVI.

O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast and reins;
But must some secret passage find
To the inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey.—*Milton.*

Lord Kingswood devoted himself with so much ardor to his ministerial duties that his colleagues congratulated the Cabinet, the party and the country upon the acquisition of so zealous a coadjutor. The truth, however, was, as may readily be supposed, that his mind was distracted by the horrors of his domestic position; and he was not only rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him to escape from his own house, but from his own thoughts as well.

He greedily accepted all the business of his department during the day, and worked at it as well, aided by his private secretary, far into the night. He found a certain relief in this labor, but thoughts and fears would still intrude, and the anticipation of a day of disclosure—the hour of vengeance—a frightful explosion, which, if delayed, would ultimately occur—haunted him like a pursuing spirit.

At the very moment when the Marquis of Chillingham was urging Lady Kingswood to fly with him, Lord Kingswood was seated alone in his study. Upon his table, before his eyes—which were gazing on them with intense and melancholy earnestness—lay a fair ringlet and a bunch of decayed flowers.

What were the unutterable thoughts which crowded through his fevered brain, as his burning, bloodshot eyes rested on these withered emblems of other days?

It is needless to say they may be imagined, and their force measured by the heavy, agonised groan which burst from his lips and shook his frame. He raised the curl and the dead flowers with his trembling fingers, and pressed them to his lips; then dashed the tears from his eyes with his clenched fist.

"This is frenzy," he exclaimed, with set teeth. "The past cannot be recalled. Let it go. I must be inflexible—steel—ice. I must dare my destiny, and defy it."

At this instant a loud, wild scream rang through the house, disturbing the dead silence which had previously reigned.

He started, snatched up a lamp, and made his way to the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed.

He reached the corridor leading to the apartments of Lady Kingswood and his own, and to his astonishment he beheld Lady Kingswood kneeling, supporting the senseless form of Lady Maud and a maid servant in her night-dress with a shawl thrown round her, bending over them, holding a light.

"Lady Kingswood, what is the meaning of this strange scene?" he exclaimed in a loud, angry voice.

At the sound of his voice Lady Kingswood started as if stricken fiercely by a lash. She let the body of Lady Maud glide to the ground, and she rose up to confront Lord Kingswood.

Her white face, her flashing eyes, the combined agony, hate, passion, anguish expressed by her features, horrified as well as amazed him.

She flung back her half dishevelled hair, and her burning lips parted, displaying her white teeth interlocked.

"Heartless perjurer!" she hissed through them; "cruel, treacherous villain! speak not to me—look not on me—come not near me—or I may have to call on Heaven to pardon me for an act which my bursting heart now prompts me to commit. Away! we meet no more! but the bitterest curse an outraged iniquitously wronged woman can hurl upon her betrayer as a legacy to drag him down to perdition, such a curse—curse—withering curse—do I fling on you. Away! go! you have made me mad! Do not force me to an iniquity yet deeper and blacker than your own!"

As she concluded, white, frothy foam bubbling upon her pale blue lips, she bent suddenly over the yet inanimate form of Lady Maud, and with almost superhuman strength, raised her up in her arms, and bore her into an apartment, closing the door behind her with a loud crash.

Lord Kingswood stood petrified and speechless, his heart stilled and resting like a globe of stone within his breast.

The pale-faced, affrighted maid stood shivering, still holding the light, ashamed to remain, sparsely clad as she was, yet not liking to go and leave Lord Kingswood alone and without explanation.

At length, with a sudden gasp, he exclaimed:

"Girl! can you explain the meaning of this strange scene? Speak! Do I dream, or has some sudden madness possessed Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud?"

"If—if—if you please, my lord," replied the girl, with chattering teeth, "I don't know what it all means. I—I was in my bed, laying awake, because I couldn't go to sleep, and I don't know why I couldn't go to sleep, but I couldn't get a wink, when I all of a sudden heard footsteps coming along the corridor. I know nobody had any business to be moving about in the corridor at this time of night, and if there was anybody, they couldn't be after any good, I was sure of that. So I jumped out of bed and slipped a shawl over my shoulders, and as it happened my light was burning, because——"

"Never mind the reason. Go on," interposed Lord Kingswood, impetuously.

"Well, my lord, I opened my door quietly, and I saw a white spectre coming along, with a lamp in its hand, and being awfully scared, I shrieked, and then—then—and then——"

"What?" cried Lord Kingswood, fiercely, as she hesitated.

"Then I saw that it was Lady Maud, my lord," continued the girl, afraid that, by her confession, she was getting herself into trouble. She, however, adhered to the truth, because, perhaps, she could not at that moment frame any extenuating excuses. "And I saw, my lord, that she was walking in her sleep, and that my lady was following her, holding her dress, and then, my lord, my screams awoke her, and she screamed, too, and sank down in a faint, my lord—and that's all, if you please, my lord."

At this moment a bell was rung in Lady Kingswood's apartment with great violence, and the girl starting, said, hastily,

"If you please, my lord, that is my lady's bell, my lord. Will your lordship please to excuse me?" And without saying another word, she ran away into Lady Kingswood's apartment.

Lord Kingswood, with a gloomy brow, turned and retraced his steps to his study.

As he paced up and down the apartment the words of Lady Kingswood rang like doom-bells in his ears. Every one was imprinted with painful distinctness upon his brain, and repeated itself there again and again, until it ached with agony.

Then her look, wild, distraught, intensely vindictive, what did it mean? He believed that she could only be governed by suspicion, and yet her excitement was terrible. His own information, after a certain point, was limited—what, therefore, could she know!

For an instant a thought that Pharisee might be treacherous intruded itself, but then he discarded it as impossible.

He racked his brain to no purpose in order to account for Lady Kingswood's expressions of fierce animosity and hate.

He was compelled at length to conclude that Ishmael, hovering above him like an ill-omened bird of prey, was gradually narrowing his circles of flight, until the final moment when he would swoop down and crush him.

Did he intend to sunder each tie before he struck his fatal blow? It appeared so. Lord Kingswood remembered that he was at this moment at terrible issue with his wife, his son Cyril and Lady Maud.

Strange! As this conviction fastened itself upon him a feeling of desperation and defiance gradually took possession of his breast—against one and all he felt a spirit of resistance arise. Especially did this determination address itself against Cyril and Maud. He rigidly resolved that they should each wed the individuals chosen for them, and that no appeals, pleadings, or arguments, however passionately urged, should move him from this fixed decision. He felt like a stag at bay. Woe to the first foe that attempted to fasten upon him with the intention of pulling him down!

As this new impression seized upon his vacillating nature, a gloomy, resolute expression settled on his brow, and he retired to rest, deciding that he would in his turn be sought instead of seeking.

(To be continued.)

CHARLESTON HARBOR, S. C.

Its Fortifications—Fort Sumpter—Fort Moultrie—Fort Pinckney—Morris Island—Point Stono—Floating Battery, &c.

INTRODUCTION.—Although we have in our previous numbers given a very accurate and elaborate description of the various forts and batteries in Charleston harbor, to accompany the illustrations we have from time to time given to the public, the unhappy events which have within the last few days precipitated a conflict between the Federal troops and the Secessionists render a brief sketch of Charleston and its defences desirable, that, at the risk of a little repetition, our readers may thoroughly understand the illustrations we shall present to the public.

The Harbor.

If the reader will refer to our map of Charleston harbor, published in our number for January 5, he will perceive that after crossing the bar the main entrance is divided by Fort Sumpter, founded upon an artificial island, while on the right hand is Sullivan's Island, on the left Morris Island, while beyond Fort Sumpter, midway to the city of Charleston, is Castle Pinckney. A vessel thus going to Fort Sumpter would have to run the gauntlet of a double fire, which, if well directed, could not fail to sink any craft, excepting such vessels as the Warrior of England, and La Gloire of France, both of which are steel-clad ships especially made for such desperate operations.

Fort Sumpter.

This now famous fortification is a modern truncated pentagonal fort, built upon an artificial island, three miles and three-eighths of a mile from the city of Charleston. The walls are of solid brick and concrete masonry, built close to the edge of the water. They are sixty feet high, and from eight to twelve feet thick. They are pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east and west sides. Its weakest point is on the south. It is designed for one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance. Two tiers of the guns are under bombproof casemates, the upper tier is open, or *en barbette*. There are, however, now only seventy-five guns in position. Of these eleven are Paixhan guns, nine of which command Fort Moultrie, the other two point towards Castle Pinckney. The range of the guns does not exceed three miles, so that Charleston is safe from bombardment. The war garrison is six hundred men, but there were only one hundred and nine men in all under Major Anderson's command.

Fort Moultrie

Is distant from Sumpter one and a half miles. It is nothing more than a large water battery. Its armament is eleven heavy guns and several mortars. The walls are of brick, and present a solid mass of about thirteen feet. It is now commanded by Major Ripley, formerly of the United States Army.

The Iron Floating Battery.

This famous work has been so lately described and illustrated in our paper, that we shall merely now add that it has been moored between Sullivan's Island and Fort Sumpter. It mounts four guns of heavy calibre, and requires sixty men to work it. It commanded the barbette guns of Major Anderson.

Cummings' Point Iron Battery.

This is the nearest point of land to Fort Sumpter, being only one thousand one hundred and fifty yards distant. The iron battery here erected is made of railroad iron. The roof slants towards the ground, so that shots will glance over it as they strike at an obtuse angle. The columbiads with which this battery is equipped bear upon the south side of Sumpter.

Fort Johnson.

These are batteries protected by sand works, and are armed with mortar and siege guns. They are one mile and a fourth of a mile from Fort Sumpter.

Castle Pinckney.

This fort is situated on the southern extremity of Shute's Folly Island, between Hog Island and Charleston city. It is about three miles from Sumpter, and is the north-west. It has two rows of guns, the lower bombproof casemates, the upper *en barbette*. The height of the rampart is twenty, and the width thirty-two feet. The armament is twenty-five guns.

Morris Island.

These batteries have been thrown up during the last few weeks, and command the entrance of Charleston harbor. They are made of palmetto logs, and are fully manned.

The Distances.

			MILES.
Fort Sumpter is from Charleston			3⅜
Fort Moultrie	"	Fort Sumpter	1½
Cummings' Point	"	"	⅝
Fort Jackson	"	"	1¼
Castle Pinckney	"	"	2⅝

Stono Point.

This is on Morris Island, and faces the sea. It consequently commands the entrance to the harbor. There are about nine feet of water at low tide at Stono Point. It would be here that the troops would land to storm the Morris Island batteries.

SEAMEN GOING THROUGH ARTILLERY PRACTICE

With the Dahlgren Boat Howitzer.

IN our last issue we gave a full description of the nature and character of the naval guns invented by Captain Dahlgren, called the Boat Howitzer. They are so constructed, in regard to lightness, that they are easily managed in a ship's launch, can be quickly landed, and can be drawn with speed and facility, and served with rapidity and effect by the ordinary crew of the launch. The sailors are made perfect in the use of this important arm of warfare by constant practice on the shore, where they are drilled in appropriate artillery practice until they become adepts in all the movements, from the moment of disembarking to the issuing of the command to fire.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A LATE English traveller among the tribes of wandering Turcomans, on the plains of Tarsus and the mountains of Syria, states that the art of dyeing brilliant colors is held in very high estimation among the females of the tribes. Every marriageable girl must have first worked a carpet of more than ordinary beauty, colored with the choicest dyes, as a treasure for her marriage festival.

WHEN Mirès arrived at Mazas prison he was shown into a room very bare of furniture. Looking round, as if missing something which he expected to see in the place, he said to the turnkey, "But where is the *Mobilier*?"

ERSKINE AND HENRIETTA.—At a dinner-party Erskine was seated near Miss Henrietta ——, commonly called Miss Hennie ——, who had been celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "They say you are a great man for making puns," said Miss Hennie to the wit; "could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, Hennie," was the cruel rejoinder, "ye are no chicken!"

MRS. PIOZZI says Lord H. Poulett wrote to a gentleman to send him over two monkeys, but the word being written too, and all the characters of one height, it appeared like "100." What was poor Lord Harry Poulett's dismay, when a letter came to hand with the news that he would receive fifty monkeys by such a ship, and fifty more by the next conveyance, making up a hundred, according to his Lordship's commands!

ANCIENT IRISH GARMENT.—In 1824 a male body, completely clad in woollen antique garments, was found in a bog near Sligo, six feet below the surface; and so perfect was the body when first discovered, that a magistrate was called upon to hold an inquest on it. The garments, also, were in such complete preservation, that a photograph was made of a person clad in this antique suit, with the exception of the shoes, which were too small for an adult of our day. The costume of this ancient Irish gentleman is exceedingly picturesque, consisting of trews of a plaid pattern, made wide above, like Turkish trousers, but fitting close to the leg and ankle; over them was a tunic of soft cloth, most elaborately gored and gussetted, showing high perfection in the tailoring art. The skirt of the tunic, which extends to the knee, is set on full, and measures eight feet in circumference at the bottom. The sleeves are tight, and open to the elbow, like an Albanian jacket; and over all was thrown the immemorial Irish mantle, so invariably worn—so indispensable a portion of Irish costume—that it passed into a proverb among our neighbors, the Welsh, "like an Irishman for the cloak." This graceful garment, as found upon the hero of the bog, and now visible in our Museum, is composed of brown, soft cloth, made straight on the upper edge, which is nine feet long, but cut nearly into the segment of a circle on the lower. The form resembles closely that worn by the Calabrian peasant at this day. These cloaks were often of great value; Kings were paid tribute of them. They were made of various colors, each color being a symbol to denote the rank of the wearer. The number of colors also, in a dress, had a significant value, and was regulated by law. Thus, one color only was allowed to slaves; two for soldiers; three for goodly heroes or young Lords; six for the learned men; and seven was the regal number for Kings and Queens.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

AN anecdote of the late Count Tascher de la Pagerie now circulates through the *salons* of Paris. It is said that in one of the great German battles he was, from the effects of a ball passing close to him, thrown down as one paralysed. The action at an end, as the wounded were being carried from the field and the dead interred, the soldiers, thinking that he was among the latter, threw him into a hole which they were filling up, when his aide-de-camp, who had been very uneasy about him, arrived. His attachment to Count Tascher de la Pagerie was so great that he could not bear the idea of his death. He tore away with his hands the clay that covered the supposed corpse, whom the damp of the earth had begun to reanimate, and thus saved from death one who had escaped unhurt to the hottest parts of the battle.

A DISTINGUISHED personage of the period (Lord Radnor) had a great fondness for letting the blood (at the point of an amicable lancet—not a hostile sword) of his friends. But his Lordship, far from accepting a fee, was willing to remunerate those who had the courage to submit to his surgical care. Lord Chesterfield, wanting an additional vote, for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radnor, and, after a little introductory conversation, complained of a distressing headache. "You ought to lose blood, then," said Lord Radnor. "Gad—do you indeed think so? Then, my dear Lord, do add to the service of your advice by performing the operation. I know you are a most skilful surgeon." Delighted at the compliment, Lord Radnor, in a trice, pulled out his lancet-case and opened a vein in his friend's arm. "By-the-bye," asked the patient, as his arm was being adroitly bound up, "do you go down to the house to-day?" "I had not intended going," answered the noble operator, "not being sufficiently informed on the question which is to be debated; but you, that have considered it, which side will you vote on?" In reply, Lord Chesterfield unfolded his view of the case; and Lord Radnor was so delighted with the reasoning of the man who had held his surgical powers in such high estimation, that he forthwith promised to support the wily Earl's side of the division. "I have shed my blood for the good of my country," said Lord Chesterfield that evening to a party of friends, who, on hearing this story, were convulsed with laughter.

As musical snuff-boxes of Switzerland play airs that are copyright, the singular idea has been come to, to prohibit them unless the authors' rights are paid.

ABD-EL-KADER has been made a brother Mason.

THE death of the well-known sculptor, Rietschel, took place on the eve of the day when he was to have exhibited his last work—a car, with four horses, destined for Brunswick, and the models of the statues of Luther and of Wickliffe, for the monument of the Reformation at Worms.

A NUMBER of young Hungarians have just sent to M. H. Berlioz a silver crown of exquisite workmanship, bearing on a shield the arms of the town of Gyor (in German Raab), and these Hungarian words, "*Berlioz Hectornak a Giori ifjussak* (to Hector Berlioz, the young men of Gyor). This present was accompanied by a letter, also in Hungarian, which thanks him for the honor he has done the Hungarian nation by his new setting of Rakoczy's March.

AT one of the theatres in a certain city a dog forms part of the *dramatis personæ* of a piece now acting; and this fact has been made use of as the basis of a clever puff. We are told that an Englishman was passing along a certain street when a large dog flew at him, seized him by the leg, and tore his pantaloons in such a manner as to reduce him to the condition of a Highlander. The person thus denationalized appealed to the magistrates of the locality, and the brute's master was summoned. The latter could not account for the misconduct of the animal, who was so docile that he was lent every evening to Mr. ———, of the Theatre Royal, &c., &c. The Englishman accepted payment for the mischief, and the affair dropped.

THE SHORTEST BIOGRAPHY EXTANT.—Here is a model which is rare and little known—perhaps the briefest personal memoir ever written. They are the "Memoirs of Count Coptopchin," written in ten minutes. We subjoin a few paragraphs, each of which constitutes a "chapter."

"My Birth. On the 12th day of March, 1765, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked Heaven, without knowing it.

"My Education. I was taught all sort of things, and learned all sorts of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a *savant*. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

"My Sufferings. I was tormented by masters; by women; by ambition; by self-love; by useless regrets, and by remembrances.

"Memorable Epochs. At the age of thirty, I gave up dancing: at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or egotist—which is the same thing.

"Respectable Principles. I have never meddled in any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

"My Dislikes. I have a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust of affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics and rhubarb; and a terror of justices and wild beasts.

"Analysis of my Life. I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet.

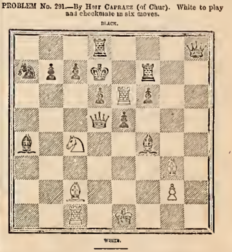
"My Epitaph. Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and gentlemen, pass on!"

A FOX HUNT IN LONDON.—A scene which excited a considerable amount of curiosity was witnessed a few weeks since in the vicinity of Shoreditch. Between seven and eight o'clock a fine fox, with a splendid brush, was discovered roaming about the churchyard of St. Luke's, Old street. The news of Reynard's visit to the metropolis soon spread, and the love of hunting being a characteristic of Cockneydom, the churchyard was speedily invaded by a large number of men and boys, who, armed with sticks and whips, commenced an exciting chase amongst the tombstones. The fox, however, soon distanced his pursuers, cleared the railings of the churchyard, and bolted down Mitchell street, Brick lane and Pear street, showing its tail to the motley crowd, who kept up the "run," and getting into Goswell street, managed to effect a safe retreat.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 291.—By Herr CAPRAEZ (of Chur). White to play and checkmate in six moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

MANCHESTER TOURNAMENT.

In this Tournament Mr. PINDAR has been successful against Mr. KIPPING. In the match pending between Wood and Francis, the winner will have to play Horwitz, and the successful player of these two is to be pitted against Pindar. Mr. Kipping does not appear to have exhibited his usual fine play.

WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. P.	WHITE. Mr. K.	BLACK. Mr. P.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	27 P tks P	R tks P
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	28 Q Kt to B 2	Q R to B 5 (e)
3 B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	29 P to Q Kt 3	Q R to Q B sq
4 P to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	30 Q Kt to K 3	B to K 3
5 P to Q 4	P tks P	31 R tks R	R tks R
6 P tks P (a)	B to Kt 5 (ch)	32 P to K Kt 4	B to K Kt sq
7 B to Q 2	Kt tks K P	33 K to K 2	P to K R 4
8 B tks B	Kt tks B	34 Q Kt to B 5 (ch)	K to Q 2
9 B tks K B P (ch)	K tks B	35 P tks P	B to K Kt 4
10 Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)	P to Q 4	36 P to K R 3	R to R 4 (ch)
11 Kt to K 5 (ch)	K to B 3	37 K to Kt 2	R to Kt 4 (ch)
12 Q tks Kt	P to Q B 4	38 K to B 3	R to R 4 (ch)
13 Q to R 4	Q to K sq	39 K to Kt 4	R tks P
14 Q to Q sq	P tks P	40 K to B 4	R tks Kt
15 P to K R 4 (b)	B to K 3	41 Kt tks B	R to R 7
16 Q tks P	K to K 2	42 P to Q R 3	Kt to Q B 4
17 Castles	P to K Kt 3	43 R to R sq	R to B 7 (ch)
18 Kt to Q B 3	Q R to B sq	44 K to Kt 3	K to K 3
19 Q R to B sq	P to Q R 3	45 Kt to K 3	Kt tks Kt P
20 K Kt to B 3 (c)	P to K R 3	46 R tks P	R to Q R 7
21 K Kt to R 4	B to K Kt sq	47 R to Q 6 (ch)	K tks P
22 Q to K 5	Q to Q sq	48 Kt to R 4 (ch)	K to K 5
23 P to K R 3 (d)	Q to Q 3	49 R to Q Kt 6	Kt to B 4
24 Kt to K B 2	P to K Kt 4	50 Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K to Q 4
25 K Kt to Q 4	Q tks Q	51 Kt tks P	Kt tks Kt
26 P tks Q	P to K Kt 3	Drawn.	

(a) P to K 5 is here recommended as best.

(b) Played with Mr. Kipping's usual vigor and spirit, he has already obtained a fine game.

(c) It appears to us that Q to Q Kt 6 instead of the move in the text would not only have maintained the attack, but would have considerably improved White's position.

(d) Why not P to B 5?

(e) A lost move.

THE deciding Game in the Tournament between Mr. PINDAR and Mr. KIPPING.

WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to Q B 4	P to K 4	11 Q to Q Kt 6	Castles
2 P to K 3	Q Kt to B 3	12 Kt to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q B 3
3 P to Q 4	P tks P	13 Kt tks Kt	P tks Kt
4 P tks P	P to Q 4	14 Kt tks P (ch)	K to Q 2
5 K Kt to B 3	B to K 3	15 Castles	B to Kt 2
6 P to Q B 5	P to K Kt 3	16 Kt tks P at B 3	K tks Kt
7 B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2	17 Q to R 4 (ch)	K to Kt 2
8 Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to K 2	18 P to B 6 (ch)	K to Kt 3
9 B tks B (ch)	Q tks B	19 B to Q 2	
10 K Kt to K 5	Q to K B 4	Mr. Kipping resigns.—*Era.*	

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHY is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must all give it up.

SWINE are held by many in high esteem as food, but their hind parts are all gammon.

"You give me quite a turn," as the thief remarked when he was put upon the treadmill.

A CRUSTY old bachelor says the talk of women is usually about the men. Even their laugh is but "he! he!"

MANY a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when, in reality, it is only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake pudding for principle.

ON hearing a clergyman remark that "the world was full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way to her pocket.

"WHOSE pigs are those, my lad?"
"Whoy, they belong to that there big sow."
"No; I mean, who is their master?"
"Whoy," again answered the lad, "that little 'un—he's a rare'un to fight!"

"I AM very much troubled, madam, with cold feet and hands," said a fop.
"I should suppose, sir," was the reply, "that a young gentleman who had so many mittens given him by the ladies might at least keep his hands warm."

A BLIND man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing. Instantly opening his eyes, he gave chase, overtook the thief and cudgelled him severely, after which he reclosed his eyes and fell to groping again!

A TEACHER had been explaining to his class the points of the compass. All were drawn up in front towards the north.
"Now, what is before you, John?"
"The north, sir."
"What is behind you, Tom?"
"My coat-tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

A NEPHEW of Mr. Bagges, in explaining the mysteries of a tea-kettle, describes the benefits of the application of steam to useful purposes.
"For all of which," remarked Mr. Bagges, "we have principally to thank—what was his name?"
"Watt was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy.

AN ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was nonplussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head, he ejaculated "Tey musht pe iron clamps, to keep der ertquakes from preaking up der rood."

THE celebrated Judge Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was induced by a friend to go to an assembly to see a noted beauty, who was to grace the meeting with her presence. When he arrived there, on being asked how he liked her appearance,
"Fudge!" exclaimed the cynic. "Do you call her handsome? She has no more expression than a bowl of milk!"

"NAPOLEON ALEXIS DOBBS, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"
"It is the rain, sir."
"Why do not men grow?"
"Because they carry umbrellas, which keep off the rain."
"What makes a young man and woman fall in love?"
"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel and t'other a heart of flint, and when they come together they strike fire, and that is love."
"That's right, my boy; now go and plague the girls."

AT West Hartlepool, the other day, when a milk-boy called upon one of his customers, the good dame, believing his commodity to be, like human nature, of a mixed character, said to him,
"How much water does your mistress think proper to put in two quarts of milk?"
"I'm sure," replied the rogue, "I don't know; neither does she, for she just splashes it in. Come up!" he cried to his steed, and with a whistle drove unconcernedly on, the old lady looking after him in mute astonishment.

PARSON GREEN, an American preacher, in the habit sometimes of drawing upon a box of sermons bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister, upon one occasion got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State Prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information that "had it not been for the clemency of the Governor, every one of them would have been hung long ago."

"WHATEVER made you marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son.
"Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

Eating Boiled Oysters by the Peck.—The editor of the Cleveland *Herald* writes to his paper from Washington, as follows: "Did you ever eat a boiled oyster? We have discovered a new institution in Washington. A friend asked us to follow whither he should lead. Entering a low, shed-like building, pervaded by a fish-like smell, and penetrating the inner recesses, where twenty men were opening oysters, passed along into an apartment where two boilers or cauldrons were set in furnaces, our friend ordered some boiled oysters. "How many?" was the query, and "a peck" was the reply. We stared, but stood by in mute astonishment—a peck of oysters, and only two small men as feeders. The peck of oysters were shoveled into a basket, placed under a force pump and thoroughly washed; then the basket and oysters went into the cauldron of boiling water and remained five minutes. Plates, meanwhile, were heated, and the peck of oysters deposited on the bench; butter placed in the hot plates, with salt and pepper, and the opening commenced. This was an easy task, as each shell had opened. The oysters were opened faster than we could eat them, but we halted not until the peck of shells were scraped into the trough. The bill was twenty-five cents. A boiled oyster is very much like a broiled one in delicacy of flavor."

Horrible Superstition in Spain.—The *Discusion* publishes a horrible instance of the degrading influence of fanaticism and ignorance among the Spanish peasantry: "A farmer of the neighborhood of Culla, district of Castellon, province of Valencia, was some years back attacked with vertigo and pains in the head, which returned regularly at intervals of a month. His wife and three daughters did all they could to relieve him, but in vain. At last, a pretended sorcerer who called at the house made the woman believe that the man was possessed by a devil, and that he would never be well as long as the fiend lived. Accordingly, a few nights back, she and her three daughters, who shared her belief, attacked the man with hatchets as he was in bed asleep, and did not leave off until he was not only dead but literally cut to pieces. The next morning the woman went to the parish priest, and related that she and her girls had killed the demon who had so long afflicted her husband. The woman, the daughters and the sorcerer were arrested. The indignation of the people was so great against the latter that it was with difficulty they were prevented from killing him."

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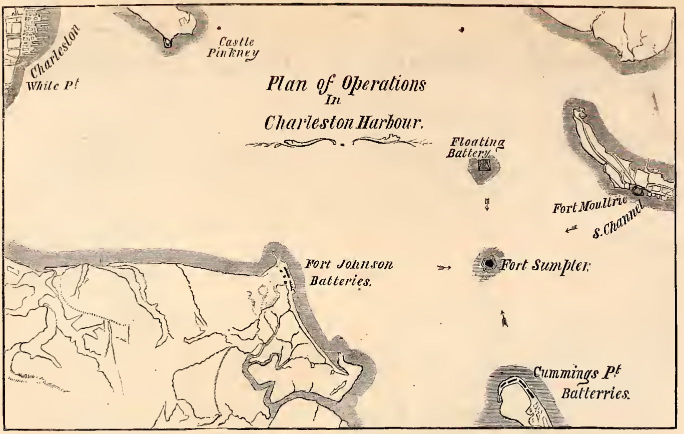

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OPERATIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, SHOWING THE POSITION OF FORT SUMPTER IN RELATION TO THE ATTACKING BATTERIES.—SEE PAGE 368.

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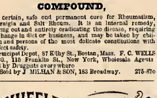

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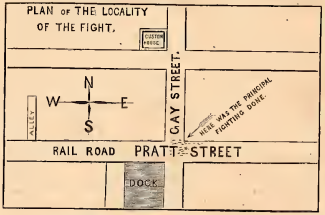
No. 284—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.



PLAN OF THE LOCALITY WHERE THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTING TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD AND WOUNDED AFTER THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS FIRING UPON THE PEOPLE AT THE RESSINGTON DEPOT, BALTIMORE, WHILE TAKING THE CARS FOR WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 270.

Barnum's American Museum

IS overflowing with Living Wonders, including Old Grizzly Adams' California Bears, which perform a variety of amusing tricks, Sea Lion, Aztec Children, Albino Family, What Is It? Bearded Lady, Liliputian Queen, and Superb Dramatic Performances every afternoon and evening.

IRVING HALL,

IRVING PLACE AND FIFTEENTH STREET,
Opposite to the
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, FESTIVALS, FAIRS, &c., &c., &c.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1861.

Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

To Officers and others Attached to the Armies of the Federal and the Confederate States.

I shall be happy to receive from Officers and others attached to either Army, sketches of important events and striking incidents which may occur during the impending struggle which seems to threaten the country. For such sketches, forwarded promptly, I will pay liberally.

My corps of Artists is unequalled in the country, and correspondents can depend upon their sketches, however rough, being produced in the finest style of art.

Any gentleman connected with either Army who will forward us a small sketch, as a specimen of his ability as a draughtsman, will receive, gratuitously, "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," for the coming year.

Sketches of unusual interest will be most liberally paid for.

Special attention is requested to this notice.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A Southern Paper says that a county of Chicasaw, Miss., has a regularly officered and drilled company of young ladies, who have pledged themselves, in the event that the men are called into service, to protect their homes and families during their absence, and see that the farms are properly cultivated, and full crops raised not only for the support of the county, but of the army of Mississippi. The *Day Book* suggests that these Chicasaw beauties should be sent against the Seventh Regiment of New York, since the well-known gallantry of this favorite corps would naturally induce them to present arms to it. Another paper—which even these troubled times cannot tutor into seriousness—inclines to the belief that they would be better employed in raising and drilling Infantry. At all events, this regiment of the Misses of Mississippi would be invaluable in a Nursery of soldiers. These episodes resemble the silver lining of that terrible cloud now passing over us, but still they are hardly subjects for humor.

In Times like these levity is misplaced, but who can refuse to laugh at such Roman Tribune literature as this? It is, of course, in an article upon the great subject of the day:

"Would Leonidas have given up Sumpter? No, by Hercules! Fabius Maximus *Cunctator* delayed, but with arms in his hands, his whole force on foot, and his position clearly defined."

THE MONSTER MEETING IN UNION SQUARE!

Two Hundred Thousand People Come Out at the Call.

THE VOICE OF NEW YORK FOR THE UNION!

The Government to be Supported at All Risks!

NEVER has the great heart of our beloved Republic beat with so full and deep a pulse as it did on the 20th of April, for on that day the citizens of the Metropolis of the United States were called upon to show their fealty to a Constitution, which was inaugurated in a seven years' baptism of heroic suffering unparalleled in the History of Man, and nobly did that great heart beat—nobly and grandly did the millions respond as one man to the challenge. From daybreak the countenance of our citizens had a seriousness quite unusual, and the silent and continuous closing of the stores, the spontaneous tramp of thousands to one given spot, and the multitudinous display of the National Flag, gave evidence that for once the nation was aroused to a sense of its responsibility and peril. Man, woman and child seemed alike stirred by one instinct. Sectional differences were swallowed up in one grand maelstrom—Patriotism. Long before the hour named for the commencement of the proceedings, which was three o'clock, thousands were pouring from every thoroughfare to the one grand centre, Union Square, and at that time there would not have been less than a hundred and fifty thousand men assembled in Union Square and its adjacencies to give their support to the Constitution.

Long before this hour Major Anderson had been escorted to the Everett House, where he was received by the General Committee, and soon after the gallant defender of Fort Sumpter, accompanied by the Committee, made his appearance on the principal stand, where he was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. The business of the meeting commenced with a short address by the Rev. Mr. Spring of the Old Brick Church, which he closed by an appropriate prayer, the whole mighty mass responding Amen.

When this ceremony was completed the President, Hon. John A. Dix, on taking the chair alluded to the honor conferred to him, and made a short but effective speech, urging the support of the Union. Mr. McMurdo then read the resolutions pledging the meeting to sustain the Government, and urging the appointment of a Committee of Twenty-five Citizens to represent the city in the collection of funds, and the transaction of business in aid of the Government.

The Hon. D. A. Dickenson then came forward, and made a stirring appeal to the patriotism of the State. This noble old Democrat was received with a hearty welcome.

Senator Baker, of Oregon, next addressed the meeting in a speech of similar sentiments, and was followed by the Hon. R. J. Walker. A patriotic letter was then read from Archbishop Hughes, strong in its attachment to the Union.

The Hon. Fernando Wood also made one of his emphatic speeches, which was much applauded.

The meeting was then addressed by Gov. Hunt, Mr. Evarts, Cabel Lyon, Hiram Ketchum, Gov. Hamilton Fish, John Cochrane, Mr. Raymond of the *Times*, Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Havemeyer, Royal Phelps, Senator Spinola, W. J. Fuller and others.

Their speeches all breathed one sentiment, and showed a deep seated attachment to the Republic, which drew forth long and loud responses of applause.

Among the gratifying circumstances attending this grand demonstration, we may mention that not a single act of disorder occurred in this vast multitude—a convincing proof that a people can govern themselves.

ARRIVAL OF MAJOR ANDERSON AND HIS COMMAND IN NEW YORK.

THE arrival of Major Anderson and his gallant command on Thursday, the 18th, aroused the generous enthusiasm of our people, and large crowds were waiting at the foot of Canal street and at the Battery in the expectation that he would land at one of those places. The Baltic, which brought the garrison of Fort Sumpter from Charleston, arrived off Sandy Hook at twelve M. The Bavaria, from Hamburg, preceded the Baltic by a few moments, and this steamer, as well as all the craft in the bay and the houses along the shore, were decked with flags in honor of Major Anderson's arrival.

As the steamer came slowly up the harbor, her black hull relieved against the bright waters, she was saluted by guns from the forts, from the shore, and by the ringing of bells and waving of flags, which were returned by the Baltic waving her ensign and firing her cannon.

As soon as it was ascertained beyond a doubt that

Major Anderson was on Board,

the excitement became intense. The Major, dressed in uniform, wrapped in his military overcoat, and looking careworn and fatigued, stood upon the wheel-house and returned the salutations of the people. The men who fought at Sumpter were distinguished by being in the full uniform of the United States, and were drawn up on the quarterdeck.

The little steam ferryboat belonging to Governor's Island soon came alongside the Baltic and received Major Anderson and his party. As she steamed up the bay the greatest enthusiasm was exhibited, and the landing at the Battery was a noble and well deserved ovation. Major Anderson and his officers stepped at once into carriages and drove to the Brevoort House. Here another ovation awaited him. Thousands had collected round the hotel and in the neighborhood to get a glimpse of the hero of the day and for all time. In answer to their shouts he bowed frequently, and seemed deeply gratified that the people, at least, appreciated his devotion, loyalty and courage. He seemed, however, careworn and fatigued, and speedily retired.

One instance of his popularity touched him deeply. He had scarcely got into the hotel, when the boys from Ward School No. 35, to the number of about five hundred, assembled on the sidewalks in front of the hotel and commenced cheering for the Union and Major Anderson. The gallant Major was induced to show himself to the youngsters, and upon his appearance at the door of the hotel a deafening cheer arose from the boys, and also from a large number of persons assembled in the vicinity of the hotel.

If a justification of Major Anderson's conduct were needed, it will be found in his simple, clear, straightforward dispatch to the Government, which we give below.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S DESPATCH TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

STEAMSHIP BALTIC, OFF SANDY HOOK, April 18, 1861.

The Hon. S. CAMERON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

SIR—Having defended Fort Sumpter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th inst., prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON, Major, First Artillery.

The State of the Nation.

As sorrowful historians of what is passing around us, we briefly glance at the present aspect of affairs. Comments upon so great a calamity are useless, and almost impertinent, and we therefor confine ourselves to the facts.

While the North seems determined to support the Unity of the Republic, the South are equally earnest in their determination to protect what they consider their State Rights, and until a calmer spirit prevails in both parties we fear it is hopeless to expect a satisfactory settlement of the question now at issue.

At Montgomery, the Governmental seat of the Confederated States, great activity prevails to put themselves into an imposing attitude. The Southern journals proclaim that their entire loan of fifteen millions has been taken; and in reply to President Lincoln's demand for seventy-five thousand troops, Jefferson Davis had issued a requisition for double that number. He has also published a Proclamation authorizing Privateering, a step which is calculated to bring him in collision with both France and England.

In New Orleans the same excitement reigns, and it is currently reported that several privateers are being got ready. Into New Orleans the Star of the West has been taken as a prize—having been captured by the Secessionists. She had on board a quantity of provisions belonging to the Federal Government.

Charleston remains in the same excited state, and has above ten thousand men in arms all ready for action. General Beauregard has gone to Pensacola, so it is reported, to take command of the Southern army, which, it is said, was about to attempt the reduction of Fort Pickens. The telegraphic wires being under the control of the South, there have been no communications for some days.

The latest events in this great movement of the age are the secession of Virginia and the equivocal attitude of Maryland, a State hitherto supposed to be strong for the Union. The recent attack upon the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts, and the destruction of the bridges, by which railroad communication with the North is suspended, undoubtedly implies that the Union men have lost the control of the State. The Federal Government has taken possession of the Baltimore Railroad, and Secretary Cameron has threatened to bombard Baltimore if the bridges were not restored.

In Washington the greatest suspense exists, for its contiguity to Virginia renders it liable at any time to an attack from the Secessionists. General Scott has now concentrated around the capital nearly ten thousand reliable men, and before a week has elapsed three times that number will be gathered there.

Pennsylvania has taken up the war spirit with great alacrity, and Philadelphia, like New York, more resembles a camp than a commercial city. Everywhere is heard the tramp of armed men.

Of New York it is useless to speak, since a full account of its feeling will be found in another column. It is supposed that at the present minute there are sixty thousand men in arms preparing to defend the Union.

The Northern States of Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut are equally alert, all animated by the one great feeling of attachment to the Union.

THE WAR FEELING IN THE NORTH.

CONNECTICUT, NORWICH, April 18, 1861.—Gov. Buckingham has issued a proclamation calling one more regiment. $14,000 were subscribed to-day for the families of volunteer companies.

MAINE, PORTLAND, April 18, 1861.—Our city banks to-day voted a loan of $250,000 to the State for war purposes.

PENNSYLVANIA, PITTSBURGH, April 18, 1881.—An intense war feeling prevails here. Business is almost entirely suspended. Immense crowds fill the prominent streets and the Union flag is flying everywhere. The volunteer companies are all filled and they are departing eastward. Liberal subscriptions are being made for the comfort of the volunteers and the support of their families. Recruiting is still going on, although there is more than enough for the regiments of the State and Federal requirements. The Committee of Public Safety held a meeting to-day and organized.

ILLINOIS, CHICAGO, April 18, 1861.—The banks of this city to-day tendered Gov. Yates $500,000, asked for as a loan for extraordinary expenses. The war feeling grows more intense. Up to this morning 2,000 men had signed the muster roll. This is double the number that will be alloted to this city. The Zouave Regiment is nearly full. A movement is on foot to uniform them and equip them by private subscription. A wealthy citizen heads the list with $1,000. $6,000 were subscribed for the support of volunteers until taken charge of by the State.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., April 18, 1861.—Tenders of companies are pouring into the Adjutant-General's office. None are put down as received who are not reported as full. Forty-nine companies have already been accepted. Tenders have been made for many more. All the railroad lines in the State have volunteered to carry the accepted companies to the place of rendezvous free of charge.

OHIO, CLEVELAND, April 18, 1861.—Ten thousand people turned out to-day as an escort to the Cleveland Greys, who have left for the rendezvous at Columbus. The enthusiasm is intense.

WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE, April 18, 1861.—There is a strong competition among the moneyed men for the $200,000 loan asked by the State. The Juneau Bank, a Democratic institution, offers to take the whole amount at par.

NEW JERSEY, TRENTON, April 18, 1861.—The Trenton Bank and the Mechanic's Bank have each tendered to Gov. Olden the loan of $25,000 to aid in raising the four regiments of soldiers for the war. The Directors of the Mechanic's Bank each subscribed $100 to aid the families of those who volunteer in this city.

HOBOKEN.—Mr. Edward A. Stevens has offered to continue the salaries of all persons in his employ who shall enlist to serve the country.

PATRIOTIC OFFER FROM NEW JERSEY.—Mr. James Warren, proprietor of the Strawberry Farms, a summer resort, five miles from the Shrewsbury Depot, New Jersey, offers the gratuitous use of one-third of all his buildings for the use of the families of those who shall hereafter volunteer, and are called away in the service of their country.

MASSACHUSETTS, NEW BEDFORD, April 18, 1861.—The City Council to-night appropriated $5,000 for the benefit of the families of the New Bedford City Guard, attached to the Third Regiment, which left in the S. R. Spaulding. The Council also appropriated $10,000 for the organization of a coast guard for the defence of the city.

BOSTON, April 18, 1861.—Mr. William Gray has just given the Government $10,000 to aid the families of the soldiers. The Merrimac River Bank of Manchester, N. H., offers the State $40,000 for military purposes, and the Portsmouth Bank $20,000. Enlisting is going on rapidly in the Granite State. A meeting of the bank officers, representing all the Boston banks, was held here this morning, when a resolution was adopted to loan the State of Massachusetts ten per cent on their entire capital for the defence of the Government. The capital of the Boston banks amounts to $38,500,000.

BOSTON, April 19.—The Stars and Stripes to-day were thrown to the breeze from the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

VERMONT, ST. JOHNSBURY, April 19.—Governor Fairbanks has been tendered a loan of $50,000 by some of our Banks, for military purposes.

NEW YORK, POUGHKEEPSIE, April 18, 1861.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting held here over eighty volunteers were enrolled. The list will be enlarged.

TROY, April 18, 1861.—The Common Council this evening appropriated $10,000 for the support and relief of the families of the soldiers who volunteer to go to Washington. A large meeting of citizens was also held, and a similar sum was pledged to be raised by subscription.

ROCHESTER, April 18, 1861.—The Common Council this afternoon appropriated $125,000 for the support of the families of the volunteers and $5,000 to the Mayor for secret service.

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE WESTERN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.—The following despatch was received in this city. It explains itself:

"BUFFALO, April 19, 1861.

"Everett Clapp, Cashier, No. 1 Coenties Slip, New York.

"Give $500 to assist in the rapid movement of troops from your city in aid of the United States Government. We have given $500 here, besides tendering free passages to Michigan regiments of volunteers from Detroit to Buffalo. When the future calls, as it will, we will respond again.

"JOHN ALLEN, JR.,
"President of the Western Transportation Company."

WAR EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE GERMANS READY FOR THE FIGHT.—Mr. Lichtenhein, who is actively engaged in collecting a corps of expert artillerists (naturalized citizens of German birth), informs us that there are two German regiments all ready, waiting for arms, and ready to move.

PATRIOTISM AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—Collector Barney has granted leave of absence (which continues their salaries) to several Custom House clerks who belong to the regiments which left the city last Sunday.

A REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.—Numerous gentlemen of this city are desirous of forming a regiment of cavalry, and are only waiting for some one capable of taking the lead in such a movement to come forward. They are ready to furnish their own horses, and supply horses for those who wish to enlist, but are unable to furnish themselves. One gentleman at the New York Hotel last night offered to give ten horses for such a regiment. Persons wishing to consult with reference to the subject can call upon Mr. G. W. Richardson, of the firm of Wood & Richardson, 21 Maiden Lane.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—The subscription at the Chamber of Commerce, last Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the city regiments called into service, amounted to $22,458. The largest subscription was $3,000, and the smallest $100.

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE BROADWAY BANK.—The directors of the Broadway Bank met last Saturday morning, and unanimously voted to tender to the government of this State $250,000 for military purposes.

THE CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK.—Measures are being taken by the Californians now in this city to call a meeting for the purpose of organizing a cavalry company of one hundred men. Each man to equip himself throughout. They will tender their services to General Scott at once. Due notice will be given through the papers.

APPEAL TO THE SONS OF NEW ENGLAND.—The following call has been issued: "Sons of New England! Remember April 19, 1775, and April 19, 1861. Those wishing to join a company composed of New Englanders to be attached to one of the New York regiments, can sign the roll at the office of the New York *Evening Post* and at the law office of Henry D. Tyler, 7 Wall street.

PATRIOTIC CLERGYMAN AND A PATRIOTIC WIFE.—Rev. T. W. Conway, a Baptist clergyman of this city, having been asked by a prominent military man whether he would accompany a regiment of volunteers as chaplain, replied that "he was ready as a soldier of the Cross to perform the functions of his vocation with any company who desired them, and that no service would be more cheerfully rendered than that which would tend to promote the righteous cause in which our Government is now engaged." When it was reported to his wife that there was a probability of his accompanying the Seventy-ninth Regiment Scotch Highlanders, she remarked, "If he is needed and would not go, I would not own him."

TROOPS FREE ON HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—The President of the Hudson River Railroad Company informed Simeon Draper, who at once communicated the fact to Governor Morgan, that his company were ready to convey troops from Albany or Troy to this city free of all charge. The country will appreciate this act of patriotism.

THE Common Council of the City of Brooklyn has appropriated $75,000 for the families of her volunteers. The city of New York has appropriated $75,000 for the same purpose; but that amount is a mere nucleus of a sum which will from private resources alone very soon exceed a million.

A FRENCH COMPANY—GARDE MURAT.—The following call has been issued by M. Le Gendre:

> "Aux armes, citoyens!
> Par la voix du canon d'alarmes,
> L'Union appelle ses enfants!"

Authorizé par le gouvernement, le soussigné forme en ce moment une compagnie qui doit porter le nom de "Garde Murat," et faire partie d'un regiment de cavalerie, qui va bientôt se mettre en campagne. Il s'adresse aux Français de New York, a ceux surtout qui ont combattu sous le glorieux drapeau tricolore. Venez, braves soldats! Et vous, hommes de resolution, vous tous qui aimez votre patrie adoptive aussi bien que la mère patrie, venez vous enroller! Venez maintenir l'Union Americaine et prouver que la valeur Française ne s'amollit pas dans ces climats! P. NARCISSE LE GENDRE,
Fifth Ward Hotel, West Broadway, au coin de Franklin.

THE WAR FEELING IN THE SOUTH.

THE secession of Virginia has added fuel to the fire, and the enthusiasm of the South is all ablaze. The excitement is wild. Railway trains are loaded with soldiers, arms and ammunition. Northerners are hastening home. The belief seems very general that Colonel Ben McCulloch is even now on his way to surprise and capture Washington. There is also a strong belief that there is a powerful disunion party in the North, which will by its action paralyse all the aggressive operations of the Federal Government.

The harbor of Mobile is being put into a state of thorough defence and made ready for any emergency.

The force at Pensacola under General Bragg is assuming a strong and threatening appearance, and additional volunteers are pouring in every day to swell the number. The struggle at Pensacola, when it once begins, will be long and bloody. Fort Pickens, it is said, has been reinforced, and has now eight hundred men within its walls and plenty of provisions. Several vessels of war are also in the harbor ready to lend assistance to the defence. The troops under General Bragg are full of enthusiasm, and are eager to be led on to the attack.

It is confidently expected that North Carolina will immediately secede from the Union. Six twenty-pounders from Charleston for Fort Macon have reached Wilmington. Troops are pouring into that and other forts; the military spirit predominates over every other sentiment. Not only vast supplies of men are springing up everywhere, but the sinews of war—money, is flowing in freely. It is stated that at Montgomery, Alabama, the demand for the loan of the Confederate States was so great that President Davis has determined to offer the whole $15,000,000. The amount subscribed already exceeds $15,000,000. The books were closed, and the smaller sums have preference over the larger ones.

In Augusta, Georgia, a Rhode Islander, and an old citizen of that place, issued an order to uniform and equip, at his own expense, a company of eighty volunteers for the war. The company has been organised and will be ready to march in ten days.

On Wednesday, 17th inst., shortly before the steamer Yorktown was to have sailed for New York, Governor Letcher ordered Company F., Captain Cary, of the First Regiment of Volunteers, to take possession of that vessel, for the purpose of taking troops down to Norfolk. About four P.M. a trumpeter went down Main street calling the citizens to arms, and shortly afterward men, with muskets and whatever other equipments they could get hold of, were rushing down town toward Rockets, the lower part of the city. An hour afterward nearly all returned, a squad of men having been placed on guard to detain the steamer. She was to have sailed on Thursday morning with troops for Norfolk.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

THREE regiments left the city of New York on Sunday, the 21st, for Washington, in the Baltic, Marion and Columbia. These regiments are the Seventy-first, Col. Vosburg; Sixth, regiment, Col. J. C. Pinckney, and the Twelfth regiment, Col. Daniel Butterfield. On the 23d, the Eighth regiment, Col. George Lyons, will leave New York; also, the Sixty-ninth regiment, Col. Corcoran. On Wednesday, the 24th, the Ninth regiment will depart from our city, making in all, nearly five thousand men.

Fire Department Zouaves.

A requisition, signed by the Chief of the Fire Department of New York, John Decker, calling for volunteers to form a Fire Zouave Regiment, to be commanded by Col. Ellsworth, brought out within two days twelve hundred recruits, and so great an enthusiasm is expressed, that the formation of a second Fire regiment will be immediately proceeded with. The first regiment of these gallant fellows is now drilling in Fort Hamilton, awaiting the orders of the Government.

Wilson Zouaves.

Col. Wilson has raised, within a few days, a regiment numbering about two thousand men, of that class denominated the "Roughs"—men fit for any military emergency.

The Naval Brigade.

This Brigade will be under the command of Lieut. Bartlett. Four hundred men enrolled themselves in less than two days, and it is expected the entire regiment will be completed by the 23d.

Foreign Residents.

WE hear in all directions of companies being organized by this class of our citizens, consisting of English, Italian, French, Germans, &c. As very many of these men have earned considerable distinction in the recent European wars, it is expected they will be ready at a very early period.

Lightning Zouaves.

This regiment, under the command of Col. Hawkins—who distinguished himself in Mexico—now numbers nearly five hundred men. They hold nightly drills at their armory, corner of Fourth and Thompson streets, and are composed of young men, and all the field officers have seen active service in Mexico. The Lightning Zouaves had the distinguished honor of escorting the gallant Seventh on their way to Washington. Their soldierly appearance, activity and precision called forth the unanimous approbation of the military men present.

THE Seventh Regiment are to be quartered in splendid barracks at Washington—the Capitol itself. The old House of Representatives is to be fitted up expressly for their accommodation.

PERSONAL.

EDWARD EVERETT has come out in favor of the Union.

THE juries in Cincinnati seem to be very severe in their verdicts upon violent ladies. Mrs. Mary Ann Levett was lately fined $10,000 for throwing vitriol upon a lady's dress and person. It was proved that the vitriol went upon the lady's face, and considerably damaged her beauty.

JUDGE NAAR, of the *True American*, a Trenton paper, was called upon by a lively gathering of people, who demanded that he should hoist the Stars and Stripes. The Judge came forward, and made so humorous a speech that the mob dispersed, forgetting what they came about. Since Orpheus led the trees to a dance there has been nothing like it.

LIEUTENANT HENRY, of the Ninth Regiment, resigned his commission on the ground that, being a South Carolinian, he would not fight against his native State.

THE papers—that is to say, the greenest of them—are very severe upon a young man who writes verses under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith. He is a son of Bulwer, the novelist. The great crime charged against him is that, instead of being *Owen* Meredith, he is *owing* George Sand, for his "Lucille" is stolen *verbatim et literatim* (without the tag of rhyme) from Madame Dudevant's "Lavinia," a novel published some twenty years ago.

CHARLES DICKENS, *alias* "Boz," has got into another squabble with an old friend. It appears when he was in difficulties he gave a bond to a merchant for £500, to be paid out of his "American Notes." The interest has never been paid, and the principal has never been applied for; but the death of the elder brother, who lent the money, threw the note into the executors' hands, and the creator of Cheeryble Brothers says he paid the note twelve years ago. The case will come before a legal tribunal, and it is more than probable that Mrs. Dickens will be subpœnaed to prove that five years ago her husband, now separated from her, acknowledged to her that the note had not been paid. We understand that by a recent law a wife's testimony can be received against her husband. If so, it is an error, and an attack upon that solemn fiction that "the twain are one flesh." How would the conflicting evidence of Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, be received?

THE Prince Imperial walked into the Emperor's study one fine morning, attired in his corporal's dress. As the rule is sacred that the boy should only obtain admission on great and state occasions, the Emperor, somewhat startled, raised his head from his desk and said, not sharply—for in his private habits he appears to be the most gentle of men—but in rather a surprised tone, "Well, Corporal, and what do you want in such a hurry?" "A regiment," answered the urchin, without the smallest hesitation. "A regiment? hallo! and what for?" returned his Majesty, highly amused. "To go and fight for my godfather, the Pope, to be sure." The Emperor was annoyed, and, what is more, showed his annoyance. He turned to the Aide-de-Camp angrily: "What folly is this? who taught the child this absurd demand?" The Aide-de-Camp hesitatingly denied any participation in the guilt, but confessed to that of the Empress, who had been preparing the scene for many days past.

ON Major Anderson's arrival at the Brevoort House, he was met at the door by Mr. Clark, the proprietor. While he was shaking hands with a few gentlemen in the hall, his daughter Abba, a beautiful girl of fifteen, ran down the staircase. Seeing her, Major Anderson ran forward, met her midway upon the flight, and in a moment the soldier's daughter was clasped in her father's arms. He then ascended to the apartments of Mrs. Anderson, where a most affecting scene of reunion occurred.

MR. DAWSON takes possession of the Albany Post Office on Thursday. Mr. Williams, formerly of the Utica *Herald*, takes the editorial chair of the *Evening Journal*, lately held by Mr. F. W. Seward. Mr. Weed will, as heretofore, have his eye and heart on the *Journal*.

GENERAL SWIFT, who was lately appointed Postmaster for Geneva, by the President, has declined it on account of his years and infirmities.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, who was lately appointed Minister to Russia, has postponed his departure for the present, in order to command a volunteer regiment in Washington, for the protection of the public. Among the privates in this regiment are General Nye, Senator Wilmot, Hobart Ward, Silas B. Dutcher, Hon. M. Ferry and Woodruff of Connecticut, and other influential citizens.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

National Academy of Design.

No. 108, "Ladies at Piano," A. LAWRIE. We can have but little respect for the judgment of a Committee who would accept such a picture for the purpose of exhibiting it. It lacks every element of a good picture. Neither in coloring, drawing nor sentiment is it fit to be hung on the walls of the Academy. The figures are affected and unnatural, and they are just fitted to play upon a piano which cannot exceed in compass two octaves and a half. It is really poor trash, and so we pass it by.

No. 21, "Sketches from Life," ARTHUR LUMLEY. Sketches dashed in with a free hand, well drawn, spirited and full of character, Mr. Lumley gives evidence of decided ability.

No. 22, "Scene from Midsummer Night's Dream," ALFRED FREDERICKS. This young artist has evidently taken Gilbert for his model. He has studied him lovingly, and has acquired his manner so closely as to lay him open in some degree to a charge of imitation. The same quaintness of treatment, the same breadth of character and humor can be traced in this picture, but it is by no means a servile imitation. The scene is where the elfish spirit Puck plays his pranks upon the clownish players. He is deluding them through bog and brake by the light of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, which gleams from an inverted lily in his hands. This effect is achieved with great success. The figure of Puck is wildly elfish in its character, and is sketched with infinite spirit. The other figures are all broadly humorous and quaintly conceived. The artist has caught the Shakespearean spirit of the scene, displaying a vivid imagination, and for a water color drawing it is not only singularly striking, but its strength of effect is quite remarkable.

No. 123, "Sunset in the English Channel," M. F. H. DE HAAS. This picture is particularly admirable for the tone which pervades it. The sunset is strong in color, but without warmth, a characteristic which will be recognized as peculiar to the climate of England. The ships are carefully and boldly drawn, and the cold glare upon the waves is skilfully managed. The water, finely painted, is full of motion, and there is life and action in the scene, which is a rare merit. It is one of the few good marines in this year's exhibition.

No. 147, "The Farmyard," W. HEPBURN. The noticeable points in this picture are its poor coloring, and fowls which might be anything else but for their mere form, and a very brazen milkmaid leaning in most familiar manner against an exceedingly dissipated-looking cow.

No. 154, "Noonday Fog," JAMES A. SUYDAM. A well conceived and well executed effect. The fog is visibly creeping over and obscuring the features of the landscape. Its gradations from the slightest film to the completest obscuration are managed with marked ability.

No. 418, "Breaking Away," JOHN A. HOWS. In this picture we have a new phase of Mr. Hows' really fine talent. We find in all he does a high-toned feeling for art, a sentiment which springs from an ardent love for and an earnest study of Nature in her solitudes, and an imagination which is at once graceful, fanciful and picturesque. In his landscapes, even when devoid of the presence of animal life, there is an indescribable sentiment, as though some loving eye was gazing on and drinking their rich, voluptuous beauty—as though such exquisite harmony of form and color could not exist without the presence of human love and sympathy.

The title of the picture, "Breaking Away," indicates its principal effect. A fog has shrouded the water, but the rays of the rising sun are gradually dissipating its strength, and it is breaking away in the east and slowly lifting from the surface of the water, revealing the distant headland. This portion of the picture is handled with the touch of a master. The casual observer might pass it by because it is devoid of marked contrasts, but the critical observer will recognize and appreciate its admirable fidelity to nature. The life in the picture is represented by a duck on the wing, which is so admirably drawn, especially in the foreshortening of the near wing, and painted that one might well suppose Mr. Hows had made aquatic birds his special study. A second duck floating quietly on the water in the midst of the lily pads is equally well painted. The huge tree stump in the immediate foreground is certainly unsightly, however true it may be in nature. As a whole, however, it is one of the few remarkable pictures in the exhibition, and will justly add to the growing reputation of Mr. John A. Hows.

A Sybarite Philosopher.

Taking the world easy is generally popular with those who have nothing to do and find it too much trouble to do even that, and he whose rest was disturbed by a crumpled roseleaf on his couch is, to this day, the type of a class who prefer their *dolce far niente* (not Page's), to the great business of life. They are fortunate if they can attain it and be content, but the *if* bears a strong significance, and we doubt if our correspondent, who advocates it in verse, can give a satisfactory reply to that ominous *if*:

"Sursum Corda."

> How quick the human heart is!
> How quick our smiles and tears!
> But the gods, so high and heavy,
> Scarce wink in a thousand years.
>
> How fly the wheels of business!
> The axles hiss and burn,
> But the earth is scarcely moving—
> She takes all day to turn.
>
> Fear not the gods, O soul!
> The end o' the world is pleasure,
> Go—like a planet—sun thyself
> In green, immortal leisure.

BENJAMIN BLOOD.

The late Dr. Francis.

"Speak well of the dead," is an old and honored maxim, but in the case of the good and great man who has but recently passed away from us no such maxim was necessary as a warning to the thoughtless. He was universally beloved, and his name was a praise upon every tongue.

Dr. Augustus K. Gardner, himself an eminent and highly respected physician, very recently delivered an eulogy upon Dr. Francis before the New York Medico-Chirurgical College, which is as creditable to his heart as to his literary reputation. It should be widely circulated, for the more the world knows of its good and great men, the better it will be for its onward progress. We should like to quote the whole of the eulogy, but must content ourselves with one eloquent extract from his introductory remarks. Dr. Gardner said:

"The speaker of to-day for years gazed from afar upon the rugged lineaments of this hoar apostle of medicine; later was warmed into new life by the radiant sunshine ever playing around his genial front, daily feeling ever-renewed evidences of that interior warmth which melted the thin outhanging ice-crusts, producing beauty, and life, and joy in his path. He has seen the interior man, noted the inexhaustible stores of native and acquired intellectual wealth, the kind heart, the generous hand. He must fail in attempting to portray them. If he can but catch the, alas! already vanished picture of one side of this huge polygonal, and daguerreotype it for your observation, he will be content; leaving to those of more extended grasp to seize the whole man, and instead of the simple picture which is now to be presented to you, shall carve out a colossal statue, wanting but the Promethean spark, to be the very form and figure of him whose like we shall never look upon again."

A Child's Prayer.

Hunting among our old papers we came across the following charming poem by one who is known to be a true poet, a kind and chivalrous gentleman, and a facile and elegant writer. His imagination is delicate and fervent, and his imagery glowing and appropriate. Listen to

The Child's Prayer.

> WATCH me when the morning meek
> Smiles above the mountain peak,
> And along the vale unroll'd
> Lies the misty sea of gold;
> While on every leaf appears
> Silver drops of angel tears.
>
> Watch me when the sun is high
> In the blue and boundless sky;
> While the whispering winds that pass
> Roll the emerald waves of grass;
> And the billow on the lakes
> In a thousand sparkles breaks.
>
> Watch me when within the West
> Daylight's star has sunk to rest,
> And the crimson cloud doth leave
> Roses on the wings of Eve,
> While the restless gossamer
> Ceases in its sleep to stir.
>
> Watch me when the moon at night
> Comes with all her children bright,
> And with solemn march doth stray
> Slowly down the Milky Way:
> When all is gloom and silence deep,
> Be Thou near to guard my sleep

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.

Testimonial to Madame Anna Bishop.

The proposed testimonial to this charming and talented artist took place at the Academy of Music on Friday evening. The date was unfortunate, as the Seventh Regiment departed the same afternoon, and the combined excitement of war and politics seemed to exclude all idea of amusements. There was quite a large number of people present, and we observed many of our wealthiest families present. We understand that a great many tickets were disposed of—some hundreds more than came in—so we trust that the pecuniary success came up to the wishes and intentions of her friends. Madame Bishop appeared in the scene from "Tancredi," as Arline in the "Bohemian Girl," and in Wallace's fine patriotic song, "The Flag of Our Union," which was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

New York Philharmonic Society.

The last concert of the season was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, the 20th inst. The chief features were a Symphony, by Mozart, which was finely played, and was delightful to hear, and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night." The soloists were Miss Brainard, vocalist, and Mr. Saar, pianist. Mr. Eisfeld conducted the concert with his usual skill and judgment. The audience was very large and very fashionable, and judging by the general attendance, the season must have proved a pecuniary success.

DRAMA.

THE war excitement has had the effect of very materially decreasing the attendance at the various theatres. Add to this the distressing weather since the beginning of the week, and it will be seen that managers have not had a great deal of "aid and comfort" from the public during the past few evenings.

We are happy to be able to announce Mr. Forrest's complete recovery from his indisposition, and consequent reappearance at NIBLO'S in his great rôle of "Virginius," on Monday evening last, to a well filled house; and on Wednesday an immense audience, in spite of outside excitements, gathered to witness his impersonation of "Metamora," a part he had not previously acted for seven years. It is, perhaps, needless to add that his performance of the Indian Chief is now, as ever, perfect. The tragedy of "Metamora" is about as atrociously bad as anything in the shape of a play can well be; but Mr. Forrest's impersonation of the hero shines out from the dreary chaos brightly and gloriously.

At the WINTER GARDEN Mr. Edwin Booth has returned to the boards, and attracts large audiences—his admirers growing, if possible, more enthusiastic than ever in his praise. He has acted during the week Shylock, Othello and Hamlet, with marked success.

"Henriette" is still played at WALLACK'S, and the "Seven Sisters" is a matter of course at LAURA KEENE'S.

ON Friday afternoon, the 20th, the members of Engine Company No. 38 removed their machine to Fulton street, in order to pay honor to the Seventh Regiment as it passed down Broadway. An ex-member, named James Marrifield, stood on one of the springs, and cried out, as the regiment passed, "Under this flag I've lived and expect to die," when he fell to the ground and the wheels passed over his head. He was removed to the Hospital, where he soon afterward died. Deceased was highly respected by all his comrades.

EVACUATION AND BURNING OF THE U. S. ARSENAL AND SHOPS AT HARPER'S FERRY, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18th OF APRIL, BY LIEUTENANT JONES, AND HIS COMMAND, BY ORDER OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—APPROACH OF THE VIRGINIAN FORCES.—See Page 378.

THE "ELITE" REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS LEAVING JERSEY CITY R. R. DEPOT, TO DEFEND THE CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 18th, 1861.—See Page 376.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER VI.

When Emile came into the room she walked tiptoe round the bed, but Lucille, feeling disinclined to talk, pretended to be asleep, and Emile, after leaning over her with the wish to disturb her but without effect, was soon undressed and by her side. After lying restless some time, she slid her arm under the head of her companion.

"Lucille," she said, gently, "do you really sleep, or are you quiet to deceive me?"

"Not asleep, Emile," she replied; "but I cannot talk. Leave me to my thoughts."

"Are they so pleasing, then?" said Emile. "Say if they are of Jules, of my brother. Ah, your eyelashes are wet with tears!" and she turned her face towards herself. "Jules has told me all, Lucille; he is unhappy as yourself; and why should this be? After all, there was nothing base and dishonorable in his proposal; and I, as your friend, as your sister, have come with a heart brim full of affection and best wishes for your happiness, to add my entreaties to his, that you will listen to his ardent love. Nay, do not turn from me, for you must hear what I will tell you. After all, dear Lucille, a private marriage is not such a very formidable affair. It is a thousand times better than sacrificing the happiness of two loving hearts; for if my mother's consent is waited for, then will you never be united to Jules; for, like most persons of weak mind, she is obdurate where there is a loophole to creep out at; but when things are irremediably settled, she submits with the best grace in the world, and is kind and often generous; and she has her best regards so exclusively fixed on Jules that her forgiveness will easily be obtained."

"If her forgiveness would be so readily gained, why not try for consent?" said Lucille. "My father will never stand at the altar and give me to the son against the mother's wish."

"Your father, dearest," said Emile; "you do not fear his anger, I am sure. He is so kind and lenient, so sensible and just, that——"

"That is why I cannot deceive him," interrupted Lucille. "He would forgive me, I know, for the act, but I could not forgive myself. Emile, your reasoning is bad. Leave me, I entreat, to my own reflections."

Turning abruptly away, Lucille remained quiet to all Emile's eloquence; though much she spoke found reciprocal sentiments in her own reasonings, and though she said, with a gush of tears, which almost denied the assertion, "I am firm in my resolution not to deceive my father, and shall rejoice, oh, how heartily, when D'Almaine and Emile depart, that I may be myself again." But there was a chill at her heart, a trembling through her frame, as a presentiment rested on her mind that happiness would not so easily be regained, that a blight was upon it, that would cause the blessings she had hitherto delighted in to wither in the sunlight of her youth. Yes, Lucille at once had launched upon the world; she already tasted its bitterness; for the first time she wished to think unmolested, to dive into the depth of her own heart, that she might look into others. The charm of childhood had vanished—she was a woman depending on her own responsibilities, with thoughts and hopes she felt too sacred to trust to any but her own keeping.

The next morning Lucille met D'Almaine with an effort at coldness; but his silence, and the troubled expression of his countenance when their eyes met, which by some accident was often, tended before the meal was ended to soften the coldness of one, and to subdue greatly the troubled look of the other; but for several days she studiously avoided being alone with him.

This restraint on her words and actions was ended by the announcement of D'Almaine that the Chambers having met, he should be expected in a few days to be seen there, the unsettled state of France calling every member to his seat, which would necessitate him fixing an early time to leave them. Though his speech was directed to De Vernet, he cast a furtive glance at Lucille. She was pale, and the work she was engaged on fell heedlessly to the floor; satisfied with the emotion evidently caused by his statement, he drew near her.

"Lucille," he said, "you will not let me depart as you would a stranger, with a careless adieu, and 'I hope soon to meet again.' You will, after our happy friendship, devote one short leisure hour to me."

"When do you go?" she asked, without looking at him, though she felt his breath floating over her hair.

"I think, if Emile is in readiness, to be on the road to Paris by sunrise to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she responded, with a start, and in a voice evidently intended to be cold, but which was slightly quivering; "you are precipitate in your movements, monsieur."

"Can you wonder at it when you are so changed, when you take every opportunity to avoid me, and for three days have only returned cold monosyllables to the ardent words I have addressed to you?"

"I have been guided by my feelings," she replied. "I was insulted by your proposal. You wished me to forget my duty as a daughter, and my delicacy as a woman."

"Lucille, you do not know the strength of my love for you, or you would pardon and accede to those wishes, which alone can insure our happiness. Do not turn from me. If you refuse my love, it is not too much to ask for your friendship—to know I possess that, slight as the return is. To my own sentiments it will be a consolation to me in our everlasting separation."

"Everlasting!" she cried, faintly, her cheeks and lips paling. "Why everlasting? As friends we can meet, as friends respect and regard each other. It is the pale we should not have stepped over, with the impediments to our union before us."

"Friendship is your warmest sentiment, Lucille, or you could not talk so coldly. You reason. When did love ever reason? When shield itself under the cloak of duty and affection? Never!"

"You asked for my friendship, monsieur; let it satisfy you; it is as much, under present circumstances, as we should desire. You call me cold; leave me with that idea, and school your own heart by it to think yourself the only sufferer. It will reduce your high-wrought feeling to a level with mine, will bring you to the reason you condemn in me, and will force you to forgetfulness of the few weeks passed in the seclusion of our vine-crowned valley with Lucille de Vernet."

She could no longer conceal her feelings, but burst into passionate tears. Her assumed coldness had vanished, and rushing into the gardens she threw herself on a seat in the most retired part, and sobbed with all the vehemence of a young and troubled heart.

D'Almaine followed with the step and air of a conqueror, subdued by the tenderer feelings of a lover. He slackened his quick footsteps a few paces from her, regarding her with mingled sensations. Her youth, her beauty, and her duty to her father told him to quit ere he plunged her into new troubles; but his love triumphed over these better feelings, and drawing towards her before she was aware of his presence, he slid his arm round her waist. She would have burst from the bond that held her had he permitted it; but the time, the opportunity, her softened feelings, were too promising to allow them not to take advantage of their value.

He pleaded eloquently, and his arguments overpowered the good sense which had hitherto overruled them. Two hours after they returned to the house; she leant on his arm, pale and with teardrops still on her eyelashes, while his step was firm, and there was an openness and joyousness in his manner which told of the triumphant hopes of love.

CHAPTER VII.

"Lucille, come, do you never intend awaking this bright sunny morning? Do rise from your couch, laggard, if only to listen to the trilling of the lark, and see the bright globules sparkling on the purple grapes!" exclaimed Emile, springing from the bed, and leaning over Lucille with an agitated countenance, although she had forced a smile on it.

Lucille moved not, neither did she speak; her face was hidden in the pillow, and by the slight convulsion of her frame it was evident she was indulging in tears, that were wavering her in her promise of the preceding evening.

"Come," continued Emile, pleadingly, and throwing open the window while speaking. "Come, Lucille, do not sully this bright, auspicious morning by this ill-timed shower of tears. And see, Jules is galloping over the hills. He has already returned from Marseilles, and has arranged all with the Abbé Brennon."

At this announcement, Lucille started up in bed. "So soon!" she cried in terror. "Emile, assist me, I have changed—tell your brother so. I will not see the abbé."

"Oh, but you must," said Emile. "All is settled. Be not a child to let trifles scare you from a good and just purpose. Arise, and let the morning breeze chase away those ill-timed tears, and the bright sun warm that chilled little heart of yours."

As Emile spoke, the bright sun disappeared behind a lurking cloud, and gave the room, that had been lighted up by its beams, a cold, cheerless aspect. Lucille looked around and shuddered.

"Where is the brightness now?" she said. "Gone, to warn me of my fate! Emile, does it not speak plainly that Heaven approves not of this marriage, silent and secret?"

"This is weakness unworthy of a child, Lucille. When did Heaven ever disapprove of a virtuous union? Leave your bed and be yourself; there never was a bride yet that rose on her bridal morn wholly uncontaminated by an undefined fear. And behold, the sun, your oracle, has again burst forth with all its splendor. Come, dearest, haste, Jules, is calling from beneath. Let a smile dispel that gloom upon your brow, think only of the happy days to come; give all dark prophetic thoughts to the wind, and let me, as your bridesmaid, preside at your adorning for the altar."

Emile's cheerful tones in a degree dissipated the nervous timidity of Lucille. She arose and commenced dressing in silence, but as she was throwing a dark silk dress over her, Emile arrested her.

"Not that, not that," she said, "it looks as gloomy as your own prophetic mind, and will infect Jules with it, if his own pleasurable sensations do not overpower it, with its own sombre color. This light airy white dress must be the one, and though no satin bows adorn it, and no wreath of orange blossom rests among your sunken curls, you will be a bride no man need be ashamed to acknowledge."

Lucille smiled faintly as her eyes furtively rested on the reflected figure in her mirror.

"I am ready now," she said, laying her hand on the handle of the door. "I leave this room for the last time as wholly and solely my father's; when I return to it I shall belong to another. Will that one guard me with the care and tenderness of the one whose loving authority I am throwing off." She pressed her hands silently on her heart, then added, as she suppressed a long breath, "I must prove it."

"You are late this morning, girls!" cried De Vernet, smilingly, observing their white dresses. "The count has been fidgetty this half hour for his breakfast, while you have been gaily decking yourselves. Really, were it not for your pale faces and rather gloomy looks, I should think you were going to some village wedding. But this parting seems to affect you all more than it should do, when at most it will be but for a few months, and you can receive letters from each other every day if you are not too idle to write them."

"Yes," said D'Almaine, quickly, fearing Lucille's emotion would give rise to suspicion. "They think by far too much of it, and to divert their thoughts, I have ordered my carriage in half an hour to take them a drive. Three or four hours passed in the open air this glorious morning will bring back the color to their cheeks and the brightness to their eyes, and give them courage to say 'Adieu!' with firmness to-morrow. Come, Emile, if you preside, give us our coffee. I have been up and out since six, and the hands of my watch now point to nine. Have mercy on me, and be quick with the coffee."

Emile had taken Lucille's place at the breakfast-table, believing she possessed the most firmness, but her hand trembled as she handed the cup to De Vernet. She felt criminal before him, as if she was joining in a plot against him, and answered confusedly his questions, and the announcement of the carriage was a welcome relief to her.

Lucille started up, affrighted at the sound, declaring she felt too ill to go out, and clinging nervously to her father.

"Nonsense?" he cried. "What is it causes this strange irritability of manner, child, so wholly unlike yourself! You and Emile were talking all night instead of sleeping, and want of rest has made you nervous; the air will chase it away. Here, Monsieur D'Almaine, I place her under your care; you will not, I am sure, take her further than her strength will allow. Perhaps it would be as well to reduce your three hours' drive to half its dimensions."

D'Almaine took her from her father's arms, pressed her hands, and whispered a few low tender words in her ear; then, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, led her to the vehicle, and placing her and Emile into it, jumped in himself, and waving his hand to De Vernet, drove off.

The carriage proceeded at rather a quick rate through the town of Marseilles and a mile and a half beyond it, when it branched off into a narrow road, and had proceeded near a mile in this direction, when D'Almaine, looking from the window, exclaimed, in a tone of vexation,

"Good heavens! there is Batiste! What can have brought his ill-timed presence so near us? Just, too, as we were about alighting —for we must leave the carriage here, that the servants may merely think we are going to morning service. What shall we do, Lucille? admit him to our confidence? For see, the church is in sight."

"Yes, yes," she returned; "tell him. Batiste is our faithful friend. It will be a great relief to me to have some one near when you are gone that knows all about it."

D'Almaine descended from the carriage without speaking, though evidently ruffled, and spoke to Batiste, who listened without interrupting him to the end, when he exclaimed,

"I do not like these private weddings, they often lead to unhappy results. Lucille has acted unwisely to deceive her father; but I suppose it is too late to offer opposition now, monsieur."

"It is," replied D'Almaine; "for the priest now waits to perform the ceremony. Be friendly, Monsieur Batiste, and keep this affair secret a few months until I have broken it to my mother, and all will be well. And be not harsh, I entreat you, towards Lucille, who already suffers much from the restraint upon her open nature, which for the present is unavoidable. You will enter into this plan, monsieur?"

"You say the priest waits," said Batiste, disconsolately; "then my interference would be useless. Before I could inform her father, the deed would be done; I must necessarily become a party to it. Here is my hand, monsieur. I hope I am offering it to one who will not be the means of breaking a father's heart."

"You are giving it to an honest man, monsieur," was the answer, in a proud tone. "I will return to you immediately."

Batiste looked musingly after him.

"I believe you, Monsieur D'Almaine," he said. "You have a soul to do what is right; but you want energy, have too much pride and are guided by your lady mother, who is one of the old nobility, and thinks all beneath her own rank only worth trampling on. Poor Lucille! you have found it easier to gain the son's heart. The mother's favor will not shine so readily on you. I am sorry my walk was taken this way this morning. But here they come, the bride pale, and trembling as an aspen's leaf. Ah! so was Madeline on her marriage morning; that is not always a bad omen."

He walked the other side of Lucille to the church. She looked furtively at him, but neither spoke.

On entering the church, the priest—already there with his book open at the altar, waiting their presence—increased her tremor. She clung to Jules's arm.

"Courage!" he whispered, leading her forward. "What is there to fear or condemn here? A few words will make us one."

They now stood at the altar. The ceremony commenced. As it proceeded her firmness returned, and she received the benediction of the holy man, and the congratulations of Emile and Batiste on its conclusion with a calm and grateful heart. Indeed, the worst seemed to have passed; she had been wavering the last twenty-four hours between right and wrong, praying the scale to be turned in favor of the former. She had now trust in her hopes that all was for the best, and the arm she had clung to almost helplessly on entering the chapel, she leant on, on departing from it, with the trusting devotedness of her nature.

The following day the carriage, which had been waiting long at the cottage door of De Vernet—some trifling omission or afterthought keeping the travellers from it—was ordered by D'Almaine to proceed to the orange grove on the skirts of the valley, there to wait till they joined it, every moment being valuable to him while he continued near his bride, who had promised to accompany them to it.

As they approached the grove, now in full blossom and sending forth its sweet odor, D'Almaine plucked one of its white feathering branches, and placing it in Lucille's hair, said with a smile, "It shall not be said that my bride wore not the orange wreath on her brow, the marriage emblem of her country. It is an uncostly and trifling gift, love; but it is my first wedded one. And long after its withering petals have fallen and mixed with its native earth, you will remember the time and place when and where I bestowed it."

"I will," she said, smiling through her tears, and releasing the flowers from her head, slid them into her bosom. "I shall consider them a holy gift, bestowed at our first parting, I will watch and tend them till we meet again."

"Which will be ere many weeks," he replied. "Adieu! we must now separate, or the sun will set, and the heavy dews fall on your uncovered head before you can reach home."

Emile had said her last good-bye, and was in the carriage; Lucille threw herself into Jules's arms. "Farewell!" she cried, in a broken voice. "Do not be long in returning; think of the bitterness of concealment, and pity me."

He threw his cloak round her, and hurried her towards the vehicle.

"Go with me," he whispered, "you are mine, legally mine; why should we separate? Go with me to Paris; there I will acknowledge you my wife, spite of the world, spite of my mother."

She struggled to free herself, but she was already on the steps of the carriage; there was now no wavering about her; desperate with the force of her feelings she broke from him, and her voice was firm.

"Leave me, Jules," she cried, "this is an outbreak of selfishness I did not anticipate. You would have me add cruelty to disobedience, have me forsake my father without a word, or even a look to soften the act. Go! you have yet to learn the heart of the woman you have given your name to, if you believe her capable of ingratitude."

Humbled by her manner, more striking in one so young, he stood a moment regarding her, when drawing her towards him, he pressed a long kiss on her lips.

"Pardon me!" he cried. "My love had hurried me on to what I might hereafter have regretted, had not your discretion—so superior to my own, young as you are—prevented it. Adieu! I cannot trust myself longer with you, I see your worth, and will love and venerate it."

He entered the carriage hurriedly, threw himself in a corner of it, and it was soon in rapid motion, leaving Lucille standing there like one paralysed. Events had flitted away so rapidly that, but for the bitterness of her feelings, she could have fancied herself in a dream. Her eyes were still fixed on the retreating vehicle. Emile's handkerchief was waving from it; she watched it till it became smaller, smaller, till it became a mere speck, then a clump of trees hid it entirely from her, and she turned from the direction, this warm, genial evening, cold, heartsick.

She entered the grove and sat down on a low branch which had been allowed to jet out and grow unmolested from its parent tree. At the moment a gust of wind disturbed the calm quiet of the grove, blossoms unnumbered showered round her white and feathery as snowflakes. She started up, shaking them from her.

"Is it mockery," she cried, "or do they speak of the future? I am covered with these beautiful leaves, emblematical of innocence and unity. Ah, look, look!" she continued, in a suppressed tone, "they are already withered; they cover me like a winding-sheet, cling to me, follow me!" she added, as they still fell upon her, though she beat them from her, and retreated from the grove.

She ran several yards, assailed by a superstitious dread, till the smoke from the cottage chimney, rising blue and majestic, seemed to mingle with the clouds to assure her of her safety. She stopped to recover breath that her father might not suspect her agitated feelings. He met her at the door.

"I was just coming in pursuit of you," he said smiling, "for you have protracted your parting to such a length that I was doubtful whether Emile and her brother, out of true love of your presence, had not really succeeded in using some art to spirit you away."

The thought of how near she had been hurried from him gave her languid face a paler hue; he observed it, and added, "Thank Heaven they are off, Lucille! You will now be my own again. I shall have some enjoyment of your society, and the roses, I hope, which the last few days have died on your cheek will revive again. To-night you are sadly pale, as white as the orange blossoms clinging to your hair."

"Are they still there?" she exclaimed, her old, superstitious dread returning, and raising her hand to her head, she brushed them irritably away. They scattered about the table, she looked searchingly at them.

"Look, father," she cried, "they are all dead, their perfume gone! When before did the orange blossom wither as it fell? Is it because they have fallen on me that I see them thus?"

De Vernet laughed. "It is emblematic of old maidism!" he cried, "my Lucille will never be taken from me."

"It speaks then of blighted hopes," she said, speaking between her teeth.

"Heaven forbid!" said her father.

He had spoken lightly before, now an uneasy pang was at his heart, and he took her in his arms.

"Dispel this silly superstition," he continued, "for my happiness and ideas are so bound up in you, my child, that to see you thus prematurely old and thoughtfully reflective, unmans me."

"You shall see me all smiles after to-night," she said; "I will sleep away the gloom which parting with Emile, whom I love very dearly, has occasioned. The morning shall make me your own Lucille again."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lucille was right. With the morning came brighter hopes; it also brought a letter from Emile, with one enclosed from D'Almaine, full of kind and tender expressions, just such as her own warm heart responded to. She wondered how such superstitious dread could have found entrance for a moment there; and her answer to him was cheerful and hopeful, and had it not been for her secret, the thought of which engendered sensations weighty and momentous, because her father was not allowed to share it, she would have had but one regret, that of being absent from her husband.

Several months passed, and D'Almaine was a regular correspondent. At length his letters spoke of his coming to the valley. Lucille's heart beat hurriedly against its barriers as she read the welcome words. "He is coming," she thought, "to ease me of this torturing suspense, to give me courage to look my father in the face, with the innocence and confidence he merits." Her spirits rose with the thought, and though the bloom on her cheeks came and went, her voice was more cheerful, and her tread lighter than it had been since she became a wife.

Two days later D'Almaine's well-known step was on the gravelled path of the cottage garden. Lucille rose from her seat to meet him; but before she reached the door, he had sprung in at the window which opened on the little terrace, and she was in his arms. She had no words for him, though her heart was full of them, and could only answer his impassioned ones, by clinging to his neck, and weeping on his shoulder. How she blessed the chance that had taken her father from the house, and prevented him witnessing this interview; for she soon understood he had not come to claim and bear her home, but to impress upon her the necessity of keeping their marriage unknown to the world a few months longer.

"And from my father also?" said Lucille. "Surely I may tell him? Oh, you know what it is Jules, for a child to be always with a parent, and a secret hovering on her tongue that must not reach his ears."

"Would it avail anything in our cause with my mother?" returned D'Almaine. "No, she would condemn your father as an accessory, and refuse on those terms to receive you. We must proceed slowly, Lucille; but not the less surely on that account. You must go to Paris, that my mother may learn to love you. You will not, I hope, refuse me this, if your father consents to part from you a few weeks."

She was silent. What could she say? She was in his power; she had voluntarily forged her bonds, and, come weal, come woe, must submit to those results.

With this resolve, she schooled her face to cheerfulness, and kept a stern control over her troubled feelings. D'Almaine made no further remark during his stay with her, on their relative situations, and happy on one point, that of having him near her, the few days he remained flew on feathery pinions, and with all their disadvantages were numbered among those free from care in her wedded life.

De Vernet, who had suspected an attachment between them, was not surprised on his return home to find the count there; and though a few drops yet lingered on the eyelashes of his daughter, he thought they were tears brought there by pleasure, and greeted him with his usual urbanity; not an idea for a single moment crossing his mind that his Lucille, so richly endowed by Nature, could be objected to in an alliance with nobility because in fortune she might be a disproportionate match, and D'Almaine, glad while he remained there to be thought the accepted lover of Lucille, as it lulled other suspicions, and gave him an opportunity of being always near her, spoke openly with De Vernet of the approaching period when he should transplant his cottage blossom to his own Parisian home, and the ancient halls of his ancestors.

The morning of D'Almaine's departure Lucille hurried to the small wood skirting the premises, and throwing herself on the seat where Jules had obtained her unwilling consent to their union, was indulging freely in the thoughts it had given birth to, when they were interrupted by the rustling of the underwood near her. She look up—Batiste was before her.

"Pardon my intrusion, madame," he said, coming towards her, "but a secret always sits heavily on the mind of Jacques Batiste. The count, I hope, has given permission for its being divulged?"

"No," she replied, confusedly, "there is necessity for longer concealment. A few months, perhaps only weeks; I cannot state, Monsieur Batiste, the exact time, but as anxiously as yourself I trust this reserve will soon pass away."

"I trust so," said Jacques; "for I do not seem like an honest man when before M. de Vernet with the knowledge of his daughter's marriage on my conscience—a knowledge so studiously kept from himself. What, permit me to ask, madame, prevents the count acknowledging it?"

"I cannot enter into particulars now," she replied, "but they are grounded, I feel convinced, on justice and honor; therefore you will stand our friend a little longer, and not make my father unhappy by a premature disclosure which may mar the concerted plans of Monsieur D'Almaine, and cause much unhappiness to myself probably."

"Heaven forbid I should add to your discomfort," said Batiste; "for I have seen plainly that you have never been yourself since—since the morning you overtook me near the church of St. Mark. I do not like unnecessary delays, but hope it is all right with the count, that he does not already regret that morning's work. There, do not look so pale and woe-begone. I think and hope with you it is all right—that delay may be expedient; but after all the straight road is the easiest. If it is rugged we know its termination, and there's no deception about it. There, you are looking paler than ever. Cheer up! We will both of us look on the sunny side of objects; and whatever may turn up, whether you need him or not, believe that Jacques Batiste will ever stand foremost yours, and your father's firmest friend."

"I know it, I know it!" she uttered, subduing her emotion. "But what have I to fear!—surely not my husband's truth or honor! No, no; I am only unhappy because there is broken faith between my father and myself."

"Ah, it was wilful!" he replied with a sigh. "From such a father, what had you to fear? Even now, I would break through the restraint imposed on me and tell him all."

"Not yet, not yet!" she returned hurriedly. "A higher duty than that to my father sways over me, Batiste. I will submit to it—it will not be for long. Monsieur D'Almaine is noble and generous, and in a few weeks will release you from the silence that weighs so heavily upon you."

"I wish it, madame," said Batiste; "not for myself alone, but for you, whom it afflicts and concerns infinitely more. I will be silent henceforth, until you permit me to speak. But believe and command my friendship whenever you require it."

"Thanks—thanks!" was her reply; but he had hurriedly quitted her while speaking, and her words fell on the air, and were lost before they could reach him.

* * * * * *

A few weeks after, a letter addressed to De Vernet from Madame D'Almaine, gave surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, to the inmates of the cottage. Its contents were merely the following:

"Madame D'Almaine's sincere friendship to Monsieur De Vernet, and entreats him to spare his daughter a few weeks to see the wonders of Paris; he may rest assured that the greatest care will be taken of her. Madame D'Almaine will send a confidential female attendant to guard her during the journey; and her son and daughter, who are desirous for her society, will meet her the second stage from the capital with the family carriage. United commendations from the family circle of Madame D'Almaine to Monsieur and Mademoiselle De Vernet, with hopes that an early day will be named when her visitor may be expected."

There was also a letter from Emile, with an enclosure from Jules to Lucille. D'Almaine's contained but the following few words:—

"Dearest Lucille—Come to Paris; I am all impatience to see you, and have much to say. My mother is still in ignorance of our alliance; but when you are with us, and she knows you, we shall have ample opportunity of revealing. Yours, devotedly,

Jules."

Lucille read and re-read this short epistle, with half angry feelings against the writer, that he should wish her to appear before his mother under a name and character she had no longer any right to; her nature revolted at the duplicity of the proceeding, and her first impulse was to war against his wish and remain where she was.

De Vernet would not listen to Lucille's excuses. He had some time felt alarmed by her loss of the animated spirits that had made her so attractive, and at the fleeting color which seldom now rested on her cheeks. He thought she wanted change of scene and air, and was grateful that the countess's invitation would enable her to have both. Accordingly, an early day was fixed for her departure. With a heavy heart she tore herself from her father's arms, and stepping into the carriage the matronly person sent by Madame D'Almaine followed, who soon, by her conversation and her anecdotes, and the praises of the family she had served thirty years, succeeded in diverting her attention from the present to the future.

It was the afternoon of the second day when they arrived at the place of meeting mentioned by the countess. As the tired horses entered the courtyard of the inn, Lucille heard a joyful exclamation; she looked from the window; Jules and Emile, with smiling, welcome faces, were already there. The coach door was opened hastily, and before she was well aware of it, she was in the latter's arms; D'Almaine took her from them, and almost bore her into the hotel, where, unobserved, he could shower upon her the fervor of his affection.

"We will dine here," said D'Almaine, "and at least have a few hours' uninterrupted pleasure and conversation before you are introduced to my mother, who, like a child in expectation of a new toy, is longing to show you to the world she lives in, and the only one she knows."

Lucille readily assented, glad of any excuse to postpone a meeting with a person who, from the recollections of her childhood, was neither amiable nor conciliating.

(*To be continued.*)

DESTRUCTION OF THE HARPER'S FERRY ARSENAL BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

On Thursday, the 18th of April, this far-famed Arsenal was destroyed by command of the United States Government. After the secession of Virginia it was evident that an attempt would be made to seize this military station, since the small force of Federal troops who held it rendered any attempt to hold it perfectly impossible. This became all the more apparent, since the sentiments of Colonel Barbour, the late Superintendent, were well known to be strongly in favor of Secession; indeed, he had already demanded that his resignation should be accepted by the Federal Government.

Lieutenant Jones and a small company not exceeding fifty men were in possession, and hearing that a body of Virginians numbering six hundred men were approaching by the Winchester road, for the purpose of seizing the Arsenal, he immediately gave orders to prepare for its destruction, so that they should only possess a mass of ruins. For that purpose he caused piles of powder to be put into a quantity of straw in all the buildings, and then quietly awaited the intelligence which a picket guard he had despatched to watch should bring. It soon returned with the news that the Virginians were advancing, and in a minute the garrison set fire to the outhouses, carpenter's shop and the adjacent buildings. The gallant band, with Lieutenant Jones at their head, then commenced their retreat from the conflagration. The citizens of Harper's Ferry, who were evidently in league with the advancing party, were instantly in arms, and pursued the Federal troops, firing on them as they retreated. Two were killed, and two deserted. The rest reached Hagerstown, having marched all night. Missing the railroad train at Hagerstown, they took possession of some stages, and arrived the next morning at Chambersburg, where they were hospitably entertained by the citizens, who loudly applauded their conduct.

Lieutenant Jones is a son of the late Adjutant-General Jones, U. S. A. He says as the Federal troops rushed across the Potomac bridge, at Harper's Ferry, the people rushed into the Arsenal. He believes that large numbers perished by the explosion. Repeated explosions occurred, and he saw a light burning in the buildings for many miles.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON.

New York was a scene of unexampled excitement on Thursday, the 18th of April, for on that day the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Militia arrived in our city, on their way to defend the Federal Capital. To receive them with due honor, Colonel Le Gal the Commander of the Lafayette regiment, marched up to the New Haven depot, Twenty-seventh street, but owing to some mistake, they were informed they would not arrive for some hours. They consequently marched back to their Armory. About half-past five in the morning the cars came bearing the gallant Bay State regiment. By this time an immense throng had collected, who gave their visitors a most hearty reception. The brave fellows then left the cars, marched down Twenty-seventh street to Fifth avenue, thence to Broadway, through Union square, and then to the Metropolitan Hotel, where four companies took breakfast. Another detachment went to the St. Nicholas, and the remainder repaired to the Astor House. The streets were lined with a dense crowd, which cheered them vociferously.

At half-past eleven o'clock the battalions from the Metropolitan and the St. Nicholas took up their line of march for the Jersey City Ferry, and on arriving at the Astor House were joined by their comrades, and the whole regiment marched to the foot of Cortlandt street, followed by a dense mass of people, who greeted on the way with uninterrupted cheers. They were transported to Jersey City on the new ferryboat John P. Jackson, and were met at the dock by Mayor Van Vorst, of Jersey City, Chief of Police Marinus, and Sheriff Francis, and by an immense crowd of Jersey men and women, who gave them a welcome not less warm than that they had received in this city. Eighteen cars were ready for their reception, in which they embarked as soon as practicable, and at a few minutes past one o'clock the train started for Philadelphia. A hardier-looking or better trained regiment of militia has never visited this city. The following is a list of the companies, with their officers, number of men in each, and where from:

	Rank and File.
Company C, of Stoneham, Capt. John H. Dyke	79
Company A, of Middlesex, Capt. J. A. Lawdell	67
Company D, of Lowell, Capt. J. W. Hart	55
Company C, of Lowell, Mechanic Phalanx, Capt. Albert S. Follanshee	57
Company I, of Lawrence, Capt. John Pickering	65
Company E, of Acton, Capt. Daniel Tuthill	46
Company H, of Lowell, J. F. Noyes, Lieut. Com.	53
Company F, of Lawrence, Capt. P. F. Chadbourne	63
Company B, of South Groton Junction, Capt. E. S. Clark	93
Company B, of Worcester, Light Infantry, Capt. H. W. Pratt	93
Company C, of Boston, First Regiment, Capt. H. S. Sampson	67
Total	738

In addition, there are members who have either previously left or are yet to arrive, the full complement of the regiment being eight hundred men. They arrived at Philadelphia about eight o'clock, and took supper at the Continental and Girard. Their reception in Philadelphia was equally enthusiastic with that of New York.

ATTACK UPON THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF Massachusetts Volunteers by the People of Baltimore.

At noon on the 19th instant the city was startled by a telegram stating that the Baltimoreans had disputed the passage of the regiment, and that a bloody fight had taken place, resulting in a considerable loss of life. Such a report naturally caused great uneasiness, as an obstruction in Baltimore closed up the direct avenue to Washington, and much delay must necessarily ensue in reinforcing the Federal Capital. Confirmation of the news speedily arrived, and the details of the short sharp fight in the streets we give below. It was supposed that the Philadelphia troops and the Seventh Regiment would have to fight their way through Baltimore, but the burning of the railroad bridges prevented their going through by rail, and saved, in all probability, hundreds of valuable lives.

We have, in another column, described the departure from New York and the arrival in Philadelphia of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. We will take up their march from the time they arrived in Baltimore.

The Fight in the Streets of Baltimore.

The Massachusetts regiment occupied eleven cars, and arrived safely and in excellent spirits at Baltimore. There was no demonstration made upon their arrival, and the cars were permitted to leave the depot with the troops still on board. The cars proceeded quietly through the streets of Baltimore on their way to the depot, at the other side of the town, and the fears expressed by some of the citizens that an attack would be made were somewhat allayed. But they had not proceeded more than a couple of blocks before the crowd became so dense that the horses attached to each car were scarcely able to push their way through.

At this point the mob began hooting and yelling frightfully, and loud threats were uttered against the military. The troops, however, maintained a strict reserve, neither showing themselves nor replying to the insults so plentifully heaped upon them. The crowd finding that they could not thus exasperate the volunteers, commenced throwing stones, brickbats and other missiles, and eventually tearing up the pavements and hurling them in a perfect shower against the cars, smashing the windows and severely wounding many of the troops. However, the first nine cars succeeded in reaching the depot and departed for Washington.

The remaining two cars of the train, containing about one hundred men, were cut off from the main body, and the men found themselves encompassed by an infuriated mob of over eight thousand. These isolated cars were immediately attacked, and several of the soldiers had their muskets snatched from them. At this moment news came that the Philadelphia Volunteers had arrived, and the report excited the mob to a fearful degree.

The Massachusetts men, finding the cars untenable, alighted and formed a solid square, advancing with fixed bayonets upon all sides in double quick time, all the while surrounded by the mob—now swelled to the number of at least ten thousand—yelling and hooting. The military behaved admirably, and still abstained from firing upon their assailants.

The mob now commenced throwing a perfect shower of missiles, occasionally varied by a random shot from a revolver or one of the muskets taken from the soldiers. The poor fellows suffered severely from the immense quantity of stones, oysters, brickbats, paving-stones, &c., the shots fired also wounding several. When two of the soldiers had been killed, and the wounded had been conveyed to the centre of the column, the troops at last, exasperated and maddened by the treatment they had received, commenced returning the fire singly, killing several, and wounding a large number of the rioters; but at no one time did a single platoon fire in a volley. Our informant is positive upon this point.

The volunteers, after a protracted and severe struggle, at last succeeded in reaching the depot, bearing with them in triumph their killed and wounded, and immediately embarked. The scene is described in glowing terms by our informant, who says that the calm courage and heroic bearing of the troops spoke volumes for the sons of Massachusetts, who, though marching under a fire of the most embarrassing description, and opposed to overwhelming odds, nevertheless succeeded in accomplishing their purpose, and effected a passage through crowded streets a distance of over a mile—a feat not easily accomplished by a body of less than one hundred men when opposed to such terrific odds.

Foreign News.

England.—Owing to the Easter Holidays, there is nothing of any Parliamentary interest to record, and as the secrets of diplomacy generally ooze out through that channel, there is little to record beyond the current rumors of the day. A great change seems to have taken place in English sentiment towards the Southern Confederacy, since Lord Palmerston has declared it would be an outrage to the civilization of the world to recognize a Government which was based upon slavery; and when reminded that one of the earliest acts of the Congress at Montgomery was to abolish the African Slave Trade for ever, the jaunty Premier said that he considered that as a mere blind to conciliate England and France.

France.—War seems to be in the ascendant. The Marshals have been summoned to meet the Emperor at a grand council, and this is considered as sure evidence of an approaching campaign. The antagonism between Louis Napoleon and the Roman Catholic clergy of the ultramontane gender still continues, and it is said that the Empress is so much under the influence of that extreme party as to seriously embitter the domestic life of the illustrious pair. There is also a rumor that a pamphlet by the irrepressible La Gueronière is on the point of publication, entitled "Turkey and the Emperor." It is also stated that in this will appear a solution of the Italian difficulty. It is suggested that Austria will give up Venetia, in consideration of receiving a territorial equivalent out of the proceeds of the Sick Man. There are certain provinces now forming part of the Ottoman empire which would constitute Austria as a more effectual barrier to Russia than she now is, while England might be induced to give her consent to the scheme by the bribe of Egypt; France to have Syria for her share. How far England, who has hitherto pursued a policy which preferred making Russia a terror to Europe, rather than a menace to her Indian empire, will assist such a policy remains to be seen. It is very clear that, if she has Egypt, she need fear nothing from Syria being a dependency of France.

Italy.—Everything breathes war. Garibaldi is in the field, and has daily interviews with Victor Emanuel and Cavour. The discontent in Hungary becomes more and more chronic, and, from his past declarations and his present actions, it is not difficult to predicate what his future conduct will be. These demonstrations against Austria, however, may be merely meant as arguments to bring that stolid power to listen to the propositions of France, as shadowed forth in the pamphlet we have already mentioned. It seems certain that Count Rechberg, the Austrian premier, and the French ambassador at Vienna, have had many interviews upon the *vexata questio* of the day.

Havana.—The dates are to the 15th. The great topic there is the occupation of San Domingo, and the excitement caused by the constant departure of war steamers and transports with troops, field artillery, military stores and munitions of war, is very great. Prince Alfred has postponed his visit in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

To Correspondents.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

To Correspondents.—We have to request the indulgence of our numerous correspondents until our next number.

Berger's Movements.—We have received a letter from M. Berger, dated 7th April, 1861 He had been confined to his bed for nearly two weeks, so that he had been able to devote only ten days to billiard operations. He is much pleased with the reception he met with at Havana. He had given three exhibitions at the Captain-General's castle, and had received a present of a breastpin from Marshal Serrano and his lady. He had also given three exhibitions at the Club or Cercle des Toreadors. Previous engagements obliged M. Berger to be in New Orleans by the 18th April, and he was to have left on the 7th by the Bienville. He proposes to leave New Orleans about the 15th May, and Mr. Phelan will meet him at St. Louis or Cincinnati, if his business arrangements will admit of it.

That Knotty Question.—We again submit the question given in No. 282, and invite solutions of it. We have already received numerous decisions, with the reasons on which they are founded, but being unable to give them all in full, we append a synopsis of a few:

"A., B. and C. play a game of 100 points at billiards—a three-handed game. A. gives B. 30 points. A. and C. play even, and B. and C. play even. B. makes 70 points and beats A.; A. beats C., and C. makes 100 points before B. Who is to pay for the game?"

Mr. B——d argues that A. beats B. for 170 points, C. beats B. for 130 points. The price of the game being thirty cents, A. is responsible for seventeen cents and B. for thirteen cents

Mr. L——h argues that A., having been beaten by B., loses one-third of the game, and A., having beaten C., and C. having beaten B., B. pays the balance—that is, A. pays ten cents, and B. pays twenty cents.

A long communication from B——n says that the game being an extraordinary one, and one not in accordance with the rules of billiards, must be decided on its individual merits, thus: In the first place, it was the natural expectation and intention of the parties contesting, that but one should be the loser, or, in other words, that there should be two winners and one loser, and that the loser should pay for the game, therefore, as A. beat C., and B. beat A., and C. beat B., A. loses to B., B. loses to C., and C. loses to A. Having made an extraordinary game in contravention of the regular rules, the result shows that the original intentions and expectations of the parties were not fulfilled. It would, therefore be flagrant injustice to condemn either of the three—where all stand precisely alike—to pay for the game; they must, therefore, pay equally as being a draw game.

A member of the legal profession argues that B. should pay for the game, thus: The game, as between A. and B., is decided, of course, on B. making the 70 points; but A. is not out as to C., until he makes his 100 points. Now, having made his 100, he is out of the game, and it lies between B. and C., and C., making his 100 points, of course wins, and B is the loser.

We have many other communications on the same subject, synopsis of which we will present in future issues.

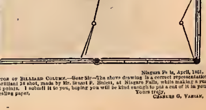
The Amateur Tournament.—The bulletin on the 11th inst. stood as follows:

Around the table	128
Four ball carom game	114
French carom	80
Carom pool	898

The Tournament.—The grave and serious matters now occupying the public mind will we fear, cause a postponement of the National Tournament. As far as we are concerned, the arrangements are all concluded and the prize table completed. Should the players express a desire to have it take place as proposed, it will go on; otherwise, a postponement will be necessary.

Obituary.—Died, in this city, on Tuesday, the 16th April, James Lynch, late superintendent of the Union Square Billiard Room, in the twenty fifth year of his age. *Requiescat in pace.*

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."



Niagara Falls, April, 1861.

Editor of Billiard Column.—Dear Sir—The above drawing is a correct representation of a brilliant 18 shot, made by Mr. Stuart F. Bulett, at Niagara Falls, while making a run of 106 points. I submit it to you, hoping you will be kind enough to put a cut of it in your interesting paper,

Yours truly,

Charles G. Varian.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS FIRING INTO THE PEOPLE IN PRATT STREET, WH

HILE ATTEMPTING TO PASS THROUGH BALTIMORE, *EN ROUTE* FOR WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1861.—See Page 375.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.—Continued.

For some time Lady Kingswood had persistently refused to see him alone. Her conversation with him had been of the most compulsory nature, engaged in only in the presence of others and in reply to direct questions. He had tried several times to break through this most vexatious line of conduct which she had adopted, but without success, and now, after the proceedings of this night, and the language she had used to him in the presence of a menial, he determined that, if she wished to have an interview with him, she should send such request to him.

He made no inquiries respecting her or Lady Maud on the following day, but at the end of the week, by Pharisee, he learnt that Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud and Cyril had departed from the mansion for Brighton, under the advice of an eminent physician who had been called in to attend Lady Maud in a sudden attack of illness.

Lord Kingswood bit his lip, turned white, recalled Lady Kingswood's words and curse, drew a deep breath, but he made no reply.

Pharisee made no comment. He looked haggard and ill at ease. He had suddenly appeared before Lord Kingswood the evening after the incident in the picture-gallery, and informed his lordship that he had been unable to obtain an interview with old Pengreep, and should be in no position for some time to come to obtain any further information respecting Erle or his companion, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase.

In the frame of mind in which Lord Kingswood then happened to be the communication did not affect him—he merely waved his hand, and said it mattered not. So Pharisee quietly fell into the resumption of his old duties again.

A physiognomist would, however, after a perusal of his features, have declared that there was some deadly purpose lurking in that man's mind.

In the mansion of Horace Vernon, scarcely more than a stone's throw from Lord Kingswood's residence, there were events occurring which were hardly of a less stirring nature, to one being at least.

Erle, after the extraordinary confession which had so unexpectedly fallen from the lips of Beatrice Stanhope, felt like one who had been suddenly aroused out of a trance only to be hurried into a region of wild, chaotic confusion.

He sent, as he had promised, a medical gentleman to attend Beatrice—a circumstance which, as she quickly recovered, and found Erle had departed abruptly, was singularly annoying to her—and he hurried home, sought his own chamber, and there, in a state of bewilderment, went over the whole scene which he had just enacted with Beatrice.

He questioned himself closely as to the manner in which he had acted to her so as to create the passion of love within her breast, and after a searching examination, he felt sure that she had wholly misconceived his actions, words and looks. The regard he entertained for her was purely one of friendship, and could never be anything else; and he saw in a moment that he must not even indulge in this sentiment, so far as it was likely to bring them into each other's society again, as by such a step he would only be increasing the evil it was his duty at once to stop.

But how to stop it! He shrank from writing to her; he was a novice in affairs of the heart, he only knew that he himself loved, and that words of any kind addressed to him, telling him that his love was and must be hopeless, would pierce his breast with the bitterest and most poignant grief; and how could he indite words to her every one of which would be like an arrow in her heart!

Still, to meet her and be silent on what had transpired would be wholly impossible. If he kept her in ignorance as to the real state of his feelings towards her, and acted as kindly to her as heretofore, he would only be fostering and encouraging the attachment which she had so unexpectedly confessed. To behave coldly and indifferently he could not, and to inform her that he was sorry that she should have fallen in love with him, as he could not return it, was a piece of cruelty to the performance of which he did not feel equal. There was but one plan, and that was to endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid her presence, without appearing to do so intentionally, to absent himself from home when she was expected to visit Violet, and to carefully keep away from receptions and places in which they were likely to come in contact.

Such an absence, apparently accidental, but persisted in, would no doubt be understood by her, and would induce her to turn her thoughts elsewhere. She had many admirers—that Erle knew—and in their adulations and ardent attentions he hoped that she would forget that he had ever existed.

Having decided upon this course, he proceeded to put it into execution, and consequently was absent much from home, and from those places, indeed, at which Ishmael especially requested him to appear.

Ishmael at length noticed this, and likewise that Beatrice Stanhope no longer visited them. She had been so constant in coming to see Violet, that her absence was conspicuous, not that Violet made any remark about it, for she seemed to have some cherished subject of thought which rendered her more cheerful than she had hitherto been, especially when alone. She was not averse to Beatrice's society, because she loved to hear her, being an accomplished musician, play upon the pianoforte. Those performances were lessons to her even yet more valuable than those she continued to receive from an exceedingly clever mistress, and as she had conceived a passionate fondness for music, the society of any one who could minister to it was pleasing.

Beatrice had devoted so much of her conversation to Erle when he was with them, that she could hardly be a companion whom Violet would miss; therefore, her continued absence elicited no remark from her; while the continued presence of Carlton, though contrasting strongly with the sudden withdrawal of Beatrice, was equally subject to no observation. In fact, it was a relief to Violet when Carlton sat by her side and talked to her; it enabled her to think without attracting the attention of those in company.

Ishmael's sagacity led him to divine the cause of the conduct of both Erle and Beatrice; and one day, in the presence of Erle, he said to Carlton Stanhope:

"We miss your sister, Mr. Stanhope. Are her engagements so suddenly numerous that she cannot spare us one poor hour or so?"

"She is not well," returned Carlton, immediately.

Erle felt his heart beat violently, and bent his head over a book.

"I regret to hear it," returned Ishmael, with a furtive glance at Erle, whose face he perceived to be suddenly flushed with crimson. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"No," returned Carlton. "Our medical man says it is purely an attack of the nervous system."

"Indeed! In what way does it develop itself?" interrogated Ishmael, still steadfastly watching Erle's face, which he perceived deepened in color each moment.

"Well, in a species of depression of spirits, lowness, tears and general debility," returned Carlton. "The doctor terms it, I think, hypochondriasis."

"Ill and sad," observed Violet, in a tone of concern, and thoughtfully, too. "Shall I not go to her, and try to alleviate her grief if possible? Perhaps it is not possible," she added musingly.

"Thank you for your gentle consideration," exclaimed Carlton, "but she insists on being alone. The medical attendant advises change of air, and I believe she goes out of town in the morning."

No one present asked where.

Erle rose up and walked to the window. Then he strode towards the door. Ishmael stopped him.

"Do not leave us just yet. I wish to speak with you presently."

Erle threw himself into a seat, and took up the book at which he had been looking.

Ishmael glanced at Violet, and speaking with emphasis, said to Carlton,

"I do not think that I should attach any serious importance to such an attack as that which appears to have seized your sister. Young ladies are apt to take strange fancies into their brain, and they treat them like flowers—try to nourish them with moisture. A girl without a secret sorrow or flood of tears indulged in, in privacy, would be a kind of nondescript. Fortunately, perhaps, they contrive not to kill their plants with too much moisture, for I have noticed that after a time the storm clouds dissipate, the sun shines out as bright as before, and the spirits become lighter and gayer than ever."

Violet looked up at him, even smiled, but she shook her head.

"I never knew Beatrice do this sort of thing before," exclaimed Carlton, thoughtfully. "She has always had a very continuous flow of spirits, and rather a strong mind. I can't think what can have occasioned such an extraordinary change in her."

"I can," thought Ishmael. "My plot so far works well."

"I think," continued Carlton, "that you, Mr. Vernon, take the correct view of the matter, and that Beatrice will soon be the same as she always has been."

"I hope so," exclaimed Erle with animation.

A smile curled Ishmael's lip.

"Does he love her?" he thought. "I think not. If he does, he must break with it, if he break his heart too."

"There has been a great deal of illness lately," observed Carlton. "There has been rather over much of it at the Kingswoods."

"Ha! is that so?" exclaimed Ishmael, sharply. "Who is ill in that family?"

"It would be difficult to say who is not," returned Carlton. "Lord Kingswood looks like a spectre; my father says that it is with fagging so hard at the work of the department he presides over. At all events, it is in every one's mouth that he looks haggard and harried quite as much from some secret source of unhappiness as from over application to the duties of his office. It is rumored, indeed, that Lord and Lady Kingswood do not live very happily together."

A grim smile settled on Ishmael's features.

"Lady Kingswood is very ill. She does not keep her chamber, but I am told she, too, looks very anxious and unhappy," continued Carlton, "and she is said to have become somewhat strange in her manner. Cyril Kingswood, too, is very ill."

Violet turned eagerly to him.

"Ill!" she exclaimed eagerly. At the same moment her eye caught that of Ishmael. She saw that it gleamed like a living coal. She sank back in her chair in silence.

"Yes," proceeded Carlton, "he is ill and so, I am sorry to say, is Lady Maud St. Clair."

Erle felt as though he could have leaped out of his seat, but having seen the silent passage between Ishmael and Violet, when the name of Cyril Kingswood was mentioned, he remained as still and kept his features as impassible as if they were carved in marble.

"The family," added Carlton, after a short pause, "have quitted London for Brighton."

"All!" interrogated Ishmael.

"All," replied Carlton, "that is to say, Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud and Cyril: Lord Kingswood follows immediately."

Shortly after this conversation ceased Carlton Stanhope took his leave.

A brief silence ensued. Erle broke it. Addressing Ishmael, he said,

"You expressed a wish to speak with me, sir. I attend you."

"It was nothing, nothing," answered Ishmael, leaning his head upon his hand reflectively. "I intended to say that we shall leave London for Brighton to-morrow."

Violet pressed her hands together, and breathed inaudibly—

"Amen!"

Erle, too, compressed his hands in each other, and murmured—

"Amen!"

CHAPTER LXVII.

She comes! how lovely are her smiles,
The ever-glorious Morn!
Up from old Ocean and his isles,
Her rosy chariot borne
By the winged steeds of Light,
Spurning for the shades of Night,
While Darkness gathers round her head
Her heavy wings which late lay spread
Wide o'er the sleeping world,
She quits her throne; she flies away—
She flings up her usurped way—
To shame and exile hurled.—*Philip James Bailey.*

Her eyes' unfathomed brightness!
The flowing gold of her hair!
He folded his hands in homage,
And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
A gentle look of pain,
And quickly as he had seen her
She passed from his sight again.
William Cullen Bryant.

Although Ishmael had named an early hour the following day for the departure of Violet, Erle and himself from London to Brighton, it was not until late in the afternoon that all his arrangements were completed. The five o'clock express was the train he selected, and in but little more than an hour beyond that time a carriage received them at the Brighton terminus, and proceeded at a dashing pace down the Queen's road and West street, took its way along the King's road, and ultimately halted at a magnificent mansion in Brunswick terrace. A thick haze arising from the sea prevented the occupants of the carriage from seeing anything save the brilliant lights in shop-windows dimmed by the fog, or the glimmering lamps, placed few and far between on the edge of the footway.

Still adhering to the regulation Ishmael had established, each dined in their apartment alone, and retired to rest without again meeting that night.

Violet, absorbed in the delightful probability of again seeing Cyril Kingswood, took but little heed of her new surroundings, and though she had never seen the sea, she felt indifferent to her close proximity to it, and did not once draw the window-blind aside to attempt to get a view of it, even though she had heard Ishmael, as they drew near to the house at which they had alighted, speak of it, and had observed him point out its direction.

One new and strange thing she became conscious of, but not until she had retired to rest, and that was a peculiar, mournful, rushing sound, repeated and subsiding at regular intervals. It reminded her of her forest-home, when the wind soughing through the trees, preparatory to a storm, swept through boughs, branches and tree tops, swaying and stirring the leaves, compelling them to chant a low, monotonous swelling, complaining, moaning strain, soothing and pleasing to those accustomed to such wild, plaintive music, but depressing and even terrifying when heard, during a temporary sojourn in lone country places, by others who have lived in busy and populated towns, where such sounds are seldom or never heard.

In the ear of Violet the surge and break of the sea upon the shore, the long roll of the descending shingle as it followed the retreating wave, to be again cast up, although she knew not what occasioned them, were sounds inexpressibly grateful. Again, in her mental vision, she sat in her leafy home with Cyril by her side, again she listened to his tender sentiments, so soft and so musically-breathed in her willing ear, as he gazed upon her with his fond eyes, not less loving and ardent in their expression than her own.

And so she was by this tender, murmuring, complaining music wooed to sleep, thinking of Cyril as she sank into slumber, and living over the past with him in her happy, happy dreams.

The sunlight awakened her, the gradually-brightening beams penetrating through her window-blinds filled her apartment with their golden rays, and seemed to bring with them a freshness and animation to her spirits.

She arose and attired herself. She threw open her casement, and started back with a cry of astonishment and delight. What a sight met her gaze!

The wind had changed from the east to the south, and the haze had all disappeared. Before her was an expanse of ocean, bounded only by the sky, on the right by the spur of land upon which the town of Worthing stands, on the left by tall cliffs. The sea was as calm as a lake and as blue. Upon its still surface rested a few fishing-boats at anchor, rising and falling gently, as though they were reposing upon the breast of a prostrate sleeping giant, and their motion was created by the gradual coming and going of his breath.

Immediately beneath her eyes was a broad, well-kept roadway, and beyond that, stretching down to the beach, a green slope also well kept, and from its proximity to the shingled shore, especially pleasant and attractive to the eye.

A few pedestrians were slowly pacing to and fro, and some fishermen were stretching their arms and hesitating whether they would lean against the rails before them on their bent arms or with their backs.

Although yet early in the morning, and early, too, in the spring, some bathing-machines were standing in the sea, midwheel in depth, and some singular looking objects in yellow oilskin caps and dark-blue dresses, strikingly denuded of crinoline, were, with ropes about their waists, bobbing up and down in the quiet water, something after the style of dancing dervishes.

The air seemed so fresh, the sky so clear and bright, a fleecy, lazy cloud only here and there mottling the wide expanse of the blue heaven; the hum of increasing traffic, the plaintive beat of the sea as it ran up the shore broke in a thin line of white foam, receded only to return and repeat its chafing—the whole scene, in fact, was so new, so strange, so brilliant and so attractive, that Violet, quite enchanted, stood at her window gazing eagerly in all directions, until her attendant summoned her to the less romantic but not less essential to health and comfort prospect of a well-furnished breakfast table.

Violet had no eyes, no appetite for her morning meal; she thought only of the novel and beautiful scene she had beheld, and of the probability that she should again see Cyril in this fair place.

It was with no little pleasure that she, at a later period of the morning, complied with Ishmael's request to accompany himself and Erle in a walk upon the esplanade. At his desire, she enveloped her features in a thick veil, as this would enable her—although he did not explain to her his object in wishing her to do this—to observe and notice the persons whom she met, and other objects worthy of interest, without herself attracting attention of a character likely to confuse and embarrass her.

The hour approached noon, and the walks and the beach itself, at a certain part, were thronged with visitors. Though not what is termed the Brighton season, there was, nevertheless, a large concourse of promenaders, most of them evidently persons of good station, and, not a mean proportion, individuals of distinction.

As they wended their way slowly along, accosted every few steps by pestering, if polite, boatmen, who, with fingers raised to their temples, desired to know if they would "Like to have a sail dis marn'?" declaring it was a "fine marn' for a sail," although there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring and not a ripple on the sea, Violet regarded with some surprise the costume adopted generally by the crowds of young and handsome ladies, who passed her at a somewhat brisk and martial step and fro. The small hats perched upon the tops of their heads, originally affected by the Spanish contrabandista, displayed more openly even than the little bonnets which had at one time been the fashion the charming faces which the fair owners certainly betrayed no intention of concealing. The figures, *petite* and graceful, were in some instances set off to advantage by tightly-fitting mantles, or were hidden under capes, fashioned like those occasionally worn by the sterner sex. The skirts of the dresses were unusually amplified, and caught up, in most instances, sufficiently high to exhibit an under garment of the most brilliant colors, as well as ankles encased in startling-hued hose, abruptly terminated by the smallest, most beautifully-shaped and the "dearest" Balmoral boots in the world.

Violet, in her innocence, charmed with the beauty of these young, dashingly-attired ladies, believed them to be natives of some other clime; yet she thought that they could hardly be foreigners, for their glances, though but glances, were directed upon the many elegantly-dressed gentlemen as they passed, and those of the gentlemen upon them, pretty much in the fashion of a mutual and not unfavorable recognition. Some of the gentlemen, too, wore hats similar to those adopted by the young ladies and she thought them odd and silly; but still every one seemed to pass them without particular notice, so she assumed that it was "native to the custom," and though possibly very *outré*, still quite proper to the place she was then in.

In the roadway there were singers dressed in the costume of the Swiss cantons, warbling airs from favorite operas, while in other parts there were German bands making morn hideous by their detestable uproar. In a quiet spot was to be seen a being with a sallow face, to which water had long been a myth, on which struggled black, ragged moustaches, and whose head was amply furnished with long, greasy, black hair, apparently ill of a song by a favorite composer. And further on, a body of nigger minstrels might be heard going through a vocal performance, accompanied by banjo, tamborine and bones, with as much rapidity as if they expected the immediate approach of a policeman to put an end to their exhibition, before they could have time to collect their reward from a smiling but not very liberal crowd of spectators of the humble class.

An instrumental concert of a different kind was taking place upon the beach in front of the Bedford Hotel. A respectable body of musicians, styled the Town Band, here executed with skill, precision and an excellence scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, overtures, pieces, polkas, waltzes and other music. And here a very large assemblage of the principal visitors congregated, some seated on chairs, others on benches, and not a few perched upon the steps of bathing-machines, of which at this part there is a large number extending in one long line.

Ishmael paused here to enable Violet to see a phase of life entirely new to her. Interspersed with ladies and gentlemen were children, attended by nursemaids, actively employed in grubbing holes in the sand and shingle, or gazing with admiration upon a one-armed man, whose head was garnished with a crimson cap having a tassel ornament at the end dropping down to his shoulder. This individual sold cakes, gingerbread nuts and brandy-balls, and required to be favored by any of his small but longing auditors, with a solution of the problem, "that if one of the nuts would warm either or any of them for a week, what would a pound do?" Mixed up with this motley group might be seen bathing-women, with bonnets upon their heads of an ancient shape and blue flannel dresses on their bodies of narrow dimensions, curtailed proportions, and inelegant fashion, standing, arms akimbo, talking to a kind of hybrid seamen, who sat or lolled about with folded arms, pipe in mouth, firm in the belief that work was not intended for them or expected of them, and that there is but one paradise, which is beer, and tobacco is its prophet.

The sounds of music, the thronging of individuals, restless in their movements as the sea itself, the passing to and fro of long strings of young ladies, yet under the martinet rule of the schoolmistress, and longing to be emancipated from it, the whirlings by of equestrians, male and female, the rolling of carriages, phaetons, flys and other vehicles, the bright, clear atmosphere, the wide, wide sea, deepening each moment in color, all combined to bewilder and confuse Violet, but, at the same time, to amuse, interest and delight her.

Ishmael watched her closely. He could see the glitter of her eye through the veil, and the heightening of the color on her cheek; and he could also tell, by her eager examination of the different objects the scene presented, together with the elasticity of her step, that she was deeply interested and excited by what she beheld.

He bent his head low down to her, and said,

"The sight pleases you, Violet?"

"Oh, very greatly, indeed," she returned, with vivacity.

"There are hundreds such scenes which await your inspection," he replied, with some emphasis; "and now you will better understand that the broken heart does know a resuscitation—it doth not perish for ever."

He felt her start and shudder as he breathed these words into her ear. He saw her head droop, but she made him no reply.

He could scarcely have expected an answer, yet he felt something vexed that she did not reply. He almost fancied himself premature in the supposition that change of scene, and intercourse with the world, would make her forget; and yet she was evidently impressionable. Others, as fair and gentle as her, had been carried away from the memory of the old by the soft words and softer smiles of newer friends, and why should she remain unchangeable, when so many of her sex were as mutable as that vast ocean upon which he then gazed?

He was disturbed by her continued silence, and by the fact that, on conducting her to the Chain-pier, upon which were gathered but a few persons, the interest she had exhibited in everything she saw previously seemed to have faded away, and that his observations and remarks were poured into a dull and indifferent ear.

Erle, during the whole of their walk, had appeared, perhaps, as interested as Violet in a scene as novel and attractive to him as to her; but his attention had been evidently divided by an expectation of meeting Lady Maud during their stroll; and even up to their almost solitary promenade on the pier, he did not diminish his active inspection of every one approaching or passing him; still, however, to be disappointed.

Had he been vain and conceited of his personal appearance—had he any thought for other than Lady Maud—he would have been flattered by the attention he excited. Black eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes, all feminine orbs looked up into his face as they passed him, and flashed the brighter on beholding a countenance so handsome; but the deliberate stare, the fluttering eyelid, the coy glance or the sly look, passed unheeded by him—they were not Lady Maud's eyes, and so he cared not how sweet, how bright, or how blue, they were; they wanted the charm of belonging to her he loved more deeply and more passionately the more her presence was denied to him.

One circuit of the pier, and Ishmael led the way off it. He, too, seemed disappointed that he had not encountered some one whom he had evidently expected to meet, and he returned with them in silence, and with a knitted brow to their residence.

On reaching the door, he said, looking at his watch,

"I have ordered horses. They will be here in an hour. You had better take luncheon. I will return to the drawing-room at the time I have mentioned, and accompany you in your ride."

He left them as he concluded, and ascended to his chamber, while they, according to custom, parted, each seeking their own rooms, to take their meals alone.

When Violet returned to the drawing-room, dressed for the equestrian trip, she saw Erle standing by the window, gazing thoughtfully upon the sea with a dejected expression on his features.

She stole up to him, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He started and turned round to her. There was a sudden, haughty, fierce expression in his eyes, but it changed when he perceived Violet.

"You are sad," she exclaimed.

A sigh involuntarily escaped him.

"I am anxious, troubled, perplexed, Violet," he exclaimed. "I have several matters to disturb me, and each hour they grow more and more insupportable. There appears to me but one course"—he lowered his voice as he proceeded—"and that is, to fly from this bondage. It galls me beyond my powers of expression to describe. I know not who I am—I have only a few horrible surmises—I know not for what fate I am reserved. I know only that at present I am a creature, a tool, an instrument in the hands of Ishmael for some dire purpose, and this is a state of being I am resolved to end. I will remain only until I have fulfilled the object of my visit, and then no more shall be heard of me until my name shall be uttered in honor, and my presence, instead of being the subject for finger-pointing and wonder, shall be welcomed with pride and satisfaction."

Violet looked at him with an expression of terror on her face.

"You will not, Erle, leave me alone with Ishmael?" she said.

"He will befriend and protect you as he has hitherto done," he responded, taking her hand.

She drooped her head.

"He hath vowed that I shall never, never wed Cyril," she murmured, in a sorrowful tone. "He will keep his vow so long as I am wholly and entirely in his power. You bade me have faith—you bade me hope—you pointed out to me how, linked together in isolation as we are, you would remain by my side, you would work a pathway out of the entangled mystery which surrounds us, and lift me with you into the sunshine of happiness. I have had faith in your words, in your promises, in the future, because you bade me; but if I am now to be left by you alone with Ishmael, there is hope for me no longer. I may abandon all, and pray only for the hour to come which will release me from life."

"Do not believe, Violet, though I leave you, I shall desert you or forget you," he responded, in a kind and soothing voice. "Reviewing the past, from the first hour I set foot in Kingswood Hall until now, I am only each day more confirmed in the belief that the destinies of both of us are interwoven with those of the Kingswood family. I cannot divine how, but that it is so I am sure. I shall not, I suspect, be able to unravel this complicated matter by remaining with Ishmael, to act like one taking part in a pageant. I must adopt another course, and I have framed a plan which may be successful. It may be disadvantageous to me; be it so—I shall dare it. But I will not quit you for ever without some bold effort for your happiness. I have decided upon this, and I may not have an opportunity of speaking to you again. Before, therefore, I quit the subject, there are two matters I wish strongly to impress upon you—remember and act upon them. The first is, that you bear an extraordinary resemblance to a portrait of a lady of the race of Kingswood hanging in an old apartment of Kingswood Hall; and, likewise, to a statue of that lady standing in the antique library. Your face, there seen, I have beheld also vividly in—in——"—he passed his hands with a sudden movement over his temples—"in dreams it may be—day-dreams, visions; but still your face, bright and clear as I see it now——"

"As I have seen yours in that picture which hangs in the old hunting-tower at Kingswood Chase," she exclaimed, with a startled, excited manner; "and at night in the forest depths, in the cold, grey moonbeams—and in—my dreams and visions, too," she added, in a tone which made him thrill.

"So shall it prove that we are both of the race of Kingswood," he returned, in almost a solemn tone.

"No—no—this cannot be," she cried, hastily. "No, no, Cyril Kingswood cannot be allied by blood to me—only—only, Erle, by love."

"We must prove that," he said, musingly. "There is a mystery which awes me as I contemplate it, but I will fathom it. And therefore do I secondly impress upon you to feel no surprise, concern, or betray any feeling if suddenly you miss me from our daily communion. Ishmael will not speak of it to you; be silent to him respecting it, and let him think as he may, although it seems harsh for me to say this. I would be grateful to him if I could, but he should satisfy me that what he has done for me has been for my benefit, and not alone to gratify the promptings of an uncompromising revenge."

The last words had hardly left his lips when Ishmael made his appearance in the room. He motioned to them, without speaking, to follow him, and they obeyed in silence.

Their own horses were at the door attended by two grooms.

A crowd quickly assembled to see them mount, and many and loud were the exclamations of admiration from a very humble audience at Violet's beauty. Her attire was nearly the same as that in which she appeared in Hyde Park, and it attracted as much attention here as it had done there.

As they rode slowly along, many gentlemen on horseback, meeting them, turned and followed in the rear, until, as on former occasions, there was quite a cavalcade formed.

A carriage approached them slowly: it was open, and contained two ladies. An exclamation from Ishmael drew the attention of both Erle and Violet to its inmates.

"Lady Kingswood!" he cried. "By heavens! how changed!"

Erle looked into the carriage, and there beheld Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud seated side by side. The face of Lady Kingswood was thin, haggard and strongly marked, and there was a strange wildness in her eye as she turned it rapidly right and left. Her wandering glances were suddenly arrested by Erle's face, and she uttered a hasty exclamation, half rose up, and then fell back almost senseless in her seat.

One glance of surprise at her, and then Erle's eyes fastened upon the face of Lady Maud,

Her eyes kindled as they met his, her pale cheek flushed, a faint smile curled her lip, and then her face became as white as death again.

A moment, and they were gone—a moment, and all the faces vivid in his eyes an instant previously had disappeared.

Even so unto the eyes of Violet, for she caught sight of Cyril Kingswood, who was on horseback, absorbed in thought, and did not see her. She would have attracted his attention, but she knew not how, and before even she could make a gesture which might have the effect of making him turn his eyes upon her, Ishmael rode slightly in advance of her, then dropped to her side, and Cyril was gone, unknowing how near he had once more been to her.

During the ride they met no more, although both Erle and Violet so much wished to have again encountered them. A glance of recognition alone would have made Violet happy, but it was not to be, and they returned home to dinner with their wishes ungratified.

Violet, however, hoped that she might yet have the happiness of seeing Cyril once again, even though she should be unable to interchange a word with him. Her sitting-room window looked out into the esplanade and roadway, and as soon as she was alone she watched at it, but watched in vain, until deep night set in, and she could no longer recognise one form from another.

But soon after dawn she was again at her window watching—watching with an intensity of hopefulness that he would appear. It would be such joy to her to see him, and his eyes might fall once again on her face, and beam as radiantly upon her as they had of old, and even if they did this she could wait in patience and resignation for the time to come when they should meet to be no more parted on earth.

And even while such pleasing, hopeful, tender thoughts were passing through her brain, she saw Cyril before her eyes, standing on the pathway, gazing seaward, motionless and abstracted.

She did not think.

She caught up her walking attire, donned it hastily, and within a minute she stood by his side.

"Cyril," she murmured.

He turned, and his astonished eyes fell upon her white, excited face.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, with a wild, passionate cry.

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

Then a cry of agony burst from him. He flung her hands down.

"No—no—no," he exclaimed, with a terrible shudder, "no, it must not be—it cannot be. I dare not see you more. No, we part for ever! Oh, horror! Oh, death! for ever and ever!"

Tossing his hands madly up, he darted from the spot, leaving Violet standing paralysed.

A shadow came before her—a voice sounded in her ears—

"Thus I have told you."

But she seemed to know, feel, hear nothing. All power of thought, sight, volition seemed to have left her, and she was borne back to her chamber, inanimate and unconscious, by Ishmael.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Jocelyn has presented to the Central Park a magnificent live eagle, which was captured in Northern New York, in the act of carrying off a goose. Becoming entangled in some brushwood and being attacked by a dog, the bird threw himself upon his back, and with talons, beak and wings, made a most gallant resistance, until he was finally rescued by a party of American citizens. Let us hope this will prove a happy omen in the present struggle.

The frequency of stabbing cases in drinking saloons renders some Legislative action necessary to control these murder manufactories. We have had five of these affrays in ten days. Joseph Justa, the Italian, who was stabbed on Wednesday evening, the 17th, in Baxter street, by another Italian, sixty-three years of age, named Joseph George, died, on the 19th, in the New York Hospital. The parties, it appears, quarrelled at the house No. 19 Baxter street, and proceeded to the sidewalk for a fight. Here Justa hurled a brickbat at George, who retaliated by stabbing him twice with a large dagger, once in the hand, and then in the breast. The latter wound, which was deep, proved fatal. George, who was arrested at the time, is still in prison, and awaits the result of a coroner's inquest, which will be held to-day. The police report both as having been bad men, and state that they have served several terms in State Prison.

Mr. Nottbeck, the Russian Consul-General, was killed, on Thursday morning, by being thrown from his horse, near Forty-ninth street and Broadway. He was with his wife, on horseback, in the Central Park about nine o'clock, when his animal took fright and ran off towards Bloomingdale. On reaching Forty-ninth street he was thrown on his head, and when taken up was quite dead.

A Mr. J. C. Heenan has been tried for stealing a small quantity of snuff. Much merriment was occasioned in court on account of the similarity of name to our great champion. We are happy to add, for the honor of the name, that the snufftaker was acquitted.

We cannot tell whether it is a *ruse* to keep our streets dirty for another month or not, but Mr. Hackley, the contractor to clean them, has been sent to jail for fifty days, for refusing to answer a question. It is so suggestive that we quote the proceedings: "What did you do with the $16,000 which you received from Thomas Hope on the 11th of February for the purposes of the street-cleaning contract?" To which the witness answered, "In the absence of counsel, unprepared as I am, my answer might furnish a link in the chain, or lead to some evidence that would criminate me in some way." The question was again repeated in open court, and as the witness still refused to answer, Recorder Hoffman adjudged him guilty of contempt and ordered his commitment to the County Jail for thirty days.

The frequency of suicide among married women, occasioned by domestic difficulties, is becoming quite a noticeable feature in our Bills of Mortality. Four married women last week poisoned themselves on that account. Coroner Schirmer held an inquest on Friday at No. 260 East Houston-street, upon the body of Anna Loeffler, a German woman, 23 years of age, who poisoned herself by taking oil of bitter almonds. She had lived unhappily with her husband for some time, and yesterday morning some words passed between them, when he accused her of being false to her marriage vows. She immediately repaired to another room and drank the poison, then called to her husband to know if she should take the life of her child also. He ran to the room and took the babe away, after which he called a physician, but the poison was too rapid in its effects, and she was a corpse in fifteen minutes. A verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts.

A terrible catastrophe happened at the Buchanan Wells, near Erie, N. Y., in the oil regions, where the gas from a spouting well took fire and exploded, killing seven men. Among them was Mr. Rouse, an ex-member of the Legislature. The Buchanan Farm, on which over one hundred wells are yielding oil, is now in flames, as all the wells are now on fire. The loss in oil, derricks, &c., is immense.

The Boston *Transcript* of the 16th says: "On Tuesday morning, as a mother with her child, a boy about three years of age, was crossing the P. S. and P. railroad bridge at Portland, the little fellow became unruly and refused to proceed. In the efforts of the mother to compel him to go along, she lost her footing on the bridge and fell into the water, drawing the child with her. An alarm was given by a person who witnessed the affair, and the workmen in the Kerosene works hastened to the rescue. The mother was saved, but the child was drowned."

At Chicago, the other day, three ladies called to take tea at a boarding-house, bringing with them their three babies, all very much alike. While the mothers were at tea, the unsuspecting innocents were left lying upon a bed, and a couple of waggish young men of the house improved the occasion to slip in and change the clothing of the babies. When the mothers departed for their respective abodes at night, they selected their peculiar babies by the clothing, and great was the trouble which ensued, and it is not settled, for two of the mothers cannot be certain that they have got the right babies yet, and are troubled with tormenting doubts. The young men should not have done this.

On the afternoon of the 19th, Barney McLaughlin, a pedlar, went into Kreppel's lagerbier saloon for the purpose of selling some sand, when he was ordered by Kreppel out of the place, but as he was rather dilatory in doing so, he drew a revolver and discharged two shots at him. The balls both took effect in the face of McLaughlin, one passing through his cheek, the other lodging in the cheek. Sergeant Jourdan of the Sixth Ward promptly arrested Kreppel, and he was locked up by Justice Kelly for examination. He disclaims any intention to shoot the young man, and states that it was merely in sport that he pointed the pistol at him; McLaughlin, however, is positive that he fired intentionally. The occurrence was witnessed by several persons, whose testimony will be taken. McLaughlin was taken to the New York Hospital, and his injuries are not considered to be of a dangerous character.

Collector Barney has declined to grant any clearances to ports of the Seceded States. This is, of course, inevitable upon the President's proclamation of blockade.

It is very generally believed that the French and English Ambassadors at Washington have assured Mr. Seward that President Lincoln has the best wishes of their respective Governments.

A ROMANCE ABOUT A RUSSIAN PRINCE AND A BEAUTIFUL GIPSY GIRL.

A very youthful scion of the Imperial family being one day last summer on an *escapade* from the Imperial palace, had engaged to join a party of youthful comrades on the island of ——, in order to see the midnight meeting of gipsies, which annually takes place after the popular fair which is held on the island, the frequentation of which is strictly forbidden to the youth of both sexes. The young adventurer, although strictly disguised as a *gamin* of St. Petersburgh, ventured forth with much trepidation, and, by the time he had crossed the river, had grown so nervous at beholding the dreaded figure of his tutor, who had come over to the island, led thither by the same motive as that which influenced his pupil, that the latter immediately withdrew from the glories of the festival—from the sausage-frying and cucumber distribution, from the cabbage-soup and tempting kavass, from the whirligigs and skittles, and all the other edifying games, to the very depths of the pine wood which adorns the back of the island, and, at a moment like this, becomes entirely deserted.

The young prince walked in among the solitary paths of the wood for a long time without meeting a soul, and, feeling weary, threw himself down upon the grass beside one of the little running streams with which the island is intersected in every direction. He had not lain long in this position, when he was aroused from the reverie into which the hour and the silence and the solitude had plunged him, by the most heavenly voice he had ever heard, although he had been permitted to frequent the opera during the whole of last winter, and had listened to Bosio, Alboni and even Mario without the smallest emotion. The hour of his fate was come; for, on rising to ascertain whence these angelic sounds proceeded, he came suddenly upon the figure of the angelic being who had uttered them. The companions of his Imperial Highness are rude enough to say that the angel in question was rather—the least in the world—in need of a dip into the little stream by which she was seated, singing a wild strain to her little uncouth imitation of a guitar, in order to bring out the beauties which lay hid behind the mask, which much travel and the great heat of the journey had placed upon her exquisite features. But in this case, so far from being blind, the little imp, Cupid, enabled the prince's eye to penetrate beneath this crust to the miraculous beauties which lay beneath, and in an instant his heart, and soul, and mind, and, indeed, his whole being, were full to the brim of love! No more study, no more obedience, nor Euclid, nor grammar, nor geometry for him! All such useless pursuits were to be thrown at once to the winds, and his whole life was henceforth to be devoted to the one end sole serious object worth living for, that of following to the end of the world this exquisitely beautiful, though half-naked maiden belonging to the gipsy tribe which had bivouacked in the pine wood of the island. Nor was the young prince over hasty in his avowal of this wise and noble resolution; for, when the father of the girl came back from the fair laden with sausages and rotten cabbage for the savory evening meal, he found the handsome, aristocratic-looking young stranger seated cosily side by side with his child, and entertaining her imagination with a lively description of the pearls and diamonds, the gold and silver with which his mother and his aunts were accustomed to adorn themselves, and which should most assuredly be shared by her, if she would only consent to let him accompany her over the universe.

The father was, however, fortunately of a prudent disposition. He beheld at once the folly of encouraging any wild freak of the kind, and perceiving, by instinct, that the youth must belong to some great family of the city, resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and assist in restoring the lad to reason. This resolution was soon accomplished. The comrades of the prince, terrified beyond expression at his disappearance, had sought out the tutor and confessed to him. The island had been searched, and the young delinquent soon found and given up, with the most unfeeling cruelty, by the gipsy father, and a few hours saw the Imperial adventurer snugly lodged in his own study, looking out upon the Neva, in one of the finest of the Imperial residences of St. Petersburg. Quiet was outwardly restored, but the tumult of the young heart was no more to be quieted. Love had taught the young prince a lesson of wisdom, however. He owned his feelings to no one, but on the first opportunity he again broke loose from all control, and was absent for three days, being found and restored by the merest accident. The frequent repetition of the same event, in spite of all the watching, has induced the Grand Duke, his father, to consent to his travelling for a while. And the young gipsy girl, who has been taken under the especial patronage of the Imperial family, after having been admitted to the public dancing school of St. Petersburg, is about to make her debut in Paris. They say that her talent as a dancer is nought, and that, having lost her voice entirely, the angelic strains of the pine wood have grown hoarse and unbearable, so that the first hope entertained by the Grand Duchess, her especial patroness, of her becoming a singer has been disappointed. But while no expectation is entertained of her becoming celebrated as a dancer, yet so remarkable is her beauty, that her fame has already filled the *coulisses* of the opera, and the greatest curiosity is experienced concerning her. Count Orloff, the most respected judge of female beauty in the fashionable world, declares her to be perfection, but is strongly against her appearance so early as in May, according to the engagement entered into by the manager of the opera. In Paris, although beauty may be certainly a great element of success, it is not all—some degree of talent is necessary.

Meanwhile, what may be the ultimate intention of the Imperial family with regard to this miracle of loveliness, still remains a secret. The Russians declare that no sooner will she have made her debut than a Russian nobleman will fall so desperately in love with her that he will lay his name and fortune at her feet, and that he will immediately afterwards carry her far away to his castle in Bessarabia, where she will remain, while the young prince travels everywhere but in that direction. The name of the nobleman is already current among the Russian society of Paris, the exact amount of his debts known, and the figure of the Grand Duke's generosity ascertained to a fraction. For it is thus, without noise or scandal, rendering all parties content and offending none, that these things are managed in Russia.

EXTRAORDINARY SELF-SACRIFICE BY A CHINESE WIDOW.

A Hong-Kong paper contains the following account by an eyewitness of a voluntary sacrifice of life by a disconsolate widow:

"A few days since I met a Chinese procession passing through the foreign settlement, escorting a young female in scarlet and gold, in a richly decorated chair, the object of which I found was to invite the public to come and see her hang herself, a step she had resolved to take in consequence of the death of her husband, by which she had been left a childless widow. Both being orphans, this event had severed her dearest earthly ties, and she hoped by this sacrifice to secure to herself eternal happiness, and a meeting with her husband in the next world. I repaired on the day appointed to the indicated spot. We had scarcely arrived when the same procession was seen advancing from the joss-house of the widow's native village towards a scaffold and gallows erected in an adjacent field, and surrounded by hundreds of natives of both sexes. The female portion, attired in their gayest holiday costume, were very numerous. The procession having reached the foot of the scaffold, the lady was assisted to ascend by her male attendant, and, after having welcomed the crowd, partook with some female relations of a repast prepared for her at a table on the scaffold, which she appeared to appreciate extremely. A child in arms was then placed upon the table, which she caressed and adorned with a necklace which she had worn herself; she then took an ornamental basket containing rice, herbs and flowers, and, whilst scattering them amongst the crowd, delivered a short address thanking them for their attendance, and upholding the motive which urged her to the step she was about to take.

"This done, a salute of three bombards announced the arrival of the time for the performance of the last act of her existence, when a delay was occasioned by the discovery of the absence of a reluctant brother, pending whose arrival let me describe the means of extermination.

"The gallows was formed by an upright timber on each side of the scaffold supporting a stout bamboo, from the centre of which was suspended a loop of red cord, with a small wooden ring embracing both parts of it, which was covered by a red silk handkerchief, the whole being surmounted by an awning. The missing brother having been induced to appear, the widow now proceeded to mount on a chair placed under the noose, and, to ascertain its fitness for her reception, deliberately placed her head in it; then, withdrawing her head, she waved a final adieu to the admiring spectators and committed herself to its embraces for the last time, throwing the red handkerchief over her head. Her supports were now about to be withdrawn, when she was reminded by several voices from the crowd that she had omitted to draw down the ring which should tighten the cord round her neck. Smiling an acknowledgment of the reminder, she adjusted the ring, and, motioning away her supports, was left hanging in mid air—a suicide. With extraordinary self-possession she now placed her hands together before her, and continued to perform the manual chin-chins until the convulsions of strangulation separated them, and she was dead.

"The body was left hanging about half an hour, and then taken down by her male attendants, one of whom immediately took possession of the halter, and was about to sever it, for the purpose of appropriating a portion, when a struggle ensued. This is the third instance of suicide of this sort within as many weeks. The authorities are quite unable to prevent it, and a monument is invariably erected to the memory of the devoted widow."

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

You never hear one woman invite another woman out to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts melted and softened over the tea-cup, and that men's souls flew open to each other with the table-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secret nature, whereas the simple key of the tea-caddy will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

The following unique valentine was received by a lady:

"soft is the doun on the bujterfle's wing
It is soft and meak
soft is the voys that my tru luv does sing
But softer yet is her crimson cheek"

The following is the lady's reply:

"Soft is tators all smash'd up,
As soft as smash can be;
But softer yet is the silly swain
Who wrote that verse to me."

To get a duck for dinner. Jump into the river.

Man is an animal, so is a hog. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways; therefore, man is a hog.

Jonathan: "Hallo, neighbor, what be yo gwoyn tew dew with that air keowbide?"

'Zeik.: "Whoy, I've got a tarnation cretur of a boiey what forgets to go to skule, and I want to jog his mem'ry."

A youngster from the country was walking along, and upon seeing a lawyer's office, walked in and inquired,

"What do you keep to sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the lawyer.

"Pretty good business," said the chap; "I see you've got only one left."

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread and half of a dried codfish, and holding them up with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed, "You don't ketch him that way! I'm no vagrant. An't them visible means o' support, I should like to know?"

"John," said a quaker to a young friend, "I hear that thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown the odd shillings in my face."

A woman putting your room to rights—just after you have been arranging everything to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with such methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call chaos. Men are not more awkward in handling women's babies than women are in fingering men's papers. The mischief, and damage, and endless annoyance of spirit, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day that are engendered by the latter practice, surpasses all belief.

Speaking of errors of the press, Mr. Pycroft relates, in his "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," a conversation he had with a printer.

"Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blind reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint."

"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"

"Why, sir, the poet intended to say,

'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;'

instead of which we made him say,

'See the pale martyr *with his shirt on fire.*'

Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature."

How they must shudder, they who are wont to order jugged hare in the Paris restaurants, when they read the subjoined:

An elderly married female, of the name of Piot, and a well dressed man appeared, three days ago, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Lyons, and the former, with tears, said,

"I complain of this man for having made a civet of Juliette!"

"Juliette! What do you mean?" asked the President.

"My cat, my poor cat, sir! This person, who is a friend of my husband's, came to see us on Christmas Eve, and Juliette having jumped on his knees, he said, 'Madame, she is a beautiful Angora, and so fat that she would make an excellent civet.' 'Ah, yes,' cried my husband, 'and her skin would form an excellent muff for my wife.' Some time after we sat down to supper, and the man insisted on offering us a civet, which was very good. But when, after supper, I sought for my cat, she could not be found, and after a while I discovered that this man secretly killed, skinned and cooked her, and that she, in fact, formed the savoury dish of which we had partaken. I was horrified at such an abominable act, and—and I——"

Here the woman burst into a new flood of tears which prevented her continuing her narrative. The defendant, who seemed rather ashamed of his position, admitted that, in connivance with the woman's husband, he had killed the cat and served it up for supper, but he protested that he had only done so as a joke. The President told him that to kill domestic animals belonging to other persons is an offence in law, and fined him thirty francs.

What female namesake of the poet Dante is very musical? Ann Dante.

"Custom invariably lessens admiration." "Not invariably," says our publisher.

Among the curiosities in a late Dublin paper, are "Lines on the death of an unborn infant."

The man who minds his own business was in Littleton the other day, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

Many persons admire the lightning. It is very grand and very beautiful, but we were never personally struck by it.

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight for.

An Arkansas traveller says that he knew a young fellow down South who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

The man that cooked "the cold charities of the world" has entered into a contract with an extensive restaurant to furnish fried icicles and hot soup made of Norwegian snow.

Gentlest of Her Sex—"What did you say was the principle of the stereoscope?"

Alfred—"Why, it makes two people into one."

Best and brightest (innocently)—"What a delightful invention!"

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plough on a stall in a market-place. "I'll bet you a guinea," said one, "you don't know what this is for."

"Done!" said the other; "it is for sale."

An editor out west prints all his marvellous accounts of murders, elopements and robberies on India rubber paper, so that his readers may be able to stretch these stories to any length that pleases them.

It is related of an elderly dandy, who was more noted for running in debt than for paying his trade men, that he always made an exception in favor of his wigmaker, that he might be enabled to say that he wore his "own hair."

A poet was once walking with Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceived, at a short distance, a man yawning, and pointing him out to his friend, said: "Not so loud—he hears you."

An alderman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able."

At a late military dinner in Baltimore one of the visitors proposed a toast, "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other;" but the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word "distress" completely changed the sentiment and caused much merriment by the blunder.

"My love," said Sharpwitz to his wife, "why is a Laplander like like an umbrella-maker? D'ye give it up?"

"'Cause he derives his support from the reindeer."

"Try another," said he, as he threw himself on the sofa on Saturday night. "Why is is your tired husband like an umbrella?"

"Because he protects me from the elements, my love."

"Not a bit of it, darling, but because he is used up."

Two physicians (Dr. A. and Dr. B.) met, when the following took place in presence of a crowd of "listeners." Dr. A., thinking a little exercise and fresh air preferable to physic, had taken one of his patients to ride that morning, which was seen by Dr. B., who addressed Dr. A. in this wise:

"Well, doctor, I saw you taking one of your patients to ride."

"Exactly," said Dr. A.

"Well," said Dr. B., "a thing I never do, is to take my patients out to ride."

"I know it," said Dr. A.; "the undertaker does it for you."

A Moving Speech.—A pious brother, before an American Association, a few years since made the following speech: "I would urge upon you, brethren, the taking of the *Western Recorder*." Turning to the delegation from a church in Tennessee, "And you, brethren, ought to take it too, as the interests of the Church in Kentucky and Tennessee are very closely allied, and will become much more so upon the completion of the Danville and McMinville Railroad, which I pray may not be long, as I have about fifteen thousand dollars involved in that enterprise?"

THE NIGHT GUARD OF BOATS ON CHARLESTON BAR DURING THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, TO PREVENT REINFORCEMENTS BEING SENT TO MAJOR ANDERSON, APRIL 12TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ON MORRIS ISLAND

GUARD BOATS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR

On the Night of the 12th of April, intended to intercept Reinforcements for Major Anderson.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD proved himself an able commander, and showed that, besides thoroughly understanding the strategy of war, he possessed caution and prudence. The object of the bombardment was to reduce the fort before assistance could arrive, as should the expected reinforcements reach their destination, the defiance of the position might be both protracted and bloody. To defeat the proposed reinforcement therefore was the one object of General Beauregard, and the vigor and perseverance of the first day's siege gave evidence of his determination to carry out his plan if possible.

When night closed in his vigilance did not slacken. The expected assistance could only arrive by boats, and although the glare from the shells which were poured into Fort Sumpter lit up the murky sky continually, the darkness was such that boats might slip past unseen. To prevent this manœuvre a small fleet of boats cruised about the harbor all the night. The effect was picturesque and beautiful, as the boats rising and falling with the motion of the waves caused the flashing torches held by the men to dance in weird motion.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

From the moment that it was known that the pet regiment of New York, the gallant Seventh, was to be the first body of our citizen soldiers to enter upon the campaign at the requisition of the President, the excitement among the people was intense. The gallantry, the loyalty and the liberality of this regiment have endeared it to the people, and it seemed as though every family in the city was having a dear friend. It comprises, in truth, the flower of our citizens; members of the wealthiest of our families, and men who control tens of thousands of dollars are found in its ranks. Put it is not wealth or aristocratic pretension which have won for the Seventh the ardent sympathy of our people; it is the gallant, dashing, soldierly spirit, the promptitude in emergencies, and the devotion to duty, which has ever characterized it, which have placed it where it stands so high in the love and in the estimation of our citizens.

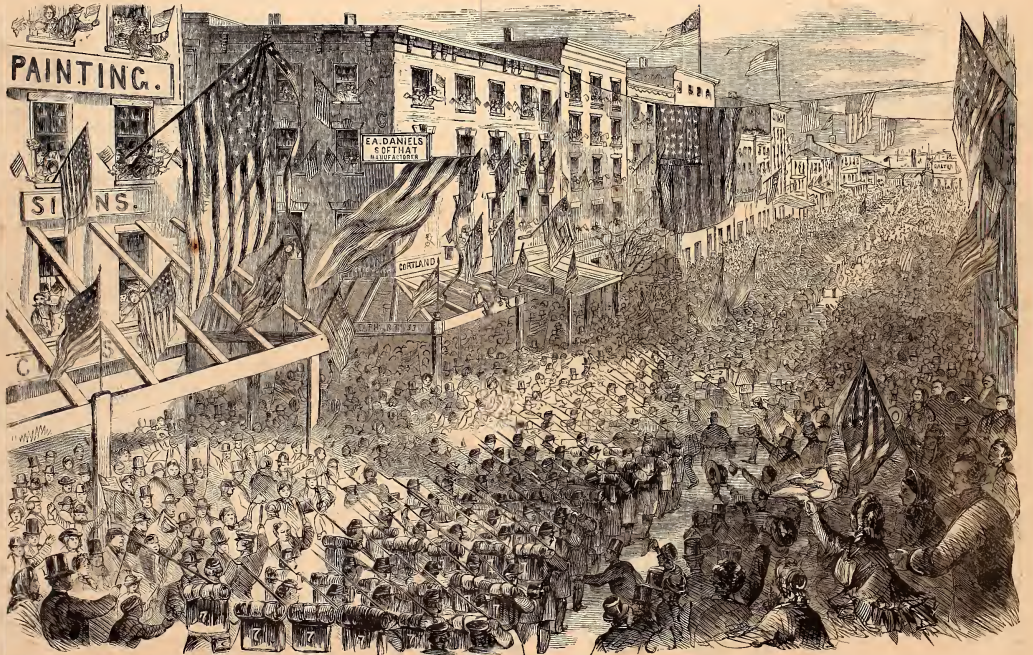
Red, on the morning of Friday, the 19th, the day appointed for the departure of the regiment, there was an extraordinary excitement in the city. Windows along the whole line of march were taken possession of, and groups of people accumulated on the stoops of houses and at the corners of every street. By three o'clock in the afternoon Broadway was densely crowded from Fourth street down to Wall street, and from Cortlandt street to the ferry the regiment had to force its way almost in single file, so dense was the mass of people assembled.

The regiment formed in Lafayette place, which was also filled to its uttermost capacity, every window and balcony being crowded with ladies waving handkerchiefs, scarfs and flags. As company after company moved on defiance cheers arose, continuing until the last file had turned into Broadway, when a rush was made to catch another look at the gallant fellows. But the new comers had little chance, for a solid mass of living bodies intervened. The march down Broadway was the most triumphant ovation we ever beheld. The familiar greetings of friends, the waving of hats, handkerchiefs and flags from the crowd, the door-stoops, the windows, the roofs, and the shouts long, loud and protracted, made up a scene of enthusiasm and excitement rarely or never witnessed before.

At Bull, Block & Co.'s Major Anderson had a full view of the procession. He took a stand just behind the beautiful sight erected over the entrance to the building. When some one cried, "That's Anderson," there arose a shout which the revilers of his honorable fame ought to have heard. All eyes were bent upon him, and each throat seemed to vie with all others in cheering for the hero of Fort Sumpter. It was a moment of triumph for the gallant Major, and when, in response, he raised his military cap and bowed, the shout was renewed again and again. As the Seventh approached the Park, where at least ten thousand people were jammed together, their reception beggars description, so wild and demonstrative was the enthusiasm. Steadily onward they marched, looking neither to the right nor to the left until they arrived at Cortlandt street, when their progress became difficult. During a temporary halt at that place a venerable man with snow-white hair rushed in front of the staff and cried out, his whole frame quivering with excitement, "God bless you, boys! God bless you, boys! Do your duty—fight for your flag! Bring them all back, Colonel, every one of them! They won't let me shake hands with you, but God bless you, boys!"

This little incident produced an intense sensation, and "God bless you, boys!" was caught up by ten thousand lips. At last they reached the ferry, and as they left the wharf cheer after cheer burst forth in tones of thunder, while the chorus of old Trinity pealed forth "Yankee Doodle."

Continued on page 382.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE STRONG, PASSING DOWN CORTLANDT STREET, ON THEIR WAY TO THE PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD, *EN ROUTE* FOR THE CAPITOL. WASHINGTON, APRIL 19TH, 1861.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

Continued from page 380.

Their reception in New Jersey and all along the line of route was equal in enthusinsm, if not in numbers. The following shows the strength of the Regiment and its officers:

Commissioned Staff Officers				11
Field Officers				2
Non-commissioned Staff Officers				8
Total Staff				21
	Men.	Officers.	Sergeants.	
Artillery Corps	54	2	5	
Total				61
	Men.	Officers.	Sergeants.	
Engineer Corps	25	2	2	
Total				29
Band 40 Drum Corps 12				Total 52
	Men.	Officers.	Sergeants.	Total.
First Company	63	5	4	72
Second do	100	8	5	108
Third do	70	3	5	78
Fourth do	8t	5	5	82
Fifth do	54	3	4	01
Sixth do	80	5	5	90
Seventh do	60	1	5	00
Eighth do	78	3	5	86
Recruits in fatigue dress				175
Total, as per Adjutant's report before leaving Jersey City				991
Estimated number afterwards added to the same				49
Grand Total				1,031

THE KING AND THE SEIDLITZ POWDERS.—On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing-box. A box was brought to the King in full Court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers; and having added water the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty, with a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered among the kingdoms. The monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down!" then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound spirting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

THE Pope, according to annual custom, which has prevailed since the time of Urban V. in 1366, went on Sunday last to bless the golden rose, which is presented to a female sovereign. It is believed that this year the Holy Father will offer the rose to the Queen of Naples.

AN attempt was made to get up a cheer for the Pope as he entered St. Peter's this week, but it proved a dead failure. The Royal family of Naples were present at the ceremony, and received an especial benediction from the Pope as he passed them.

THE Pope, at the Consistory held on the 18th inst. at Rome, is said to have admitted the newly appointed French bishops.

ADVICES from Naples announce that the sale by auction of the property of the late Prince of Syracuse is to take place immediately, beginning with the objects of art. The Chioja Palace and its beautiful garden were to be put up at 200,000 ducats (4f. 25c. each), and his villa at Sorrento at 100,000 ducats.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has become a life member of the Cambrian Institute, of which Prince L. L. Bonaparte is President; and has subscribed twenty pounds to the funds of the Society.

THE news from St. Petersburg is startling. There had been fears of an insurrection in the capital. The troops had passed the night under arms, and the Palace had been strictly guarded.

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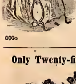

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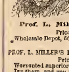

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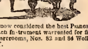

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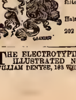

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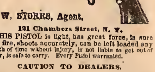

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No. 285—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

Special Notice

Volunteers who are about leaving with their regiments, and who can sketch, are requested to call upon FRANK LESLIE, at his Office, No. 19 City Hall Square, without delay.

Officers in the Army and Navy are solicited to forward to FRANK LESLIE's address any sketches of public interest relating to the war, which will be liberally paid for.

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Immediately a number of Zouave companies were organized, one of which, taking their name from the State, appointed Colonel R. C. Hawkins as drill-officer, no regular commander having been appointed. Since the war excitement broke out the company has been recruiting and extending itself into a regiment, at the head of which it has placed its brave and efficient drill-master.

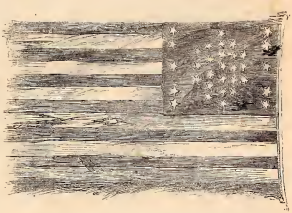
Our artist has given a spirited glimpse of the recruiting process, which has everywhere commanded the cheers of the populace and attracted a large body of athletic men to the ranks, which now number eight hundred gallant fellows, who are desirous of emulating in the service of the Stars and Stripes the glory of their French prototypes. They are nearly of one height and all under thirty years of age. Some of the principal officers are men fully capable of leading them to renown.

The Colonel, R. C. Hawkins, is an ex-officer of the Mexican War. The Lieutenant-Colonel, George C. Betts, is a son of United States Commissioner Betts, of the Southern District of New York, and has also participated in the glories of the army in Mexico. The Major, E. A. Kimball, likewise, has had experience of grim war against a foreign foe and was brevetted for gallant services in the last war. He was formerly Captain in the Ninth Infantry, and was the dashing soldier who, at the Storming of Chapultepec, it is said, hauled down the Mexican flag and hoisted the inspiring Stars and Stripes over that fortress. Adjutant Evans also distinguished himself as an officer of the Ohio Volunteers in Mexico, and the Quartermaster, W. H. Elliott, has seen active service.

With these men at their head, the New York Zouaves cannot fail to be an efficient adjunct to the military now rushing to the support of the national flag.

The commands, which were temporarily and inadequately stationed at Castle Garden, have been garrisoned in the armories over the Centre Market.

The regiment undergoes a most rigid drilling, and will be on the march in a few days.



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THE FLAG OF FORT SUMPTER.

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wounds personally inflicted on every individual. Our artist has given a fac-simile of the flag after the bombardment.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1861.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

To Correspondents.

MR. NOTMAN, of Montreal, will please accept our thanks for stereoscopic pictures of the late Inundation in that city, which our numerous War pictures have crowded out.

Foreign News.

England.—Parliament has resumed its sittings, but little of importance has been debated beyond the Budget, which Gladstone introduced on the 16th. The Volunteer Reviews on Easter Monday seem to have stirred the heart of England as much as our military gatherings have us. The Southern cause, which before seemed to find favor on account of the miserable Morrill Tariff Bill, has evidently lost ground, and the sympathy of both people and Government is with the Union party. There had been some interchange of diplomatic notes between the English and French Governments on the Syrian question, and trouble was anticipated between them on that topic. The building of steel-clad vessels of war continued with unabated vigor.

A writ of execution has been issued against the Great Eastern, at the suit of Scott Russell, for satisfaction of his claims.

It is reported that the conservatives of the British Parliament are preparing a strong opposition to Gladstone's project, in the hope of a ministerial crisis.

The budget was opened, April 23, in the House of Commons, and debated. The opposition denounced it generally, but proposed no amendment.

France.—Warlike preparations on a scale of surpassing magnitude were going on, and a war was considered imminent. Some considered with England, others with Austria and Germany. There seems no doubt that Europe is becoming tired of straining her resources merely to keep up with the enormous military preparations of Louis Napoleon. The pamphlet which had been threatened on Turkey has not yet appeared. Russia had declined joining France in any effort at Eastern pacification, in consequence of a suspicion that France had encouraged the Polish disturbances.

Austria.—General Benedek had reviewed a large body of troops in Venetia, and made a warlike speech. Everything pointed to a collision between the Austrians and Piedmontese. Hungary remained discontented, although the Emperor had granted their demands. The chronic disease of the age is nationality, which a great poet has called the egotism of a people. The Empress of Austria was expected back in the course of the month, the British yacht being on the point of starting for Madeira to take her to Trieste.

Italy.—Victor Emanuel has been recognized as King of Italy by England and Sweden. Preparations for a campaign were progressing. Garibaldi was in Turin, and had made a violent speech against Cavour's treatment of the volunteers. It was expected he was planning an attack on Austria, but nothing certain was known of his designs, some saying he meditated a diversion in Hungary, while others said Venetia.

Germany.—Both the French and English papers declare that France, England and Russia are agreed upon the settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, consequently there can be little fear of a rupture between Denmark and Prussia on that question. Prussia is, however, armed to the teeth, and a better understanding exists between the courts of Berlin and Vienna.

Russia.—The emancipation of the serfs is an accomplished fact, so far as imperial proclamation can make it. It is to date from 1st March, 1863. This delay is to give time to arrange certain matters between the nobles and the serfs, touching the land question, &c. The nobles are by no means friendly to the measure, and trouble is anticipated.

Spain.—The news of the occupation of San Domingo had reached Europe. The London *Times* had condemned the act, and the Spanish ministers had decided to accept the sovereignty if the people voted it and European powers didn't protest.

Japan.—The aspect of affairs in these islands is of a very threatening character. The British Consul, Mr. Alcock, had written a very severe letter to the Japanese Government, and the fleets of England and France were expected every day in the harbors of Japan. There was no security for the life of foreigners, the assassinations being encouraged by the Tycoon and his ministers. All the foreign consuls, with the exception of Mr Harris, the American minister, had left Jeddo and gone to a seaport where there were foreign ships-of-war to protect them.

China.—It was rumored that Tin-Ko-Lin-Sin, the brutal Tartar General who had the French and English prisoners put to death, has himself been beheaded for suffering the barbarians under Elgin and Gros to take Pekin.

India.—This unhappy land of Sepoy atrocities is suffering from a famine of most horrible severity. The details are appalling. It would seem as though in this there were an earthly retribution.

THE STATE OF THE NATION.

THE Capital of the country is now undoubtedly safe from any force that the South can bring against it.

No act of positive hostility, no personal rencontre has occurred since our last issue, but every step taken now on either side hurries us on faster and faster to the opening of the second act of this great national tragedy.

For some days after the attack by the Secessionists upon the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts, in the streets of Baltimore, the telegraphic communication altogether ceased south of Philadelphia, so that we had to depend upon private hand for our information, and wait for the mail, which reached us by a very roundabout way, to fill out the details.

The actual state of things in Baltimore at that time is thus graphically described by one who ran the gauntlet of a thousand dangers:

Mayor Allberger, of Buffalo, who has been spending some months in Baltimore, where his relatives reside, has arrived in this city. He left Baltimore on a canal boat. Six gentlemen who chartered a canal boat there on Friday, for $200, also arrived at the Astor House the same day. They report the condition of the city as most fearful. Armed mobs parade the streets, compelling all persons to unite with them in imprecations against the North, the Government and the Union. The principal streets are all barricaded, and many of the houses furnished with shutters, in which loopholes are cut, for the purpose of pouring a deadly fire on any troops that might attempt to march through the city. Mr. Allberger, who had just risen from a sick bed, was surrounded by a mob of a half dozen drunken ruffians at the Eutaw House before he left, who endeavored, by abusive language, to provoke a word of reply from him, intending, no doubt, to shoot him on the spot, had he afforded them a pretext. He could not procure a revolver in the city, every store having been emptied of arms by the mob. A prominent citizen who was known as a Union man was compelled to leave the city at six hours' notice, taking with him a family of eight children. It is believed that no Northern man's life will be worth an hour's purchase there, when the next gun is fired in the war.

The Governor of Maryland proposed to leave the disputed passage of troops through that State to the arbitration of Lord Lyons. The absurdity of such a proposition was clearly exposed and explicitly declined in an over-courteous letter from Secretary Seward.

Many interviews and much correspondence occurred between the President and the Governor of Maryland and the Mayor of Baltimore, in reference to the passage of troops through the territory of the State, resulting in diverting the line of march through Baltimore and making the head point of debarkation at Annapolis. To the Committee from Baltimore the President is said to have used the following language:

"Now, gentlemen, go home and tell your people that if they will not attack us, we will not attack them; but if they do attack us, we will return it, and that severely. Those troops must come to Washington, and that through Maryland. They can neither go under it, nor can they fly over it, and they shall come through it."

In the city of Baltimore the bitter feeling is in a great measure subsiding. The Stars and Stripes were floating in many places, and were left without comment, and although the Secession feeling largely predominates, the Union party, both in the city and through the State, is very numerous and influential.

Governor Hicks has convened the Maryland Legislature, and in his Message earnestly recommends a strict neutrality. In it he makes the following admission:

"Notwithstanding the fact that our most learned and intelligent citizens admit the right of the Government to transport its troops across our soil, it is evident that a portion of the people of Maryland are opposed to the exercise of the right."

The *right* of way for the troops through Maryland is thus formally acknowledged:

"The Senate has adopted an address to the people of Maryland, stating that the Legislature will not pass an act of Secession; but if they believe the people desire it, they will give them an opportunity of declaring, for them, their future destiny."

It is reported, on reliable authority, that Governor Letcher has notified the President that he intends to keep the soil of Virginia inviolate—that no troops will be allowed to cross it, to attack Washington or to form for offensive purposes against the Federal Government. This is an important fact, if true, but it will not in any way effect the carrying out of the measures decided upon by the President. Whatever may be the feeling of the Governor, it would seem that the people of Virginia are full of the war excitement, and that volunteers are coming in independently and without organization.

To remedy this embarrassing state of things, the following Proclamation has been issued:

By the Governor of Virginia.

Whereas, volunteers are simultaneously tendering their services, in person, from all parts of the State, without waiting for orders, as they were required to do by a former Proclamation, and are repairing to Richmond, without previous notice, at great expense to the Commonwealth, and before suitable provision has been made for their accommodation, and before their services are required; therefore, this Proclamation is to require all companies not now in Richmond, and not ordered here or elsewhere, to remain at their homes, holding themselves simply in readiness for service, until ordered by competent authority.

Given under my hand, &c. JOHN LETCHER.

This indicates pretty plainly that the Government of Virginia, at least, is not thoroughly prepared for warlike demonstrations.

In the meantime, the gallant State of Delaware has come out flat-footed for the Union. Governor Burton issued a Proclamation on the 26th ult., calling out troops to defend the Union.

We have but little reliable news from the South; but from what we can gather the war feeling is very strong in all the States, and the papers do all they can to keep the excitement up. There can be but little doubt, however, that a very mistaken idea is current all through the Southern country, namely, that friends and sympathisers with their cause are predominant at the North, and that their greatest help will come from there. The news that the entire North is as one man for the Union, and that every city and town is pouring out its armed men at the call of the President, will cause a deep and terrible disappointment to the entire South, and will cause many to pause before encountering the overwhelming masses of the North. It is positively stated that Jefferson Davis has left Montgomery, and is marching with a body of men *en route* for Richmond, Va., where all the force he can collect will be concentrated. If this is so, we can hardly understand how Governor Letcher can maintain that strict neutrality which he has intimated it is his intention to pursue.

The President has at length issued a Proclamation ordering the blockade of all the Southern ports:

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Blockade of the Ports of North Carolina and Virginia.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Whereas, for the reasons assigned in my proclamation of the 19th instant, a blockade of the ports of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas was ordered to be established; and whereas, since that date public property of the United States has been seized, the collection of the revenue obstructed, and duly commissioned officers of the United States, while engaged in executing the orders of their superiors, have been arrested and held in custody as prisoners, or have been impeded in the discharge of their official duties, without due legal process, by persons claiming to act under authority of the States of Virginia and North Carolina; an efficient blockade of the ports of these States will therefore also be established.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 27th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WILLIAM H SEWARD, Secretary of State.

In addition to the tens of thousands of volunteer troops which stand ready at the call of the President, we understand that the Government has determined to raise the regular army to twenty-five thousand rank and file, and the navy from seven thousand up to twenty-five thousand.

The capital wears all the appearance of a camp; it is literally running over with soldiers, but the arrangements of General Scott will afford barracks for ten thousand more troops, which are now on their way from various quarters. On the concentration of this force active measures will undoubtedly be commenced, and the General-in-Chief will commence to carry out the programme laid down in the President's Inaugural.

The Secessionists have undoubtedly received two terribly severe checks, the first in the destruction of the stand of arms and other munitions of war, at Harper's Ferry, by Lieutenant Jones. It is more than probable that they contemplated a sudden descent upon Washington, expecting to get the necessary arms at Harper's Ferry. Its destruction doubtless overthrew their cunningly arranged plans, and thus they missed the opportunity of making the first grand *coup* of the campaign. The foresight of the Government deprived the Secessionists of this advantage, and our glorious Capital is so well guarded as to defy any force that Secessionists can bring against it now.

The second and equally terrible check was the destruction of the dockyard at Norfolk, with all its stores, the blowing up of the drydock, and the scuttling and burning of the ships-of-war in the harbor. This fleet was the darling hope of the Southerners; in it they saw some chance of raising the blockade of their ports, and possibly of giving New York, Boston and Philadelphia a taste of the pleasures of bombardment. Their navy has gone down into the sea, and will not be raised again save with Northern help.

THE TROOPS IN THE FIELD.

The Providence *Journal* of Friday says: "The following records of the movements of troops thus far is of interest. We believe it to be substantially correct, though accounts differ respecting the number of troops at Washington and in some of the regiments:

TROOPS IN WASHINGTON OR MOVING TOWARDS IT.

Troops in Washington Monday A. M., from Quartermaster's ration list	5,200
12th Regiment, New York, sailed 21st, in Baltic	1,300
6th Regiment, New York, sailed 21st, in Columbia	500
71st Regiment, New York, sailed 21st, in R. R. Cuyler	1,000
5th Regiment, Massachusetts, sailed 21st, in De Soto	1,000
3d Battalion, Massachusetts, sailed 21st, in Ariel	300
1st Detachment, Rhode Island, sailed 21st, in Coatzacoalcos	600
69th Regiment, New York, sailed 23d, in Adger	1,000
9th Regiment, New York, sailed 23d, in Alabama	1,000
13th Regiment, Brooklyn, sailed 23d, in Marion	1,000
25th Regiment, Albany, sailed 23d, in Parkersburg	1,000
7th Regiment, New York, now in Washington	1,000
8th Regiment, Massachusetts, now in Washington	1,000
1st Regiment, Pennsylvania, now in Washington	1,000
Pennsylvania troops in Perrysville, 23d	2,500
Pennsylvania troops in Harrisburg and Philadelphia	10,000
Pennsylvania troops in steamer Daylight	260
Norfolk Marines, &c., in Pocahontas for Washington	370
1st Regiment Indiana troops *en route*	1,000
2d Detachment Rhode Island troops in Bienville	500
Boston Flying Artillery, 6 pieces, 90 horses, in steamer, April 21st	100
Rhode Island Marine Artillery, 6 pieces, 50 horses, at Easton	150
New York Battery 6 pieces, in steamer Montgomery, 23d	100
Sherman's Battery	75
In round numbers	35 000

REGIMENTS REPORTED READY FOR TRANSPORTATION AND AWAITING ORDERS.

Ninth Regiment, New York	1,000
Third Regiment, New York Chasseurs	1,200
Fifth Regiment, New York	1,000
New York Zouaves	700
Twenty-eighth Regiment, New York	1,000
First Regiment, New Jersey	1,000
First Regiment, Hartford	1,000
First Regiment, Maine	1,000
Illinois troops now at Cairo	4,000
Indiana troops at Camp Morton	2,000
Missouri troops at St. Louis Arsenal	1,000
Ohio troops at Columbus	2,000
New Hampshire and Vermont	2,000
Total	18,900

In all under orders and awaiting orders, 54,000.

MAJOR ANDERSON AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

MAJOR ANDERSON, on the 23d, was the guest as well as the host of the city, which he is in himself, and the brave soldier, whom even his opponents love to glorify, must have been highly gratified at the reception he met with. When he arrived in the Governor's Room he was welcomed by Mayor Wood, in a very appropriate speech, the *bon mot* of which was a gold snuff-box, which his honor presented as its "amen." The Major made a fitting response, and the citizens were then admitted to shake the warrior's hand. Among those who came to greet the hero of Sumpter was a blind girl, the authoress of a pleasant volume of poems entitled "Sheaves of Love." Another lady presented him with a gold pencil-case and pen. Among the most distinguished of our citizens were Judge Vanderpoel and General Dix. The latter was formerly Major Anderson's superior officer. As he grasped General Dix's hand the Major said, "It is a pleasure for me to grasp the hand of my old commander—my first captain." The two soldiers looked as though they both felt the same sentiments. Messrs. Tuomey and Barney then escorted the Major to Columbia College, where he assisted to raise the Stars and Stripes.

The Government and Major Anderson.

It is with infinite pleasure that we publish the following communication from the Secretary of War to Major Anderson. It is a full recognition of his honorable conduct and of the undaunted gallantry of himself and his command

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, April 22, 1861.

"Major ROBERT ANDERSON, late Commanding officer at Fort Sumpter.

"MY DEAR SIR—I am directed by the President of the United States to communicate to you, and through you to the officers and men under your command at Forts Moultrie and Sumpter, the approbation of the Government of your and their judicious and gallant conduct there; and to tender to you and them the thanks of the Government for the same.

"I am, very respectfully,
"SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War."

PERSONAL.

We hear that Judge Barnard of the Supreme Court has resigned, or will resign, his position on the Bench for the purpose of accepting the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the California regiment, to be commanded by Senator Baker of Oregon. The regiment is nearly full.

GEORGE WILKES, the well-known editor, has started for the war He combines the Crimean Russell with the Warrior.

MRS. BOTTA, the well-known and respected Miss Lynch, had a pleasant party at her house in Thirty fifth street, on Wednesday, in compliment to Mr. G P Marsh. Her husband, Professor Botta, made some very appropriate remarks on the occasion.

MOSES SMALL, editor of the Baltimore *Patriot*, died in Baltimore on the 14th, in his 80th year.

GENERAL JAMES H. LANE, familiarly known as "Jim Lane," the Kansas Senator, was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in 1814, being consequently two years older than General Pomeroy. He went to Mexico in 1840, and served one year as Colonel under General Taylor. At the end of that time he returned to Indiana, raised another regiment for the war, and served another year under Scott. At the battle of Buena Vista, General Lane distinguished himself in stopping the flight of one of the regiments. At the close of the war he returned home, was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and subsequently to Congress from his district At the passage of the Nebraska bill he emigrated to Kansas

MISS JOSEPHINE C. KEICHLINE, a young girl of Philadelphia, ten years of age, lately presented Brigadier-General Small with a fine dressing-case, for his use while engaged in defending the Union.

FATHER QUINN, a Roman Catholic priest, in Providence, Rhode Island, has enlisted in General Sprague's regiment.

MR. HAWLEY, senior editor of the Hartford *Press*, has joined the First Connecticut regiment.

GENERAL NAPIER says: "It would appear from numerous observations made by military writers, that soldiers are hit during battle, according to the color of their dress, in the following order: red, the most fatal color; the least fatal Austrian gray. The proportions are: red 12; rifle green, 7, brown, 6; Austrian bluish gray, 5.

MR J. R ROBINSON, Boston, has placed in the hands of Governor Boutwell one of Colt's navy revolvers, silver mounted, to be forwarded to Sergeant Dexter Sawtell, who so bravely defended the colors of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment, at Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861.

LIEUTENANT MAURY, of the National Observatory at Washington, suddenly dis

appeared on the 19th, and has not been heard of since. Captain Scott has been placed in command of the Observatory.

The venerable Dr. Usher Parsons, whose portrait we published in No. 251, has tendered his services to accompany the Second regiment of Rhode Island as surgeon. He was Commodore Perry's surgeon at the battle of Lake Erie.

Lady Franklin and her niece, Miss Cracroft, sailed on the 24th for Honolulu, to proceed to Australia and thence to India, on her way to England.

Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, has received the following letter:

Newburyport, April 19.

Governor Andrew—Dear Sir—I am fifteen years old, five feet and six inches high, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, and they won't let me enlist, because they say I am not old enough. I think that I am old enough to whip a Secessionist; at any rate, I should like to try; but I don't see as there is any chance for me yet, so I shall have to keep cool and let my hair grow, I suppose. I wish your excellency would send an order to E. F. Stone to let me enlist. Please send an answer quickly, and oblige, Yours truly, G. H.

C. J. Ingersoll has invited all the Ex-Presidents to a conference on the present state of the Union. We hardly think that such men as Pierce, Fillmore, Tyler, Van Buren and Buchanan are the men to meet so great a difficulty as that which now threatens us.

By the steamer on Saturday many notabilities went to Europe. General Miramon, the butcher bandit of Mexico, and his wife took passage for Europe. Of our Ministers, there were Marsh, for Turin; Dayton, for Paris; and his Secretary of Legation, Pennington, a son of Senator Pennington.

Major Anderson is still at the Brevoort House, awaiting orders from Washington. He visited Mr. Powell's studio last week to see that artist's picture of "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie."

Mr. Anson Burlingame sailed in the Fulton on Saturday, the 27th, for Europe. He is appointed Minister to Austria.

THE OATH OF FEALTY.

The oath of fealty to the United States Government was administered to the Seventh Regiment of New York on the 27th ult. Not one man refused the obligation. It is a solemn compact, and we are not surprised that the Secessionist in heart hesitates and then refuses to take it. The oath of fealty is as follows:

Washington, D. C., April —, 1861.

"I, ——, at this present time in the United States service as —— ——, do solemnly swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith and loyalty to the same, as established by the Constitution and laws; and further, that I do this with a full determination and pledge, without any mental reservation or evasion, to perform in good faith all the duties which may be legally required of me, so help my God.

"County of Washington, (a)

"*District of Columbia, ss.*

"Sworn and subscribed to before me, this —— day of April, 1861.

"—— ——, J. P."

RATES OF PAY OF THE MILITIA WHILE IN SERVICE.

Many are anxious to know what is the precise amount of pay to which the various grades of militia are entitled. We subjoin a corrected statement:

	Per month.
Colonel	$218 00
Lieutenant Colonel	194 00
Major	175 00
Captain	118 50
First Lieutenant	108 50
Second Lieutenant	103 50
Brevet Second Lieutenant	103 50
First, or Orderly Sergeant	29 00
Other Sergeants	27 00
Corporals	22 00
Privates	20 00
Musicians	21 00

The men are armed and equipped by the Government. The officers are required to provide their own uniforms.

The War Excitement in the City.

Oberon's wand could hardly have worked a more wonderful transformation than the lowering of the American flag at Fort Sumpter has worked upon the people of New York and upon the entire populations of the North, East and West. The moderate supporters of the Government became fast adherents—the hesitating became assured—the wavering firm—the indifferent were roused to action—party lost its distinctions—all lesser and greater considerations were merged in the one grand overpowering sentiment—devotion to the Union! The question no longer is, Are you a Republican or are you a Democrat? but are you for the Union, for its integrity as a nation, and for the undiminished glory of our national flag, the Stars and Stripes, which floated over the infancy of our country, has sheltered its manhood, and has been acknowledged and respected as the emblem of a great and free people in every port and in every ocean of the civilized globe? The heart that is cold to the proud and glorious associations inevitably connected with our "Star Spangled Banner" is unworthy the name of American, is the cry of every man in the North.

The spirit of the people has been stirred to its lowest depths. From the highest to the lowest, including the middle well-to-do classes, who are generally passively indifferent, there is a deep and abiding feeling of a great wrong to be righted, and a grave and earnest determination to right that wrong at whatever cost—at whatever sacrifice of money or life. No one shrinks from the responsibility. The mother kisses her best beloved and blesses him, but turns aside to weep as he proudly passes into the ranks; the sister clings about his neck with mingled grief and pride; the young wife steels her heart, and the betrothed holds back the sob; and all say, "Your country first, and as God wills next." The young go forth full of hope and eager for the cause—the excitement of change, the glory of achieving a happy peace leading them pleasantly onward and lightening fatigue, privation and danger. Weary and aching hearts are left behind, and voids are made in happy homes, which, perchance, though God forbid! may never be filled again; but not a mother or sister or wife would recall the beloved one from the righteous army of our country—all would blush at a weakness which would sully their pure patriotism and cast a doubt upon the cause.

The coming war has completely absorbed all other topics; it is the talk of the drawing-rooms, the hotels, the stores, private and public offices; in the Exchange, the Custom House, on the sidewalk, and everywhere. Every rumor is telegraphed by busy tongues through the whole city almost as soon as it appears on the bulletin, and every action of the Government is discussed with a freedom and a fervor altogether unparalleled. Even little shavers who can hardly find their way home alone have their opinion of the war, Jeff. Davis, Major Anderson and the Flag of our Union. But the interest in the war is not confined to idle talk and women's gossip; on the contrary, every one is anxious to do something to forward the patriotic efforts of the Government, and of the thousands of noble men who have volunteered in the service of their country. We could fill pages with instances of noble self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause which the citizens of New York alone have exhibited. All thought of personal interest seems swallowed up in the one great absorbing sentiment—the preservation of the Union. Merchants, manufacturers and institutions vie with each other in unbounded patriotism and generosity. Not only do they grant permission to any of their employés to swell the volunteer ranks, but they hold their situations open for them until their return, pay their salaries in full during their absence, and where necessary, support their families. We know of one extraordinary instance where the proprietors of a large iron manufactory gave a bonus of twenty dollars to any of their men who would volunteer, reserved their situations and salaries, and pledged themselves to support the families of those who fell in the war. The magnitude of the excitement may be judged by such actions as these. Ladies' societies for making clothes for the soldiers, and lint, bandages, &c., for the wounded, and also for forming nurse corps for hospital service, are in active operation all over the country. Almost every church has its circle of active hands engaged in charitable and patriotic works.

Money literally floods in, in aid of the Government. The following list of appropriations shows the temper of the people, and is altogether independent of gifts of arms, clothing and unlimited private donations:

Albany, N Y	$46,000	Milwaukee, Wis	$31,000
Auburn, N Y	4,000	Marblehead, Mass	5,000
Abington, Mass	5,000	Malden, Mass	2,000
Boston, Mass	100,000	Madison, Ind	6,000
Brooklyn, N Y	75,000	Mount Holly, N J	3,000
Bridgeport, Conn	31,000	Morristown, N J	3,000
Burlington, Vt	3,000	New York State	5,000,000
Bath, Maine	10,000	New York City	2,155,000
Batavia, N Y	4,000	Newark, N J	125,000
Buffalo, N Y	110,000	New Haven, Conn	30,000
Burlington, N J	4,000	Norwich, Conn	13,000
Bordentown, N J	3,000	New London, Conn	10,000
Bradford, Vt	2,000	New Brunswick, N J	2,000
Bridgeton, N J	1,000	Needham, Mass	3,000
Bedford, Mass	2,000	Newtown, Mass	3,000
Bennington, Vt	10,000	North Andover, Mass	3,000
Barre, Mass	2,000	Noblesville, Ind	10,000
Braintree, Mass	2,000	Ohio State	1,000,000
Bedford, N Y	1,000	Oswego, N Y	12,000
Brunswick, Maine	1,000	Ottawa, Ill	12,000
Binghamton, N Y	10,000	Pennsylvania State	500,000
Cincinnati, Ohio	280,000	Philadelphia	330,000
Charlestown, Mass	18,000	Plymouth, Mass	2,000
Circleville, Ohio	2,000	Poughkeepsie, N Y	10,000
Chicago, Ill	20,000	Piqua, Ohio	20,000
Clinton, Ill	5,000	Paterson, N J	10,000
Cohasset, Mass	1,000	Quincy, Mass	10,000
Clinton, N Y	1,000	Rhode Island State	500,000
Camden and Amboy Railroad Co.	10,000	Rochester	66,000
Concord, Mass	4,000	Rockland, Me	10,000
Detroit, Mich	50,000	Salem, Mass	15,000
Dunkirk, N Y	20,000	Stowe, Mass	2,000
Dover, N H	10,000	Schenectady, N Y	2,000
Elizabeth, N J	11,000	Seneca Falls, N Y	3,000
Elkhart, Ind	3,000	Stockbridge, Mass	3,000
Erie, Penn	7,000	Sycamore, Ill	4,000
Evansville, Ind	15,000	St Albans, Vt	10,000
Fall River, Mass	10,000	Sag Harbor, N Y	3,000
Fleming, N J	5,000	Saratoga Springs, N Y	2,000
Fond du Lac, Wis	4,000	Southboro, Mass	2,000
Gloucester, Ind	10,000	Troy, N Y	48,000
Greensburg, Ind	2,000	Toledo, Ohio	5,000
Glen's Falls, N Y	10,000	Taunton, Mass	40,000
Hudson, N Y	4,000	Utica, N Y	12,000
Hamilton, Ohio	1,000	Upper Sandusky, Ohio	5,000
Hoboken, N J	2,000	Vermont State	500,000
Hornellsville, N Y	1,000	Wisconsin State	225,000
Hartford, Conn	64,000	Weymouth, Mass	6,000
Iowa, State	10,000	Wilmington, Ohio	3,000
Indianapolis, Ind	5,000	Waynesville, Ohio	2,000
Ipswich, Mass	4,000	Waltham, Mass	6,000
Jersey City, N J	32,000	West Cambridge, Mass	10,000
Janesville, Wis	6,000	Woodstock, Vt	1,000
Kenton, Ohio	2,000	Watertown, N Y	6,000
Keene, N H	10,000	Warsaw, N Y	3,000
Lynn, Mass	10,000	Watertown, Mass	2,000
Lockport, N Y	2,000	Waterford, N Y	6,000
Lawrence, Mass	5,000	Westboro, Mass	3,000
Lowell, Mass	6,000	West Troy, N Y	6,000
London, Ohio	1,000	Woburn, Mass	5,000
Maine State	1,300,000	Xenia, Ohio	14,000
Mich. various places	50,000	Zanesville, Ohio	3,000
		Total	$11,230,000

Besides this enormous amount, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been donated by private friends of the various city and State regiments, either in aid of the families left behind, or to render more perfect the equipment of the troops. Mr. T. Dehon, the treasurer of the Union Defence Club, has received, within a few days, nearly two hundred thousand dollars in individual subscriptions.

The City of New York wanted a loan of a million of dollars, and Mr. Comptroller Haws spent one hour among the banks on Saturday, the 27th ult., and the following was the result:

Bank of Commerce, by J. A. Stevens, President	$100,000
New York Exchange Bank, by S. Van Duzer, President	10,000
Mechanics' Bank, by S. Knapp, President	25,000
National Bank, by James Gallatin, President	25,000
Merchants' Bank, by A. E. Silliman, President	25,000
Manhattan Bank, by J. M. Morrison, President	25,000
Bank of the Republic, by R. H. Lowry, Cashier	00,000
Phœnix Bank, by P. M. Bryson, Cashier	25,000
Bank of New York, by A. P. Halsey, President	50,000
Bank of North America, by J. Seymour, President	20,000
Bank of America, by J. Punnett, President	50,000
Bank of the State of New York, by R. Withers, President	25,000
Shoe and Leather Bank, by A. V. Stout, President	25,000
Total	$465,000

From this brief review of the state of feeling in this city and elsewhere, it will be perceived that both in pecuniary means and military resources the North is fully equal to any emergency.

Union Defence Committee.

One of the beneficial results of the grand gathering in Union Square on Saturday, the 20th April, was the appointment of a Committee, which may be really called that of Public Safety. The following list will show how nobly the merchants and wealthy men of New York have come forward in the Republic's hour of peril to aid her with their counsel and money. It will be seen to comprise our most illustrious men:

The Mayor and Comptroller of the city, and the President of each Board of the Common Council were also added to the Committee.

Mr. Dehon was appointed Treasurer of the Committee.

The Committee met at eight o'clock on Monday evening, at the house of Gen. Dix, and the Committee on Organization reported the following standing Committees:

A Committee of Finance—Messrs. Russell, Dehon, Low, Taylor and Boorman.

A Committee of Collections and Subscriptions—Messrs. Stewart, Havemeyer, Marshall, Williams, McCurdy and Phelps.

An Executive Committee—Messrs. Draper, Wadsworth, Grinnell, Bell, Sloan, Wetmore, Astor, Richards, Blatchford and Dodge.

A Committee of Correspondence and Publication—Mr. Fish, Mr. Evarts, Mr. Pierrepont, Mr. Brady, Mr. Cisco.

The Garibaldi Guards.

The Italian, Hungarian and French residents in New York are forming a regiment to be called the Garibaldi Guards. Most of them have seen service.

The British Volunteers.

This regiment is in rapid progress. The Colonel has not yet been chosen, as John Bull, with his usual business-like caution, delays its choice for a short time to get some general officer who has been in the service of England.

The Kerrigan Union Rangers.

This regiment is now full, and was last week mustered into service. George Law provided each member with two six barrelled revolvers, and gives the regiment the use of a building corner of Bowery and Spring street.

A Fighting Regiment.

The New York Empire City regiment, under command of Colonel Andrew Sheehan, is now enrolling volunteers at No. 15 West Houston street. Among the members are Billy Mulligan, Jim Hughes, George Middleton, champion wrestler of America, Louis Borrel, Ira Coles, Robert C. Kehoe, W. P. Hallet, Benjamin Wells, John Woods, Wm. Smith, John Williams, Lewis Conover, Michael Mark, Captain Daniel Aldrich, Major Welding, John Franklin, and all are fighting men. There will be two companies of riflemen equipped from this regiment, if possible.

The Advance Zouave Guards of Colonel Duryea.

This dashing body of men departed on the 24th for Fort Schuyler. Colonel Duryea addressed them in a short but excellent address. They then formed in usual Zouave style, four abreast, and marched down Canal street. They will remain in Fort Schuyler for a short time to complete their numbers and to perfect the drill of their recruits. They are a noble body of men. Lieutenant-Colonel Warren was for many years military instructor of West Point, of which he is a graduate.

THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT

Of New York to Washington.

This crack regiment having safely arrived at its destination, an account of its perils by flood and field will be interesting to our readers. It is a simple narrative, as told by one of its members.

"We arrived," he says, "on Monday afternoon at Annapolis, after a very unpleasant passage of two days from Philadelphia, having been sadly crowded for room and deficient in food. The boys, however, laughed at their troubles, their only anxiety being to get at work.

"Immediately on landing we camped on the beach in front of the Naval Academy, and having stacked arms and made all necessary arrangements, set guard, and the regiment strolled into the inclosed grounds of the Academy, where we threw ourselves upon the grass and had a good rest after our fatigue. We expected to lay there all night, but about six o'clock we were invited to take up our quarters in the Academy, which we gladly accepted, and passed a quiet night's rest. On Tuesday Colonel Lefferts made every effort to get off, but finding it impossible, ordered a dress parade and drill for the morning. It was given in the presence of thousands who cheered us heartily, and the army officers paid us the highest compliments.

"On Tuesday evening an incident occurred which showed how prompt the regiment was to respond to any call. About nine o'clock the lights of the Baltic as she came up the bay were sighted, followed soon by those of the fleet, and they were hailed with joy, for apprehensions of an assault had been entertained for several days. Soon after the lights were discovered, a thick haze settled down on the horizon, concealing the lights, and the impression was at once conveyed that they had been put out purposely with some evil designs. This was confirmed almost immediately by a signal displayed from the Constitution, denoting 'danger,' which had been sent up by mistake. The cry was at once 'turn out,' and the 'call' was beaten. In seven minutes from the first tap of the drum, the line of the regiment was formed, howitzers manned, and the regiment reported for duty. The same must be said of the corps of acting midshipmen, who in the same time were formed on the same ground with their howitzer. The regiment for this was most highly and deservedly praised. As this mistake on board the ship was soon discovered by the lifting of the haze, the troops were dismissed and returned to their quarters.

"During Tuesday, Colonel Lefferts had made the necessary arrangements for moving his column forward, and at five o'clock on Wednesday morning two companies, who had been detailed as skirmishers, started with orders to report any obstructions by a certain fixed time, and if no report was received, the column would move at the expiration of that time. Accordingly, at eight o'clock, no word having been received from the advanced guard, the column was put in motion, following the railroad track. It should be mentioned here that this advanced guard took with them two small baggage cars, which the men dragged by ropes; and to understand the nature of their work, a few words as to the construction of the road. It runs through a deep cut nearly all the way to the first bridge, which tends to exclude the air, and affords no shelter from the rays of the sun. The track is laid on sleepers raised from the ground, which is a sandy clay soil, and it is easy to understand how difficult it must be to march under such circumstances.

"The Seventh, however, started off in good order, and in high spirits, the rear being brought up by the officers' wagons. Baggage-wagons and ambulance and the locomotive, with three cars, were to follow soon afterwards. After marching about four miles, the sun began to pour down in the gorge of the road with terrible power, the day being the hottest this part of the season. The Colonel commanding, seeing that the men were likely to suffer very much if compelled to carry their knapsacks, ordered a halt, and gave the order to 'unsling,' which was gladly complied with. The knapsacks were piled alongside the road, and a guard placed over them, with directions to have them brought forward by the locomotive. This done, the column was again pushed forward. During the next two or three miles the heat was more intensified, and many were compelled to throw themselves on the bank of the road and obtain a few minutes' rest. This done, they would push forward with renewed vigor and join the main column. In some cases, those most exhausted were put in the baggage wagons, and, resting there, would resume the line of march. After walking nine miles and a half, our informant was struck down, as if dead, by a *coup de soleil*, and was carried to the roadside, where his companions paid him every attention; and by the time the cars came up, he was sufficiently restored to be put into them, and although they were filled with half-exhausted stragglers, they cheerfully made room so that he could lie down. In about half an hour the whole column was reached, and it was discovered that the cause of their stoppage was the breaking of a bridge which crossed a small stream, and it would be impossible to advance until that was repaired, which was already in course of progress by a portion of the Massachusetts Regiment, which had been sent on, on Tuesday, to examine the state of the road. The regiment was, therefore, halted and encamped for the night, and until such time as the bridge should be repaired, while the cars were sent back to give information of the condition of things and to carry the disabled, one of whom was our informant, the other member of the advance guard, who accidentally shot himself in the knee, causing a wound which, though slight, disabled him from walking. Throughout the entire line of the road, as far as travelled, not only was no opposition offered, but not a single white man was seen, and only a few negro huts. At four o'clock, on Wednesday P.M., when the cars left, all had recovered their spirits, and were anxious to get at their rations, which consists of a biscuit and raw pork or beef—each man carrying water in his canteen.

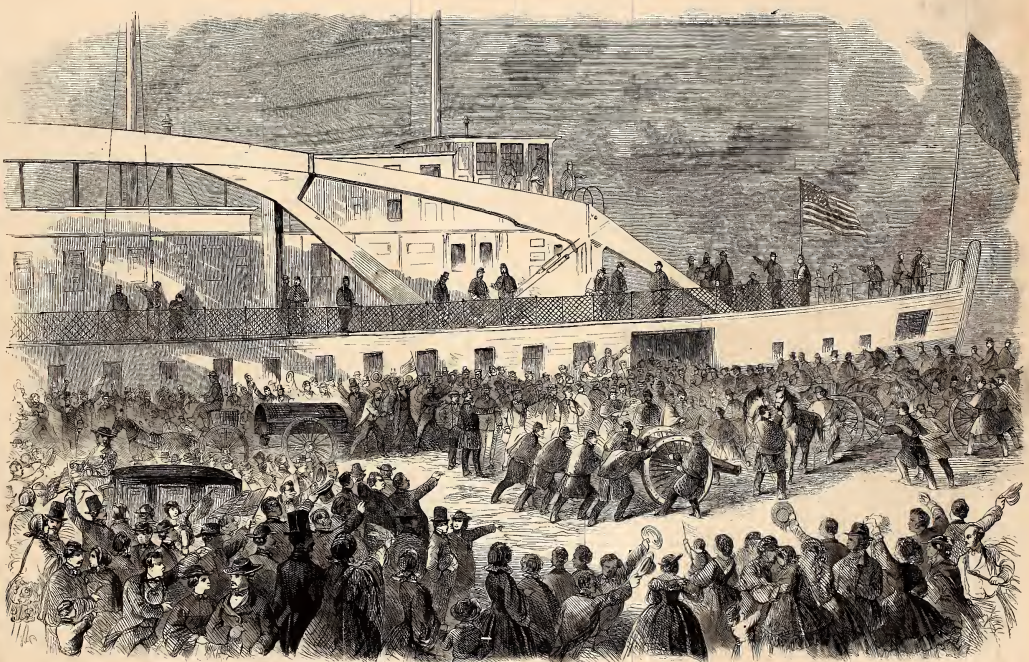
"As to the road and bridge a few interesting facts were gathered. On Monday, General B. F. Butler, Commander-in-Chief of the Massachusetts troops, went with a body of his stalwart men, who are Nantucket, Lynn and Boston boys, to the storehouse of the railroad company, and asked to see what was inside. The keeper replied 'Nothing,' but the General persisted in his curiosity, and the man replied that he had not the keys, and did not know where they were. 'Boys,' said the General, turning to his men, 'do you think you could raise those gates?' 'We guess we can.' 'Let me see you try.' They tried, and in a few minutes free access was had to the building, where they found a small locomotive. 'Does anybody here know anything about this machine?' 'I helped build it, and know every portion of her,' said one of his men. 'See if she is fit for service;' and after a brief examination it was reported that she required a few slight repairs. 'Go to work and make them,' and in the course of a few hours she was fired up, and duly reported to the General, who ordered an examination of the road. It was found in a sad condition, but was repaired so far as their limited stock of tools and spikes would allow, and without proceeding as far as the bridge, they returned with the locomotive and their report, and it was then turned over to Colonel Lefferts for service on Wednesday. The Massachusetts troops undertook the repairs of the bridge and track, they being familiar with such work, and would not allow the Seventh to lay their hands to any work, 'for,' they said, 'you are not used to this kind of work, and we are. You can do the open-field fighting, and we will do the hard work, and when it comes to a rough-and-tumble fight you will find us there.'

"The warmest friendship has sprung up between these two regiments from the moment they met, and it was cemented by a little incident which was narrated to our reporter by an eye-witness. Some of the Massachusetts troops were passing a squad of the Seventh, who were seated by the roadside eating their rations of biscuit, and of course they stopped to speak to each other; and in the course of conversation one of the Massachusetts boys chanced to remark that they hadn't had their rations yet. Instantly every one of the Seventh sprang to his feet, and although each man had only one biscuit, that was halved with their friends, as well as their salt pork; and it was gladly accepted, for they had been out all day without a mouthful to eat or drink. It was not long before this

(Continued on page 390.)

GENERAL VIEW OF CHARLESTON HARBOR DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT S

INTERIOR OF FORT SUMPTER AFTER THE EVACUATION OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST, MR. EUGENE BENNY, WHO VISITED THE FORT IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



THE RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT LEAVING PROVIDENCE, R. I.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Lumley.—See Page 391.

THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

(*Continued from page 387.*)

incident became known in the Massachusetts regiment, and from that time forward the Seventh have almost been worshipped. Not a man in the Massachusetts regiment but would go through fire and water to serve the Seventh. Of the twenty who came home in the Baltic, eighteen were invalided at Annapolis by reason of sickness or physical inability to perform the arduous duties required of them. The other two were McSpies, sunstruck, and D. V. Portley, of the Second, accidentally shot in the leg. The telegraph has, before this was written, informed our readers that the bridge had been repaired, and communication opened to the Junction."

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM NEW YORK CITY FOR THE SOUTH.

The Seventy-first Regiment.

NEVER within the memory of man have two such exciting weeks passed over our city as those which have just ended. The city has resembled more a Campus Martis than a commercial city, and the serious countenances of every one we met gave assurance that a great crisis had arrived, which the nation would meet unflinchingly. In our last paper we chronicled the departure of troops up to last Sunday, the 21st, on which day, for the first time since the Revolution, the Sunday was devoted to the dispatch of troops by sea and land for the seat of war.

Instead of the usual quiet of the Sabbath, the streets were thronged with crowds of anxious persons, waiting to give their God-speed to the brave fellows who, at the call of duty, left the comforts and ties of home to prove their devotion to the flag of their country.

Through streets all ablaze with flags, lined with enthusiastic citizens and thunderous with cheers and vivas, the Seventy-first, Twelfth and Sixth Regiments of the New York State Militia marched to the transports which were to convey them to Washington as expeditiously as possible. Vessels laded with United States troops started at the same time with apparently the same destination. Every militia regiment turned out with overflowing ranks, and hundreds of recruits were obliged to be refused.

On Sunday morning, at half-past six, the men of the Seventy-first Regiment began to assemble at their armory, and continued to do so till half-past nine, the hour appointed for their departure. At that hour the drums sounded, and the companies began to form to start for the rendezvous in Bond street. Broadway greeted them with hearty cheers as they passed.

At last the procession started, and, with occasional stoppages, marched to Pier No. 4, North River, through Broadway, Cortlandt and West streets. The crowd above Canal street was immense. People choked every window, and piled upon the stoops, balconies and roofs of the houses, which flashed with a bright foliage of flags. At every corner engines were stationed loaded with men and bells ringing. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and flags till the whole street seemed in a flutter.

From St. Paul's and Trinity the national flag was displayed. The embarkation of the soldiers upon the E. R. Cuyler was well effected, and at three o'clock the gallant Seventy-first started for the war. The regiment numbered nearly 1,000 men, and the recruits about 700. It is under the command of Col. Vosburgh.

The Sixth Regiment.

About six o'clock the members of this excellent regiment began to muster at their headquarters, in Centre Market, and at nine o'clock they were all assembled. They then started on their march, and seldom has a finer sight been seen than presented itself when they entered Broadway. The street seemed one living mass of sympathising and admiring friends. The display in Canal street was fully equal to that in Broadway, when the regiment turned into this less important city artery. And at the foot of Canal street the crowd assembled to witness the embarkation of the military was the greatest, probably, that were ever packed into the same space on the Island of Manhattan. Many were the scenes that occurred here. Solemnly and patriotically interesting they were. Men rushed forward to grasp the hands of their departing sons and brothers, and the most touching of all tears—a soldier's—were shed in many instances. Ladies tried in vain to even catch a glimpse of their husbands, fathers, brothers or beaux, but were only rewarded by the glimmering of bristling and terrible steel. Some would occasionally remark, "These are dreadful times," "Our poor country," "How few of these will return," &c., while others, whose reflection took a different turn, would exclaim, "Don't bring back that flag with one star dimmed! Take the clouds from our stars and let them light us again!" Now and then the movements and motley aspect of the raw recruits would create a laugh, which was always followed by a cheer, or a cheer which was always followed by a laugh and such an exclamation as "They'll know the use of a musket before they come back!" Some of the regiment were armed with revolvers, and some had the sword bayonet. Frequently did the crowd exclaim "Remember Sumpter!" "Remember Baltimore!" &c., and thus went the gallant Sixth, with Col. Pinckney at their head, to defend the Union.

The Twelfth Regiment.

The general orders provided that the regimental line should be formed on Union square, at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, previous to their departure for Washington. At seven o'clock the different companies composing the regiment began to assemble at their armories, some at their headquarters in Broadway, some at the Mercer House and some at Jefferson Market. At each of these places the scene presented was one of activity and bustle, increasing every moment, until one company after another marched away to join the rest of the regiment. The regular members were mostly prepared at the shortest notice for the journey. Some of the recruits had made their arrangements on the previous evening, but Sunday morning found many still unprepared, and the additional arms from the State did not arrive until midnight, so that some delay was occasioned in the departure on that account.

The Twelfth had eight companies in all, some new ones having been organised during the last few days. Each company numbers about a hundred men, besides which there was a corps of light artillery, composed of forty men, with howitzers; twenty one drummers in Zouave costume, a band of twenty-five pieces, together with the field staff and line and non-commissioned officers. The regular members of the regiment wore their usual uniform and felt hats, with fatigue caps slung, and many were provided with revolvers in addition to their muskets. The volunteers also wore felt hats and were furnished with blankets. New uniforms are now being manufactured for the regiment, and will be forwarded from this city after the troops shall have arrived at Washington. This new uniform is styled the *Chasseur d'Afrique*, is something like the Zouave costume, and will also be provided for the volunteers, as well as for the regular members of the regiment.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before the first company which had arrived had taken up its position on the west side, where the regimental line was formed, and before this a company of the Lightning Zouaves, under the command of Capt. Graham, had arrived, and were much admired for their soldierly appearance and admirable training. These were the same who escorted the Seventh to Jersey City, and they now tendered a similar compliment to the noble Twelfth. It is needless to say that as the companies came upon the ground they were greeted with true American heartiness. At one o'clock the line was formed, the band struck up a patriotic air, and, with the Old Guard, under the command of Mr. Vultee, and the New York Zouaves, the regiment proceeded to Canal street, to embark on board the Baltic. Col. Butterfield rode at their head on a splendid charger. It was not till five o'clock, however, that the Baltic got under weigh, which she did amidst the most enthusiastic cheers of the people.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment.

An immense turnout of our Irish citizens on Tuesday showed to the brave Sixty-ninth that they were regarded as the representative corps of the Green Isle. Never has the female element of New York been more plentiful, and their cheerful faces (now and then dimmed with the passing cloud of a thought that the noble stalwart fellows, now marching to the inspiring national airs of their old land and their adopted one, might return no more), gave grace and beauty to the scene.

At nine o'clock the regiment marched from their armory in Prince street to Great Jones street, which was their starting place. The troops looked well, and in excellent spirits. At a quarter past three the order to fall in was given, and the regiment moved on, escorted by several fire companies and civic societies. Colonel Corcoran marched at the head of his gallant fellows, one and all of whom looked true soldiers.

As the Sixty-ninth were marching down Broadway they halted in front of the Astor House, and while there the heart of one of the recruits, a fine-looking fellow, was besieged by the lamentations of his wife and children, who were on the sidewalk. The poor fellow could not stand it, and rushed from the ranks. His companions were disarming him in the street, when an elderly and very respectable-looking gentleman stepped out of the crowd of spectators, seized the abandoned musket and offered to take the vacant place. The offer, so prompt and impulsive on the part of the old man, elicited cheers from the crowd, but it was not accepted, doubtless on account of the age of him who made the patriotic proffer.

On resuming the march the procession passed down Broadway to Cortlandt street, where they were most heartily received by the merchants and clerks in the neighborhood. All along West street the enthusiasm of the people was the same, and as the regiment passed on board the James Adger, at pier No. 4, the scene of excitement and confusion beggared description. Some delay was experienced in embarking the men in consequence of the jam, but by half-past five o'clock the troops were fairly stowed away, and preparations were made for starting.

The Eighth Regiment.

This gallant body of men left in the Alabama and Montgomery on the 23d, amid the cheers of the public and the tears of their relatives. They numbered 1,001 men. They assembled at their armory over Centre Market at one o'clock, but were detained several hours for equipments. Our space will not allow of a more extended account.

The Thirteenth Regiment.

The Thirteenth Regiment finally embarked for the seat of war on the 23d, amid the most intense enthusiasm of the people of Brooklyn. Long before eight o'clock the vicinity of the armory was thronged with thousands, anxious to show their attachment to the good cause. After the necessary details were arranged the companies marched out, and formed in line on Cranberry street. This was at three o'clock. As the gallant fellows marched along the band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The troops were then embarked on board the Marion, which was anchored in the North River. Colonel Abel Smith leads these brave men.

Ellsworth Zouaves.

The Fire Zouaves, under command of Colonel Ellsworth, mustering over eleven hundred strong, embarked on board the Baltic on Monday, amid a most enthusiastic ovation. Chosen from so popular a corps as the Firemen of New York, they could not fail to arouse public sympathy to a large extent. As it was generally known that three separate stand of colors would be presented to them—one at their barracks, another by Mrs. Astor, and the third at the Astor House by Mr. C. Stetson—an immense crowd attended every movement of this gallant regiment. The first flag was presented by Mr. Wickham, on behalf of the Fire Department and Common Council, which Colonel Ellsworth acknowledged in a soldierlike speech. The Hon. J. A. Dix then, on behalf of Mrs. Augusta Astor, presented them with another stand of colors, with a very handsome letter from the fair donor. The regiment then marched through Bond street, Bowery, Chatham street, to the Astor House, where Mr. C. Stetson presented them with a third flag, in the name of the ladies of the House. After a short soldier's response from the Colonel, the regiment with their noble escort marched to Canal street, where they embarked on board the Baltic. They were then drawn up, and addressed by Hon. Cassius M. Clay in a characteristic speech. The Baltic then steamed down the river on her way to Annapolis. The regiment were escorted by over 6,000 of the firemen of New York.

The Marine Artillery of Rhode Island.

The martial spirit of Rhode Island and its devotion to the Union are shown to the world in its prompt reply to the President's call for troops and its lavish gifts of money to aid the cause. One full regiment is already at Washington, besides the troop of artillery whose embarkation we illustrate this week. The people of Rhode Island greeted the troops with the warmest enthusiasm, and the passage of the various companies through the State was a series of ovations. The inhabitants of Providence welcomed the soldiers with the most hearty demonstrations, and thousands assembled to honor their departure and to give them a parting cheer as the steamer Empire City bore them on their way to New York.

The Rhode Island Marine Artillery number 130 men, with 110 horses and eight pieces of heavy artillery. The following is a list of the officers: Commanding officer, Colonel Tomkins; Lieutenant-Colonel, George C. Harkness; Captain, Benjamin F. Remington; Lieutenant, A. M. Tower; Lieutenant, Henry B. Brastow; Surgeon, Nathaniel Millar. This company is now in Washington.

WAR NEWS IN THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

ILLINOIS FOR THE UNION.—"Excitement high. All Illinois will turn out to a man if necessary to put down the rebellion. A large company went through here on the Illinois Central Railroad with cannon, muskets, &c. Two companies went to Springfield from near here to get armed and equipped. We are for the Union, not one Secessionist in Illinois. There was a call on this State for four thousand men, and there is already twenty thousand offered, and if necessary they can furnish fifty thousand without the least trouble. Hurrah for the red, white and blue!"

ENCAMPMENT AT ALTON.—In view of events at St. Louis, a regiment was sent from Springfield to occupy Alton.

A bill for a loan of $3 000,000 for war purposes, and another to send 10,000 men into camp to answer the next call of the Government, are before the Legislature. Both bills will probably pass.

MICHIGAN, ADRIAN.—At a special meeting of the Common Council, $2,500 were appropriated to equip and outfit volunteers enlisting. The amount was previously raised by private subscriptions for the same purpose.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, CONCORD.—Our City Council has appropriated $10,000 to aid the volunteers from this city.

At Great Falls the churches were closed, and a mass religious meeting was held in Market square.

The Granite State Guard is under orders for the war. Each member has been presented with a revolver, bowie-knife and blanket. The citizens have subscribed over $10,000 in aid of volunteers.

PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.—The war fever, strong for the Union, is very high here, and the Secessionists do not have a friend who has the daring to avow himself. A great disposition is evinced to march upon Baltimore, and force a passage through, but the authorities defer to the Government at Washington. Like our own city, Philadelphia more resembles a camp than a town. Everywhere is heard the measured tramp of armed men and the roll of the drum. The Stars and Stripes floats everywhere.

There was a requisition at the General Government on the 28th ultimo, through the Postmaster, for twenty-one more regiments, twenty of infantry and one of cavalry. This makes the total of Pennsylvania thirty-eight regiments, a total of 29,500 men. Applications for filling all this contingent are already filed in the Adjutant-General's office, some from regiments, which leaves a chance for Philadelphians. The Governor will also recommend in his message the requiring of 10,000 men to be brought out, encamped, drilled and armed, beyond the present requisition of the general Government, in order to form a reserve, to be marched anywhere required, to fill up the losses occasioned by battle or disease. Thus, Pennsylvania will have 40,000 altogether in the field.

KENTUCKY.—Last week Governor Magoffin asked the banks for a loan of four per cent. upon their capital for State purposes. The bank Presidents, after consulting together, offered to let him have the money on condition that it was to be used in putting the State into a position of armed neutrality. It is doubtful whether the Legislature will meet in May, and it is said that Kentucky will send members to the extra Session called by President Lincoln to meet in Washington on the 4th of July.

NEW YORK, ALBANY.—In connection with the departure of the Twenty-fifth Regiment from Albany, there are many noble traits which show that merchants on such occasions can be very unbusinesslike. Some days ago one of the Twenty-fifth purchased from Messrs. Monteath & Co. a bill of goods amounting to $684. The call upon his regiment was made at an early hour on Thursday. His first business was to go to the firm, saying, "I am ordered to fight for my country; the goods you sold me last Wednesday have been delivered at my store. I must leave Albany to go fight my country's battles. I may return, or I may not. You will please send to my place of business and get the goods, as yet untouched." The noble reply was, "Go, save your country. If you return and are able to pay, well and good; if not, the firm of Monteath & Badgley will have no claims against you!" Another evidence of the proper spirit is that of the action of Messrs. A. McClure & Co., towards John Niblock. Being suddenly ordered away, he went to the firm and said, "I am going to fight for my country; my wife will conduct my business in my absence; will you extend the same accommodation to her that you have to me?" The ready reply was, "Most certainly; anything that your lady wants from this establishment she can have on credit until the end of the war. If you return, the obligation to us will be transferred to you. Should you fall, we shall have no claim against your widow. Further, we agree, in case of a necessity, to provide for your family during your absence!" It is such "God bless you" greetings, and "we will take care of those left behind," that has made light the heart of many an one that would otherwise have been laden with despondency. All honor to the glorious merchants!

PATRIOTIC MATTERS.—A matronly lady, accompanied by her son, a fine youth of about nineteen years, entered a gun store on Broadway, on Saturday, and purchased a full outfit for him. Selecting the best weapons and other articles for a soldier's use, that could be found in the store, she paid the bill, remarking, with evident emotion, "This, my son, is all that I can do. I have given you up to serve your country, and may God go with you—it is all a mother can do." The incident attracted considerable attention, and tearful eyes followed this patriotic mother and her son, as they departed from the place.

GENEROUS AID FROM CITIZENS.—Dr. Norval, Surgeon of the Seventy-ninth regiment, has received from Messrs. Ward, Cross & Co., wholesale druggists, No. 130 William street, the sum of $1,300; also, $100 from Brodie's cloak and mantilla store, Canal street, and $100 each from Mr. Brown, tailor, No. 130 Bleecker street, and Mr. McLean, No 39 Park place. These sums are intended for aid to the gallant Scotchmen who march to the preservation of the Union.

The late Commander-in-Chief of the United States Mediterranean Squadron, Captain D. N. Ingraham, who is now in command of the Pensacola Navy Yard, has with him his son, Henry Laurens Ingraham, Captain of the Marine corps; and another son, Midshipman John H. Ingraham, who has just been detached from here and ordered to report to Commodore Rousseau, at New Orleans, for active service.

Seventy-one thousand volunteers have offered their services to Governor Dennison, of Ohio, to fill the thirteen regiments required.

From Annapolis we learn that the steamers Monticello, Coatzacoalcos and others are in the harbor. Fortifications commanding the railroad and country some two miles from Annapolis were thrown up. Annapolis was made a military department. It was reported that if any troops advanced from Richmond towards the capital Western troops would invade Virginia.

A WOMAN TO BE HONORED.—It will be remembered that Lieut. Abner Smead, of the First Artillery, was sent, a few weeks since, by Lieut. Slemmer, to Washington, to apprise the Government of the absolute necessity of supplies and reinforcements at Fort Pickens. Forgetful of all obligations of honor and duty, Lieut. Smead took Montgomery in his way northward, and having submitted his despatches to the perusal of the rebel authorities, proceeded to Washington, whither the news of his treason having anticipated him, he was not shot, as he deserved to be, but simply struck from the roll of the army. The wife and children of Lieut. Smead, with the families of several officers on duty in the South, were at Fortress Monroe. The lieutenant hastened from Washington to obtain his family and remove them southward, but his movements were not so rapid but that his crime had been reported before him. When, therefore, he presented himself at the fort, he was refused admission, the officer on duty declining "to admit a traitor" within a Federal post; the only favor conceded being that he might have an interview with Mrs. Smead without the walls. That interview the unhappy miscreant is not likely to forget. Attended by a few female friends, one of whom furnished the account which we give of the scene, the lady met her husband, and, in terms of scorching eloquence, reproached him with his shame.

"Go home with you!" she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor—you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as if dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor!"

Turning with these words, the noble and patriotic woman re-entered the fort, and gave way to her very natural feelings. We may add that Mrs. Smead is, like her discarded husband, a native of Georgia, and that while the latter went Southward to obtain the reward of his treason, the former, with her children, has come North, passing through this city on Tuesday, and is now at Morristown, N. J.

EDWARD EVERETT ON THE UNION.—At a patriotic meeting in Chelsea, Mass., on Saturday, a flag was raised, when Edward Everett said: "We set up this standard, not as a matter of display, but as an expression indicative that in the mighty struggle which has been forced upon us, we are of one heart and one mind; that the Government of the country must be sustained. All former differences of opinion are swept away. We forget that we have ever been partisans; we remember only that we are Americans." The volunteer movement throughout the State is general.

THE WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

VIRGINIA.—Advices from Richmond are very interesting. Governor Letcher has seized all light-draft vessels and steamers for privateering purposes. The regular liners Yorktown and Jamestown are now being fitted with privateering armaments, and are to be manned very fully. The privateering enlistment is very active, and, no doubt, by a week hence thirty vessels will be sent out from Richmond alone. When these steamers were seized, our flag was hauled down and the Secession flag hoisted and saluted.

There are between 4,000 and 5,000 troops in Richmond, of whom 2,000 are South Carolinians. All are eager for Washington, which they expect to have in a week. The surrender of Fort Sumpter intoxicates them, and they feel as though they were omnipotent. Troops are being daily sent to Harper's Ferry and Alexandria. Their belief is that there are but 5 000 troops at Washington, that Maryland has blocked future transportation, and that demoralization exists at the North. If Washington is attacked it will be by bombardment.

General Thomas J. Green, of North Carolina, was serenaded at Richmond on the 25th inst. He said he came to offer 30,000 men from North Carolina, fully armed, equipped and provisioned for the defence of the South.

On Thursday last ex-Secretary Floyd had a conference with Governor Letcher on the course best to pursue in the present emergency. Mr. Floyd has raised a brigade of 1,500 men in south-western Virginia, who are armed and equipped. Hundreds of troops from Petersburg, South Carolina and Georgia are daily coming northward on railroads in Virginia.

It would seem from the admissions made by several Richmond papers that Governor Letcher has made a conditional Treaty with Jefferson Davis, which will link the fortunes of the Old Dominion with the Confederate States, and place her army, for offensive or defensive purposes, under the immediate control of the Southern Confederacy, even should the popular vote, which is appointed for the 23d of May, be against Secession.

GEORGIA, SAVANNAH.—There is no business doing, war being the only thought. Land batteries are being thrown up at Tybee, the Secessionists evidently expecting an attack from the sea. All that can leave are flying as though for their lives.

Commissions for privateers are being prepared, and will be issued at the first convening of the Southern Congress on the 29th instant. It is confidently known that no less than three vessels are prepared, and now waiting in the port of Savannah for letters of marque and reprisal, which they will receive in a few days. Their bonds, &c., are now ready to be handed in. Northern shipping on this coast must now be on the alert, as skilful men are waiting to take command of these pirate cruisers, among whose crews will be found many rebel Yankees. Never did excitement so rage in Savannah. Recruits are fast pouring in from every county in the State, ready, as they say, to sacrifice their lives for a united and independent South. For three days before our departure companies were preparing for a quick exit to join their brother rebels in the Border States. The Union men are completely overawed; and, to every appearance, all seem to stand up as one man, while one sentiment pervades the entire South—"Down with the Lincoln Government, and death to all those who shall attempt in any way to support it."

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS AT SAVANNAH.—The Savannah newspapers state that the Governor has filled the requisition of the Confederate Government for one thousand volunteers, and they are now arriving at the rate of two companies per day. At the forts and barracks near the city are six hundred regulars, as vigorous and effective men as are to be found anywhere, and besides these about fifteen hundred volunteers belonging to the various city companies, all under thorough drill. Of ordnance there has been received a large supply of the heaviest and most effective character, all of which is now being placed in position. Five thousand additional troops could be concentrated at Savannah on a notice of twenty-four hours.

SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLESTON.—The State authorities have seized the Nashville, and the Florida had a narrow escape. She, however, cleverly managed to get out, and arrived in New York on the 23d. The steamer Isabel had been converted into a vessel of war. The news of the attack on the Massachusetts regiment was hailed with great rejoicings. It arrived there in a very exaggerated shape. All trade is suspended, and the utmost apprehension as to the future reigns in every breast. The leading Secessionists are highly dissatisfied at the comparatively little influence South Carolina has in the Confederated Government.

CHALLENGE TO THE SOLDIERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

From the Boston Traveller, April 27th.

The following document was received at this office by mail, this morning. The envelope bore the postmark of Charleston, S. C., and we therefore have no doubt that it is genuine:

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 10, 1861.

To the Editors of the Boston Traveller:

GENTLEMEN: On behalf of the South Carolina Volunteers, I am deputed to request Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, through you, that the military contingent of your State be sent to South Carolina. In making this request, I assure you I but express the wish of every man, woman and child in our State. We number about ten thousand men, well armed and accoutred, and anxious for a fight, and cordially invite *any number* from your section to give us a meeting. Do not, however, send them in the fleet that appeared off Charleston harbor during the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, for fear their timidity will interfere with their landing. Send all Massachusetts men—none from Pennsylvania, for the regiment of that State *funked* at Cerro Gordo; nor from New York, for at Churubusco (although they claimed and received the right from the Palmetto regiment), at the first fire the gallant New Yorkers fell back, and hid behind a barn; nor from Indiana—for at Palo Alto the *nimble* regiment from that State fled in inglorious confusion. Send your Sumners, your Wilsons, your Burlingames, and a host of similar notables, and we pledge our honors, our lives, and all that we hold sacred, that none others but the Palmetto boys shall interfere with them. We want them exclusively for our own use.

This request is made in good faith, and on signifying your acceptance of our offer, every arrangement will be made to give you a safe passport to our shores.

ON BEHALF OF THE S. C. VOLUNTEERS.

MARYLAND, BALTIMORE.—The state of affairs in this unhappy city is very gloomy. It is entirely under mob law, and no one's life or property is secure. All are forced to declare Secession opinions, and everything foreshadows a reign of terror. Provisions are not allowed to be sold to the Government, so that Washington is in a very unpleasant position. The energy of our citizens will soon, however, put these matters right. There had been an interview between Mayor Brown, of Baltimore, and President Lincoln on the state of affairs, and as to the passage of troops through that city. The common report was that the President had promised not to send any troops through the city, but it was not credited. Governor Hicks had written a letter to the President, in which he actually proposed to appoint Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, as mediator. Mr. Seward had replied, indignantly declining to leave our domestic affairs to the intervention of any foreign power—and certainly not to a European monarchy.

It would seem as though the second sober thought of the multitude had produced a reaction in favor of the Union, for Governor Hicks has issued a proclamation in which everything is left to the people. There is no doubt that the full report of the feeling in New York, as well as the other Northern States, has had a strong effect upon the masses. The distorted reports of certain papers which have now been terrified into Unionism have greatly led the South into their present position, and it is very probable, when the real state of the case is made manifest, many who are now Secessionists will perceive their error, and retrace their steps. The fact that every Northern State has nearly doubled its quota of troops and offered unlimited funds to the Government, cannot fail to have a very marked effect upon the most warlike of the fire-eaters.

A Union meeting had been held in East Baltimore. Nearly 2,000 persons were assembled. Great enthusiasm was expressed for the Union, and resolutions to that effect were passed.

The Legislature of Maryland assembled at Frederick on the 29th, and resolved by a vote of 15 to 53 not to call a Convention. This is equivalent to deciding against Secession.

FLORIDA—FORT PICKENS SAFE.—We find the following in the Warrington correspondence of the Charleston *Mercury*, April 20th: "Another war steamer, 'a leviathan of the deep,' arrived on the night of the 16th. Her name is said to be the Atlantic. The fleet now numbers seven vessels. There is no blockade yet, but no vessels can be chartered in Mobile or New Orleans for this port. The owners will not take the risk except for an enormous premium. There are now between six and seven thousand troops here. We shall have a long siege here, probably of six months duration. The enemy have the advantage of us. They have more guns, and the advantage of position. They have command of

the sea, and can reinforce and supply themselves without hindrance. We are in a barren country, without railroad or water communication. It will be very laborious and expensive to feed the army thus circumstanced." This is the language of despair.

MISSOURI.—There is a great division of opinion in this State. Several of the leading journals express their disapproval of Mr. Lincoln's coercing the South, while all blame the attack on Fort Sumpter. There is a great fear that the South, having forced the issue thus upon the North, slavery will disappear in the struggle, and many of the planters be totally ruined. Several influential men recommend an armed neutrality, while others go in for bargaining with the Government that if Missouri remains true to the Union the peculiar institution shall be protected and preserved.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Judge Betts has called the Grand Jury together to take steps for the prevention of treason. He stated in an able charge what treason consisted in and that it required two witnesses, or a man's own confession to convict. We copy the most important sentence in his address: "It is most probable that complaints will be laid before you under this branch and definition of the crime. Within it will be included acts of building, manning or any way fitting out or victualling vessels to aid the hostilities of our enemies; sending provisions, arms or other supplies to them, raising funds or obtaining credit for their service, indeed, every traitorous purpose, manifested by acts, committed in this district by persons owing allegiance to the country, will be acts of treason. It is not necessary that the accused should have raised or created war by his own acts, he levies war by acting with those who have set it on foot, or by seizing or holding forts, or like acts of hostile aggression. The kindred crime of misprision of treason is this. If any person owing allegiance to the Government has knowledge of acts of treason committed by others within the jurisdiction of the Court, and does not make it known to the President of the United States, or one of the Judges of the United States, or the Governor of the State, or a judge or magistrate thereof, he becomes guilty of misprision of treason, and subject to seven years' imprisonment and a fine of $1,000 for the offence, and it is the duty of the Grand Jury to present for trial therefor such offender, whatever may be their individual connection or relationship with the offender."

The Croton Department received information on Wednesday morning, the 24th, that various persons in sympathy with the South had concocted a scheme to make a break in the Croton Aqueduct, with a view to deprive the city of water. The Department immediately took measures to protect the Aqueduct; and notified the Division Inspectors to use all vigilance for the safety of the work.

The Ladies of Jersey City held a meeting on the 24th, at the Metropolitan Hall, to make arrangements for the preparations of lint, bandages and other necessaries. Mrs. Van Voorst, the Mayor's wife, presided. A similar meeting is in course of organization in Hoboken.

Dr. Sabo was committed last week by Com. Betts, charged with treason, in attempting to enlist sailors for the navy of the Secessionists. Dr. Sabo was informed against by a printer, who had been employed to print off forms of enlistment similar to those used in the United States service, but he was honorably acquitted. Another man named Daniel Fish, a dealer in firearms, was also taken into custody and committed to the Tombs, charged with supplying the Southern States with arms.

A sailor, named Peter Herman, died on the 24th in the New York Hospital, from injuries received on the 17th ult., on board the ship Jeremiah Thompson, then lying in the stream. Coroner Jackman held an inquest in the case, when it appeared that while deceased and John Stanley, third mate of the vessel, were aloft, he in some way offended Stanley, who threw him backward to the deck, causing him to receive injuries which proved fatal. A verdict to this effect was rendered by the jury, and a warrant for the arrest of Stanley was issued, but he is believed to have left the city. The brutality which petty officers treat the sailors with is perfectly atrocious. Not a week passes but we have to chronicle a murder by one of these sea monsters.

A most amusing blunder was made at Stony Brook, L. I., on Thursday, the 25th April. A schooner, built by Davy Hayes, was then and there to be launched. Now this schooner belongs to seven owners, all rabid abolitionists. Her name was to be the Luna, perhaps in compliment to the Luna-tics. The captain, upon whom was conferred the honor of naming the vessel, concluded to present her with a set of colors. He therefore ordered a large and handsome flag of his own designing, with a crescent in the upper corner and seven stars in a circle, one star for each owner; the flag was kept out of sight until a few minutes before the launch, when to the consternation of all up went the Secession flag, innocently, of course, on the part of the captain; the furore created may better be imagined than described. An explanation was demanded and given, and the flag condemned to be destroyed and the Stars and Stripes substituted.

Lieutenant Jenifer, a Marylander by birth, deserted from Carlisle Barracks on the 21st. He was captured in York county and brought to Carlisle.

The Wilmington (Md.) *State Journal* says that the Northern and Western sections are strongly in favor of the Union. It is even regaining its ascendancy in Baltimore, as evidenced by the reappearance of the Stars and Stripes over many of the houses in that city.

The enlistment of volunteers in Missouri has progressed rapidly during the last two days, and there [illegible] now about 2,500 men in the arsenal grounds, at St. Louis, subject to the order[illegible] of the Secretary of War. It is thought that the entire four regiments asked [illegible]for by the President will be raised in a single county, notwithstanding the re[illegible]fusal of Governor Jackson to comply with the requisition. A company of one hundred Germans, from St. Genevieve, has offered its services. F. P. Blair has been elected and accepted the Colonelcy of the First Regiment.

The Cleveland *Herald*, of the 20th, give[illegible] an account of an infamous attempt to destroy a railroad train, with volunteers on board. Fortunately the train against which this dastardly outrage was aimed had passed about twenty minutes before by another route. One man only was killed by the bridge falling. The accident occurred west of Steubenville.

Mr. Parker was arrested last week, at Harrisburg, charged with uttering treason at Pittsburg a few days previous. He proved himself to be a good Union man and was released. These attacks upon the rights of free speech should be discountenanced.

Lieutenant Brown, of the Niagara, just arrived from Japan, having expressed Secession sentiments, was arrested at Boston on the 25th of April, by an order from Governor Andrews. Despite the strong Union sentiment of the Bostonians, this extreme measure is much condemned. District-Attorney Woodbury had refused to take any steps in the matter, whereupon the ultraists applied to the Governor, who granted the warrant. As a set off to this, the State authorities of Virginia arrested General Harney on his way from Wheeling to Washington.

Ex-Governor Houston spoke at Galveston on Friday, emphatically denying that he had communicated with the Federal Government. He also denied that he claimed to be still the Governor of Texas. He said he had retired to private life, and would never leave it except for the defence of his country.

It is stated that there are at the Springfield Armory ninety thousand stand of efficient arms, and that there are in the neighborhood, also in possession of the Government, not less than ten thousand in addition to those in immediate demand. Thus we have within one day's railroad transportation arms for one hundred thousand men. Floyd, with all his fine administrative talent as a robber, did not leave the North wholly defenceless.

A company of Secessionists, one hundred and thirteen strong, left Cynthiana, Ky., on Monday, to join the Confederate army. When the train reached Frankfort they were ordered to display their flag, which they did by extending a Secession flag from the car windows. Stones were thrown at it, when the Lieutenant fired into the crowd. The cars were immediately attacked by the citizens, and paving stones rained in on them promiscuously. They finally got away with but little injury. Great excitement prevailed, and threats were made to tear up the track. The citizens declare that no more Secession troops shall pass through that place.

The Philadelphia police seized on the 22d a box containing two splendid uniforms, with accoutrements complete. It was discovered by a bill in the case that these were intended for Jeff. Davis and Beauregard.

As a proof of how little the South knows of what is going on in the North, the Mobile *Weekly Advertiser* contains a letter from a lady, dated New York, stating that five steamers had sailed from New York with two thousand five hundred men, to retake Fort Pickens. Of course the letter must have been manufactured for the occasion.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached last Sunday in Plymouth Church on the war. He was for vigorous measures, and recommended that the troops should march through Baltimore. He was, however, for a compromise, but it was to be a fair one, and not all on one side. It was to make the North as independent in the South, as the South was in the North. A man should be as free of speech in Charleston as he was in New York. At times the applause was very great.

RETURN OF THE NIAGARA FROM JAPAN—HER ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

The Niagara, which sailed last year from New York to convey home the Japanese Embassy, has returned, and is now in Boston. Her officers, not having had any communication with the United States since she sailed, were utterly paralyzed to find that they came back to a divided country, and to take sides in a civil war. It was a touching sight to see so many of those gallant old salts so overwhelmed by the calamity as to shed tears. They sailed from New York on the 30th of June, arrived at Porto Grande, St. Vincent's, on the 17th of July, arrived at Loando, Africa, on August 14th, and dropped anchor at Jeddo November 10th.

"Husband," said an exasperated wife, "I can't express my detestation of your conduct."

"Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't," was the cool reply.

DESTRUCTION OF GOSPORT NAVY YARD AND U. S. WAR SHIPS BY FEDERAL OFFICERS.

During several days rumors were rife in New York that the city of Norfolk was in flames, supposed to have been caused by the defence of the Navy Yard. Many doubts were cast upon these rumors and with justice, but that something serious was transpiring in that quarter was generally believed. On Tuesday, the 23d, reliable information was received by the arrival of the steam-tug Yankee, direct from Norfolk. The news is most important, nothing less than that the Federal officers have utterly destroyed the Navy Yard with all its stores and ammunitions, blown up the Dry Dock and burned and scuttled all the United States war ships in the harbor, with the exception of the Cumberland, which was safely removed. The manner of destruction was as follows:

The Yankee lay at the Navy Yard until Friday, the 19th, when the Virginia Custom House officers came over in a tug and demanded the surrender of the Yankee. Commodore McAuley, who was in command of the Navy Yard, refused to comply with this demand, saying that if they attempted to take her from the yard he would sink them where they lay. The Cumberland immediately beat to quarters, and brought her eleven-inch pivot gun which was charged with shell to bear upon their tug, and they deemed it advisable to leave forthwith.

On Saturday evening, at nine o'clock, the Pawnee arrived from Washington with two hundred volunteers and one hundred marines, besides her own crew, and at once the officers and crew of the Pawnee and Cumberland went to the Navy Yard and spiked and disabled the guns and threw the shot and small arms into the river. At ten o'clock, the marines, who had been quartered in the barracks, fired them, and came on board the Pawnee. This movement was premature, for it was the intention to fire all the buildings simultaneously. A party of officers, meantime, were going through the buildings and ships, distributing waste and turpentine, and laying a train so as to blow up the Dry Dock. They were engaged in this work until two o'clock, when the train was fired. At three o'clock, the Yankee, to the Captain of which, Charles Germain, much credit is due, came along and took the Cumberland in tow, the Pawnee taking the lead. All the vessels beat to quarters, the guns were manned, and everything was in readiness to carry out the threat of Commodore McAuley, that if a gun was fired from either shore he would level both Portsmouth and Norfolk. At this time the scene was indescribably magnificent, all the buildings being in a blaze, and explosions here and there scattering the cinders in all directions.

The Government vessels had been scuttled in the afternoon before the Pawnee arrived, to prevent their being seized by the Secessionists, who had been in arms in both Norfolk and Portsmouth, under the command of Gen. Taliaferro. Their number is estimated at some one thousand four hundred men. The scuttling was done between twelve and two o'clock on Saturday. Lest this mode of destruction should not be complete, however, trains were laid on them and the vessels were fired with the buildings.

The following are the names of the vessels which were destroyed: Pennsylvania, 74 gun-ship; steam-frigate Merrimac, 44 guns; sloop-of-war Germantown, 22 guns; sloop Plymouth, 22 guns; frigate Raritan, 45 guns; frigate Columbia, 44 guns; Delaware, 74 gun-ship, Columbus, 74 gun-ship; United States, in ordinary; brig Dolphin, 8 guns, and the powder boat.

Of these the Merrimac, Plymouth and Germantown were ready for sea, but the Pawnee made her appearance at the yard too late to save them. The Merrimac, in fact, had had steam on only a few hours previously.

The Yankee, as we have already said, left the yard with the Cumberland in tow, about three o'clock. The fleet proceeded down the river until nine o'clock, when it came to anchor within a mile of the point where wrecks were known to have been sunk for the purpose of obstructing the navigation. Boats were sent out to take soundings in order to ascertain whether some other passage than the regular channel could not be found. All efforts proved unsuccessful, so the fleet raised anchor and forced their way directly through the wrecks. The Cumberland caught one of the sunken vessels and carried it along with her, and apprehensions were at first entertained that she might be carried on to Sewell's Point, where it was supposed that the rebels had erected batteries. Meantime the Keystone State came up from Washington with marines, and by her help and that of the Yankee the Cumberland was towed into deep water and the wreck was disentangled. She then went up under the protection of the guns of Fort Monroe and came to anchor. While the vessels lay there, four men, who had been employed in the Navy Yard, succeeding in making their way down the river, and reported that they left everything in flames, and the smoke and flames could easily be seen from the Cumberland. The rebels, too, they reported were fearful of attempting to arrest the flames, because they apprehended that a train was laid to blow up the buildings.

The Yankee left on Tuesday morning for New York. She reports that the Pawnee and Keystone State had got the crew of the Pennsylvania, and the marines who occupied the barracks, on board, to carry them to Washington. Both left for the Capital at nine o'clock, where they probably arrived early this morning.

Our informant states that the value of the property destroyed was estimated at $50,000,000.

EXCITING SCENE AT TAMMANY HALL ON THE 24TH APRIL.

The Wilson Zouaves Taking the Oath of Fidelity to the Flag, and Swearing "To Go through Baltimore or Die!"

We illustrate to-day one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed in our city. About seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th, the "Union Battalion of Zouaves," Colonel William Wilson, held a formal muster and roll-call at their headquarters in Tammany Hall. There were eight hundred and sixty-one men of the battalion present. The occasion was made strikingly impressive by the extraordinary proceedings which were had. The men were ranged around the hall three deep, with Colonel Wilson and the other officers in the centre of the room. The men had all clad themselves in the gray shirts and pants which had been provided for their uniform, which is completed by a common brown felt hat, brogans and leather belt. They carry a short knife, about seven inches in length, between a sort of bowie-knife and butcher-knife in shape. Many also have revolvers, of which it is intended that each shall be armed with one or two, as well as a slung shot and Minie rifle. All the men being ranged against the walls, Colonel Wilson, with a drawn sabre in one hand and the American flag in the other, stood forth, uncovered, and addressed his men amidst deafening cheers.

After a short adjuration to the flag, for which he declared his devotion, he called upon all to kneel and swear with him. Waving the banner and flourishing his sabre, he knelt on one knee. All present knelt with him and repeated the oath which he put to them to support the flag, and never flinch from its path through blood or death. He said he would lead them through Baltimore, and they would march through it or die, at which they all arose with a tremendous yell, flung up their hats and brandished their glittering knives amidst prolonged and frantic cheers. He then denounced death to the Baltimore traitor Secessionists and Plug Uglies, and said they would leave a monument of their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amid yells of "Death to the Plug Uglies!" he illustrated with his sword how they should hew their way, and said, though he should be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was—that each of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they should do this, he again called upon them to swear, and marching round the hall, holding up the flag and the sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on his right bearing a banner inscribed:

"THE UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES.

DEATH TO SECESSIONISTS!"

The other officer on his left holding up, in both hands, a bowie-knife and revolver. Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of "Blood! blood! blood!" "We swear," &c.

The band then struck in with the "Star Spangled Banner," which they all sang in chorus, as well as also "Dixie's Land," altered to read, with a few variations,

"I wish I was in Baltimore,
Away," &c.

The following is a laughable blunder, made by a shorthand writer in taking the evidence given before a parliamentary committee: A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" and he gave an answer in the affirmative. He must however, have been slightly annoyed in reading the report of the evidence to find the question and answer permanently recorded in the following form: "Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse?" "Yes."

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

Turkish Baths.—In the public establishments which are now spreading throughout the three kingdoms, but especially in Ireland, the plan of the old Roman bath is more strictly followed. There is the Tepidarium, the Sudatarium (heated to a temperature of 120), and the Caldarium, in which the heat is exalted to 160 degrees. Next to this is the Lavitarium, in which the washing and shampooing process is carried on. There are such institutions already established in the Edgeware Road, in Charlotte street, Pimlico, in Golden square, and other parts of London; and such is the growing rage for these baths, that a company has been started, with a capital of $500,000, for the erection of a series of public Roman baths worthy of that great city. There is nothing new under the sun. The Turkish bath, which Mr. Urquhart has introduced to the West, is a reminiscence of the old Roman bath of the Lower Empire.

A very curious-looking craft made her appearance in the Seine the other morning—an egg-shaped mass, with one end rather sharp. It appeared about forty feet long, and stood some ten feet out of the water, was painted white, and had no funnel. This quiet-looking article turned out to be a model gun boat, built of wrought-iron and steel, and a formidable and apparently invulnerable boat it seemed.

Lord Oxford used to relate that a dispute once arose in his presence, in the way of raillery, between the late Earl Temple and the first Lord Lyttleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton concluded that the name of Grenville was originally Green Field, Earl Temple insisted that it was derived from Grand Ville. "Well, then," said Lord Lyttleton, "if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity, for Little Towns were certainly made before Great Cities, but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point, for Green Fields were certainly more ancient than either."

Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir Walter Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," said Sir Walter, "but that's the very thing I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The old lady, furnished with the letter, set off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling, as usual, very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter, and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Davis—Keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

When Voltaire was on his deathbed many visitors called, all of whom were denied entrance to his chamber. Amongst them was a Rev. M. Chapeau, who came to offer the consolations of the church. When his name was announced by the servant, Voltaire said, "I came into the world bareheaded, and I shall leave it without a chapeau!"

An Extraordinary Medical Case in France.—A M. Feuillet was travelling in a steamboat at the time when an explosion took place. M. Feuillet was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. Feuillet was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position required all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who, on arriving, felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering?

"In the abdomen," replied the wounded man.

"Indeed! How did it happen to you?"

The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and resumed

"Are they subject to this accident, sir, in your family?"

"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old people, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters and my uncles and aunts."

"Very well, sir. I require that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"

"Yes, sir, it is, indeed, impossible."

"It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?"

"I experience precisely the same difficulty."

"It must, therefore, be much easier for you to lie on your side?"

"That is the only position I can lie in."

"That will suffice, sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise: either we can leave the spit, but then you will most likely die of inflammation, or we can extract it, but then it is not probable that you will survive the operation. Science, sir, has its limits, your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

The writer does not give the patient's decision. Perhaps, like the doctor, he would not decide, and so died to give the finish to the joke.

John Lund, late Grenadier Guards, died lately. He held the appointment for many years as Headsman at the Tower of London, whose duty was to decapitate all State Criminals. This sinecure is in the gift of the Constable, but, most likely, the situation will be abolished, as in the case of the Gentleman Yeoman Porter on the death of Mr. Murray. The last State execution took place in 1746, at the time of the Scotch Rebellion. The salary is £80 per annum, with an excellent house. Mr. Lund was only seen at the Tower when the half-yearly muster took place, and had his position on the right of the Warden, with a large bright hatchet on his shoulder.

An example of the strange working of the conscription law was given at the drawing of conscripts at Issoire, in the Puy de Dôme. The confusion arose from the name of Marie being common to both sexes in France. A girl named Marie was inscribed on the register twenty years since as a male, and a summons was served on her to draw for the conscription. Her mother attended for her, and though she gave irrefutable proofs that the Marie summoned was a female and not a male, the municipal officer declared that he was bound by the law, and that the mother must draw for her daughter. The mother put her hand into the urn, and fortunately drew a high number, which put an end to any further difficulty.

An endeavor is being made to get up a war between England and France—a battle of billiards, between Roberts, the English Wellington, and Berger, the French Napoleon of the game. This would be better than "beggar my neighbor."

The Good Old Times.—Thomas Spencer, Earl of Gloucester, was possessed of, at one time, 59 lordships, 2,600 sheep, 1,000 oxen, 1,200 cows, with their calves; 40 mares and colts, 100 draught horses, 2,000 hogs, 3,000 bullocks. In his larder, 40 tuns of wine, 600 carcases of bacon, 80 carcases of Martinmas beef, 10 tuns of cider. This "Old English Gentleman" married Constance, daughter of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of Edward III.

M. Barthélemy, of the theatre at Nancy, has invented a stage that can be raised or lowered and moved in various ways by machinery. He can lift it to the height of about eight feet, or incline it in various directions without breaking its continuity. The whole stage, with four hundred people standing upon it, can be raised, by seven men, several feet in five or six minutes; and there is a plentiful provision of traps made to open entirely or partially, or turn on their own axis.

At the meeting of the Committee appointed to advise Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862, as to the period of art to be represented at the forthcoming Exhibition, the following resolutions were passed:

"1. That the Exhibition ought not to be confined to the works of living artists.

"2. That the object of the proposed Exhibition being to illustrate the progress and present condition of modern art, it be left to each country to decide under what arrangements, and within what limits, that object can, in its own case, be attained, regard being had to the amount of space that can be devoted to its productions.

"3. That as regards British art, the above object will be fully attained by confining the Exhibition to the works of artists living at any period within the century preceding the Exhibition, i.e., subsequent to the year 1762."

Two German chemists, working together in their laboratory at Heidelberg, have analysed the body of the sun! Fabulous as it may seem, this is literally true. They arrived at the result of their analysis solely by close examination of the rays of light. By this means it is ascertained, in a manner quite convincing to those who have witnessed the experiments, that the body of the sun contains large portions of iron and other metals and earths common on this globe of ours.

A remarkable discovery has been made in Germany by a physiologist—the exact cause of sea sickness, a problem which has hitherto always puzzled the medical faculty. The up and down tension of the muscles on a particular valve of the stomach while an animal is under chloroform is now shown in lectures to bring on sickness in such animals at once. The same occurs in a rough sea when a vessel heaves up and down. Some remedies, chiefly to steady the muscles, such as a particular form of bandage to be worn at sea, a combination of champagne and other remedies to drink, have been referred to as stopping sea-sickness in an instant.

The other day His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was taking a walk between Cambridge and Madingley, when, a shower of rain coming on, he solicited shelter in one of the cottages by the roadside. The good woman of the house very courteously dusted a chair with her apron and requested the prince to take a seat, which he did, and entered into a comfortable chat with the hostess on the weather and various kindred topics. As the rain made no signs of leaving off, the prince requested the loan of an umbrella, and the old lady, who, of course, was in ignorance of the name and rank of her guest, at once conveyed the intelligence that she possessed two umbrellas, a silk one and a cotton one. The silk one she made it a rule never to lend, but if the gentleman did not mind the cotton one, he was welcome to that, he need not trouble himself to send it all the way from Cambridge, but if he would leave it at a certain stall in the market on Saturday, it would do just as well. The prince accepted the offer, and, regardless of the "Sairey Gamp" appearance of the shelter, made his way beneath its shade to Madingley. In the afternoon the umbrella was sent back by one of the servants, with an intimation that "His Royal Highness" was much obliged for the favor, and requesting the lender's acceptance of a gold medallion, containing his royal mother's portrait. Ever since then the old lady has been unceasing in self-reproaches that she did not lend the prince the "silk un."

A Frenchman has discovered a new green dye, which he extracts from the buckthorn, and which is said to equal the celebrated Chinese green. He has been awarded the prize of 6,000 francs offered by the Lyons Chamber of Commerce.

BURNING AND SCUTTLING OF THE U. S. SHIPS, AND DESTRUCTION OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT NORFOLK, VA., BY
THE SCENE ON HIS RETURN FROM C

ORDER OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, APRIL 21st, 1861.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Eugene Benson, who witnessed ARLESTON.—See Page 391.

LUCILLE DE VERNET;

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER IX.

At half-past nine o'clock the same evening, with reluctant, trembling steps, which all the assurances of her husband had not power to allay, Lucille was ascending the noble staircase of the Hotel d'Almaine. The servant who preceded them threw open the doors of the salon; but as they were about to enter, Emile stopped, and taking Lucille's arm, said, "Not there; let us go to my mother's room first, she has expected us some hours, and will feel herself slighted if we settle down here and allow her to come to us. You must not think her wanting in politeness, Lucille, that she is not here to receive you; we must remember she expected us to dinner, and is now, I know, dressing for a party at the Tuileries, and her attention is too much engrossed by that duty to bestow a thought on us."

Before Emile had concluded, they were standing before the dressing-room of the countess, at which Emile had knocked. In a few moments the door was opened by a lady's maid, so handsomely and tastefully dressed that Lucille started, thinking she stood before Madame d'Almaine; but Emile entered, and going to the upper end of the room, said to a lady who sat before a large cheval glass, "Mamma, here is Mademoiselle de Vernet."

Lucille had followed Emile to the centre of the apartment, where she stood, struck with the light and splendor by which she was surrounded, dazzling for a moment to a girl who had never, since her infancy till now, been ten miles from home; and though that home had the charm of every comfort around it, yet having no female but herself to preside over it, it was wholly free from the wealth and luxuries amid which she now stood.

Folding doors separated this spacious apartment from the sleeping-room; its lofty ceiling was decorated with fresco paintings, the soft velvet carpet rose elastic from her tread; curtains of rich damask threw a glare of grandeur over the elaborately carved furniture, picked out with burnished gold, and polished to the highest degree; several handsome paintings of the great masters seemed bursting life-like from the paper on the walls; on the large dressing-table, trimmed with broad richly patterned Mechlin lace, burnt four wax candles in high massive silver candlesticks, and on the broad pure white mantelpiece girandoles, with heavy pendants, glittered bright as crystal drops in the sun, as their lights fell upon the cut glass and reflected a hundredfold the rich draperies of the immense windows.

Madame was just putting the last touch to her complexion, nor did she turn to the sound of her daughter's voice until she had completed it, when she arose deliberately, still glancing towards her glass.

Lucille, whose quick eye still wandered over the exquisite taste displayed in the arrangement of the most trifling decoration of this elegant apartment, turned quickly from them to the countess, an object as striking as anything she had gazed on.

Madame d'Almaine was forty-five, but appeared at least ten years younger; she was tall and elegantly formed, and the gossamer dress floating like a transparent cloud around her increased the lightness of her figure; a zone of diamonds encircled her waist, and the same costly gems glistened on her round white arms; her dark hair, unsilvered by a single streak, was dressed classically, but three white feathers, fastened by a band of jewels, drooped gracefully on her well shaped but more exposed shoulders than Fame licensed. Thus she was before the astonished Lucille, whose memory retained not the least remembrance of her person.

"Mademoiselle de Vernet," she exclaimed, as if Emile had but just pronounced the name, "you have come at last, have you; may I ask what detained you on your journey?" And without waiting an answer, taking her hands kissed both cheeks, adding, "Pray, disencumber yourself of that unmercifully large bonnet and most ungraceful scarf, that I may judge of the change six years have made in your person."

Lucille threw aside her bonnet, but was reluctant to part with her scarf, till madame drew it aside, when it fell to the ground.

"Oh, she is very pretty, Emile," said the countess, "perfectly beautiful when she blushes. Not at all like a country girl, but for her figure, which is rather, oh, yes, certainly, rather too developed. You require modernising, child; to-morrow we will set about the work. Adele," she said, calling to a young and handsome girl, "be it your duty to attend to Mademoiselle de Vernet; conduct her to the suite of rooms prepared for her, and see that she wants nothing."

Lucille, who had been on tenterhooks, trembling and blushing, prepared to attend this order with alacrity.

"Stop!" added madame, "not so fast, mademoiselle. Let me judge by your gait whether I shall have occasion to send for a training master before you appear in public. Ah, you want ease, but you are tired. I shall expect you to breakfast at twelve to-morrow in my room. Adieu, good-night."

This time Lucille made her escape, and preceded by Adele and Emile, reached the rooms prepared for her.

"This is your boudoir," said Emile, carelessly, and taking the light from Adele, threw its beams over a large handsomely furnished room; "that to the left, your sleeping-room; and this," throwing open a conservatory door, "where you are to gather your bouquets."

Lucille looked on delighted. Flowers of the choicest description were arranged with skill and taste, and several small birds, with folded wings, their heads confidingly buried beneath their thick plumage, reposed peaceably on the tender twigs of oleander and myrtle.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" she exclaimed, softly. "Like home, surrounded by birds and flowers."

"It is home," whispered Emile, "your rightful home, and one you will soon reign in. Come, now, to your chamber."

Lucille stepped lightly after Emile into a light airy room. The walls were covered with a pale pink paper chequered with silver. Mirrors jutted out from each corner, with lighted candles in their heavy cut glass chandeliers. A French bedstead with silver cornices, and richly embroidered white muslin curtains, lined with pink silk, hung in ample folds and spread gracefully over the flowers of the soft Axminster carpet; the window curtains and toilet draperies were the same, looped up with silver bands. A piled-up wood fire blazed cheerfully, throwing its light over the pink hangings, causing it to illumine with the rich glow of health the faces of the two girls, who sat with their feet on the broad bright fender in deep converse.

"These rooms are exquisitely graceful," said Lucille, at a break in their conversation; and looking round, she added, "but I care not for such grandeur. I should have preferred sharing your bed, Emile."

"Not a word about it, Lucille, it is my mother's wish, and I must say she has done you great honor, for these rooms were fitted up by my grandfather before the Revolution for the dauphiness, who a short time was under the charge of my grandmother."

"The dauphiness!" said Lucille, "the only one of the ill-fated family who escaped! Poor Henriette! I shall press the same pillow you did before your misfortunes!" and she shuddered at the recollection of what her father had told her of the horrors of Paris during the brief reign of the monster Robespierre.

"Yes," continued Emile, "the rooms have been closed many years, and my mother considers she has done you a great honor by having them reopened and fresh garnished for your reception."

"Then they escaped the desolation of the revolution?" said Lucille.

"Yes," replied Emile. "It was well known that my grandfather (though he did not openly avow it), abhorred the system which crushed the people till they rose en masse. He emigrated, till Napoleon, who so well understood the French character, was chosen by the people, when, like some others of his countrymen, he returned, and swore allegiance to him."

"He was," returned Lucille, smiling, "what is termed a courtier in the true sense of the word, and I should say it was worthy some little intrigue—the preservation of this noble mansion. But, Emile," she continued, "though surrounded by all the advantages of birth and wealth, there is a sadness about your manner and expression that surprises me. The cares of life cannot possibly have reached one so young and of such high position."

Emile suppressed a sigh, and looking round the room, drew nearer her companion, and in a low, hurried voice said, "What have wealth and position to do with happiness? I would give worlds, if I possessed them, to be a cottage girl, free and unshackled. It is because I cannot break my bonds that I am miserable. You know I am contracted to the Duke de Paleron, a man with just sufficient love in his nature to prefer his dinner to his horses, and with no more sense and morality than what prevents him falling into the lowest depths of vice. Yet, to this man, with my mother's sanction, am I doomed to live a lifetime, forced to become his wife, though assured the day after I shall be deserted for another." She paused a moment, then added in a stifled tone, "And worse, even worse than this, Lucille. I love another. Yes, the cousin of the duke, Charles de Bleville—a poor soldier, with little more than his pay to subsist on—has exchanged vows with me. I have willingly and fearlessly created these new bonds, which those of my mother's forging must irremediably snap to atoms."

She covered her face with her hands, and Lucille, who felt she ought, however unavailing, to say something, returned, "Emile, have courage; throw yourself on your mother's affection and the duke's honor. Surely, from one or both, you may expect some hope."

"The affection of my mother—the honor of the duke!" said Emile, bitterly. "They are qualities unknown to both. No, no; I have nothing to hope from either but to submit, or——"

A knock at the chamber-door startled the speaker to her feet. She brushed the tears from her eyes, and hastily catching up her light, retreated from the apartment.

It was Adele, whom Lucille speedily dismissed, and undressed with a heavier heart than she had when she entered the mansion, because she was the depositary of another's sorrows; but it was long after her head rested on the cambric and lace that adorned her elastic pillow—a pillow once pressed by the cheek of a royal daughter of France—before she slept.

CHAPTER X.

Lucille, chaperoned by the countess, became the star of fashion. Of course she had many admirers, and strange as it may appear, not one among them pursued her with such persevering energy as did the weak and engaged Duke de Paleron. Perhaps, being an engaged man might have been the cause that he was not so decidedly answered and warned of the uselessness of his assiduities; for though his compliments were fulsome, and his attentions irksome, they kept off those of others from whom she thought it might be more difficult to free herself, and stranger, both the countess and D'Almaine, possessed with the same idea, saw without observation his too apparent devotion to her.

The Count D'Almaine, though possessing some sterling qualities, was still the thoughtless pleasure-seeking man of fashion; thinking more of present happiness than the consequences of it in the future. He had Lucille with him in his own house, and if he thought, he never dwelt upon her unacknowledged claims; he was happy, and was surprised if a sigh escaped her, or if a tear started to her eye, at the peculiarity and unpleasantness of the position she was placed in.

One day, as Lucille was sitting in the salon, D'Almaine entered rather abruptly, and drawing near her, said, "Lucille, do not be surprised or alarmed. I shall not be long absent from you, but I am going to England. There, do not look so seriously dismayed; it will be but for a few days, ten at most, when I shall return and run off with you to the valley, and from thence to the Chateau de Noi in Normandy, my favorite residence."

Without noticing the latter part of his speech, she said, faintly, "To England! What can take you there, Jules? Pray let me go home before you leave Paris."

"Go home," said he. "Are you not at home, where you must remain till I come back? I confess it is rather ill-timed this hasty journey; but Lord Livesey, an old and valued English friend, has just come into possession of his estates, and having consulted my taste about the improvement of the family mansion, I have recommended an imitation of the Chateau de Noi, which is unrivalled in its architecture."

"And will ten days suffice, business and journey included?" said Lucille. "No, no, I fear not; and I have a presentiment, Jules, that when you return I shall be many miles distant from the proud home in which you leave me. I beseech you, give a few serious moments to consideration, and the disagreeables I am exposed to will come with vividness before you, Jules. I am an impostor in the home you have given me; I pass for what I am not—a free, unshackled maiden, when I am an unhappy wife, sighing for the rights which are withheld from me."

"Rights that shall be instantly acknowledged," he returned, pressing her to him, "when I return. I would willingly do it now, but it would be unwise and inexpedient, at the moment I am quitting you, to leave you to the upbraidings of my mother, who is ever violent when taken by surprise, and her censures and criminations would make the home, where I am desirous you should continue a short time longer, unendurable to one of your gentle spirit. And, Lucille," he added, "you must consider that on the announcement of our marriage my mother would instantly quit this residence, so loved and venerated by her, to give place to you its rightful mistress; this would give asperity to her feelings; the regard and high opinion she bears you would perish in her offended pride, and would cause an irreparable breach between her and myself."

"Lead me to my father," murmured Lucille, "let me take him to my confidence; let him know I am your wife, for I sigh, amid all this grandeur," and she looked furtively round on the magnificent furniture of the saloon, "to be taken to his heart, a penitent for the wrong I have done him in so long concealing from him a secret, in which my life and hopes of happiness are centred."

"You shall go, dearest," said D'Almaine; "we will go together as soon as I return. Let this assurance satisfy you and clear your brow. I ask your forbearance ten days longer—only ten days, Lucille; think how quickly they will pass, quick as a cloud passing over the bright sun, if you will only dwell upon them with the light heart of seventeen summers, and as the beloved and prized wife of Jules D'Almaine."

She threw herself into his arms, saying, as she brushed the tears from her eyes,

"I will do this, ah, and much more, if you desire it from me; but for your own honor as well as mine, you will not forget that the blight of suspicion may taint the fairest reputations when candor is forbidden."

"You shall never be exposed to it," he said, fervently. "And now, Lucille, let us speak of other matters. I have told you, and I intend it, to fly with you to the valley directly I come from England. Have, therefore, everything in readiness against my return. Here is my cheque book; I have put my signature to several of the pages; fill them up to the amount you may require, and give all necessary orders, that nothing may delay our departure."

Lucille was still in his arms when the doors of the *salon* opened, and the Countess D'Almaine entered. She looked like one transfixed, till Lucille, on the shutting of the door, looked up, then, like a frightened bird fearful of leaving its nest, clung closer to the arm of D'Almaine. A slight confusion crossed his countenance, but he was soon himself again, and to his mother's satirical remark of "This is indeed unexpected, Mademoiselle de Vernet," he answered, carelessly, "Be not surprised, madame; this is but the prelude to other wonders."

"I do not understand you, sir," was the haughty reply. "Mademoiselle de Vernet is under my protection, and, I believe, too chaste to permit unbecoming freedom from my son."

"Unbecoming freedom!" exclaimed D'Almaine. "Beware, madame, lest you tarnish the fame of an innocent woman, and by it degrade your own high reputation. I shall forbear saying more on this subject at present, than that Lucille de Vernet is one my heart has selected to share with me life's cares and joys. I am going to England; when I come home you shall know more. In the meantime, if you value the love and respect of your son, you will guard Lucille with the same kind care you have hitherto done. I ask this from you, mother, in the spirit of affectionate regard that has ever existed between us, and I leave her with you in the perfect confidence that you will not violate it."

He took the trembling hand of Lucille, and led her to his mother, but the countess turned haughtily away.

"Mother, she is your guest," he added; "you will not trample on the rights of hospitality—she is a sacred trust from Monsieur de Vernet and myself. You will guard her religiously until we again meet. Adieu! Heaven bless you both. Lucille, I leave you in perfect trust that our meeting will be happier than our parting."

He embraced them both; then in one embrace he kissed the cheek of his mother and the lips of Lucille, and hastened to the travelling-carriage in the court-yard, with Lord Livesey already in it.

Madame D'Almaine and Lucille both mechanically sprang to the window. D'Almaine kissed his hand to them, but neither responded to his farewell, the one prevented by sorrow at the parting, the other from anger at the avowal.

As the massive gates closed upon the carriage Lucille turned from the window, when her eyes met Madame D'Almaine's, but she withdrew them shudderingly; for, in that one short glance she saw, unversed as she was in the feelings of the heart, anger, dislike and malice. She hastened to her room, and, with her hands pressed to her throbbing temples, thought over with bitterness the occurrences of the last few months.

Two days later, Emile and Lucille were sitting in the boudoir of the latter, when a card of the Duke de Paleron's, with a request in pencil beneath the name to see Lucille, was delivered to her by the servant. Her first impulse was to refuse the request, but Emile anxiously desired her to see him.

"He admires you," said Emile, tremblingly. "If he offers you his hand will it not be some excuse for me to break the contract which now binds me to him? See him, dear Lucille; no harm can possibly come to you from the interview, while it may in some way benefit me."

"Then remain here," said Lucille. "I feel reluctant to be left quite at the mercy of that man in the position I am placed."

"That would mar all," said Emile. "He could not speak freely in my presence, if, as I suspect, he comes a traitor to his contract. But see, I will step into the conservatory, where, unthought of by him, I can overhear the conversation."

"Admit the Duke de Paleron," said Lucille to the servant, who waited in the ante-room.

As the duke entered, Emile passed into the conservatory, the door of which she left open; and, with a strange paleness overspreading her face, she knelt, with her hands tightly clasped, apparently awaiting her doom.

The duke's manner was slightly constrained as Lucille pointed to the chair the servant had placed for him, saying,

"Be seated, monsieur, and pray say to what I am to attribute this unexpected honor?"

"To my love," he replied, vehemently, attempting to take her hand. "Mademoiselle, from the moment I first beheld you, you must have seen the devoted regard I have entertained for you. No longer able to bear it, I have come to lay my heart and fortune at your feet."

"This is singular language," returned Lucille, coldly, and drawing herself farther from him, "from the Duke de Paleron, an engaged man. Has he forgotten the contract subsisting between Mademoiselle D'Almaine and himself—a contract which renders his attentions to another woman an insult to both? I need not preface with any apology my determination not to listen to you while that document exists, and my wish also that this interview may be put a speedy termination to. Monsieur, I wish you good morning."

"Stay," he said, holding her dress, as she was quitting the room, "stay, mademoiselle, and hear what I have come to tell you. I dislike Mademoiselle D'Almaine as infinitely as I admire you. The contract was created by our parents; she forfeits all her fortune if she rebels against it, I but a moiety of mine, which I freely give to her. Here is the hated paper," he added, taking one from his pocket. "Say you are mine, and I'll give its atoms to the wind."

Lucille trembled violently. She wished to free Emile, but how could she do this without involving her own truth? She heard a step in the corridor, and profited by it.

"Be quick, monsieur!" she cried, hurriedly; "that is the countess's foot. At once let me know your determination. That bond must be destroyed before I can answer you. The countess is already here!"

"This is my determination!" he said, tearing the contract. "Thus perish all that binds me to Emile D'Almaine! Say, does this satisfy you? have I your answer to my hopes?"

The last words still sounded through the rooms as Madame D'Almaine entered. A moment her hand lingered on the handle of the door, and her wrathful eyes wandered from the duke to Lucille, who stood firmly before her, though her cheeks were flushed and a smile lighted up her eyes.

"What means this?" said the countess, contemptuously, after a brief pause. "What am I to infer, Mademoiselle de Vernet, by finding you alone with Monsieur de Paleron in your own apartments, after the familiarity I so recently witnessed between you and my son? Am I to conclude from it that any gentleman who may presume to enter your boudoir is not only no intruder, but welcome to you?"

"You are to infer, madame, what you please from the duke's visit," replied Lucille; "for unless he explains the purport, I shall not, from considering both that and himself too insignificant to need an explanation from me."

"What unparalleled insolence, to taunt me in my own house!" exclaimed the countess. "Monsieur, what does it mean? On my daughter's account, I insist on an explanation; she, as well as myself, is insulted by this visit, and I appeal to you to clear up the mystery."

Her eye at the moment caught the torn contract on the carpet, she caught it up eagerly. At a glance all was explained. This weak young man, infatuated by the beauty of Lucille, had, to obtain her, destroyed the document which secured his title and large estates to her family. For a moment she was silent, overpowered with rage, but when speech came to her, she loaded both Lucille and the duke with the most bitter invectives.

Lucille, secure in her innocence, retired to a distant corner of the room, while the duke, coolly shrugging his shoulders, endeavored to beat a retreat. But the countess stood before the door, crying,

"Am I not to be enlightened on this scene?"

"What can I say, madame?" returned the duke, rendered desperate by his situation. "Surely the paper in your hand explains all; I have torn the contract which bound me to your daughter, because I prefer another. She is welcome to the fortune I shall lose by it. What else can I say to satisfy you, unless that I love Mademoiselle de Vernet, and am willing and anxious to make her my wife?"

"Your wife!" said the countess, scornfully. Then, curbing her feelings, she said, with assumed calmness, to Lucille, "And you, mademoiselle, what answer do you return to the duke's offer?"

"That I am engaged," replied Lucille, proudly; "but were I free my answer would be rejection of his offer. The duke possesses neither honor nor feeling, or he would have consulted with Emile before proposing to me; he has callously trifled with the feelings of the woman he was affianced to, and I despise him for his want of honor and generosity."

"She refuses," said Madame D'Almaine, hastily turning from Lucille to the duke, who stood petrified with astonishment at Lucille's coolness, and who never for a moment suspected he could be refused. "She rejects you, monsieur," she continued, "without leaving you a spark of hope. Emile is ignorant of all this. The contract is merely torn across; let things remain as they were before this ridiculous interview. If you are willing, there is nothing to prevent it. A few stitches will make the document whole again. Mademoiselle," she added, turning to Lucille, "your silence is all that is necessary on this subject."

"But not mine, mamma!" cried Emile, springing from the conservatory, and snatching the paper from her mother's hand, tore it into small pieces before the countess was fairly aware of her presence. "There!" she continued, exultingly. "I have completed what the Duke de Paleron commenced. Monsieur, I thank you for this act—it has given me new life. How beautiful to feel free!" she exclaimed, springing lightly from the ground. "Oh! I am a little bird escaped from the gilded wires that kept it in bondage! Nature has fresh charms for me, the breeze fans my cheek lighter and cooler, and the sun shines as bright and clear upon me as it did before I knew what captivity meant. Oh, freedom, freedom, how beautiful thou art!" and throwing open the window, with heightened color and brightened eyes, she looked complacently on the paved court-yard beneath.

"This is too much!" exclaimed the countess, approaching Emile, and shaking her with all the vehemence of passion. "Your boasted freedom shall be of short duration. That girl, that low-born soldier's daughter, is the cause of this; and if I have power she shall feel my vengeance. Yes," she continued, her eyes flashing on Lucille, "you shall not escape me. You have ruined my daughter's fortunes, and like a serpent have crept into my son's heart. But his mother has power to crush you—oh, even as I crush these useless atoms beneath my feet," she cried, trampling on the fragments of the contract, "so will I crush the creature who has stepped between me and my views! Duke, follow me."

"I will," he replied, glad of any excuse to quit the house he had so short a time before entered with all the warmth and expectation his pusillanimous nature was capable of.

Lucille and Emile sank tremblingly into each other's arms as the door closed on the countess and the duke. Lucille was the first to speak.

"What dreadful threats!" she cried, in a quivering tone. "Have I done anything to deserve them, Emile? Why am I not with my father? I shall not be safe till under his quiet roof. I think I will quit this hateful house directly. I am not, cannot be safe while it shelters me."

"Do not say so, Lucille," returned Emile. "Mamma is ailment, but not wicked. Besides, a word from Louis would send her from it. He has on right here; yes, and you alone, are mistress. If my mother proceeds to greater lengths, she must know the position you occupy in relation to her."

"Oh, the house is hateful to me!" exclaimed Lucille. "I will never enter it as his mistress. What happiness it would be to me to leave it, now and for ever. This is only the fourth day of Jules's absence, and it is another week must pass before we meet. Oh, I can never endure the purgatory of remaining here so long. I will write and request his permission to accompany him to Nice."

"Even he certainly a dreadful idea, dear girl," said Emile; "but six days will fleet away like a dream. Try and compose yourself to calm on the outside, and his return. And, above all, make some necessary purchases to make, while you are among you several days. We shall only meet mamma at dinner time, so I will be together to show you my discretionary; and before she has time to think of her threat, if she has not already forgotten it, you will be safe in your husband's arms, where naught can harm you."

Lucille tried to think so; but with a heavy heart she sat down to write to Jules, to beg him not to postpone his return beyond the promised time.

CHAPTER XI.

As Emile and Lucille were about to descend to the dining-room, a few hours after the departure of the Duke de Paleron and the tearing of the agreement which bound Jules to him, a message came from Madame D'Almaine, that Mademoiselle de Vernet's dinner would be served in her boudoir, as she was a headache which her dinner might be rean up nice, which was granted by her mother, who felt little inclined for the present to meet either her daughter or her guest, and she, highly gratified by the arrangement, spent the remainder of the evening in conference with the Marquis, quite undisturbed.

The following day Lucille noticed the unusual debilities of Adele, who had already breakfast and placed near her on her first coming to the mansion. Remembering the evening she spent in her room, and the one cried in the terrace which Jules had given her, heinding the next morning to get them explained.

Emile was in her own suite, but on this day enjoyed a visit from Cesarie, Charles de Rieville, the duke's cousin, being to meet at a ball, and the dinner party at the mansion between Lucille and Adele entered on some trifling mission, and standing before the d- it a glance now and ere gained the attention of Lucille and Madame D'Almaine. After something about the room a few moments, she sat upon a sofa. A few minutes after, Emile, who was standing near the vestibule, the door was flashed open, and the countess, with flushed cheeks and flaming eyes, stood before the group.

"I am glad that I have proofs of your guilt!" she exclaimed, in a loud tone, and advancing to the sofa on which Adele sat, she seized her pinioned from my son's study, and you are the guilty one who have converted it to your own purpose."

"This is cruel, unwomanly!" cried Lucille, starting to her feet, in a vain effort to reach the book. "Oh, my dear Adele, what is in the cheque-book of the Count D'Almaine but myself. I therefore beg, my, I implore you to look be returned to me."

"You insist!" cried the countess. "Dare you use such language to me—to me who have been a mother to you? Adele, I ask you to tell me that you have a right to the property of the Count D'Almaine? You must be made to repeat this assertion before me, that I may go instantly for a police officer. When under his strict charge, unobservedly, your cousin and husband will be at liberty."

Lucille walked silently and proudly to the extreme end of the apartment, as the countess revealed to the astonished Adele's mother. Estimate to fetch an officer. As Adele was leaving the room, Emile, who had been in the secret of the countess's intentions, for a moment incapable of action, sprang towards the waiting-woman.

"Stop!" she cried, in a quiet but determined tone. "The police no officer of justice here, neither shall any enter, unless by force."

"Do you hear, Adele?" exclaimed the countess, turning towards her. "Do you, Emile D'Aimeine, or a convent may bring repentance to your mother, and a new set of principles to your sister, which I will not suffer to be almost destroyed by her."

Defy you, mamma," said Emile, "unless forbid you should give me cause for such a step. But conduct to which, under your protection, is both cruel and base. I only ask you, mamma, to go, and, if possible, be silent."

"I disclaim all protection of her," said the countess. "Do I not hold this evidence of her guilt in my hand? Do I not know that though Jules himself were here to pardon her, I would not."

"Was he [illegible] here now would not," said Emile, boldly," said Emile. "And you, mother, when you know all, will regret this vile language, and the cruelty displayed to Lucille."

At this rebuke a fresh burst of passion broke from the countess's lips, and she ordered Adele to go for the police officer herself. Emile interposed, and laying her hand on her mother's arm, said, softly:

"Mother, desist from this. If you persist in it, it will bring disgrace upon us all, more especially upon Lucille, who is innocent as she—she is the wife of Jules."

The countess uttered a harp, quick cry, as if pierced by a shot. "His wife!" she cried; "it is false! I will not believe it!" Say his mistress, implying that his wife, and I am his mother!"

Emile bent her eyes with a calmed expression on her parent. "I speak the truth, dear mother," she replied. "Jules has made her his wife, and I am sure she deserves from you, that you may not feel the weight of your wrath to earn what he has suffered from the cruelty of either."

The countess bowed her head on her hands a moment; it was but a moment, and when she raised it the demon passion was still in her eyes.

"It is false, utterly false!" she cried. "She is an impostor," she continued, to Adele and Lucille, looking from one to the other, "and is the emblem of the serpent, "and shall not remain another night beneath the roof of a mansion where I am mistress. Go, girl, child of guilt. Prepare, Mademoiselle de Vernet, to leave here immediately. This house is mine, and I will not have it."

"Not so right, madame," said Lucille, timidly, glancing towards the window as she spoke, as if she feared the storm without. "This is as much mine as yours, and I will not leave it. It is true that I am a stranger in it, but I have a claim to it that no law can set aside, and no power or helplessness can for from it. I am the wife of Jules's legitimate, and to-morrow, oh, how joyfully, I shall return to my father."

"Of course you will remain here," said Emile, "at least for you forth! As the wife of Jules you are mistress of the house and household. His mother has no right to drive you from it, and reason to your right of remaining here."

"Only to-night, Mademoiselle," "For the wealth of the world I would not continue here beyond it; but to go forth a stranger in the night is fearful, and I will not do it."

The countess looked coldly upon her. "Send for a conveyance," she said audibly to Adele; "I will not stay in the house another night. But last night at the Hotel D'Aimaine; so prepare, mademoiselle, for your departure at 7 o'clock, and remember that I will not be liable for the last time on the threshold."

"Mother, mother," said Emile, you will repent this cruelty. Have you no thought when Monsieur de Vernet shrieked to from the violence of the enemies, and Lucille, with her child, was obliged to crush us; and now you would send his child, his only, his cherished child, out to face them, with the darkness around her, and the wild sea clinging to her? Mother, you will not—you cannot do this cruel act!"

"Shutter is easily procurable in Paris," said the countess, determinedly: "I can also procure the driver of a cab who will take me persons; and," she added in a low tone, feeling almost ashamed of such a deception, "I will be ready to the child of Jules, for which would be surely opened to her."

"Dear Lucille, this is indeed a place for purity like yours," cried Emile, as the countess, quitting her self-imposed task, left the room. "Mother, excited as she is, cannot be entirely able to exert herself, or she would not, I think, shall leave you at home. Remember Formakes by those who should be foremost among your protectors. I will go with you, but leave you till I place you near the fond heart of your father. Come, dearest, have courage; though all is dread and dark before you at this moment, remember every cloud has its silver lining."

The countess turned disdainfully from them as they hurriedly threw their cloaks and shawls round themselves.

"Go, mademoiselle," she said to Adele, haughtily. "You have called me this evening—blame yourself for what may follow!"

At this moment a sudden amusement broke on the countenance of Emile, unnoticed, supported Lucille down the broad oak stairs. They were both in the vehicle, shrieking where to direct it, when Emile's maid tapped at the window. "Take this card, mademoiselle," she said, hurriedly—"it is the address of my mother. She is poor and homely, but friendly and kind-hearted, and will make you comfortable at least for the night."

"Thanks—thanks, dear, kind Rosalie!" was reiterated by the two forlorn girls, as mercilessly sent forth by a proud, ambitious woman.

Emile glanced at the card, then pulled the checkstring, and ordered the driver to set them down in the Rue d'Artois; another quarter of an hour they had reached an old-fashioned mansion, let by the proprietor in apartments, where Madame Mora, the mother of Rosalie, lived on the third floor. A bell summoned her to the door, and Emile, apologising for the intrusion at so much an hour, explained their situation, and they were ushered into a clean but ill-furnished, comfortable room. Rosalie was in it, and an air of cooperative comfort spread itself around them.

(To be continued.)

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMPTER.

We present to our readers this week, three engravings descriptive of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, and the condition of that fort after Major Anderson's evacuation with colors flying, drums beating and a warning salute to the flag. These sketches have peculiar interest, from the fact that they were taken on the spot, the one at the time of the bombardment, the others immediately afterwards. The sketch of the fight shows all the betwixt were in active operation positions. The second sketches of the interior of Fort Sumpter after the bombardment exhibit how complete a wreck the fire of the batteries had made of that place, and of the havoc made it was. These sketches are worthy of a careful examination.

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

"Were, then, no cause cold beef," said a chilness husband, when, for the first time in his life, he discovered that he was more hungry than thirsty.

"Why, my dear," replied his wife, "I thought you liked cold meat."

"Yes, cold pork, then."

"No such article."

"Well, then, fresh pork, some potatoes."

"Not a potato left."

"Then for heaven's sake, get some bread, then."

"The bread is all gone, too."

"Well, then, give me a knife and fork, and let me go through the motions."

There are many anecdotes of Sir M'Seller, the Rightmaker, who cost was his only deficiency of any kind, and that was his memory. He had time was not a hasty, ready-going fellow (never in his misses, he is now no more) in two partnering with the Right Honorable Sir Jacob Astley, regarding the 4th. The stranger said it was a game impossible—he could give the cherpy in the best of the game, and yet win by 4 points. Sir Jacob replied:

"I do, sir, that, if you will allow me to deal the second!"

"No, not a bit of it," said the stranger, hastily.

"Well, then," said Sir Jacob, "I am ready to bet a pony, sensible stranger, I'll win ye. There's three hundred and sixty four days in the London hackney carriage season, and I'll bet you a pony to a sovereign you cannot name me one, true!" We mean mak'ing in the Highlands when the sun shines, and you cannot name one."

The following lines on Bonniebell, who, once a "bonnie" in Rowland's, went to India and returned to Paris, are from the pen of Thomas Hood:

"When bonnie Bell rules over Rowland's crew,
Nothing will be found amiss;
And Rowland's re-served, Yah! Bah!
Will be Rowland's for an Ice.
He properly spurns the base compound,
And gives the genuine article.

A Dane without Thomas—A woman without milk.

"I will take your advice," said a man to a physician this year. Of course. Everything is provided.

An avid proof of life does a young lady derive herself to entice her? When she begins at sigh for (suphor) a lover.

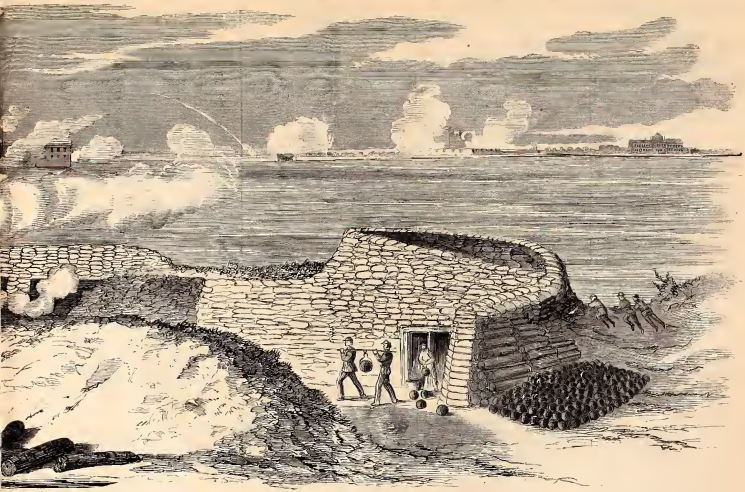
There are some people who assert that they have seen a brave drive, a bold rider, a fine shot, a good fisher, a fast runner, and a wise writer!

Woman that we could do with quit children as we are privileged to do with puppy-dogs, what a comfortable world this would be!

A curious doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, found him in bed, and asked him how he was. "Much troubled," said the latter considering the medicine which he's prepared for the sick man; he was no much accustomed to it, that it had no effect upon him. "Then I am sorry for you after her, wouldn't I be happier when I catched her than when I was rejected after her?"

Were the "Comic Annual" first come out, the author contented a copy to the Duke of Wellington, who, after reading it, wrote a letter to Hood, in which he could furnish him with items thus for a dust of which kinds. Hood seemed to be much pleased with the letter, and wrote to the duke to say that he would be glad to see him. "Come to-morrow morning, by a thorough-bred Pointer," "Annual Parliament, a fine for Stock Commons." "Annual Parliament, a fine for Stock Commons." "Annual Parliament, a fine for Stock Commons."

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN TAMMANY HALL COL. WM. WILSON'S ZOUAVES SWEARING TO BE TRUE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES AND TO GO THROUGH BALTIMORE OR DIE.—SEE PAGE 391.



IPTER.—Taken from Morris Island by an Eye-witness, Mr. William Waud, Our Special Artist.—See Page 395.

Interior of Fort Sumpter after the evacuation of the Federal troops. [illegible] by our Artist, Mr. Sydney Dickson, who visited the Fort immediately after the bombardment.

DESTRUCTION OF THE GUNPOWDER CREEK BRIDGE.

Immediately after the riot in the streets of Baltimore, the mob determined that no more soldiers should reach Baltimore by the railroads at all events. Large crowds left the city, bent upon the destruction of the railroad bridges and they did their work effectively. They waited until a train arrived at the bridge at Canton, when a pistol fired at the engineer brought the matter to a crisis. The passengers were mode to get out, the crowd thronged into the cars and the engineer was compelled to take them to Gunpowder Bridge, where, while some took charge of the cars, others commenced the work of burning the bridge. It was fired in several places, and the destruction was very complete. On the way back they fired several other bridges, and completely destroyed the possibility of any railroad communication.

Volunteers in England Storming a Toll-Gate.—While the Fifth Kent Artillery Volunteers were marching through Greenwich, one evening last month, they were stopped by the toll-collector of Deptford Creek Bridge, who refused to allow them to pass without paying toll as ordinary passengers. After some remonstrance by the commanding officer, which was unavailing, the latter consented to pay; but another difficulty was then raised by the collector objecting to allow the corps to go through in military order, but insisting upon their doing so singly, through the narrow wicket for foot passengers, although there is no "tell-tale." This was naturally objected to by the commanding officer, and after some altercation he threatened to force a passage if the collector continued obdurate. However, nothing that the captain could say had any effect, and he at length gave the word of command, "Quick march, double," upon which the advance guard charged the gate, and forced it open in a trice. The whole corps followed, and after them about one-half of the mob, which by that time numbered from 500 to 600 persons, rushed through pell-mell. The latter were delighted beyond measure at the scene, which was both novel and exciting, and of which they testified their approval by cries of "Go it, Captain," singing "Cheer, boys, cheer," &c. When the "charge" was made the collector tried to prevent the opening of the gate, but on being overpowered he struck at the Captain, and knocked his busby off. The collector was, in return, instantly knocked down by the Sergeant-Major of the corps, and the band marched right over him, the big drum and drummer tumbling on him. He was dragged on to the pathway by some of the bystanders, and on gaining his feet he followed the Captain, upbraiding him roundly the while, until they met two policemen, who were requested by the collector to take the Captain into custody, but they refused to do so.

The bill appropriating $5,000,000 for arming the State of Indiana passed both Houses on the 29th April. Indiana's quota—six regiments—are now fully organized, and four regiments, it is understood, will march soon. Six more regiments will be mustered into the service of the State.

Col. Lee, of Arlington, son-in-law of the late George Washington Parke Custis, who has joined the Secessionists, has sold his property to the State of Virginia for war purposes. It has heights upon the south side of the Potomac commanding Washington. But the War Department has been ahead of Virginia, for it has had skilful officers examining those heights and marking off grounds for fortifications.

Gifford and Witteredge have shouldered the knapsack and gun to join the jolly Seventh. Fitzjames O'Brien marched with the same regiment, and F. C. Adams has joined the cavalry corps forming at Palace Garden. The sword has become mightier than the pen just now.

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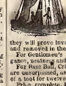

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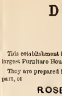

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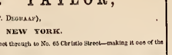

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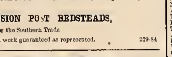

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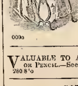

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A certain, safe and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Salt Rheum. It is an internal remedy, driving out and entirely eradicating the disease, requiring no change in diet or business, and may be taken by children and persons of the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety.

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FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

For curing and preventing Baldness.

For removing Scurf and Dandruff.

For beautifying and making the Hair soft and curly

In fact the only safe and effective compound of the kind in use.

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Price 25 cents per bottle.
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Also,
PROF. L. MILLER'S INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE
Price 50 cents per box.
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With Glass-Cloth Presser, Improved Loop-Check, New Style Hemmer, Binder, Corder, &c.

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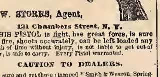

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The Medal awarded by the judges can be seen at our office.
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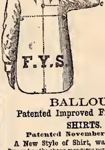

The measures are A, the distance round the Neck. B to B, the Yoke. C to C, the Sleeve D to D, distance around the Body under the armpits E to E, the length of the Shirt.

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Patented Improved French Yoke SHIRTS.

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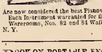

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Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured
Each Instrument warranted for five years.
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BOOK ON PORTABLE ENGINES.—"Practical instructions for the Portable Engine, enabling every one to be his own Engineer; by a Graduate of the Military Academy, and former Member of the United States Corps of Engineers." A large Illustrated Pamphlet, sent by mail to any part of the country, price 25 cents, by the WASHINGTON IRON WORKS, Newburg, N. Y.

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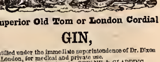

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 286—Vol. XI.] NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS IN PENSACOLA HARBOR BY FEDERAL SHIPS-OF-WAR.

For several weeks we were constantly receiving "positive" information that Fort Pickens had been reinforced and revictualled, but all such reports proved to be mere newspaper canards. Like the cry of "wolf," the report of "reinforcements" became a bugbear. At last, however, we received sketches and letters from the scene of action, and the official report proclaimed the fact that Fort Pickens *had* been reinforced. The manner of effecting this important movement will be explained in the following communication and the official report:

The great question that has been agitating the public and the press for weeks has at last been solved—Fort Pickens has been reinforced. As it may be interesting to your readers to know how it was accomplished so successfully, I will give you a description. Rumors were prevalent for several days that the fort was to be attacked. It was thought advisable to put the troops we had on board, which we brought out from Old Point Comfort last January, Captain Vodges' company of Artillery and the Marines of the squadron into the fort; so on Friday, the 19th, a steamer of despatches arrived from Washington. What his orders were of course we know not, but on that night, as soon as it was dark, which was about eight o'clock, all the marines from the Sabine and St. Louis came on board. We got up anchor and stood in for the beach, getting as close in as the water would allow. We came to anchor, got out the boats, put Captain Vodges' company in them, and at eleven o'clock they started for the beach, under the command of Lieut. Smith, of our ship, a brave, fearless and daring officer. They were to land on the beach, outside of the harbor, and in case of attack they were to send up signal rockets, when we were to go to their assistance. You may best judge of the excitement and the anxious hearts on board. We watched the beach with eager eyes; but as time rolled on and no signals were seen, we began to breathe easier, and at two A.M. the boats were hoisted up. The surf was very heavy, and it would have been hazard his to land. He found the beach too rough, so went inside of the harbor, and under the guns of Forts McRae and Barrancas, accomplished his mission, without being seen or heard. Having done this so nicely, we concluded to try it again; we sent the troops in the same manner, the Wyandotte towing the boats in. At daylight we could see the boats just showing off from the beach. They landed in the same spot; they returned safely to the ship, when we up anchor and joined the fleet, highly pleased with our result. We have accomplished what we were sent here for—to re-

FATHER MOONEY CELEBRATING MASS BEFORE THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT OF N. Y. VOLUNTEERS ON BOARD THE STEAMER BURNS THE VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO ANNAPOLIS (SEE PAGE 413)

Navy Yard Foundry. Stores for Mooring Vessels. Sand-hills and Beach of Santa Rosa Island.

LANDING REINFORCEMENTS ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND IN PENSACOLA HARBOR, FOR FORT PICKENS—SWIMMING HORSES TO LAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

inforce Fort Pickens. Threats had been made that if we attempted it oceans of blood would be shed, but the Brooklyn neither fears nor cares for their threats, and will teach all traitors and rebels, when the time comes, that the flag she carries at her gaff, the Stars and Stripes, cannot be trampled upon with impunity; and God help the poor wretches that stand in front of her terrific battery, manned by determined men, who love their country and their country's flag!

This sketch represents the Brooklyn as she lay that night close to the shore, Lieut. Smith's boats returning, and the steamer Wyandotte towing the boats in.

We are now landing the troops brought out by the Atlantic right under their eyes without molestation. The enemy numbers about 6 000, and are erecting batteries all along the beach.

The other sketch represents the fleet as it lays. The famous sandbag battery, at the foot of the lighthouse, Forts McRae, Pickens, Barrancas. At the lighthouse battery there are some six heavy guns. Fort McRae is now abandoned, but the Secession flag still floats there. Pickens is bristling with guns, and army officers say that with the present forces they can hold it against the whole South. Word has passed that the mailbag is closing, so I must close. You will hear from me again. Yours, &c.,

AN OFFICER ON THE BROOKLYN.

(Continued on page 408.)

Barnum's American Museum

IS overflowing with Living Wonders, including Old Grizzly Adams' California Bears, which perform a variety of amusing tricks, Sea Lion, Aztec Children, Albino Family, What Is It? Bearded Lady, Lilliputian Queen, and Superb Dramatic Performances every afternoon and evening.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Special Notice

VOLUNTEERS who are about leaving with their regiments, and who can sketch, are requested to call upon FRANK LESLIE, at his Office, No. 19 City Hall Square, without delay.

Officers in the Army and Navy are solicited to forward to FRANK LESLIE's address any sketches of public interest relating to the war, which will be liberally paid for.

Foreign News.

England.—There is very little of interest in the last papers. The Duke of Cambridge had been lectured by the press for some disparaging remarks on the discipline of the volunteers made by him at a public dinner; and General Scarlett, an officer of reputation and considerable military experience, had contradicted him on the spot, and spoken very favorably of the late exhibitions at Wimbledon and Brighton. Col. Berkeley's annual motion for vote by ballot had been rejected in the House of Commons, by 274 to 153 This is rather an inauspicious time to introduce American Institutions into England. Rumors were afloat that the Queen was in a state of great mental prostration, owing to her mother's death. A prospectus had been issued of a company called the "Liverpool and New Orleans Steam Navigation Company," with the object of establishing direct steam communication between Liverpool and New Orleans. The capital is fixed at £200,000, with power to increase, and many influential men are engaged in the enterprise. It is also announced, by advertisement, that a Company had been formed in Liverpool for establishing direct communication between that port and Charleston. The first steamer of the line is expected to be dispatched from Liverpool about the middle of July. The *Independence Belge* has a rumor which is probably a *canard* It is that Cardinal Wiseman is to succeed Pio Nino, under the title of Pope Decimo, and that the Papacy will be removed from Rome to London.

France.—Military preparations still continue, but their object is as much a matter of conjecture as ever. It is very clear that a great alteration has taken place in the relations between Russia and France, chiefly caused by the insurrections and riots in Warsaw and other parts of Poland. The Russian Government assert that the doctrine of Nationality, so constantly iterated by the French Emperor, is calculated to disturb every throne in Europe, and it is undoubtedly right. The slaughter of the Poles by the Russians has profoundly affected the French masses, and the Prefects of almost every district in France have notified the Minister of the Interior of the fact. Louis Napoleon, through the columns of the *Moniteur*, thus delicately informs the Czar of the fact: "The late events at Warsaw have been unanimously commented upon by the French press, with the traditional sympathy which the cause of Poland has always excited in the West of Europe; but these expressions of interest would ill serve the Polish cause if they had the effect of misleading the public opinion, by allowing it to be supposed that the Emperor of the French encourages hopes which he could not satisfy." The *Pays* states that orders have been received at Toulon to complete the fitting out of the fleet destined to bring back the French troops from Syria. If this be true, one great cause of quarrel between France and England will be abolished.

Italy.—The *Independence Belge* of the 21st definitely states that the negotiations between Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel for throwing open Rome to the Italians are rapidly coming to a favorable conclusion. The Pope has again declared he will not leave Rome until compelled by force. Garibaldi has had a conference with his old companions in arms, who have persuaded him to accept Count Cavour's more prudent policy as the wisest course to pursue. It is also said that he is reconciled to the great Sardinian Premier.

Spain.—A great change has come over the spirit of this nation. Conquest seems to have breathed a new life into her old frame. The most singular thing in this is the evident favor the resuscitation meets with from England. The only point of difference about Hayti will be the Slavery question! It is difficult to see how Spain can reconcile the free and slave negro question!

South America.—One of the most terrible earthquakes for many years occurred on the 20th March, at Mendoza, resulting in a loss of life of from ten to fifteen thousand persons. It happened about eight o'clock in the evening, [illegible] when [illegible] of the population were in the churches. The vibration lasted only six seconds, but in that time the once flourishing city of Mendoza was a heap of ruins and mangled bodies. It is rumored that the cities of San Juan and San Luis have shared a similar fate, but there is no certainty in the report—which we trust is unfounded. Mendoza is in the Argentine Republic, and was the seat of considerable trade.

Japan.—It is said that the Japanese authorities, alarmed at the prospect of trouble when the Anglo-French fleet arrives, have invited the Foreign Ministers to return to Jeddo.

The State of the Nation.

SINCE our last issue the mighty movement which has roused into terrible activity thirty millions of people has progressed with fearful determination and steadiness of purpose on both sides. Undoubted evidence is given in every step taken by the Government at Washington, that the positions assumed and the intentions shadowed out in President Lincoln's inaugural address will be fully carried out, both to the letter and in the spirit. Preparations on a scale of extraordinary magnitude are carried on with sleepless activity, and every movement shows that a plan of operation has been decided upon which will embrace all the strong points in the Southern country, extending an armed cordon round the active Secession States, and effectively occupying and holding in check those States which are doubtful or hesitating. The mental grasp of a great tactician is evident to the most careless observer, and a stern determination to keep the United States a united whole is perceptible in the mighty concentrating march of the vast armies of the North.

A very significant fact becomes more markedly apparent every day. While the whole North, East and West are as a unit upon the great question before the people, such is by no means the case in the Southern States. In Western Virginia the Union sentiment is almost universal; in Maryland the Secessionists are strong and active, but are certainly in the minority; in Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee the Union element is speaking out loudly and firmly. Such a state of things is ominous for the South, for it is thus placed between the double danger of invasion from a powerful force from without and internal warfare and divided interests within.

An official report reached Washington last week of the complete and full reinforcement of Fort Pickens by the Federal ships-of-war. Fort Pickens may now be considered safe from any force which can be brought to bear against it by the Southern authorities. Forts Monroe and McHenry have also been fully reinforced, and are now in a state of perfect defence, and may, in the present aspect of affairs, be deemed impregnable. The great strategic point of Cairo, which commands the upper Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers, has been taken possession of by the Federal troops, who have fortified it and now hold it. The position is such that a small force can successfully hold it against a much larger body of men. But in a day or two it will be occupied by a force so large as to defy all attempts to attack it.

In view of the vast and extraordinary military operations now being put into action, the President has issued the following proclamation:

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1861.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Whereas, existing exigencies demand immediate and adequate measures for the protection of the national Constitution and the preservation of the national Union by the suppression of the insurrectionary combinations now existing in several States for opposing the laws of the Union and obstructing the execution thereof, to which end a military force in addition to that called forth by my Proclamation of the fifteenth day of April in the present year, appears to be indispensably necessary; now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy thereof, and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby call into the service of the United States forty-two thousand and thirty-four volunteers, to serve for a period of three years unless sooner discharged, and to be mustered into service as infantry and cavalry. The proportions of each arm and the details of enrolment and organization will be made through the Department of War; and I also direct that the regular army of the United States be increased by the addition of eight regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and one regiment of artillery, making altogether a maximum aggregate increase of twenty-two thousand seven hundred and fourteen, officers and enlisted men, the details of which increase will also be made known through the Department of War; and I further direct the enlistment for not less than one nor more than three years of eighteen thousand seamen, in addition to the present force, for the naval service of the United States. The details of the enlistment and organization will be made known through the Department of the Navy. The call for volunteers, hereby made, and the direction for the increase of the regular army, and for the enlistment of seamen hereby given, together with the plan of organization adopted for the volunteers and for the regular forces hereby authorized, will be submitted to Congress as soon as assembled. In the meantime I earnestly invoke the co-operation of all good citizens in the measures hereby adopted for the effectual suppression of unlawful violence, for the impartial enforcement of constitutional laws, and for the speediest possible restoration of peace and order, and, with those, of happiness and prosperity throughout the country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

The entire volunteer force thus called into service by the two Proclamations of the President amounts to one hundred and seventeen thousand and thirty-four men. The regular army is also increased from eighteen thousand to forty thousand seven hundred and fourteen men. The Government will thus be able to throw an army of one hundred thousand men into the field for active operations, while at the same time it will have at command a reserve of over fifty-seven thousand men, to be employed in the defence of Washington or in garrison duty.

This second call has been responded to with extraordinary alacrity; indeed, the formation of volunteer regiments has been so rapid that the State militia, which has been ordered out, has in several instances been disbanded, as their term of duty is legally but very brief, while the volunteer regiments are organized to serve for three years.

It is not to be supposed that the South is resting idly secure while these threatening and mighty preparations are advancing with such rapidity in the North. The Southern papers are full of the martial doings of the people. The war spirit is said to be thoroughly aroused, and military organizations are forming in every section of the country; arms of the first class are said to be abundant, together with ammunition sufficient for all purposes. One sentiment is said to animate the entire Confederate States, which resolves itself to a determination to defend the position they have assumed at all hazards and to the bitter end. They deem their position greatly strengthened by the action of the Governor of Virginia and his advisers, a compact having been concluded which places the military force of Virginia at the disposition of General Davis immediately, which is virtual secession from and positive aggression against the United States, while the question of Secession has yet to be submitted to the vote of the people. Much expectation also rested upon the action of Maryland, based in some manner upon the riotous proceedings in Baltimore and the attempt of the Legislature to usurp dictatorial powers which would have thrown the State into the arms of the Secessionists. But Maryland is lost to the Southern cause, for the Legislature failed in its action, the Federal troops possess military control of Maryland, and the Union party is manifesting itself in every section.

The exigencies of the case induced Jefferson Davis to convene an extra session of the Confederate Congress, which met at Montgomery on the 29th of April, Howell Cobb presiding. The following is a digest of the Message from Jefferson Davis, which was presented for its consideration, and was afterwards discussed in secret session:

CONGRESS met at noon.

President Davis's Message announced the ratification of the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, and that it only remains for an election to be held for the designation of officers to administer the Government.

It says the declaration of war made against this Confederation by Abraham Lincoln rendered it necessary to convene Congress to devise means to replenish the treasury and for the defence of the country.

The President then reviews the relations heretofore existing between the States, and the events which have resulted in the present warfare. Referring to the result of the mission of the Commissioners to Washington, he says the crooked paths of diplomacy can scarcely furnish an example so wanting in courtesy, candor and directness as was the course of the United States Government toward the Commissioners. The President incidentally refers to the prudent caution observed by the fleet off Charleston during the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, and pays a high compliment to the Carolinians for their forbearance before and heroism, daring and magnanimity after the bombardment.

Commissioners have been sent to England, France, Prussia and Belgium, to ask our recognition as a member of the family of nations, and make treaties of amity and commerce.

He recommends the appointment of other diplomatic agents. He says the Confederacy, through Mr. Stephens, has concluded a convention with Virginia, by which Virginia has united her powers and fortunes with us. He has satisfactory assurances that other Southern States will soon strike their fortunes with ours.

He says the most of the Executive Departments are in successful operation. The Postmaster-General can soon be ready to assume the direction of postal affairs.

In conclusion, he congratulates the Confederacy on the patriotic devotion exhibited by the people of the Confederacy; men of high official and social position and wealth are serving in the volunteer ranks. The railway companies propose liberal rates for transportation of the mails, and to receive in compensation the bonds of the Confederacy.

He says a people thus united and resolved cannot fail of final success. Our cause is just and holy, and we protest solemnly in the face of mankind that we desire peace at any sacrifice save that of honor and independence. We seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no concession from the free States. All we ask is to be let alone—that none shall attempt our subjugation by arms. This we will and must resist to the direst extremity.

The moment this pretension is abandoned the sword will drop from our grasp, and we shall be ready to enter into treaties of amity and commerce mutually beneficial. So long as this pretension is maintained, with a firm reliance on that Divine power which covers with His protection the just cause, we will continue to struggle for our inherent right to freedom, independence and self-government.

There is much in this message which is false as to facts, but it is earnest in defence of the position of the Cotton States, and presents many points for the serious consideration of the people, among which not the least is the question of funds—the most important material in the successful issue of modern warfare.

Governor Letcher, of Virginia, has come out openly at last. The approach of the masses of Federal troops has compelled him, however unwillingly, to define his position, which he does in the following Proclamation:

The Sovereignty of the Commonwealth of Virginia having been denied, her territorial rights assailed, her soil threatened with invasion by the authorities at Washington, and every artifice employed which could inflame the people of the Northern States and misrepresent our purposes and wishes, it becomes the solemn duty of every citizen of this State to prepare for the impending conflict.

Those misrepresentations have been carried to such an extent that foreigners and naturalized citizens, who but a few years ago, were denounced by the North and deprived of essential rights, have now been induced to enlist into regiments for purpose of invading this State, which then vindicated those rights and effectually resisted encroachments which threatened their destruction.

Against such a policy and against a force which the Government at Washington, relying upon its numerical strength, is now rapidly concentrating, it becomes the State of Virginia to prepare proper safeguards.

To this end and for these purposes, and with a determination to repel invasion, I, John Letcher, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, by authority of the Convention, do hereby authorize the Commanding-General of the military forces of this State, to call out, and to cause to be mustered into the service of Virginia, from time to time, as the public exigency may require, such additional number of volunteers as he may deem necessary.

To facilitate this call, the annexed schedule will indicate the place of rendezvous at which the companies called for will assemble upon receiving orders for service.

Given under my hand, as Governor, and under the seal of the Commonwealth, at Richmond, this third day of May, 1861, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth.

JOHN LETCHER.

It will thus be seen that the Government of Virginia is now in armed opposition to the Federal Government, and any movement, strategical or otherwise, of the Federal troops will be met as an act of warlike aggression. This position assumed by the authorities of Virginia is unfortunate, as it is manifestly taken without the authority of the people, who have not yet voted upon the question of Secession, and it is doubly unfortunate inasmuch as it entails all the horrors and distresses of the battle-field upon the soil of Virginia. She is thus made the breakwater which shields for a time the Secession States from the army of the Federal Government.

The Governor of North Carolina has also issued a warlike Message, and calls upon the people for support. The Governor takes decided ground against the right of coercion against a sovereign State. He says it was expressly voted down in the Convention that formed the Constitution, and can never be submitted

to. He recommends the raising of ten regiments to serve during the war, and the call of a State Convention at the earliest possible day, to enable North Carolina to join the Southern Confederacy. He says Lincoln is an usurper, and has seized the sword without authority of law, and for this reason, as a matter of self-defence, he authorized the seizure of the military posts in that State.

The authorities of nearly all the Border States are eager and earnest for a Union, offensive and defensive, with the Southern Confederacy; but the voice of the people has yet to be heard, and the encouraging presence of a vast Federal force will, it is supposed, enable the Union feeling to manifest itself unawed by the display of the armed local forces so well calculated to suppress all manifestation of sentiments contrary to the will of the State Governments.

In the first Proclamation of the President, in which a requisition was made for seventy-five thousand troops, twenty days were allowed for the armed combinations of the South to disperse and go to their homes. The time of grace expired on Sunday last, the 5th day of May, and henceforward all men in the South found with arms in their hands are to be looked upon legally as conspiring against the Government, and treated accordingly. The Federal forces are to be advanced upon Virginia at once. Alexandria and Harper's Ferry will be taken possession of forthwith. General Butler, whose skill, activity and intelligence are highly commended, has taken possession of the Relay House, eight miles from Baltimore, and is strongly fortifying the position. It is a strategic point either for Baltimore or Harper's Ferry; the latter, it is stated, is strengthened by batteries in the rocks, which will render its recapture a task of no little difficulty. Ben McCollough is said to be there with a strong force.

Ground has already been broken as a commencement to the thorough fortification of the Arlington Heights, which will be strongly occupied.

The blockade of the entire Southern coast will be completed before the close of the present week. It will be thorough and effective, the naval force being all sufficient.

The three Commissioners from Baltimore sent to consult with the President have returned, and presented their report to the Legislature. Their names are Otho Scott, Robert M. McLane and W. J. Ross, all prominent politicians. At a caucus in the evening of the 6th inst. it was addressed by Hon. R. M. McLane (one of the Commissioners), in a very long and strong Secession speech. He said he was convinced, since the President had openly avowed his intention of subjugating the Southern States, that it was the duty of Governor Hicks to fulfil his obligations to the State and oppose Mr. Lincoln's policy.

The latest news from Washington is of considerable importance; it shows that Virginia is thoroughly aroused and her troops already moving to the border. It is confidently reported that General Ruggles has taken up his quarters at Fredericksburg, and is to take a position in front of Washington and in connection with Brigadier-General Cooke, commanding at Harper's Ferry, thus to cover and defend the Potomac border against invasion from the North. It is now plainly apparent that any advance movement of the Federal troops will precipitate a collision, and war from that moment will be actively inaugurated.

MAJOR ANDERSON IN WASHINGTON.

Major Anderson, having rested a few days in New York, left for Washington last week and arrived there on the 4th instant. He at once reported himself to General Scott, and called upon the President and Secretary Cameron, who received him with the most flattering cordiality, and complimented him highly upon his defence of Fort Sumpter. The President expressed his willingness to grant a generous leave of absence to Major Anderson if he desired it, at the same time in a measure urging it upon him as a duty to enable him to recover his health. He further remarked that should some extraordinary military exigency occur, he should look with confidence upon the well-known judgment, tried devotion and military experience of Major Anderson. It is currently reported in military circles that Major Anderson will be raised to the position of Brigadier-General.

THREATS TO BURN NEW YORK.

Last week rumors were rife of various attempts to damage New York and murder New Yorkers. It was said that endeavors had been made to effect a break in the Croton dam, that the support of the bridges of the Harlem Railroad had been tampered with, and to crown our promised feast of horrors New York was to be burned over our heads. Information of these threatened disasters reached the Superintendent of the Police, and Mr. Kennedy immediately instituted inquiries, the result of which, it is said, is that the greatest vigilance is recommended, as amidst this great smoke the fire could be distinctly traced. The Croton dam and the whole line of the works, including the reservoirs, are closely and jealously watched; the restless spirit of vigilance is aroused and will not be allowed to slumber until peace has been restored to the country. The following is the letter received by Mr. Kennedy about the burning of New York city:

L[illegible]ville, Ky., A[illegible] 30, 1861.

Sir—I have travelled four hundred miles to be able safely to mail this letter. A thoroughly organized plot is now in progress of execution to burn New York, Philadelphia and Boston. A portion of the men assigned to your city are already in your midst, and others are on their way. I know what I say to be true. I dare not tell you how I know, for that would lead to my inevitable detection, the consequences of which you can readily guess.

The intention is to fire the three cities simultaneously, in as many places as possible, and at the same hour of the night. This is to be done the night before the attack on Washington.

*** *********** has the direction of the whole plot. One hundred and twenty-five men have been assigned to your city and Brooklyn, and eighty to each of the others. This is not a movement of the Government, though known to Davis. At first he discouraged it, but since Lincoln's proclamation he has withdrawn his opposition. The men entrusted with the execution of the plot all belong to the "Inner Temple of the Knights of the Golden Circle."

The plan has been maturing for two months, but did not include New York until within a week or ten days. The men assigned in Boston and Philadelphia have been at their posts for a week, but the determination to include New York has caused a delay, and now the time will depend upon how soon Davis is ready to attack Washington. I have told you, not all that I know, but all that I can with safety to myself. The chances are you will disregard the warning, but I feel that I have at least discharged my duty. * * * * I am not your friend; I am one of the most unrelenting of your enemies; but I am an open, and, I hope, an honorable foe. I expect to fight you to the death, but not with lucifer matches and camphene. Do not do the people of the South the injustice to believe that one out of ten among them would for a moment sanction this hell-begotten scheme. It is foreign to their nature.

More Artists for the War.—Shumway went with the Seventh, and Whittredge, Gifford, David Johnson and James Hart have buckled on the knapsack and are doing the State some service. On Thursday the National Academy suddenly closed their exhibition, the galleries having been given up to a military company, newly organized, and in which several artists and lovers of art are enlisted. This stirring up of men, whose ordinary pursuits are so peaceful and delightful, is one of the clearest proofs of the deep, absorbing nature of the patriotic passion.

PERSONAL.

Benjamin T. Onderdonk, Bishop of New York, died on the 28th at his residence, in Twenty-seventh street, New York. He was in his seventy-second year. He entered Columbia College in 1805, graduated in 1809, and took orders in 1811. In 1813 he married Miss Moscrop, who survives him. In 1830 he was made Bishop of New York. In 1844 some of his enemies charged him with laxity of conduct, which led to a protracted trial. It was his consolation to know that none of his friends credited the allegation, although the inquiry led to the Bishop's retirement from public life. His career since then has been eminently Christian. He died of water on the brain. Despite all his enemies have said, he was a good and gentle man—his only fault being a geniality of manner, which bad men associate with vice.

Ex-Lieut.-Governor Heber Pond, of Connecticut, died at Milford, lately, at a very advanced age. He was graduated at Yale in 1802, was elected High Sheriff of the county in 1819, and held it for a long series of years. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State in 1850, and twice re-elected, with an interval of one year in 1851. During the latter part of 1853, after Governor Seymour's appointment in Russia, he was acting Governor.

James M. Chambers, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, has been appointed Navy Agent for that city.

Col. Van Buren has resigned his position in the Ninth Regiment, and Capt. Dodge, of Bedloe's Island, reigns in his stead.

C. F. Adams, our Minister to England, Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Russia, and Jacob Haldiman, Minister to Sweden, all sailed in the Niagara, on the 1st of May.

Mr. Nathaniel Niles has given $2,000 towards a monument in the Central Park, on which is to be inscribed the names of those who may fall in the present war for the Independence of the Union. The first care, however, is for the living, and as many thousands have left our city whose families are thus deprived, by the patriotism of their protectors, of their daily food, we think the living should be first cared for. The dead can wait for their glory—the living cannot for their food.

A Musical Prodigy.—There is now in this city a lad of eleven years of age who is a musical prodigy. His performance of Thalberg's arrangements of the "Stranieri," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Le Désir d'Amer," was listened to with unfeigned pleasure. His hands are exceedingly small, but they master the keys apparently without effort, executing the most intricate and rapid passages with neatness and brilliancy. His expression is astonishingly correct and tasteful, giving life and exquisite meaning to his touch. He is the son of Mr Pape, of Mobile, and is altogether the most agreeable prodigy we have ever seen, as he is entirely free from the affectation and nervousness which so often accompany precocious talent. Owing to his family's ample fortune, he makes no professional use of his genius; he has, however, been heard in numerous private musical circles in the city, and always listened to with wonder and delight.

E G P Wilkins, the well-known and respected art critic of the New York *Herald* and *Leader*, died at his house in Amity street, on Sunday, in his thirty-first year. He was born in Boston. As a dramatist he was very successful, his late play being "Henriette," recently produced at Wallack's Theatre.

General Harney has written a letter to his friend Colonel Polion, of St. Louis, in which he declares his attachment to the Union. He warns the Missourians that if they secede they are ruined financially, socially and politically. He entreats them to remain true to the Federal Government.

WAR FEELING IN THE EAST NORTH AND WEST.

WISCONSIN.—The Madison *Patriot* of the 24th April says: "M. M. Samuel, of the Indian Fur Depot at St. Croix, Polk county, writes to Governor Randall that he has at his command five hundred braves of the Chippewa tribe, and he offers his own and their services in the conflict with the South. He has lived among the Chippewas for twenty years, and wishes to serve in the cause of the Union against treason. He has made the same offer to the President of the United States."

MINNESOTA.—The very warmest Union spirit reigns here. If there are no companies forming in the immediate vicinity, the farmers go to St. Paul's to enrol themselves. The Pioneer Guard of St. Paul's is quite full, and the overplus—thousands—have arranged to form themselves into other regiments.

A Veteran in the Field.—Ex-Governor Gorman is to head a regiment from this State. He was and is a Democrat, an ex M. C. He is the Major Gorman of the Indiana Volunteers who brought on the action at Buena Vista—afterward joined General Scott, and was engaged in most of the Valley of Mexico.

IOWA.—Business is at a stand in all the towns, and the military feeling is predominant. Cedar Falls has raised a regiment, and Dubuque is doing its best to accomplish the same. The members are all giants in form and in soul.

NEW JERSEY.—Too much praise cannot be given to Gen. Hatfield, for his energy in dispatching troops to Washington. The ladies of Hoboken, in order to testify their admiration of his patriotism, are preparing a stand of colors for his Brigade. Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, Mrs. Hatfield, and other ladies, are prominent in this tribute to valor and duty. Mrs. General Hatfield will present the flag. At Rahway, Camden, Monmouth, Long Branch—indeed, everywhere, the utmost enthusiasm is manifested. New Jersey has already her three regiments *en route*. This completes her quota, but another regiment is ready for action if required. The New Jersey troops have arrived in Washington. Their admirable equipments and their fine soldierly qualities are the theme of general comment and praise. It is rumored that they will be put in active service immediately.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A man named Griver was arrested in Philadelphia, on the 1st of May, charged with being one of the Secessionists that took possession of Fort Pulaski, in January last. He says he was one of a company ordered by the Government to occupy the Fort, to prevent its falling into the hands of an irresponsible mob. He is now in prison, awaiting further evidence. He is a Philadelphian by birth, and came to see his family.

ILLINOIS.—If we can judge from the feeling rampant in Chicago, war to the knife will be waged against the Secessionists of the South by this State. The war feeling is intense. One hundred thousand dollars have been raised by private hand, and half a million has been offered by the State. Chicago has raised ten thousand men, and the State will turn out seventy-five thousand men.

On the 25th of April, Governor Yates of Illinois sent a special message to the State Legislature, ordering the seizure of Cairo, Alexander county, in consequence of orders received from the War Department, Washington. It appears that a number of Secessionists had conspired to seize Cairo, in order to control the Southern portion of the Central Illinois Railroad. The seizure was made with great secrecy and success.

The camp at Cairo is in a tolerably good condition to resist the rumored attack by Gen. Pillow. A letter from the camp to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, dated April 23d, says: "There are now here fully 3,000 men, and 500 more along the line of the road, extending sixty miles from Cairo. We have ten pieces of brass artillery, six and twelve pounders, which are being placed in batteries at proper points on both rivers, fully commanding the Ohio and Mississippi. They are mostly encamped at the point below the St. Charles' Hotel, and are all in good health and spirits, and in excellent discipline. They are commanded by Col Prentiss, of Quincy, an able officer, who was in the Mexican war. The people of the adjoining counties of Missouri and Kentucky are highly indignant at the occupation of Cairo, but it is not probable that they will make any attempt to molest us. We have all sorts of rumors of Southern troops coming from Memphis and other points, but no one here believes them. Cairo could now hold out against a force of 10,000 men, and is absolutely impregnable while the river is high, overflowing the land in Kentucky and Missouri. Our people feel safe, and do not apprehend any invasion."

Gen. Pillow, Gen. Ely and other prominent officers of the Confederate army, with a large number of Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee troops, are at Memphis, and heavy guns are arriving there daily. Col. Prentiss, commanding officer at this point, has just received the following dispatch from three of the most prominent citizens of Cincinnati: "General Pillow has several steamers ready at Memphis. He meditates an immediate attack on Cairo." Col Prentiss replied: "Let him come. We will learn to dig his ditch on the right side. I am ready."

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston.—Never within the memory of man, has the public mind been more stirred than it was on the 1st of May, when it was announced that the remains of the three soldiers who were murdered by the Baltimore mob, during the passage through that inhospitable city of the Sixth regiment, had arrived in the five o'clock train under charge of private Wright. Governor Andrew and Staff, the Executive Council, with the divisionary corps of Cadets as an escort, were present to receive the bodies. The coffins were covered with national flags, as were the hearses which bore them to Stone chapel, under which they were deposited to await final and more public obsequies. On the route to the chapel the band played dirges, and the rapidly gathered crowds uncovered as the procession moved past.

Boston, May 4.—Governor Andrew has called a special session of the Legislature to convene on the 14th inst. The funeral of Corporal Needham took place at Lawrence, to-day. After private services at the residence of the deceased, the remains were removed to the City Hall, escorted by a large civic and military procession. Flags were displayed at half-mast, and many private and public buildings were draped in mourning. The bodies of Whitney and Ladd will be removed to Lowell on Monday, their relatives declining a public funeral in Boston, which was tendered to them by Governor Andrew. The Lowell city authorities will take charge of their obsequies. An election to Congress, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Charles Francis Adams as Minister to London, will be ordered for June 11. Mr. Adams has published a farewell address to his constituents. Orders have been issued from headquarters for the formation of four new regiments of infantry, to be numbered the Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Colonel Fletcher Webster's regiment will proceed to Fort Warren next Monday.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Portsmouth, May 4.—Five companies of State troops are here, quartered in the barracks of Camp Constitution. General Stark is in command. Augustus Jenks, Collector of the port, known as a sympathizer, was waited on to-day by a large crowd and compelled to hoist the American flag.

MAINE, Augusta, May 4.—For the State loan of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, six hundred thousand have been offered. The bids varied from par to four cent. premium.

OHIO, Cleveland, May 4.—Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Gov. Dennison, of Ohio; Governor Randall, of Wisconsin, Governor Blair, of Michigan, Governor Morton, of Indiana, and ex-Governor Koerner, of Illinois, were in conference here last night. Their proceedings are not known. They were serenaded last night, and made speeches to the people.

MARYLAND, Perryville, May 2.—Fort McHenry was reinforced yesterday by sixty United States soldiers of the Fourth Artillery. The steamboat John S. Shriver, in charge of Lieutenant Whitmore, landed the men yesterday afternoon, between five and six o'clock. Four men had provisions wore al o[illegible] ni bed. The garrison of the fort now comprises between five and six hundred men, with ample provisions for eight months.

NEW YORK, Rochester, May 4.—Two additional full companies left the city this afternoon for Elmira, escorted to the depot by an immense crowd. Twelve companies in all have now gone.

Utica, May 4.—Two full companies of Colonel Christian's regiment left this city for Elmira to-day under command of Captains Smith and Wetmore.

Ithaca, May 3.—The 1st company of Ithaca Volunteers, about one hundred strong, left for New York this evening, amid the huzzas of 5,000 people. The 2d company is organized, and awaiting orders. $10,000 has been subscribed to the soldiers' families.

Elmira, May 3.—These are stirring times here. The arrival of troops gives quite a military appearance to the place. Gen. Vanvalkenburg and Assistant Quartermaster-General Walker having all they can possibly do to provide for the large number of troops arriving. There are now 1,848 troops quartered at this rendezvous, 400 of whom arrived to-day. The Onondaga Regiment, and a company from Waterloo, arrived last night. Two companies from Utica, and one each from Bath, Dansville and Cuba, arrived to-day. The Canesaraugus, Captain Stephen, of Dansville, have just arrived. They will be temporarily quartered in the Central Baptist Church. The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher has tendered the use of his church also. Nine companies from Rochester, now in Canandaigua, are expected in the morning. The officers of the various companies unite in stating that these men, without a notable exception, are well satisfied with their quarters and fare. The health of the troops is excellent, and the men are in the best spirits, expressing anxiety to be ordered to the seat of war as soon as possible.

Buffalo, May 3.—Four companies of volunteers left this afternoon for the rendezvous at Elmira. They were escorted to the depot by the Home Guard. Major Millard Fillmore, Ex-President, commanding in person. The Home Guard is composed of retired commissioned officers of the State Militia, and is being thoroughly drilled by Major Fillmore. About one hundred and fifty members are already enrolled.

Half a Million for Arms.—The *Journal of Commerce* learns upon authority which places the statement beyond a doubt, that an agent of the New York State Government left this city by the last English steamer, with five hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of arms and munitions of war. The funds are a part of the $3,000,000 appropriated by the last Legislature for war purposes. It is the intention of the State Military Board to obtain the best varieties of arms, of all sizes, that money can procure.

CONNECTICUT, Hartford, May 3.—The Legislature unanimously passed this morning a bill appropriating $2,000,000 for the organization and equipment of a volunteer militia, and to provide for the public defence. The bill provides for ten regiments of volunteers, and for the payment of $10 per month to each man in addition to the regular pay.

Patriotism.—Col. Hazard, the powder manufacturer and late Democrat candidate for Lieut.-Governor of Connecticut, writes to Gov. Buckingham lamenting the war, but in favor of sustaining the Government, the Constitution and the Union, and enclosing $500 for the benefit of Connecticut volunteers ($500 having been previously given), making $1,000 in all contributed by the Company of which Col Hazard is President, for the cause.

INDIANA, Indianapolis, May 4.—The Legislature has authorised the Governor to call six regiments for immediate service for one year for the defence of the State. The troops under this call will be in camp by Tuesday next.

WAR FEELING IN THE SOUTH.

TEXAS.—The Galveston *Civilian* says, that the Mexicans are already at work on the frontiers, the little town of Roma on the river above Brownsville having been pillaged and burnt. Brownsville has been threatened. Fort Bliss, El Paso, has been surrendered by Colonel Reeve to Colonel Magoffin, the State Commissioner. The San Antonio *Herald* learns from Messrs. J. G. Booth and B F. Dye, just from Fort Ewell, that some fifty Mexicans attacked Redmond's Ranch about the 12th instant, and demanded the keys to the buildings containing Government property and property belonging to the country. These Mexicans are residents of this State, but it is well known that they are backed by others in Mexico. They declare that they no longer respect Texas laws or Texas Government. The feeling in this State is entirely for Secession.

The Texas Episcopal Convention has been in session at Austin for some days, Bishop Gregg presiding. From the *Gazette* we learn that it has been decided to send a delegation to Montgomery, Ala., in July next, to meet with delegations from the several dioceses of the seceded States, "and to decide whether or not this venerable and influential religious body shall secede from the Northern Church." This is the first Episcopal State Convention held in the Seceded States in reference to this subject.

MISSOURI.—The St. Louis *Democrat* is sound in the backbone. It records with true patriotism that the St. Louis Arsenal has been reinforced. On the 22d April, seven hundred stalwart Missourians enlisted under Lincoln's proclamation. The Arsenal may now be considered as safe. From St. Joseph we learn that on the 20th of April a meeting of Secessionists was held at that place and a Secession flag was hoisted. Judge Hoggins made a speech full of hatred to the Union. On the 20th of April the United States Arsenal in Liberty, Clay county, was seized and garrisoned by one hundred Missourians. It contained thirteen hundred stand of arms, and about a dozen pieces of artillery, all of which was expected to be distributed in Clay and the adjoining counties, to be used in stopping the passage of the Federal troops which are expected here in a few days from above. The Secession feeling is increasing throughout the State during the past week. The Union men are at present very quiet, as many of them have been badly assaulted. That there are some here may be judged from the fact that the Secession flag was removed the same night, but another was put in its place, and an additional one on the Market-house. That Governor Jackson is a Secessionist no man can doubt, since he has terrified the Directors of the Banks into letting him have the money intended for the payment of the State dividends.

Lexington.—The Union men attempted to hold a meeting here on the 2d of May, but it was broken up by the Secessionists, who hoisted the Southern Confederacy flag over the Court House.

DELAWARE, Wilmington.—Governor Burton has issued his proclamation, directing those volunteer companies of the State desirous of being mustered into the service of the United States, in pursuance of the call of the President of the United States, to rendezvous at the city of Wilmington at the earliest possible day, where they will be met and mustered into the service of the United States, by an officer of the army.

The Wilmington *Commonwealth* of May 4th says: "The call, so far, has been promptly responded to, and we have no doubt but that in the course of next week we will be able to report the first regiment of Delaware Infantry ready, willing and anxious to uphold and defend the glorious Stars and Stripes."

Wilmington, May 3.—The Governor's proclamation mustering the volunteers of the State, has given a new impetus to the war movement here. Three companies were sworn in yesterday. The Governor has made a requisition for one thousand rifles. Eight or nine hundred rifles and muskets are now in Wilmington, which, when added to the one thousand called for, will place the State in a condition of defence. Knights of the Golden Circle are plentiful here, but are keeping very quiet. A Union meeting will be held in Georgetown, in the Secession end of the State, on Tuesday. The Governor's proclamation was not signed by the Secretary of State, suggesting suspicions regarding the loyalty of the latter officer.

LOUISIANA.—Review of Four Thousand Troops in New Orleans.—The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 30th has an enthusiastic account of a grand review there, and remarks: "New Orleans presented one of the grandest military spectacles that ever enlivened our streets since the grand review at the old Place d'Armes in 1815, by General Jackson. The review took place on Canal street, extending the whole length from Old Levee to beyond Rampart street. It is estimated that at least four thousand troops were drawn up in line. They consisted of General Tradeau's brigade, composed of the Orleans Battalion of Artillery, the Chasseurs à-Pied, the Orleans Guard Battalion, the Esplanade Guards, the Louisiana Cadets, Garibaldi Rifles, German Turners, and a number of new companies in full force, besides four companies of cavalry. The Second Division was composed of General Tracy's brigade, resting on Canal, from St Charles to Rampart, consisting of the Washington Artillery Battalion, the Continental Guards, Louisiana Grays, Chalmette Guards, Calhoun Guards, Sarsfield Rifles, De Soto Rifles, Delta Rifles, Southern Cadets, Bienville Guards, Bienville Rifles, a company from Algiers, one from Carrollton, and four companies of cavalry. These companies make a most brilliant and dashing show; and indeed the whole line of troops with their gay uniforms, glistening bayonets and colors flying, presented one of the grandest military pageantries ever witnessed in New Orleans. The Orleans and Washington Battalions made the largest turnout, and were the most brilliant portion of this grand cortége. Each battalion had ten brass pieces in the ranks, and each piece was attended by a detachment of twelve men, the rest of the battalions acting as infantry. The troops were reviewed by Governor Moore, accompanied by Major General Lewis, Brigadier-Generals Labuzan and Trudeau, and a number of staff officers."

An Example to be Followed by the North.—The New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad Company have rendered the use of the road to carry the troops and munitions of war for the Confederate States free of all expense.

Blockading the Mississippi.—The Pointe-à-la-Hache (La.) *Rice Planter* of the 27th of April says: "We hear that Colonel Hebert intend to place at the English Turn two batteries of large ordnance, one on each side of the river for the defence of the Mississippi. Besides the two batteries of large ordnance which will be built at the English Turn, it is understood here that another one will be erected on the farm of Mr. Luc Bobard, at Jesuits' Bend, for the defence of the river.

(Continued on page 406.)

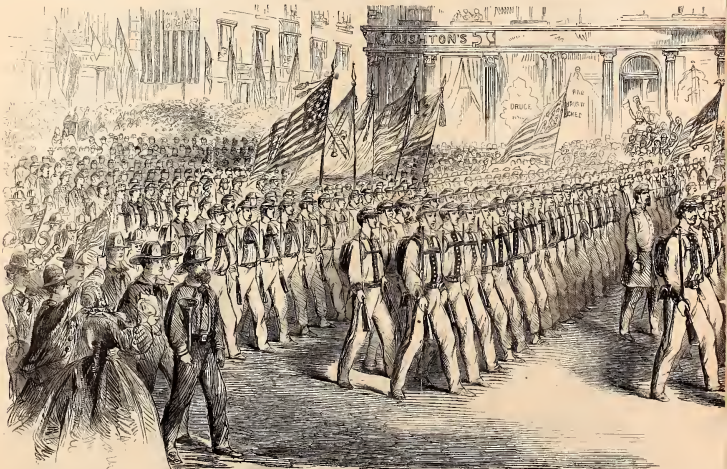
UNITED STATES FLEET OFF THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA.

LANDIN[G] OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT THE NAVY YARD ANNAPOLIS, MD.

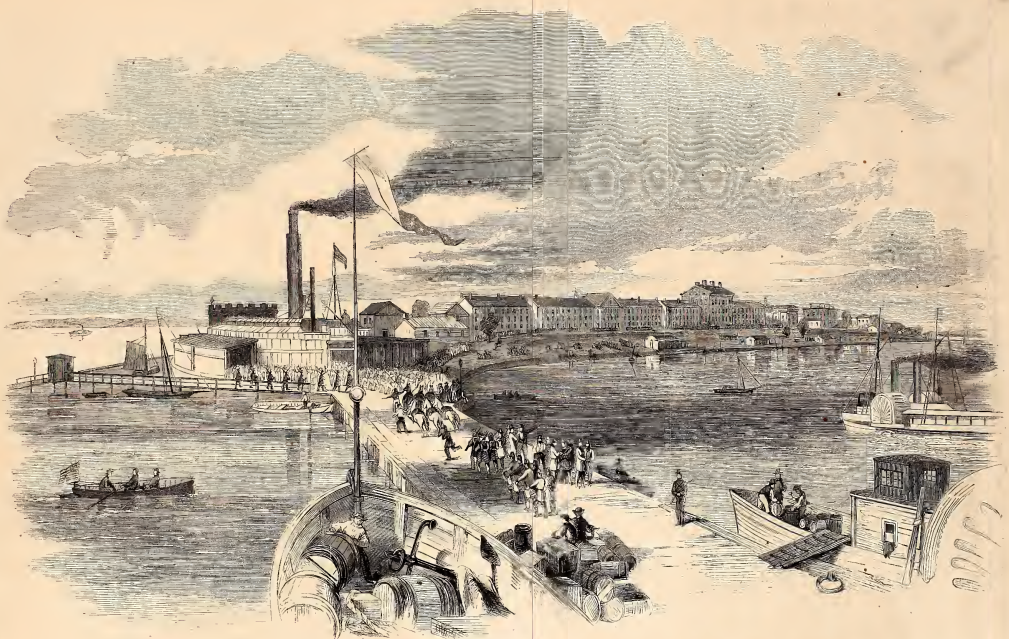
THE diffic[ulties] which occurred in Baltimore, resulting in the death of several Massachusetts soldiers at the hands of an irresponsible mob, determined the Federal Government to receive its reinforcements for Washington by the way of Annapolis. The first regiments which landed at that place found much opposition; but the Seventh of New York and the Eighth of Massachusetts soon arranged matters, and taking possession of the Naval School, with the wharves and buildings attached, kept the river communication open for the regiments to follow. The Seventh of New York and the Eighth of Massachusetts bodies then to open the way to Washington, for the rails had been taken up, the engines damaged, the bridges broken, and every possible obstruction thrown in the way of an advance upon Washington. They had to go to work to repair all this, and they did so with such good wi and such earnestness that difficulties melted before their united and energeti efforts.

Annapolis was the seat of the Government of Maryland until the Fed ral troop took possession of it; but the Legislature has since held its sessions at Frederick burg.

The position of the Federal troops is well fortified, and a large body of men i constantly there; the railway is guarded along the whole line to the Junction, an



DEPARTURE OF COL. ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES FROM NEW YORK, ESCORTED BY THE FIRE DEPARTMENT—TH



LANDING OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT THE WHARF OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist in Annapolis.

WAR FEELING IN THE SOUTH.

(*Continued from page 403.*)

SEIZURE OF STEAMSHIPS.—The steamships W. G. Hewes, Texas and Tennessee, registered as belonging to New York, and late of Morgan's Texas line, were taken possession of on the 20th of April, by the authority of Governor Moore. These vessels have now on board a detachment of Continental Guards, and of the Washington Artillery.

Two associations of ladies of New Orleans were formed May 3, for aiding and equipping volunteers, and for making lint and bandages, and nursing the sick and wounded. The meetings were very large and enthusiastic. The ladies' military fair yielded nearly thirteen thousand dollars. Volunteers are still pouring in. The whole South is fully aroused and arming at every point. The steamer Arizona has arrived from Brazos, with a quarter of a million in specie.

TENNESSEE.—MEMPHIS FORTIFIED.—Memphis has been armed by the Governor of Louisiana with guns that his State seized from the General Government. The Memphis *Appeal* acknowledges the reception of a number of thirty-two pound guns, three thousand Mississippi rifles, and five hundred thousand cartridges, all for the use of the city. The thirty-two pound guns are designed probably to effectually close the navigation of the Mississippi.

MESSAGE FROM GEN. PILLOW.—Gen. Pillow, who is a clever gentleman in the private relations of life, and a very companionable man, sent the Knoxville *Whig* recently a message which is explained in the following reply:

"Knoxville, April 22, 1861.

"Gen. Gideon J. Pillow—I have just received your message through Mr. Sale, requesting me to serve as chaplain to your brigade in the Southern army; and in the spirit of kindness in which this request is made, but in all candor, I return for an answer, that when I shall have made up my mind to go to hell, I will cut my throat and go direct, and not travel round by way of the Southern Confederacy.

I am, &c.,

"W. G. BROWNLOW."

ALABAMA.—A Southern Railroad Convention met at Montgomery on the 27th April, and agreed to take Confederate State bonds in payment of their charges for the transportation of troops and the mails if it should be found necessary. The Convention called in a body upon President Davis, who expressed himself much gratified at the interview. All the Southern railroads will be governed entirely in their action by the necessities of the country.

MISSISSIPPI.—MORE NEGROES IN THE FIELD.—We are informed that Mr. G. C. Hale, of Autauga county, tendered to Governor Moore the services of a company of negroes. He agrees to command them himself, and guarantees that they will do effective service.

ARKANSAS.—SEIZURE OF UNITED STATES SUPPLIES.—The Memphis *Evening Argus* of the 25th instant, says: "Arkansas is moving and with great rapidity. We are informed by Captain Dick Love, that on the 22d inst., General Thomas Jones, under instructions received from Governor Rector, seized at Napoleon, a large quantity of Government military supplies, consisting of one hundred and forty thousand ball cartridges, one hundred Maynard rifles, two hundred cavalry saddles, and five hundred sabres, which were in possession of Messrs. Johnson & Peay. These will very materially aid the Southern cause."

KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE, May 3.—Governor Magoffin has issued a proclamation ordering an election in Kentucky for Representatives to Congress on the 20th June. The Common Council appropriated $200,000 for arming the city, subject to ratification by the citizens.

FLORIDA.—MORE TROOPS WANTED AT PENSACOLA.—A letter in a Charleston paper from Montgomery, says it was rumored there that Gen. Bragg has asked for 2,000 additional men to guard the city of Pensacola. It is feared that an effort may be made to land men there to attack General Bragg's force in the rear. The movements of the Flying artillery now on Santa Rosa Island indicate this.

The correspondent of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Gazette*, writing from Warrenton, on April 25, talks very warlike. He says that May 6 is the day fixed by the Confederates for making the assault. A paragraph which we find in the New Orleans *Picayune*, of April 29, however, would seem to indicate that a retrograde movement has been commenced, despite Bragg's call for 2,000 more men. Letters received on that day announce the departure from Pensacola for Virginia of the Orleans Cadets, Captain Charles Dreux; the Louisiana Guards, Major Todd, and the Chasseurs à Pied, Captain St. Paul. These companies expect to meet at Grand Junction the other corps from this city.

The *Picayune* of the same date notices the departure for Richmond of five companies of Louisiana volunteers.

VIRGINIA, WHEELING, May 4.—There was an immense county Union meeting held here to-day. Hon. Frank Pierpoint, of Mason county, and George M Porter, of Hancock, late a member of the Convention, addressed the people in able speeches, urging resistance to the Secession ordinance, and favoring a division of the State. Resolutions were adopted, approving of the action of the merchants in refusing to pay taxes to the authorities at Richmond; denunciatory of the Secession ordinance; declaring adhesion to the Stars and Stripes, and in favor of the appointment of thirty-four delegates from the counties of Western Virginia to a Convention to be called on the 13th of May.

A large meeting was also held yesterday in Clarksburg, Harrison county, at which the proceedings were of a similar character.

Reports of meetings in the *Intelligencer* represent that there is a general sentiment of opposition to the Secession ordinance throughout the Western counties.

MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS IN THE STATE AND CITY OF NEW YORK.

The Westchester Chasseurs.

This fine body of men, under Colonel Lansing, are rapidly training and will soon be ready for action. They number above eight hundred men. They hail from Morrisania, Yonkers, Tarrytown, Port Chester and White Plains.

Several companies of these gallant volunteers are now in our city. They are mostly from Port Chester, and are of the true soldier build. The officers are Nelson D. Bartram, Captain; John Vickers, Lieutenant, and James Taylor, Ensign. A number of the members being married men, the citizens of Port Chester have raised a large fund for the support of their families till they return.

The Pathfinder League.

A meeting has been held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to organise a regiment under this title.

The New York British Volunteers.

A few days will see this regiment fully equipped and ready for service.

The Polish Legion.

Colonel Julien Allan is rapidly organising a body of men. Their uniform will be very picturesque.

Duryea's Advance Guard Zouaves.

This regiment is nearly complete, and will drill at Fort Schuyler.

Manhattan Gas Regiment.

The employés of this company are forming themselves into a corp for duty. An application has already been made to Albany for aid towards this object.

The Seventh Regiment Steuben Volunteers.

This regiment is altogether composed of Germans, and is officered by men who have seen much European service. They are stationed at Landmann's, Third avenue, Sixty-sixth street. They drill very regularly, and are only awaiting their arms from Albany.

The Hungarian Legion.

Colonel Ashboth is now forming a regiment of Hungarians for the service of the Republic. Many of the intended officers are soldiers of acknowledged merit, and almost all of the men have seen active service in the Hungarian or Italian campaign.

The Union Rangers.

This regiment, raised by the Hon. J. Korrigan, was inspected on Tuesday. It was in a high state of discipline.

The Excelsior Regiment.

The headquarters are at the City Assembly Rooms, Broadway; there are nearly seven hundred men. It is under the command of Colonel D. E. Sickles.

Empire City Regiment.

This fine body of men, Andrew Sheehan, Colonel, now numbers nearly nine hundred men. Their officers have all seen service, and are competent men. Their uniform is precisely like that of the United States army. They were addressed last week by Daniel E. Sickles, Elijah Ward and other well-known Democrats.

Home Guard.

This regiment, which is altogether distinct from the George Law, Astor House Guard movement, is now nearly complete. No man under forty-five is eligible. Colonel Ward is acting commandant, and Major Baker drill-master. General Dix will appoint the officers, who will be all professional men.

The United Turner Rifles.

This regiment, under Colonel Seigle, is composed entirely of German Turners, and numbers seven hundred and eighty men. They were inspected by Major Hubbell, and passed to a man. The movements of the regiment in drill were as perfect as might have been expected of much older soldiers. It is said that many of the members served in the German Revolution, and can handle a rifle with skill and precision.

The Naval Brigade.

This valuable corps under the lead of Colonel Bartlett has been accepted by the State, and will soon be ready for action. The headquarters are in Franklin square, Pearl street. They will drill on Staten Island.

THE ZOUAVES.

No nation in the world has so keen a sense of fitness as the American. Instinctively and theoretically it is the most adaptive and practical in the world. The English, on the other hand, are the most accumulative and persistent. Our nature is to catch first at everything—the English nature is to look twice at a bait and keep it. The inventions we have caught and thrown away have proved the salvation of England. One of the latest instances of this peculiarity is the Zouave excitement now being turned to so admirable an account in our present war. The public had heard of them in the Algerine war, and their relentless deeds had half obscured their heroic daring; but the aroma of blood is strong in the human heart, and the vermillion haze of glory, like the veil of Mokanna, obscures the horror of the countenance of war. Consequently the baking of some hundreds of Arab men, women and children by those monsters Bugeaud and Pelissier was overpowered by the thunders of victory, and the prismatic colors of all that was discordant and terrible in human nature became confused and blended into one blaze of patriotism.

The great European fame of the Zouaves commenced in the Crimean war, when their exploits were so multifarious as to demand almost a Dumas to describe them. To be concise, we may say they ranged from the storming of the Malakoff to the rifling of a henroost. So far as the United States are concerned, the first great impulse given to this peculiarly attractive arrangement was the visit made last year by Colonel Ellsworth, of the Chicago Zouaves, to this city. The keen instinct of New York recognized their value, and at once set to work. The result has been the finest body of soldiers in the world; for it is an undoubted military fact that never before has the philosophy of physique been so admirably and scientifically brought into play as during the last ten months.

Hawkins's Lightning Zouaves.

Soon after the advent of Ellsworth, Captain Parisen commenced drilling a few young men, and from this nucleus of some forty members the present most efficient regiment under command of Colonel Hawkins has been formed. It is composed of the flower of the young men of New Jersey and New York. Captain Parisen's company numbers eighty young men of Hoboken, and represents the *élite* of that picturesque city.

Colonel Wilson's Zouaves.

In our last paper we gave a spirited sketch of that emphatic scene in Tammany Hall when the members of this regiment swore fidelity to the Union flag. They are now drilling on Staten Island, and will carry the war into the Africa of Jeff. Davis to a terrible extent.

McChesney's National Zouaves.

This regiment is rapidly filling up. The members have been inspected by Captain Cogswell and Dr. Mott, who pronounce them a fine body of men. Most of the officers have seen active service "in the tented field."

The Fire Zouaves.

This noble body of men arrived in Washington on Wednesday, where they became the lions of the place. It is a matter of great astonishment that so well drilled and fine a body of men should have been gathered together at so short a time. A few of the members who were guilty of insubordination have been expelled the regiment.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The Twenty-eighth Regiment.

This gallant regiment, which has been detained for more than a week for arms, went, on the 30th, on board the propeller Star of the South, for the seat of war. At an early hour the men were mustered at their headquarters, in the arsenal, and the preparations for marching commenced. Each man was provided with necessary rations for the journey, and about eleven o'clock the men took leave of their relatives and friends. The line being formed, the regiment, preceded by Moyer's brass band, marched down Myrtle avenue to Fulton street, and down Fulton street to the ferry, where they were taken on board the ferryboat Nassau, and landed on the New York side. The populace displayed considerable enthusiasm on their route, and the volunteers of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Regiments assembled and cheered them in true soldierly fashion. After crossing to New York, they marched up Fulton street to Broadway, up Broadway to Canal street, up Canal street to Hudson, down Hudson to North Moore street, and thence to Pier No. 36, when they embarked on board the propeller. The regiment numbered nearly 600 men. About 200 recruits remain, and will be sent on in charge of Captain Clyne as soon as they are properly equipped.

Ulster Guards—Twentieth Regiment.

This regiment arrived some days ago and were assigned quarters in the Park. They were forwarded to Washington on the 7th.

Occupation of the Relay House.

On Sunday, the 5th of May, the Fifty-second regiment of New York and the Eighth regiment of Mass., took possession of Relay House, about nine miles from Baltimore—also of the telegraph wires, planted eight howitzers on the viaduct, and invested the entire neighborhood. They encamped on the grounds of W. Talbott, on the west side of the Patapsco. This point is the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio road, and the Washington branch, and gives full command of the road to and from the West. The telegraph connection with Harper's Ferry is now cut off.

WAR PROCLAMATIONS.

GOVERNOR OLDEN, of New Jersey, has issued a proclamation warning the citizens of lending aid and counsel to the enemy. It is strongly Union.

GOVERNOR YATES, of Illinois, is also out in one of equally stirring patriotism.

GOVERNOR MORTON, of Indiana, has likewise issued a proclamation denouncing the rebellion.

GOVERNOR RANDALL, of Wisconsin, is equally determined, by the tone of his proclamation, to stand by the Stars and Stripes.

GOVERNOR LETCHER, of Virginia has issued a proclamation (already alluded to by us), placing the militia of Virginia at the disposal of the Confederate States.

GOVERNOR ELLIS, of North Carolina, has also issued a proclamation denouncing President Lincoln.

GOVERNOR JACKSON, of Missouri, has issued a message to the Legislature, now sitting in St. Louis, in which, while advising neutrality, he openly condemns President Lincoln's actions as likely to lead to despotism, and proclaims his sympathy with the Secessionists. He advises placing the State in a position of defence.

GOVERNOR HARRIS, of Tennessee, has issued a very warlike Message, dated Nashville, 25th April, in which he denounces the President for his conduct in commencing the war. He has ordered the State militia to be placed on a war footing.

RELIGIOUS WAR NEWS.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, Chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, and who accompanied that gallant body of men to Annapolis, has just returned. He preached a very stirring sermon at the church corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, which derived additional interest from the details he very naturally introduced of their recent march to the seat of war. Among other interesting remarks, Mr. Smith said: "The inevitable consequences of the war would be to remove the stain of Slavery from the flag of our country—that stain which the world had so long pointed at would be cleansed away, and the country would hold a more glorious position in the future than it had held in the past." This will be no doubt the ultimate result.

From several of his interesting anecdotes we select one as being not generally known: "A certain colonel, who had been much indebted to the king for favors and benefits, deemed it his best policy to stimulate a devotion to the Parliamentaries, but in doing so, he looked but for a position in which he hoped he would not come in contact with the adherents of the king, so that, in the event of the royal cause triumphing, he would meet with no condemnation. Thus wavering between loyalty and disloyalty, imagining himself secure in any event, he obtained from Cromwell the command of the Isle of Wight, but to this very island did the unfortunate king fly, hoping protection from the man who thus most unexpectedly found himself compelled to take side against the king. There was no safety for the waverer in the distant island, and there was no safety for any man now in neutrality. All must declare themselves. There was no half way. It was Union or Disunion."

On the same day the Rev. Mr. Conway, Chaplain to the New York Zouaves, commanded by Colonel Hawkins, delivered an eloquent sermon to that regiment. After the usual prefaratory remarks, he touched their hearts by this home allusion: "As a minister of the glorious Gospel he had enlisted with them as their Chaplain, and as one of them he urged them to come freely to him for advice and consolation. He would be with them in the camp and on the battle field, in sickness and in health, and he would be their counsellor and friend on every occasion."

THE FOREIGN PRESS ON THE WAR.

THE London *Times* ascribes much of the present unhappy state of our politics to there being no expansionary organ in Congress. It brings as a proof the striking fact that both Douglas and Breckinridge differed in their interpretation of President Lincoln's inaugural. It also brings the instance of England and the United States as a proof of the evil results of a treaty after fighting, when the same might be attained before. It also severely condemns both the Morrill and the Montgomery tariffs.

THE London *News* has an article on Jefferson Davis's Government, in which he is stigmatised as a repudiator and the founder of a system based upon human slavery. It is very certain that the popular feeling of England is dead against the Secessionists.

THE London *Telegraph* says that there is a great difference between England recognising a rebellion and a revolution. It considers the Southern Confederacy as a mere confederacy to perpetuate Slavery, and, consequently, as an outrage upon human nature. It instances, as a proof of its position, that while England acknowledged the Republic of France in 1848 and Victor Emanuel in 1861, it did not recognize Kossuth's Government of Hungary. It, therefore, opines that England will not receive the Southern Commissioners, Yancey, Rost and Mann, until President Lincoln recognizes the Confederate States as a separate nation. Altogether Secessionism is at a terrible discount in England and France. Indeed, the tone of those countries is decidedly hostile.

FRANCE AND SECESSION.—The Government has published the letter from Mr Faulkner, while our Minister at Paris, detailing his interview with M. Thouvenel, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. The latter, after alluding to the caution which generally, if not invariably, marked the recognitions of France, bringing forward as an instance the fact of the Kingdom of Italy not being then recognized, said nothing should be done hastily; that at the present there was not the least intention of receiving the agents of the Southern Confederacy. He, however, added that it had been the policy of the Western Powers to acknowledge a *de facto* Government when it was securely established. He also said that he hoped force would not be used, as he thought it would only embitter the conflict, and ultimately widen the breach. Mr. Faulkner, in the course of his despatch to Mr. Seward, pretty conclusively reveals his own strong Secession sentiments. Mr Seward's letter to Mr. W. H. Dayton, our present Minister to France, emphatically instructs him to assure the French Government that under no circumstances will Mr. Lincoln consent to a dissolution of the Union. He also instructs Mr Dayton to inform M. Thouvenel that the Cabinet are unanimous in this determination, and that Mr. Lincoln is in full accord with them.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

REV. MR. WISE—a son of ex-Governor Wise, of Virginia—who is stationed over an Episcopal church in West Philadelphia, on Saturday week stepped into a barber's to get shaved. While the process was advancing he said, "One Virginian is worth three Northerners," and hoped the latter would be whipped. At this the master of the razor strop took offence, and instantly ejected the reverend gentleman into the street half shaved—one half of his face yet lathered, and he in his shirtsleeves. A member of his church, passing by, got a carriage and took him home, and begged him to keep still. He did not preach the next day, and during the night was packed off.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following: "The clerk of one of the steamers which came up the river yesterday, reports being hailed from the shore at Leavenworth, Indiana, to land and take on a couple of passengers for Cincinnati. While at the landing the clerk informs us that a company of volunteer women, armed with rifles, marched down from the Commons where they had been drilling, and fired a salute. They seemed to handle the arms with ease, and presented a very creditable appearance."

Massachusetts and New York.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERS OF COMPANIES,
Eighth Regiment M. V. M., Washington, April 29, 1861.

To Colonel LEFFERTS, the officers and members of the New York Seventh Regiment:

At a meeting of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, held this morning, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the trials and the fortunes of war have brought us into close intimacy and companionship with the New York Seventh Regiment (National Guard), therefore,

Resolved, That we feel it a duty owing not only to them, but to our own hearts, to express, so far as may be in our power, our grateful obligations to them for their many favors.

Resolved, That we deeply appreciate the hearty welcome extended to us on landing at Annapolis, and their kind attentions after the fatigues of transportation and a hazardous though successful service.

Resolved, That they have done all in their power to lessen the just feelings of dissatisfaction which have prevailed throughout the regiment by sharing with us their rations and their little conveniences, and by ever being the first to offer assistance.

Resolved, That especially are our thanks due to the noble Seventh, for the generous entertainment furnished to our men on the afternoon of Saturday, April 27, when we were really in need—an entertainment so spontaneous, so bounteous, so heartily appreciative of our condition, that no words can do it justice or do justice to our gratitude.

Resolved, That in one other and very especial particular does that generosity and benevolence touch our hearts. We refer to the voluntary subscription raised among them for the benefit of one of our officers, accidentally wounded.

Resolved, That the term of aspersion so often used in connection with the volunteer militia, "holiday soldiery," has been, in all the conduct of the regiment to which we are so much indebted, triumphantly refuted, and that it will hereafter be worthy of the highest fame—fame that will ever attach to the name of the "generous, gallant, glorious Seventh."

Resolved, That wherever the Seventh may go we would go, wherever they lodge we would lodge, and if ever their colors go down before the hosts of the enemy, the Eighth of Massachusetts would be the first to avenge their fall with the heart's blood of every man.

KNOTT V. MARTIN, Chairman.

GEORGE T. NEWHALL, Secretary.

BALLOON SERVICE.—Two balloons have been sent to Washington by order of Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island. They are in charge of an experienced aerial voyager, and will be used, when necessary, under the orders of General Scott.

A NOVEL BATTERY.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* states that the determination to reconstruct the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, destroyed by a mob from Baltimore, has led to the construction of a railroad battery by the Federal Government, at the locomotive works of Baldwin & Co., in that city. One of the long platform baggage cars has been fixed with sides and top of thick sheet iron, the sides having portholes and loopholes for musketry. A turn-table has been arranged, on which a rifled cannon is to be placed. The carriage for the gun is so constructed that it can be fired at any angle, and from any one of the portholes in the sides or end of the car. In place of shot or shell for the cannon, pieces of iron punched from locomotive boilers will be used as loads. This car is to be placed in front of a locomotive, and with fifty men inside, armed with Minie rifles, and seamen to work the cannon, there are but few more terrible instruments of destruction.

SECEDED ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* gives a narrative of a journey on foot through the interior of Virginia, in which we find an instance of Secession carried to its extreme. The old fellow evidently thought his right to secede as good as that of the State. "The traveller, a Mr. Coleman, of Wheeling, after leaving Williamsville, one morning, left the main road, and taking a byroad through the mountains, got lost, and wandered about till nearly night, when, by stripping his clothes off and wading a river, he finally came into the road again not more than three miles from where he had set out in the morning. To make up for this unfortunate delay he walked till about ten o'clock that night, when he came upon a lonely cabin in the mountains. He called out, and an old man with a rifle in his hand came to the door and asked who was there. He answered, 'A friend.' The old man then came out to the fence by the roadside and asked what he wanted. Mr. C. told him who he was, and that he was weary and hungry, and asked for a night's lodgings. The old man took him into the cabin, remarking, 'Tis well for you that you told me who you was when I asked you who's there, for I don't allow any one to pass here by night or by day without giving an account of themselves. If you had not told me you was a friend as soon as you did, I should have shot you with that rifle.' The old fellow said he had no 'larning,' he couldn't read nor write, and he didn't know what was going on in the country, but he knew there was war, and that this was his rule, and nobody passed his cabin without submitting to it."

GENERAL HOUSTON ALMOST DROWNED.—The Galveston (Texas) *Civilian* of April 25 says: "We understand that a sailboat, in which General Houston and Colonel Morgan were proceeding from the residence of the latter to San Jacinto, last Monday, capsized in thirty feet of water, and both these gentlemen were in danger of drowning. General Houston has very imperfect use of an arm and leg, and Colonel Morgan is totally blind. Mr. Kos Morgan happened to be just behind them, in another boat, just at the time of the accident, and when he came over the spot both were under water. General Houston rose near the boat and was seized by his crippled arm with so much earnestness that he asked to be let go. Colonel Morgan's first expression on getting his head above water was that they could not drown him in any way they could fix it. He was once before capsized, and, though old and blind, held on to the bottom of the boat while the other two persons were washed off and drowned."

FIDELITY AND COURAGE.—One New York policeman is to be the recipient of a beautiful gold lever watch—Peter Hart, we mean, the man who could not fight because Governor Pickens had made him promise not to, but who could, nevertheless, reap a glory that South Carolina used to be proud of, by raising anew the flag of his country when worse than foemen's hands had felled it. The watch may be seen at the store of Tiffany & Co., the inscription reading as follows: "The Officers of Fort Sumpter to Peter Hart. A tribute to fidelity and courage. April 12th and 13th, 1861. Major Robert Anderson, 1st Artillery; Assistant-Surgeon S. W. Crawford, Medical Department; Captain A. Doubleday, 1st Artillery; Captain T. Seymour, ditto; Lieut. J. C. Davis, ditto; Lieut. N. J. Hall, ditto; Captain J. G. Forster, Engineers; Lieut. G. W. Snyder, ditto; Lieut. R. K. Meade, ditto.

A CORRESPONDENCE, of which the following is the substance, is said to have passed between Governor Hicks, of Maryland, and Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, on Friday or Saturday a week ago, by telegraph:

Gov. Hicks to Gov. Sprague—"I understand you are about to proceed to Washington with the Rhode Island Regiment. I advise you not to take them through Baltimore, and thus save trouble."

Gov. Sprague to Gov. Hicks—"The Rhode Island Regiment are going to fight, and it matters not whether they fight in Baltimore or Washington."

AT Pittsburg a quarrel ensued on the 30th April between Capt. Rogers, of the steamer Diadem, and an emigrant runner, about a trifling pecuniary matter, during which Rogers drew a knife but did not use it. Soon after Rogers met his opponent, Vandergrift, and, drawing a pistol, shot the latter dead. He is in custody.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:
A TALE OF
WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

But Lucille was ill, feverish, with a throbbing headache; and after she was in bed, Emile, full of love and care, watched anxiously by her side. Her sleep was fitful; and when she raised her head from the pillow, and opened her large eyes, they glistened with such unnatural brightness that Emile trembled for her reason, and prayed fervently that strength might be given her to reach the valley.

Towards morning Emile, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, threw a shawl over her, and creeping quietly beneath the coverlid, fearing to awake her companion, who had again dozed off, after a time watching her uneasy slumber, fell herself into a deep heavy sleep. She had slept near two hours when heavy footsteps and loud voices beneath caused her to start wildly from her uneasy sleep. She sat up in the bed and listened, and Lucille, whom it had also awoke, with her flushed cheeks and hair hanging wildly about her, sat up beside her.

"What can that mean?" said Emile, attempting calmness, "can it concern us? Hark!" she continued, "that is my mother's voice. She has come to take me from you; but fear not. She shall not separate us till you are safe at home."

Springing from the bed, Emile barricaded the door with the only table and chair the room afforded, but she had scarcely done it when the door was tried. "Who is it," said she, "that wishes to enter this apartment before we summon them?"

"It is I," said the Countess D'Almaine, "your mother, who insists on the door being instantly opened. I have a communication to make to you."

"What is it, mamma?" demanded Emile. "Pray do not be violent, for Lucille is ill, very ill, and we have both passed a wretched and sleepless night. But I care not for myself, I only think of Lucille, who is ill, and requires medical attendance."

"Admit me," returned the countess, impatiently, "and without delay, or the people who are with me shall force the door."

"Open it, Emile," said Lucille faintly, "it is your mother, she has no right to sue in vain; besides, we are helpless; a strong hand would demolish your fortification in a moment."

"She has come to separate us," said Emile, "and I am powerless. Lucille, can you bear up against the storm without me? Ill as you are, what will become of you?"

"Break this door!" cried the passionate voice of the countess, and instantly the slight barricade gave way to admit the countess, two nuns and a priest.

The countess glanced towards the bed and half started at the wild expression in the eyes of Lucille; but not allowing herself time to think, she said to the nuns, pointing to Emile,

"That is my daughter, Emile D'Almaine. I place her under the care of your superior till you again hear from me. Emile, you may as well submit with a good grace, or I shall give these ladies directions to carry you to my carriage, which waits in the courtyard."

Emile knew her mother's resolution. The nuns were two quiet-looking women, but were under the control of their superior, and she had nothing to hope from them; she had nothing left but to make another appeal to her mother in behalf of Lucille.

"I am willing," she said, "to go wherever you may wish to place me, mother; but give me a day, only a few hours, to see Lucille attended to, only to see if it is possible for her to undertake the journey, to see her placed safely in the diligence which will convey her to within a few miles of her father's house. You will grant me this one request, mother, and then send me to the convent directly after. I will not utter a single complaint, or a word of resistance. Mother, you will grant this one, this little request?"

"You are strangely interested, mademoiselle, in the proceedings of a stranger," said the countess. "Mademoiselle de Vernet can help herself; she is willing, no doubt, and quite able to do so."

"A stranger!" said Emile, with a sudden burst of feeling. "She is my sister, the beloved wife of my only brother, and your son, mother. Think of Jules's anguish if he knew she was lying in this wretched apartment, crushed in mind and body, forsaken by us both; you will not leave her thus helpless."

"Well," said the countess, a slight compunctious feeling for a moment subduing her angry ones, "she shall have medical attendance and be carefully nursed by the woman who resides here, till she is able to go to her father. Will that satisfy you? But you must instantly quit her and content yourself for a time in the convent of St. Ursula; that is my command; and if you persist in further opposition to it these holy people will have recourse to force. Here is your shawl and bonnet; haste, for I have not yet breakfasted."

Emile knew farther appeal or resistance would be vain; she looked deprecatingly on her mother, the nuns and the rubicund priest, who had testified his impatience by throwing her shawl over her, which she had indignantly dashed to the ground.

"I must leave you, dearest," she cried, taking Lucille in her arms; "they force me from you; but do not despair. In a few days Jules will be here, and he shall know all the cruelty that has been levelled at you. Adieu! Heaven protect you!"

"Do not think of me, Emile," returned Lucille. "I shall soon require no care. Adieu! I am faint, and cannot speak more."

Again the shawl was thrown over Emile, and she was hurried from the room. There was a loud tumult in the apartment below, the countess's voice rose high; then, as it became distant, it sank into a murmur; then all was silent but the carriage-wheels rattling over the stones of the courtyard.

Lucille's aching head fell languidly on the pillow; for the first time in her life she was alone.

CHAPTER XII.

In a short time after the party had left, Rosalie's mother came to Lucille's bedside. She was a gentle, kindly woman, and truly, without knowing why she was thus thrown on her own resources, commiserated the young helpless creature before her.

"You are ill, mademoiselle," she said, leaning over her, and touching her hot temples. "I have done as mademoiselle desired,—sent for a doctor, who will be here by nine o'clock; but what shall I give you in the intermediate time? I have tea and coffee; which shall I bring you?"

"Neither," replied Lucille; "but a glass of cold water would cool my hot mouth, and might perhaps relieve me. What time is it?"

"Past seven, mademoiselle."

"At what hour does the diligence start for Marseilles?"

"At eight o'clock precisely."

"At eight o'clock?" said Lucille, starting wildly up in bed. "Where from?"

"The Rue des Chantons, a quarter of an hour's walk from hence."

With fresh energy Lucille sprang from the bed, then tottered and sank upon it again.

"Assist me to dress," she said in a faint voice, "for I must leave Paris by that diligence; I must go home while I am able. I must go to my father to die."

"How? Impossible, my dear lady," said the kind woman. "You have not strength to walk across the room. How can you ever reach the Rue des Chantons?"

"I must, I will try," said Lucille. "Dear madame, help me to dress."

The good woman, seeing her earnestness, assisted her to dress, thinking her strength would be exhausted with the operation. She was more surprised then when she said,

"Now, madame, will you lead me to the Rue des Chantons? I must go away by the diligence."

She took her purse out; it was but scantily supplied. Throwing the contents on the bed, she took enough for her fare, and, giving the rest to the woman, said,

"It is all I have, but the Count D'Almaine, or Emile, some other time will reward you for your care of me. Now, madame, I am able to undertake this walk. Will you accompany me, for I must go to my father."

Her voice was so faint and sad, yet so earnest, that it was irresistible. The good woman led her forth; it was a long and toilsome journey to one in her situation, but perseverance and determination accomplished it. The driver was just stepping into his boots as they arrived. There was a vacant place; she was assisted into it, weak and tottering, and sank exhausted into a corner.

"Adieu!" she murmured to the woman, who pressed her hand with warmth and pity. "Adieu! my heart is full, but I have no tears, they are dried up with the burning heat that is consuming me."

The driver cracked his whip, the heavy unwieldy vehicle rumbled with a thundering sound and unpleasant movement through the streets of Paris, unheeded by Lucille, who had sank with closed eyes and labored breathing against the side of it.

Her fellow-passengers looked at her with wonder; they spoke to her, but she heard them not, her only consciousness seemed when the coach stopped, when she would raise her head hurriedly and ask if they were at Marseilles.

When they inquired if she would not take refreshment, she answered, languidly, "Yes, a glass of cold water; my tongue is hard and dry, and my mouth parched."

Twilight was just drawing in, when one of her fellow-travellers pronounced, in an audible voice,

"Marseilles! we are just entering; in another half hour we shall be at our journey's end."

Lucille raised herself from the half recumbent position she had sunk into and made an effort to look through the window, but the heavy mist that had been falling through the day had so obscured the glass that all that was discernable was the half glimmer of the numerous lamps, not yet lighted long enough to shed their full splendor down upon the gloomy thoroughfare.

Half an hour after the unwieldy vehicle stopped, its heavy rumbling was superseded by the din of many voices, her fellow-passengers had alighted, and Lucille, with a look of recognition at the well known sign dangling from the inn door, with slow and feeble steps followed their example. The hostess, bustling and anxious, greeted her with a curtsey, and "Walk in, madame."

"Can I have a conveyance?" asked Lucille, in a quiet, tremulous tone.

"Yes, in an hour madame can be accommodated," replied the hostess. "The gentleman yonder has engaged our only chaise for the Villa d'Eau; it will soon return. Walk in; madame is cold from this miserable weather. A good fire blazes in the ante-room; it will warm you through by the time the chaise returns."

"I cannot wait," said Lucille. "The distance is but a mile. I will walk."

She turned away into the well-known road leading to her father's house. The mist, which had fallen slow and murkily from sunrise, as day declined swelled into torrents, and came down more like water-spouts than rain. Exhausted and in pain, Lucille was unable to proceed fast; her mantle soon clung a heavy weight around her, her thin silk shoes, the only pair she had left the Hotel D'Almaine with, before she had gone one hundred paces were saturated with the clayey moisture clinging to them, yet she kept on, at each moment summoning all her energies lest they should fail her at the last hour.

The orange grove was in sight. Oh, how welcome was its foliage to her sinking heart. She entered it, as it cut a corner from the road. Though earlier in the season than when she had entered it last year with Jules, it was in full blossom. She sank from fatigue on the same jutting root she had done then. The flowers, heavy with the raindrops, nearly encompassed her with their moisture. She looked up, and pressed them cold and drooping to her brow.

"I beat you from me," she said, "last year, fearing you clung to me like a winding-sheet; but now, how willingly would I clasp your death-hued blossoms, could they shield me from the misery I am enduring! What am I wishing?" she continued, with a sudden start. "To die away from my father? May Heaven give me strength to reach him—only to reach him—it is all I ask!"

She arose. This short appeal to the power she reverenced gave her courage. She was soon at the edge of the grove. As she stepped from it her feet sank deep in a muddy pool, in extricating herself her shoes were left behind, but she heeded it not—scarcely knew it—as she tottered forward. She saw a light, glimmering, indeed, but sufficient to point out to her, though the darkness had become dense, that she was near the haven of her hopes. A few minutes and her hand was on the garden gate, her feet on the gravel path. She stood before the window, a cheerful fire lighted up the apartment, each well-known object was before her. Her father sat on one side of it, on the other, Madeline. They were in earnest converse. She moved to the door, touched the handle—her power was gone. She sank against it, repeating, "Father, father!"

Quick is the heart of a parent, ready the ear, or could De Vernet have heard that low feeble voice calling on him? He was at the spot before the cadence had ceased to sound, had opened the door to receive into his arms his half insensible child. He bore her into the parlor, tore wildly off her wet garments, crying, in scarcely audible voice,

"Madeline, what has brought her here alone, exposed to the inclemency of the night, ill and suffering, when we believed her so many miles from us?"

At once a light seemed to break in upon him.

"My child is degraded!" he said, glancing at her and speaking vehemently. "Who has done this? Speak! Who has degraded—who has done what will bring my gray hairs with sorrow to their last resting-place?"

"Father, oh, father," said Lucille, in a faint, broken voice, "not that! I have abused your confidence; I am helpless, abused, ill, perhaps dying—but not guilty."

"Bless you, Lucille, for those two last words. I can brave all, even your death, if you die innocent," and he clasped her, care, travelworn, almost inanimate, to his aching heart.

Madeline, whose tears had fallen fast on the hand pressed tightly in her own, exclaimed,

"Batiste will tell you, monsieur; he knows much. But assist me to take her to her room, every moment these wet garments cling to her is risking her life, and while I am placing her in bed send for medical aid."

Assisted by the servant, the active affectionate Madeline soon had Lucille in bed, who was no longer conscious of suffering, but raving in delirium; while her distracted father, like a troubled spirit, wandered from room to room, now listening to the ravings of his child, then hearkening to the wailings of Madeline as she leant over her.

"She is on the bed of her childhood," she cried, "her bridal bed. Ah! will it also be her bed of death? Merciful Heaven! what will become of her father?"

"I will die with her!" exclaimed De Vernet, in a tone almost as wild as his raving child's. "And her mother—where is she? Miles away; unconscious that the last fleeting moment fading for ever may make her childless. Ella, why did you desert us? Had your child been guided by a mother's hand, would this have happened?"

He drew his desk hurriedly towards him, and with an unsteady hand and eyes nearly blinded from emotion, penned the following lines:

"Ella—Your child is dying—dying from want of care; far had you been near to possess her confidence this would not have occurred. She is privately married, and, I imagine, heartlessly forsaken; but I know nothing but from her ravings. I am wretched—heartsick. Ella, you are the cause! If my child die, may God forgive you—I cannot!

H. De Vernet."

CHAPTER XIII.

In a sumptuously though anciently furnished dressing-room in the castle of Waldenburg stood before a large dressing-glass the still fair and graceful Madame de Vernet. It was a golden morning; and not only were the green glades and snowy blossoms tinted by its bright hues, but it glanced upon the regular features, gave deeper radiance to the golden hair, and sparkled in the blue eyes of the beautiful figure reflected by the mirror. She was preparing for a pic-nic, and revelling in the idea of pleasure that glorious sunshine would induce to the harmony of the party, and was just clasping her waist with a large jewelled brooch, which glittered and shaded into many hues the different colors it reflected. A small Brussels lace mantilla lined with peach-blossom satin covered her graceful shoulders; while her maid stood beside her holding in her hand a white transparent bonnet, plumed with the elegant feather of the marabou.

"How beautiful madame looks to-day!" said her lady's maid. "Madame is an evergreen. Ten years I have been at the castle; and though so many things are changed, there is none in madame."

Ella looked indifferently, but as she took the bonnet a satisfied smile slightly parted her lips, and the sun furtively glanced on her small, white, regular teeth. At the moment she thought only of her beauty.

A knock sounded on the oaken door. The maid answered it, and returned with a letter, which she laid carelessly on the dressing-table. Ella glanced towards it, and caught it up eagerly. She knew the writing, though it was thick and blotted. It was months since she had received intelligence from the valley. Her heart bounded to her mouth. The mother and the wife had power over its pulsations—more powerfully than even she herself was aware of. She broke the seal and read the contents. As she finished, a sharp, quick cry, as if a shot had pierced her, burst from her. The plumed bonnet fell from her hand to the ground; and as she staggered to a chair, was trodden on and crushed.

"The *bijou* of a bonnet!" cried the maid, catching it up, more mindful of it than the disorder of her mistress. "What will madame do? It will be impossible to wear it."

The words were unheard. Ella sat a few moments gazing on vacancy, then starting up, rushed from the room. Another instant, and she was standing pale and shivering before the baroness, the letter in her hand.

The baroness was little changed. Eighteen years had but whitened the soft hands resting on her forehead. She was pale, calm and collected as usual.

"What ails you, Ella?" she demanded. "Whence is that letter from?"

"From De Vernet. Read it," she replied, in a husky tone.

The baroness glanced over it, and said, "What do you intend doing?"

"Fly to them immediately, was the reply. "Death is hovering, he sometimes lingers before he points his darts. I may yet see my child living. Oh, Aunt Ulrica, I am a guilty thing; dare I hope so much from heaven?"

"Hope everything, dear Ella. Depart directly, and leave the rest to Providence."

She rang the bell while speaking, and on the servant appearing, ordered the carriage to be brought round as soon as possible.

"Now to your room, dear child," she said, commiseratingly, "and change your dress. I will give orders for a few necessaries to be packed. Gertrude will go with you, and you must neither sleep nor rest, but in the carriage, till you reach the valley."

"Sleep and rest!" said Ella. "Shall I ever have either again?"

"Do not despair," said her aunt, "it is a reproach to me; I have done wrong in keeping you so long from those who are nearer, and should be dearer than I am. I will pray fervently for you. Adieu, my child, trust in God. He must and will support you through this trial."

The carriage was announced, the two unhappy women embraced in silence, and separated.

Three days after the carriage stopped before the home of De Vernet; the worn wife and mother glanced fearfully towards the windows of the house. The blinds were closely drawn, and the dusky twilight sat heavily on them. Stillness was around the neglected house; the cat, scared by the noise of the postilion's heavy boots on the gravel path, hastily scampered to a high tree for safety; the dog sat moodily in the door porch, and only growled as the large brass-knobbed whip sounded on the door.

The sound struck like an icebolt on Madame de Vernet's heart. "All is over!" she said, in an inaudible voice. "I have come to the house of death!" But her strained eyes were fixed on the door; it opened, she saw her husband in the background. "Let me in! let me in!" she cried, and bursting open the door, she ran into the house, and the husband and wife stood face to face.

De Vernet looked full into the sad pale face; he had never seen it before but flushed with the hue of health and loveliness. For the first time there was real sympathy between them, but he said coldly, "You here, Ella—come as a visitor to the house you have so long deserted?"

"Reproach me not," she said, humbly; "pity me, Henri, for I am only suffering what I merit; but Lucille—my child!—oh, do not say I have come too late! In mercy, say she lives!"

"Yet lives," said De Vernet; "but her danger is the same."

She rushed to his arms, crying, "One part of my prayer is heard; grant, my husband, the other part. Forgive me for my want of care; take me to your heart again, there to remain for ever; for if you will it so, nothing shall part us more in life."

De Vernet's eyes softened; the wife of his youth lay subdued on his bosom. Her embrace was responded to; they were reunited till death should once more part them.

* * * * * * * *

It was the tenth day of Lucille's return to the valley. The blinds were down, the curtains drawn closely, that not a gleam of that bright noonday May sun might penetrate the darkened apartment. She slept the first time calmly. Madeline Batiste sat on one side the bed, the anxious mother on the other; all was silent as the grave, when there was a movement of the bedclothes, a hand was stretched out, and a low voice said, "Where am I?"

Madeline was leaning over the invalid directly. An exclamation of joy was on her tongue, but she restrained it as she waved Madame de Vernet aside, and answered calmly, "Where are you, dear Lucille? Why, in your own dear little bed, and Madeline, your friend, bending over you."

She looked wildly round a moment, then asked, "How came I hither—at home, with my father? Where is he, that I do not see him?"

"He is walking," replied Madeline; "Jacques and he are settling something at the farm; but, Lucille, dearest, I have something to introduce you to—something so small, so beautiful, so loveable. Oh! how dear it will be to you, as it already is to us!" She raised a roll of flannel from the foot of the bed, slowly opening it as she spoke. "Look," she added, in a tremulous tone, her eyes filling with tears of affection, "Did you ever behold anything before half so lovely?"

Lucille directed her eyes towards the flannel, and uttered a murmuring cry. It was an infant, and her yearning heart told her she was its mother.

"There!" said Madeline, kissing the downy cheek of the babe, and placing it near Lucille, "rest for the first time on the arm of your mother, that her slumber may be soft and refreshing as your own."

"And Jules?" inquired the young mother in a suppressed tone. "Does he know he is a father? Have his lips pressed its forehead?"

"There has not been time to even think of him yet, dearest," replied Madeline; "but now you are better, we will write; but no more talking, you must sleep; turn to your child. Oh, how tranquilly you will sleep with that slumbering near your heart! Happy Lucille, to possess such a treasure!"

So thought Lucille, as she turned and drew her babe closer towards her; she smiled and murmured a few low words, and again slept. When she awoke a fair form was bending over her; she closed her eyes again, then opened them more widely, exclaiming doubtfully, "Mamma, can it be mamma, or do I dream?"

"No, no, it is I," said her mother, bending her face till her pale lips touched her daughter's, "your mother, Lucille, your unkind, neglectful mother! Can you pardon her?"

"Pardon you, dear mother?" said Lucille, whose arms were immediately round her neck; "what have I to pardon?—you, who have come like an angel of mercy to bring peace to my father's wounded spirit. Oh, mother, how sweet to have you near me! Now I am a parent myself, the link between us seems more tightly knit. What new-born sensations are springing up in my heart! Mother!" she added, in a low soft tone, "that has a thrilling sound."

So thought Madame de Vernet, as she showered kisses on the lips that had murmured it for the first time in reference to herself.

Lucille progressed slowly, but surely, towards convalescence; there was but one drawback on her peace. She saw her father and mother sitting beside the same hearth, firmly re-united; she had their forgiveness for the past, but her repeated letters to D'Almaine remained unnoticed. She had written also to Emile; there was silence there. What did it mean? That she was forgotten or deserted? The blood rushed like a torrent through her heart at the thought, though with an effort she fought against it to accuse the countess as the cause.

(To be continued.)

The inquest upon the body of R. Gattie, found in the water near the Elysian Fields, who had been shot and stabbed, was continued on the 31 May, before Coroner Bohnstedt, at Hoboken. Gustavus Ferrez, Superintendent of the Rondout Machine Works, testifies that deceased had been in his employ the past six months as a draughtsman. He left Rondout on the 21st April for New York, with the intention of joining a German military company for the war. Deceased was a sober and industrious man. John Fletcher, a clerk, residing at No. 27 Bayard street, New York, identified Gattie, and was with him on Saturday last. Deceased expressed a desire to visit various places, and since he had been missing he has ascertained that he had visited a disreputable house on two occasions. The inquest was adjourned indefinitely, and the matter will be placed in the hands of detectives. Upon further examination, it has been ascertained that the ball, which entered the heart, did not pass through any of the clothing. There was also a blackened spot around the wound, caused by the close proximity of the pistol. Dr. Elder is of opinion that the man could not have committed the deed himself. His coat, vest and shirt were found buttoned. The supposition is that he had been murdered in New York and the body afterwards thrown into the river.

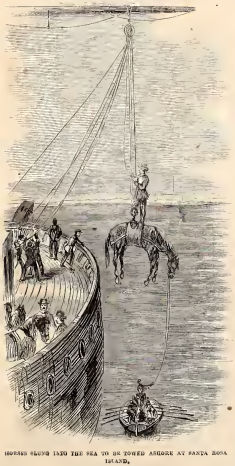
RELIEF OF FORT PICKENS, BY THE UNITED STATES FLEET. MARCH 28,

REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

(*Continued from page 402.*)

The Purser's Report of the Voyage.

The steamship Atlantic, A. G. Gray commander, left New York on Sunday, April 7, under sealed orders from the Government. At eight A.M. discharged pilot, and at ten A.M. shaped her course in compliance with orders. On Monday, the 8th, at four P.M., the wind suddenly shifted and blew fresh from south-east, and so continued until midnight, when it increased to a heavy gale. In order to save the horses, the ship was hove-to, with her head to south-east. After



HORSES SLUNG INTO THE SEA TO BE TOWED ASHORE AT SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

the gale had abated, we proceeded on our course for Key West, having laid-to for thirty-six hours.

We arrived and dropped anchor in the outer roads at Key West, three miles from Fort Taylor, at two P.M. on Saturday, the 13th, when one of our boats was sent to Fort Taylor, conveying Colonel Brown and his staff, who had prolonged interviews with the United States officers, both military and civil. At seven P.M. commenced receiving additional troops, ordnance, ordnance stores, shells, &c., &c., which were placed on a lighter and towed out to the Atlantic by the United States steamer Crusader, Captain Craven. This labor was continued, without cessation, until four A.M. of Sunday, the 14th,

THE BODIES OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT WHO WERE KILLED IN THE

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL

1861.—SKETCHED FROM THE WHEEL-HOUSE OF THE ATLANTIC BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

and at six A.M. we weighed anchor and steered for Tortugas, where we anchored close to Fort Jefferson at two P.M. same day. At this point we took on board more officers, troops, laborers, lumberers, gun-carriages, materials, &c.; and at nine P.M. were under way for (*Continued on page 410.*)

RIOT AT BALTIMORE, MD., BORNE IN SOLEMN PROCESSION PAST THE BOSTON COMMON TO THE STATE HOUSE. ABBOT IN BOSTON.—See Page 410.

THE EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT REPAIRING BRIDGE ON THEIR ROUTE FROM ANNAPOLIS TO WASHINGTON.—PAGE 410.

FRANK PERRY, ONE OF THE EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, DIVING FOR A MISSING NAIL ON THE ROAD FROM ANNAPOLIS TO WASHINGTON.—PAGE 410.

OLD BARN AT THE JUNCTION, USED AS BARRACKS BY THE SEVENTH N.Y. REGT., AFTER A FATIGUING MARCH OF TWENTY MILES.—P. 410.

REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

(*Continued from page* 408.)

final destination, which was now known only to Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs of the army, and to Captain Gray of the Atlantic. During that night and the next day great curiosity was manifested, and though the ship's course seemed to indicate Fort Pickens, yet it was not until the evening of Monday, the 15th, that the secret was disclosed and the reinforcement of Fort Pickens openly announced. Up to this time all was conjecture, but now the countenances of all on board beamed with the knowledge of an approaching event.

Activity and preparation took the place of supineness and uncertainty, and the fact that Fort Pickens could and should be reinforced was settled that night.

On Tuesday, the 16th, at half past six o'clock P.M., we anchored off Santa Rosa Island (Fort Pickens being on its western extremity), four miles from the shore, close by the frigate Sabine, the flagship of the squadron, Com. Adams. After communicating with the commander and the naval captains present, we took in tow the boats of the fleet, some twenty in number, and after dark weighed anchor and stood in shore, all lights being extinguished, and came to anchor within a mile of Fort Pickens, and in direct range of the guns of Fort McRae and the water batteries, and three fourths of a mile from the beach, in four fathoms of water. At a quarter past nine the first boat pushed off for the beach, with Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs, who were the first to meet and surprise the intrepid Slemmer and his command. During the embarkation of the troops in the boats, the signal from Fort Pickens for an apprehended attack was made by the sending up of rockets. This signal was repeated, and hastened the operations. Captain Vodges and other officers in the fort were astonished at the rapidity of the reinforcement. Before midnight the majority of officers and soldiers were safely in the fort, and although a heavy surf was running during the night, no accident of any kind occurred.

This successful landing took place three days after the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumpter—a fact well-known on the mainland, but not known at Fort Pickens nor by the forces afloat.

Early in the morning of the 17th, the remaining troops were landed, excepting the artillerymen of Captain Barry's company, who remained to land with their horses. At eight A.M. we again weighed anchor, and stood to the eastward and anchored about three and a half miles from Fort Pickens and half a mile from the beach. This point was selected as the best place for landing the horses. This difficult work was commenced in the afternoon, continued during the night and finished on the morning of the 18th.

The United States steam frigate Powhatan, commanded by Captain David D. Porter, arrived on the afternoon of the 17th, and after communicating with the flagship, took position just ahead of us in order to cover the future landing. In this movement she was followed by the Brooklyn, Captain Poor, which anchored under our stern. The Wyandotte was cruising about, the Sabine, St. Louis and Supply being outside, about three miles distant. The boats of all the ships of the squadron were actively engaged in landing troops and stores, &c., from the night of the 16th until the morning of the 23d. The Illinois, with reinforcements, arrived at midnight on Friday, the 19th, and her troops were landed the next morning.

Seven of the horses were lost; four died on the passage, one was drowned alongside, one had his neck broken in the surf, and one died from exhaustion on reaching the shore. The forage and light artillery were landed simultaneously with the horses. On the 18th, the landing of the general cargo of heavy and light ordnance, ammunition, provisions, &c., was fairly commenced, and continued, with but partial interruption, until the forenoon of Tuesday, 23d, when she was finally discharged, to the great gratification of all concerned.

The position of the Powhatan and Brooklyn was such that their guns could sweep Santa Rosa Island and prevent a landing from the main land, and at the same time shielded the hull of the Atlantic. At no time was our steam allowed to go down, so that in case of attack or gale, or any emergency, we were ready to go off shore. On Monday Colonel Brown, the commander of the United States forces in Florida, gave to Captain Gray, in Fort Pickens, the necessary certificate and orders and despatches for Key West. On Tuesday, Captain Meigs, the indefatigable engineer of the expedition, came on board, and at noon we were passing through the fleet, saluting and sainted, on our way to Key West for coal. We arrived at Key West at six A.M. of the 25th, making the run in forty-two hours. We were here disappointed in procuring coal, as Mr. Tifft, the only private owner of coal, refused to sell coal to this or any other steamer employed by the Government, he being, of course, a Secessionist. As the Mohawk and Crusader were ahead of us to coal at the Government wharf, and to have waited would have caused great delay, we weighed anchor, and at eleven A.M. passed Sand Key light, and at sundown passed Moro Castle and into Havana harbor, making the run in seven and a quarter hours.

Having completed coaling at a quarter to twelve A.M., Saturday, 27th, we got under way, and at twenty minutes past noon we passed the Moro and shaped our course for New York, and after a pleasant passage, arrived off Sandy Hook on Wednesday morning, making the run in three days and eighteen hours and a half.

DEPARTURE OF ELLSWORTH'S FIRE ZOUAVES.

In our last number we gave a description of the departure of this fine regiment for the seat of war, and have consequently little to add. We now present a faithful picture of them as they appeared on their march from the Astor House to the wharf at Canal street, where they embarked. Their departure was the more imposing as they were accompanied by the entire Fire Department of New York. We refer to another column for their present position.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS REPAIRING A

Railroad Bridge on their March to Washington.

About sunset they reached the remains of the bridge near Millersville, twenty feet high and sixteen feet long, which had been burned, and the engineer corps of the regiment, assisted by the Massachusetts men, who had done good service throughout the day in repairing the track, rebuilt the bridge and relaid the rails, so that after a heavy shower, which wet the men through, they were enabled to proceed. After nightfall the march continued, through swamps and mist, out of which chill blasts came. Company 6 had been ordered to roll up its overcoats, and had only blankets. Occasional rails had to be replaced. The baggage cars were still to be pushed on by men who had no sleep for twenty-four hours, and who had experienced unusual heat and unusual chilliness by turns for twenty hours.

FRANK PIERCE, OF LYNN, DIVING AFTER A MISSING RAIL.

Our Artist has illustrated a most singular incident in the march of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment from Annapolis to Washington. Coming upon a break in the railway track, they discovered one of the rails to be missing. Under these debilitating circumstances "a Massachusetts man rose to the emergency. With eyes sharpened by use he surveyed the ground, considered probabilities and weighed chances. Then, with an instinct as unerring as that of an Indian who reads in the turning of a leaf the passage of a foe, he made his way to a deep stream, at some distance, examined its banks, and stripped. Three times he plunged to the bottom, and the third time brought up the missing rail." The name of this sagacious and heroic soldier is Frank Pierce, of Lynn.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT CONVERTING AN OLD

Barn into a Temporary Barracks.

An old writer has likened a campaign to a picnic quickened by a sense of danger, and certainly, if we may judge from the avidity with which the youth of our State enter into the present struggle, there can be no question that Burton was right in his metaphor. It would seem as though the very strangeness of the hardship were something to enhance it, and turn discomfort into a luxury.

Our Artist, who accompanied the Seventh Regiment on their march from Annapolis to Washington, has sent us a graphic sketch of the manner in which the soldiers made an old barn into a barracks, and he dwells upon the eager cheerfulness with which every man went to work, and the complacent pride with which they regarded their handiwork when it was done. This old barn is situated at the Junction of the Railroad.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DEAD RETURNED FROM BALTIMORE.

Solemn and Impressive Ceremonies.

The 1st of May witnessed a solemn scene. The bodies of the Massachusetts men who died at Baltimore were returned to the State from which they had so recently departed. Information was received at noon that their bodies were on their way to Boston, and instant preparations were made for their proper reception. The Independent Cadets were ordered out to do escort duty, and the call was promptly answered. At four o'clock they left their armory, under command of Major Baldwin, and marched to the depot of the Western Railroad.

The news of the expected arrival was announced in the *Journal* Postscript and spread quickly, and a large concourse of citizens collected around the depot anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train. Governor Andrew, accompanied by two of his aids, and Adjutant-General Schouler, with other gentlemen belonging to different departments of the State Government, came in hacks to take the bodies into the charge of the State.

The train entered the depot at seven minutes of five, and the bodies, three in number, laid in metallic coffins, and then enclosed in pine boxes, were taken from the cars. They came in the care of Merrill S. Wright, a private of the Richardson Light Infantry of Lowell, who was detailed by Colonel Jones of the Sixth Regiment for that purpose. He left Washington Monday, arriving at Baltimore the same evening, and received the bodies from City Marshal Kane, in whose charge they were. No objection was made by any of the authorities of the city, and he left there the next morning and came directly to Boston. Mr. Wright did not see the bodies, as the coffins have not been opened since they were put in, and could say nothing concerning the truth of the statement that they had been mutilated.

The names of these three soldiers are Sumner H. Needham, Addison O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd.

The bodies were placed upon biers which had been prepared, and each being covered by an American flag, they were borne into the street, where the Cadets had formed in line and presented arms while the band played "Pleyel's Hymn," and all the spectators stood reverentially with uncovered heads. The clouds which had before darkened the heavens broke suddenly away, and the sun looked down brightly upon the scene where thousands of citizens had gathered with sorrowful hearts to receive the bodies of the martyrs from Massachusetts who fell in the cause of government and law. Hearses were in attendance, in which the coffins were placed, and surrounded by the Cadets, they moved slowly from the depot. The Governor and the gentlemen who accompanied him, with Mr. Wright, who had the bodies in charge, followed in carriages. The military marched with arms reversed, and the band played solemn dirges as the funeral cortege passed along the streets, which were crowded with people, all preserving a religious silence. The procession passed through Washington street to West, and thence up Tremont to the State House, over the same spot as that on which they stood but two weeks ago and received the banner in defence of which they had fought so bravely. No halt was made until, marching down Beacon street, they reached King's Chapel at the corner of School and Tremont street, in the vault of which the remains were deposited, with the same ceremonies which had characterized their reception at the depot.

GREAT MEETING OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK

In the Cooper Institute.

Some poet has said that woman never looks so lovely as when she is in tears. We consider her much lovelier when she is anxious to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the suffering. At all events, never did the fair of our great city appear more bewitching than they did on the evening of Monday, the 29th ult., when nearly three thousand of the belles of society met together to deliberate on measures for the consolation and comfort of the gallant men who are about to risk their lives for our great Republic. The meeting was held in the great room of the Cooper Institute, and long before the hour appointed every seat was occupied.

Vice-President Hamlin took the chair, and explained the intention the ladies had in forming the present organization, which they intended calling the "Central Relief Association." It was to aid the wounded and sick in the coming war. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, Surgeon Crawford, who was one of the heroes of Fort Sumpter, Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, Dr. Mott, Dr. Stephens, Dr. Wood and several other gentlemen equally prominent. A Board of twenty-four managers was then chosen, and plans adopted to centralise and direct their efforts. The Executive Committee met the next day at the Committee-room, Dr. Valentine Mott acting as chairman. A letter was then read from Dr. Newell, speaking of another association which had been formed by Mrs. L. M Andrews. Mrs. Blackwell then read a statement of what a nurse's qualifications ought to consist, and the meeting adjourned. Our Artist has given an exact picture of this most remarkable gathering of the flowers of New York on the 29th of April. Let us pray that, although ready to nurse and solace the wounded, there may be no occasion for their benevolent patriotism.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire,
Sound fades into silence,
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

* * * *

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.—*Longfellow.*

More than a week passed away, and Violet kept her chamber. Accustomed in some degree to such absences, and to Ishmael's silence respecting them and her, Erle made no remark. He, in fact, was glad to be as little in the house, or with Ishmael, as possible.

He paced the promenade in the morning, he rode along the drive in the afternoon. Some days he galloped his horse over the downs upon the Dyke-road, or took a canter through the beautiful avenue in Lord Chichester's park, leading from the Lewes to the Ditchling-road, at other times he directed his horse by the upper road to Shoreham; or, changing his route, pursued the way to Rottingdean, but without success. He hoped again to meet Lady Maud—he did not meet her.

One day, when the drive along the King's-road was unusually full, Ishmael accompanied him in his ride, and kept him, evidently with an object, at a slow pace, where the equestrians and the carriages were thickest. As they proceeded gently onwards, Erle perceived that, as usual, he was the object of some attention, and the eloquent blood rushed violently into his face as a young and dashing lady, regarding him through an eyeglass, said, in a voice loud enough for him to hear,

"Amazingly like Lord Kingswood—ridiculously like; more like his lordship than his own son, the Honorable Cyril Kingswood. Pray tell me, my lord marquis—I know you to have been on intimate terms with the Kingswoods for the whole of your natural life—is this remarkable young person a relation of his lordship's? He must be."

Erle was, with Ishmael, compelled to remain quiet in the rear of a carriage, some vehicles immediately in front being blocked up by one of those pests which trouble this road—a coal cart. The remarks which caught his ear were painfully offensive to him, and finding that he was the object upon which several glasses were levelled, he would gladly have leaped his horse over one of the obstructions if there had been room so that he could have escaped.

However, his haughty, defiant, indignant look did not damage him in the estimation of those who observed him, for it was clear, by his noble carriage and his elegant form, that if a handsome person and an exalted mien conferred nobility, he might have been the son of a duke.

He did not hear the reply made, but he saw that it was the Marquis of Chillingham who had been thus addressed, and who had answered the inquisitive lady in an under tone.

Another minute and he was free. He was about to gallop away at a mettlesome pace, when Ishmael sharply checked him, and then the Marquis of Chillingham joined them.

"I heard that you were here, Vernon," exclaimed the latter, in his old, quiet tone.

"Indeed!" responded Ishmael, as coldly. "Who could have told you?"

"Sir Harry Wilton," responded the marquis. "You knew Harvey Wilton, who was at Trinity with us? It is a son of his—immense estates—and has fallen desperately in love with your pretty young *protegée*."

The brow of Ishmael lowered, more, however, in thought than in anger.

"Talks of nothing else, and has been boring me amazingly to introduce him to you," continued the marquis. "He is in London just now, but he will be down here again in a day or two."

"I shall be in London shortly. We will reserve the honor until then," replied Ishmael.

"As you please," rejoined the marquis. "By the way, Vernon, I cannot help remarking—you know I hate rudeness, and I am anxious not to appear guilty of it to you of all men—but I cannot help remarking how great is the resemblance of your young companion to Lord Kingswood. It is the common talk, and it appears to be desperately offensive to his lordship. Some one mentioned it to him at a Cabinet Council the other day, just as we had broken up, and he positively made a virulent and coarse reply to him. By Jove, here he comes! I will draw his attention. Ho, Kingswood!" he cried, loudly, as Lord Kingswood appeared, riding at a canter, with his hat deeply set over his brows.

The nobleman looked up and exhibited as great a change in his face even as Lady Kingswood had. Pale, strongly marked, his features were drawn down and looked sharp and pinched, betraying great mental suffering.

His eyes first encountered the glittering, savage glare of Ishmael's fiery orbs, and then they fell on the pale, excited face of Erle. A cry, almost a wail, burst from his lips; he struck his spurs into the sides of his steed and flew past them like the wind!

The lip of the Marquis of Chillingham curled, and there was a grim, savage smile on his features too.

"Kingswood has much changed," he observed, thoughtfully. "He has altered ever since your young friend by your side—your secret as well that of Kingswood's—appeared first at Kingswood Hall. Why, Vernon, have you made yourself, Lord Kingswood, and this youth the subject of discourse in every *salon*? By the bye, I must not omit that bright young beauty who occasionally accompanies you in your equestrian airings; she, too, attracts much attention."

"Indeed," answered Ishmael, with his sardonic smile. "Have I done this?"

"In truth have you," replied the marquis. "The cause no one can get at."

"I have told you they shall," rejoined Ishmael, with emphasis. "The time is approaching. The world wonders; its wonder shall be set at rest."

"Nine days will do it without your explanation," remarked the marquis, drily.

"Lady Kingswood, too, is greatly changed in her personal appearance," suddenly observed Ishmael. "The haughty beauty appears to have subsided into a pale, haggard woman. Do you know why, Chillingham?" he inquired, with a sudden and startling emphasis.

The face of the marquis became a trifle paler, and his eyelids fluttered.

"I—I—suppose," he commenced, with the slightest possible stammer, "that the troubles which affect the mind of Lord Kingswood disturb her ladyship's. I cannot possibly know of any other reason, and I am not quite sure that I care."

"Her ladyship is here," observed Ishmael.

"Was here," returned the marquis, with a silent laugh. "They have grown into the oddest family. I have learnt by inquiry that her ladyship, Lady Maud St. Clair, and Cyril Kingswood came here together. They were to remain here some time, I understood, on account of the delicate state of Lady Maud's health, but young hopeful suddenly, and without a word to any one, departed for London, and Lady Kingswood, with about as much reason, fled after him, carrying off poor Lady Maud with her. I saw Lady Kingswood the day she left, but I could not get an opportunity to get up to speak to her."

"Did she see you?" asked Ishmael, fixing his glittering eyes upon him.

This was a question the marquis evidently did not like, but he answered, calmly:

"Yes, oh, yes! We were divided by some carriages, and when I would have joined her party, her carriage had driven away."

Ishmael made no comment on this. The marquis, however, looked at him furtively, and wondered what was his motive for putting that question. That he had a motive he did not doubt, but he was strangely and uneasily puzzled to think what it could be.

At this moment his quick eye caught sight of Sir Harris Stanhope and Beatrice. Carlton was on horseback riding by their side. Carlton at the same time caught sight of Erle; he called to his father to draw up to the side of the road, and he rode up to Erle, looking at the same time sharply for Violet.

"Sir Harris Stanhope, by all that is fortunate!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham. "I want to have a little chat with him. Do you know him, Vernon?"

Ishmael grated his teeth together audibly. The marquis heard the sound, and with surprise observed on Ishmael's countenance an expression of intense and malignant hatred.

"I cannot speak to him," he cried, and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped off. The marquis was surprised into following him, and Erle was left alone with Carlton, who would insist upon his approaching the carriage in which Beatrice sat.

He saw that she was pale and sad; he saw her deep dark eyes fastened upon his face, perusing its expression with deep earnestness, but withal she possessed greater self-control than he did. He was hot and cold by turns, he chafed at his position, and said he knew not what—something of sorrow that she had been ill; something of hope that the occasion of her illness would pass away to no more return; that when again they met she would have recovered from her transient weakness, and that, with its pain, it would be quite forgotten.

There was, she fancied, a grave earnest look in his eyes, a firmness in his tone, and a steadfastness in his manner which was intended to shut out all hope; but Beatrice knew or believed that she knew, men were weak and women were skilful, and she had a conceit that, though now she had been checked, she was not yet checkmated.

Carlton spoke of Violet, and Sir Harris inquired after Vernon, but Erle found himself unable to submit to his position, and he contrived that his horse should so curvet, turn, prance and become so restless, that it was an excuse to raise his hat and gallop in the direction Ishmael and the Marquis of Chillingham had taken.

Not that he joined them—no! on the contrary, he avoided them, turned his horse up a street at hand, and after proceeding a short distance, he alighted and gave his horse to his groom.

He retraced his steps to the residence in Brunswick-terrace and retired to his own room.

Late on the following day Ishmael inquired for him, and the servant handed the following note:

"Grateful for all that you have hitherto done for me, I take the future upon myself. You decline to place confidence in me—you decline to reveal to me what it is plain I ought to be put in possession of—you seek to make me a blind instrument to work out an atonement which, by your assertion, is due as much to me as you. I refuse to become that instrument. I may be a willing one when I know all; until then I will take my own path. We shall meet again, that is certain, but under what circumstances will depend on you. There is a tie, I feel it and know it, which binds me to Violet. I will, so far as I can, watch over her. I may not conquer happiness for her, but I can try—and I will. Remember, great as may be your wrongs and mine, O Ishmael! the day must come when we shall both stand before the same tremendous tribunal, each a king for mercy. Think of this when you note the pale face and wasting form of her whose happiness, more even than her life, you hold in your hand.

"Him whom you have named ERLE GOWER."

When Ishmael read the contents of this note he became faint. Then he crushed it in his hands, and an exclamation of rage burst from his lips. Then he summoned Violet to his presence. She came, pale, silent and sad, more like a spectre than the young, fair, blooming girl she had been but a few short months back. He spoke to her gently and tenderly, and he bade her prepare for their immediate return to London.

She cast her melancholy eyes round the apartment to catch the sympathising face of Erle, but she saw him not. She remembered what he had told her, and she knew that he had departed from them even as he had intimated to her. An expression of utter desolation settled on her face. She, however, uttered not a word, but meekly obeyed Ishmael's directions. A pang smote his breast as he watched her move slowly away, and when she had left the room he struck his breast with his clenched fists and he groaned.

"Have I not yet made sacrifices enough?" he exclaimed, in a tone of pain. "Must I tramp my way to my just revenge over the broken hearts of those dearest to me! I have suffered long—unjustly suffered. Must my hour of triumph come when my heart is bleeding at every pore! I would place those two creatures upon a pinnacle of greatness. It is their due—it is their right—and it shall be theirs; but must I, O Heaven, slaughter their happiness to accomplish it!"

He grazed his hands over his eyes, and bowed his head low. Anon he threw up his hands away, and held his head erect.

"I'll be the gentleman," he said, with a harsh, stern voice. "I must march ahead. He reserve the second. I'll sacrifice the work of years—"

But again that remorseful feeling—that fresh and uneasy sensation in a cheek, Eric Gower said in Kingswood Close.

Knowing his family to be in London, he expected to see Kingswood Hall plunged in darkness, but there were lights in many of the windows, and he was to be warning in and out of various drawing-rooms, and he wondered why it should be. There was something, however, strange about the building, and he felt a sudden feeling that impacted more of an anxious character would soon supervene him.

He paused on among the shadows of the old trees, until he reached a window beneath which he knew the library to be, and, as he approached, he paused, for ever.

The window was broken, and a few poisonous words burst from his lips.

The window was broken, and all those other words were gone.

"Back as my hopes!" he muttered. "Do it so, but they cannot keep me, dear Maud, from partaking, from loving you. Ah! I will not be denied!" and by my side, from partaking again those lines which seemed on from my heart he sworn, and gained it in a strain of fine fallacy, my eyes. Then, in spite of my stern hostility, to this. Tears came at will beneath the power rose—it may be that I was not myself, but I felt that I was a prisoner, and that I was not my own master, and I was not. Ah, how like a dream it seems to me that my noble thing, thereby, bound through the window, and I was in the library!

I paused on the ceiling, then the whole of the old room, until he reached a window beneath which he knew the library to be. He had no plan, no fixed purpose, he ever.

The window was broken, and a few poisonous words burst from his lips.

"Back as my hopes!" he muttered. "Do it so, but they cannot keep me, dear Maud, from partaking, from loving you. Ah! I will not be denied!" and by my side, from partaking again those lines which seemed on from my heart he sworn, and gained it in a strain of fine fallacy, my eyes. Then, in spite of my stern hostility, to this. Tears came at will beneath the power rose—it may be that I was not myself, but I felt that I was a prisoner, and that I was not my own master, and I was not. Ah, how like a dream it seems to me that my noble thing, thereby, bound through the window, and I was in the library!

With a sense of satisfaction he hurried towards it, and there lay stretched, indeed, motionless, the body of a man.

He bent over it in silence, and failed to decipher his features.

He was dressed in a suit of dark clothes, and his face was veiled the moon-beams in a manner which he could not distinguish.

A bound at once darkness, for in the shadow of the wood, hurried deeply.

The man, as if conscious of a presence, leaped to his feet, and confronted Eric, who stood firm and erect, as he rose up.

"Who are you?"

He knew the tones in an instant, but he could scarcely believe that he heard them aright. The mysterious visitor was Eric, and he stood before him, looked white and startled. He remained still and spoke not.

The robbers covered, upon the moment and muttered:

"Speak, speak, I say!"

Among the Chaos,
Among the Chaos,
A very large number of people were present,
Whom moulder at an hour!"

As he repeated the last line he noticed with curiosity to utter it, but when he had delivered it, he gave a growl rather than a yell, and fled towards the lapping ledge.

He made a third until he had disappeared, and delivered Matilda flying blind never under heard. Eric recognised no doubt in the fact that he was engaged in something glittering at his hand.

It was a pistol, and a double-barrelled sledge hard-knife. Something else was, however, yet to be done. He had to see Maud, and he must see her at once. He pistol and a small sum of cash. That Police Hall and other villainous hotel on hand for all that night, that he had frightened away the man of whom he served. He, however, took possession of the weapon and rapped on the rudest small house in the room.

Then he retraced his steps to the Hall, and remained quietly within the shadow of the trees, watching the window of the library, and the man who had said those strange words. Not for any of the stories of the robbery, for he purposely refused, he tried the door, and found the key-pistol was in the lock. He turned it in the key.

He entered, and closed it behind him, and was at once shrouded in intense darkness, but he had previously provided with a candle, and a box of matches for lighting it. As soon as he had done this he occupied with light upon the inner door, and he found that it was locked. He turned the key, and opened it, and experienced no difficulty in doing so, and he passed into the hall beyond.

It had evidently not been tenanted since he had quitted it, and it looked very drear and desolate. Still, he was not to be daunted by such a circumstance, and he laced the hall. He started, for the—going and fell—recommenced—made room upon him. He—looked—and—it was—a—man—with—a—pistol—in—his—hand. He was that singular, mysterious stranger at the fortunes which seemed to have had the most singular combination of circumstances connected with this.

A cold, sweeping shudder crept at the moment through his veins. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to him as if the man had been standing behind the chamber. He drew a deep breath.

"I have come down to see for my uncle," he murmured, "or I shall fail to accomplish it. I am not to keep me."

He was seized with a sudden delirium, for its eyes caught sight of the portrait, and his heart seemed to stand still as he gazed upon the features inside.

He closed his eyelids and breathed heavily: he reopened them, and once more gazed on it, for still it, but the face was gloomy and pale, like all the paint tops, and he muttered, "It is only a picture, after all," and he turned away against the apartment.

He was about to open the door, when he high back chairs of that kind, and there, with his head resting on his hand, sat the man who he had so passed not to open the door. In the corner of the room, placed hastily through the corridor, and opened the door, and found himself in the long, dark passage library.

He was prepared for the status of "Lady Maud, and he gazed at it for at least a minute, and then he saw more the "Lord Maud's artillery brandy.

He sighed, and leaned his head upon his hand, and remained where the chair, just as he had left it, and waited, and heard on the origin at the hall door.

He drew a sigh, and emerged to the door, drew his head pierced it, and where, her vessel, and the sound of the door, and the sound of the door, and opened it with the very place.

He stood in the open door.

His heart rose at the sight and softly and shortly spread. Thoroughfare, approaching him with a quiet step, a female, bearing a lamp in her hand, but it was not lighted.

He stood riveted to the spot, his blood rushing back to his heart.

As she drew near to the door, he saw that it was Maud, dressed precisely as when last she had parted him in the library.

Every nerve in his body trembled, and he could not speak.

Every nerve in his body trembled, and he could not speak.

She moved on, but he stood, still motionless, and heard on the steps at her feet he heard where the book had rested.

It is not here," she said, and then turned towards the desk where he was standing.

Her face was very like. It seemed to him that she perceived him. Yet she, with unmoved, feeling of horror, he perceived her eyelashes were rigid and fixed.

Was she withdrawn?

"Sir down, Eric. We will read this sweet story together again,"

And she sat down.

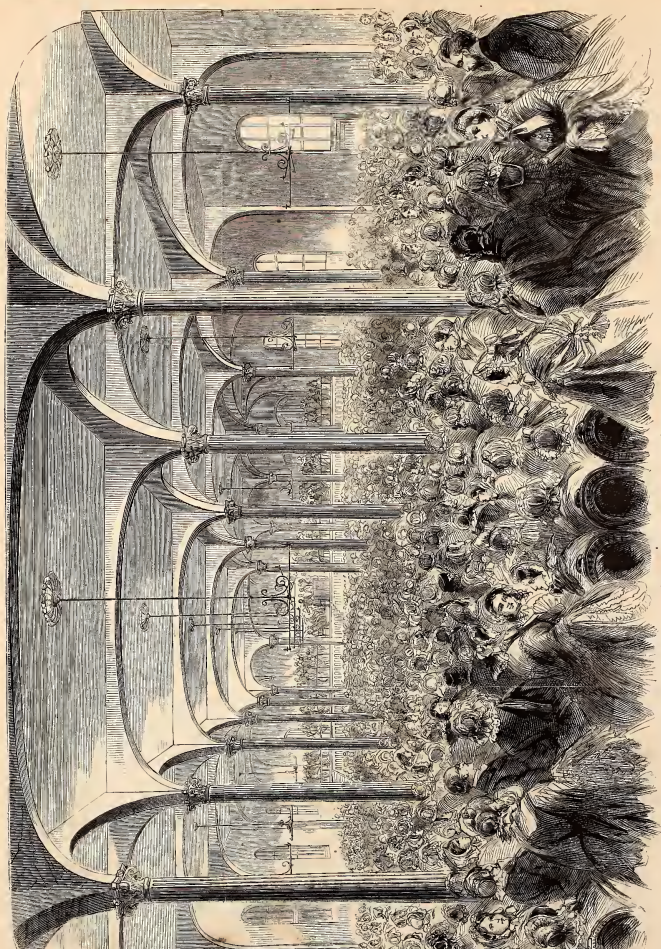
And he sat down by her side, stone, as that dark sacred library, in silence, in wonder and in terror!

(To be continued.)

Lord Nelson's Sentence Chair.—The first Black Squad, Welch & Brothers, Cannon Street Road, Edge St Cross, Bristol for Philadelphia, was executed at Bristol Gaol on Tuesday morning last. The chair in which he sat for the last time has passed into the possession of one of the warders of the gaol. Admiral Horatio Nelson once took a seat on board, and one of the deserters was his adopted son, William Nelson. The chair is a plain wooden one, and is well known as an operative instrument, and the capable of the help, and there was broken by the falling of the body. It is said that the chair is to be sold by the valuable interest, property and wardrobe of his gaol Sessions' chair. The material used consisted of Mr. Nelson's Sessions' chair.

On Saturday night week, an entrance, named Roberts, entered Dobbs's house, in Bridge Street, Dublin, and stole a quantity of wearing apparel. He was detected in the act by Mrs. Dobbs, endeavored to quit him, but without effect, and eventually ejected him. Roberts, on being put out, threatened to shoot the woman, and, having procured a pistol, he returned to Mrs. Dobbs's house, and, entering a very numerous crowd. He was immediately arrested and locked up in the police-station, and Mr. Jackson, Crime and Robbers were called in to assist Wilson, after which he was removed to his residence. No. 285 Seventh Street, where he was arrested by Sergeant Justice Kelly and committed to the Station. He has hitherto made good his criminal character.

At Mr. Chenery House, on Thursday last, a young man made his way to Parliament, but unlucky he made some indiscreet remarks of a strong character and in his excitement he was overheard by a gentleman who was standing near him. Mr. Chenery, Mr. Chenery, Mr. Chenery,



GREAT MEETING OF THE LADIES OF NEW YORK AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, ON MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1861, TO ORGANIZE A SOCIETY TO BE CALLED "WOMAN'S CENTRAL ASSOCIATION OF RELIEF," TO MAKE CLOTHES, LINT BANDAGES, AND TO FURNISH NURSES FOR THE SOLDIERS OF THE NORTHERN ARMY.—See Page 410.

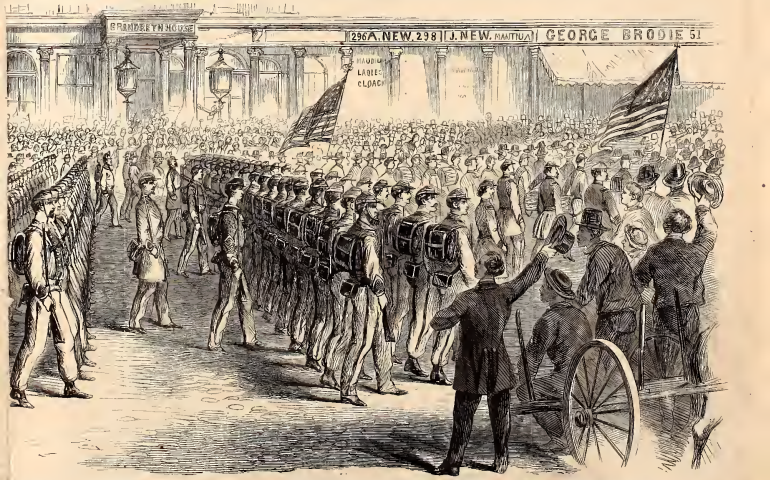
FROM A SKETCH BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER OF THE BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 401.

the highway to Washington is freed from obstruction. Troops are constantly arriving at Annapolis, the people are on the best possible terms with them, and their advent infuses new life into the little city.

PERFORMING MASS ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP JAMES ADGER

To the Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York State Militia.

HE Sixty-ninth Regiment left New York on the 23d ult., on board the steamship James Adger, bound for Annapolis. We gave a vivid account of the excitement created by their departure, to witness which half the city turned out. Their voyage to Annapolis was anything but pleasant. There were not sleeping accommodations for more than one-third of the soldiers, the others sleeping anywhere—on deck, in the companion ways, or the cabin floors, in short, wherever they could drop down. There was plenty of food, but the cooking arrangements were altogether inadequate to the emergency. The voyage was a hard one every way. But the gallant soldiers kept up their spirits, and were much cheered by the constant kindness of the officers and the friendly and hopeful counsel of their Chaplain, Father Mooney, who performed for them the office of the solemn Mass. The men listened to it with profound attention, and the situation and the surrounding circumstances rendered the scene deeply and singularly impressive.



REGIMENT AND ESCORT PASSING THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CANAL STREET, APRIL 20, 1861.—SEE PAGE 410.

SECESSIONISTS PREVENTING THE FARMERS FROM TAKING THEIR PRODUCE TO WASHINGTON.

Our special Artist at Washington, while taking a quiet survey of the Long Bridge which leads to Alexandria, unconsciously approached the Secession troops stationed at the Virginia end of the bridge. With his glass he observed their operations while searching a farmer in his huge wagon, with a view to prevent any provisions reaching Washington from Virginia. Taking advantage of his position our Artist made a spirited sketch of the incident, which we present to our readers in our issue of to-day.

THE BALTIMORE STEAM GUN.

A GENTLEMAN direct from Baltimore, and who has seen the steam gun (about which considerable has been said) operate, has furnished us with the following description of it:

It is on four wheels; the boiler is like that of an ordinary steam fire engine, the cylinder being upright. There is but one barrel, which is of steel, on a pivot, and otherwise is like an ordinary musket barrel. It is fed or loaded through a hopper entering the barrel directly over the pivot. The barrel has a rotary motion, and performs the circumference, by machinery attached, at the rate of about sixteen hundred times a minute. The balls are let into the barrel through a valve at will, and every time the barrel comes round to a certain point, another valve, self-operated, lets out a ball, which is propelled solely by the velocity of the barrel in revolving.

It will discharge a two-ounce ball three hundred times a minute. The range is accurate up and down, but the balls are liable to hit wide of the mark on one side or the other. The barrel revolves inside of a drum, made of boiler iron, between five and six feet in circumference, with an opening where the balls are discharged. Its range is not over one hundred yards at best, and the gun can be worked so as to discharge in any direction. The whole thing weighs six thousand seven hundred pounds, and is about the size of a steam fire engine. It is the opinion of our informant that the gun does not warrant the expectations of the inventor, and that it is not likely to be of much service.

DAMAGE TO FORT MOULTRIE. — The latest Charleston papers contain detailed accounts of the damage done by Fort Sumpter to Fort Moultrie and surrounding property. The *Courier* says:

"The raking fire from Fort Sumpter against Fort Moultrie was terribly destructive, and when viewed in connection with the fact that no life was lost, is the most extraordinary case ever recorded in history. As you enter, the eye falls upon the battered walls of the archway, with openings in some places large enough for windows.

"In other places may be seen the hanging splinters of the rafters, large pieces of ceiling seemingly about to drop, while the holes in the roof throw a clear light over the scene of destruction, which renders it painfully impressive. It would be an almost impossible task to count the number of balls discharged at this devoted fortress. All of the officers' quarters were battered with seven, eight, or ten balls, which penetrated the whole depth of the building. The western wall on the upper balcony was entirely shot away. The barracks were almost entirely destroyed. The furnace for heating hot shot was struck four times; the flag of the Confederate States received three shots, and the Palmetto flag four. The merlons of sand-bay, &c., remain unbroken.

"On the outside walls we counted over one hundred shots. Laborers were engaged in clearing away fallen bricks, &c. It will be necessary to pull down the old walls and build anew. Even the beds and bedding in the officers' quarters and the men's barracks were cut and torn into splinters and threads. Had it not been for the bomb-proof shelter the loss of life would no doubt have been appalling. One shell entered the brick wall of Major Ripley's bedroom, ran down the wall and burst on the bureau immediately over the head of the bed. Our limited time prevented us from visiting the battery to the north of Fort Moultrie."

A SINGULAR INVENTION—THE ROTARY FORTRESS.—A French mechanic, named Balbi, has just invented a new kind of fortress, which works upon a plan that must astonish any hostile party that shall attempt to take it by assault. The new machine is in the shape of a round tower, surrounded by a gallery and regularly pierced for cannon, the motive power which regulates its movements being steam. It is to be cased in a cuirass of iron plates, and so managed that on the first attempt at escalade on the part of an enemy the tower begins to revolve with a rapidity which renders it inaccessible, while for the same reason the picking off of any of its defenders by the truest rifle becomes a matter of infinite difficulty. It can be propelled like any conveyance moved by steam apparatus from place to place, with similar speed. Its base is thickly set with spikes, which, when once in rotation, would annihilate all who might approach it.

THE HINDOO BARBER AND HIS CASTE.—A Bombay journal relates an amusing incident in connection with Sir Jamsetjee's return to that country, from his recent visit to England. On his departure to England the Parsee baronet took a Hindoo barber with him. On their arrival at Bombay the barber was ousted from his caste, on account of his having travelled into the country of the Melachees or barbarians. The barber supplicated for readmission into his caste, and it was at length decided "that he should contribute a fine of 100 rupees to the caste fund, and give a dinner party to 400 people, to entitle him to be readmitted into his caste."

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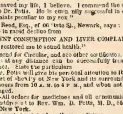

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Great Japanese Salamander. Engraving.
The Black Deed and the Black Bird.
My Guardian.
Marriage in the Kirchgarten-Thal, near Friburg in Brisgau. Engraving.
George Fox, the Founder of Quakerism.
Want of Tact.
The Boboli Gardens, Florence. Engraving.
Samuel Lowgood's Revenge.
Marriage Engagements.
The Presentiment.
Entrance to the Tuileries Gardens. Engraving.
Town and Fortress of Gibraltar. Engraving.
All is not Gold that Glitters.
Notes on Circumstantial Evidence.
Garibaldi and the Children at Palermo. Engraving.
City of Nice. Engraving.
Locusts.
Love Lies Bleeding. Engraving.
Invitation to Dinner.
Cotton; Mode of Manufacture in the East. Twenty-three Engravings.
Solitude of the Desert.
Story of the Three Wonderful Companions. Engraving.
Spider Fights.
A Surgeon's Advice to Mothers—Measles.
Lord Mayor's Kitchen, London.
Vegetables.
Amusement for Young People.
Poetry—A Life Story; My Lamp; The Legend of Our Lady of the Sea.
Miscellaneous.
Comic Page—Miss Flirt in Search of a Husband. Six Engravings.

List of Engravings.

A Life Story.
The Corpse at the Door of the Wineshop.
The Mortar Raft.
Botanical Gardens, St. Pierre, Martinique.
The Priest's Visit.
Thistleton Avows his Love.
Japanese Salamander.
Marriage in the Kirchgarten-Thal.
The Boboli Gardens, Florence.
Entrance to the Tuileries Gardens.
View of Gibraltar.
Scene in Naples on the Arrival of Garibaldi.
View of the City of Nice.
The Victim of Love.
Cotton Manufacture in Hindostan—Cotton Carder, The Bow, Yarn Winding and Warping, Beaming, Cotton Roller, Twisting the Thread, Drawing, Loom Weaving, Spinning, Washing, The Shuttle, Steaming, Arranging the Displaced Threads, Beetling the Muslins, Folding, Packing, Wire-drawing, Wiredrawer's Bench, Wiredrawing Apparatus, Flattening the Wire, Winding the Wire.
Comic Page.

Gazette of Fashion.

What Should be Worn and what Should Not; Review of Fashions; Styles for the Month; Things Seen and Talked About; Description of Fashions; Description of Colored Plate; Madame Demorest's Patent Tucker and Quilter; Cashmere Shawls; Novelties in Trimming; Gored Dresses; Lingerie; Answers to Correspondents; Notice to Lady Subscribers; What Time is It? Miscellaneous.

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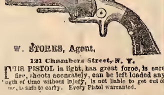

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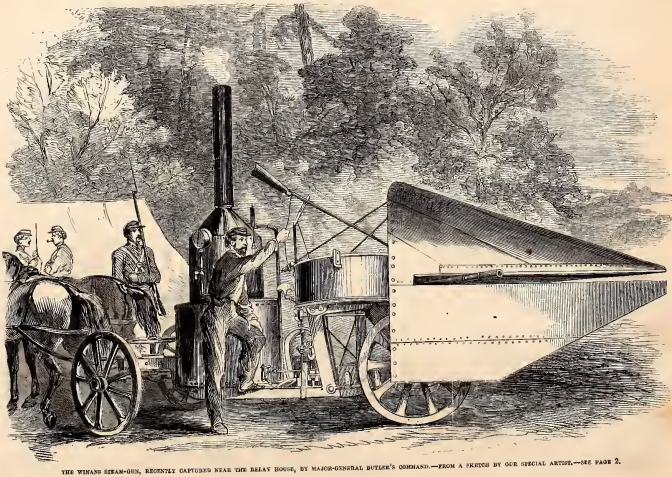
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 267.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

THE NEW JERSEY TROOPS CROSSING THE CHESAPEAKE BAY, IN SIXTEEN PROPELLERS, ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 5.



THE WINANS STEAM-GUN, RECENTLY CAPTURED NEAR THE RELAY HOUSE, BY MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE WINAN'S STEAM-GUN, LATELY CAPTURED ON ITS WAY TO HARPER'S FERRY.

For the last twenty years it has been a favorite idea to bring steam to bear upon gunnery, and in 1844 Mr. Perkins, of London, at an immense cost of money, time and labor, introduced his famous steam-gun to the public. It was not a success. Since then many experiments have been made, the most portentous of which is the famous gun invented by Mr. Dickenson, but manufactured and owned by the celebrated cigar-steamer millionaire, Mr. Ross Winans. Our Artist has given an exact sketch of this famous engine of war, which has lately been captured by the Federal troops as it was on its way to Harper's Ferry. Its capture is thus described:

"On Friday afternoon, the 10th inst., a party consisting of Captain Sawtelle's company of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, and a company of the Eighth New York, and two guns of the Boston Flying Artillery, under Lieutenant Mortimer, the whole under the command of Major A. M. Cook, were sent out to find the steam-gun, which it was rumored had been sent around from Baltimore, to be put on the cars below the camp at Relay, to be forwarded to Harper's Ferry. A special train took the party to Ellicott's Mills, about seven miles distant, where they found the gun, in the charge of three men, but otherwise unguarded. They took possession of the gun and four mules harnessed to it, made prisoners of the men, and returned to the Relay with their trophy. The prisoners, one of whom is Mr. Dickenson, the inventor, have been sent to Annapolis."

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

England.—The great topic of the day in England is the present unhappy state of affairs in the United States. In another column we have given a *resumé* of the opinions expressed by the leading journals of England. Our readers will perceive more or less ignorance of the spirit of our people, but they all agree with wonderful unanimity in regretting our suicidal blindness in resorting to the *ultima ratio*, instead of appealing to reason itself. The exception, "solitary and alone," is the London *Times*, whose recent editorials have betrayed a domestic irobleness and magnificent ignorance worthy of Dogberry himself. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell had declared that if President Lincoln's blockade of the Southern ports were effective it would be recognized. He also, on a subsequent night, said that in consequence of the issuing of letters of marque by the Southern Confederacy, the Government had sent out a fleet to protect British interests. It is said that Lord Derby intends to try the stability of the Palmerston Ministry, by moving an amendment in the House of Lords when Gladstone's Budget comes before them. The arrangements for the grand Industrial Exhibition in London, in 1862, are all completed, and it promises to be even a grander affair than the first World's Fair. Prince Napoleon has been appointed Chief Commissioner of the French, to represent France on that occasion. Mr. Gregory, member for Galway, has postponed his motion in the House of Commons, calling upon the Ministers to recognize the Southern Confederacy.

France.—It has been said that Louis Napoleon objects to bring all the French troops from Syria on the 4th June, on account of the unsettled state of that country and proposes that 2,000 French troops, with 500 English and 500 Russian troops shall conjointly hold possession to prevent a recurrence of the massacres, which he is convinced will break out when the European forces are withdrawn. It is said Cherbourg is to be placed in a complete state of defence, as up to the present time the casemates are entirely unprovided with cannon. *La Patrie* denies that the French troops are to be withdrawn from Rome. The French army is to be still further increased. The Legislative Assembly had been adjourned to the 4th of June. The French journals are very chary of mentioning the American troubles. The feeling in diplomatic circles is strong against the Southern Confederacy.

Austria.—A Vienna telegram of the 29th ult. says: To-day, both houses of the Austrian Provincial Diet appointed their President and Vice-President. In the Upper House, Prince Charles Von Auersperg was elected President (the Archduke Albert having declined the appointment), and Baron Kraus Vice President. The Chamber of Deputies elected Dr. Hein President, and Herr [illegible] and Hasner Vice-Presidents. The Imperial speech was to-day the subject of a protracted discussion in the Council of Ministers, more especially the part relating to Hungary. It will be read to the Chamber on Wednesday next. Government was threatening severe measures to compel the payment of taxes in Hungary.

Poland.—An ordinance of the Governor of Poland was published at Warsaw on the 29th, ordering proceedings to be taken without reserve against all clergymen who may excite the people by their preaching in the churches. It had been forbidden a number of the principal inhabitants to receive company at their houses. A project for organizing the Council of State had been submitted by the Government to certain of the Polish inhabitants of Warsaw, in whom it placed confidence, requesting them to express an opinion thereon. They, however, declined to do so.

Italy.—France has not yet formally acknowledged Victor Emanuel as king of Italy. It is said that Louis Napoleon feels it would be a violation of the Villafranca treaty.

Russia.—The recent troubles in Poland, which even yet only smoulder, have drawn the three despotic powers of Prussia, Austria and Russia much closer together; and, if *Le Nord* is to be accepted as any indication of Russian policy, the Czar will not only not recognize the new Kingdom of Italy, but will refuse to allow the Sardinian Minister to remain at St. Petersburg. Russia has, however, enough to do to deal with her own troubles without interfering in the affairs of Europe. The Crimean war broke her military power, and the serf movement has weakened her diplomatic influence. Like all nations in a transition state, she is shorn of much of her former vigor.

Japan.—Those civilized savages, the drinkers of sakee, are culminating to a catastrophe, for the last arrival informs us that a party of Japanese visited a small ship of war at anchor, and under the pretence of wishing to inspect it, they attacked the unsuspecting officers with swords they had concealed in their dresses, and murdered eight and wounded several others. They then escaped in the confusion. It is said that the sloop thus attacked is the British despatch boat Pioneer. If so, they are sure of a severe chastisement.

The State of the Nation.

In the present feverish state of the public mind, in which strong excitements are looked for daily, events seem to progress but slowly. In the cities distant from the seat of war there is a feeling that long before this the Federal Government, which is supposed to take the initiative in war movements, should have advanced its forces and sought a collision with the Secession troops. They see regiments after regiments leaving their wharves for the Capital, but they hear of no definite results attending their arrival. This impatience is natural, but the sentiment which springs from it is unjust towards the Government. When we consider how totally unprepared for war the Federal Government was a few weeks since, and contrast its feeble state then with its present immense power, both offensive and defensive, and consider the strong position it has occupied and maintained, the most captious caviller will acknowledge that vast results have been obtained, even if a battle has not been fought and won.

It would seem that the South, though rapidly gathering together large bodies of men, are equally behind hand in aggressive movements which would precipitate a general action. All the Southern papers are filled with the details of an enthusiastic uprising of the people, and of the war feeling springing up in every section of the South. Still the necessity of thorough organization is felt to be a paramount object by both the North and the South, and hence that caution, for the purpose of concentrating their strength at various strategical points. The war will come all too soon whenever it does come, but precipitate action will be found no portion of the tactics of either party.

Since our last issue the President has issued a Proclamation, setting forth that insurrection exists in the State of Florida, by which the lives, liberty and property of loyal citizens are endangered, and it is deemed proper that all needful measures should be taken for the protection of such citizens and all officers of the United States in the discharge of their public duties. The President directs the Commander of the Forces of the United States on the Florida coast to permit no person to exercise any office or authority upon the islands of Key West, the Tortugas and Santa Rosa, which may be inconsistent with the laws and constitution of the United States, authorising him, at the same time, if he shall find it necessary, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to remove from the vicinity of the United States fortresses all dangerous or suspected persons.

It is believed that under the authority of this Proclamation the Commander of Fort Pickens will commence offensive operations against the Secession troops under General Bragg, now occupying Pensacola and the Navy Yard. It is reported that the Navy Yard is mined, and that it will be utterly destroyed should there be any probability of its falling again into the hands of the Federal troops. The Southern papers, however, state that General Bragg, having erected powerful and commanding batteries, and having six or seven thousand men in position, will immediately commence the reduction of Fort Pickens. A circular has also been issued from the Treasury Department, addressed to the Collectors, Surveyors and other officers of the Customs on the Northern and North-Western waters of the United States, to the following effect:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, May 2d, 1861.

On the 19th of April, 1861, the President of the United States, by Proclamation, declared the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas under blockade, and on the same month, by another Proclamation, declared the ports of Virginia and North Carolina also under blockade; since which Proclamation this Department has received reliable information that attempts are frequently made to furnish arms, munitions of war provisions and other supplies to persons and parties in those States in open insurrection against the constitutional authorities of the Union. It becomes my duty, therefore, to instruct you to cause a careful examination to be made of the manifests of all steam or other vessels departing from your port with cargoes whose ultimate destination you have satisfactory reason to believe is for any port or place under the control of such insurrectionary parties and to compare the same with the cargo on board, and if any such manifests be found to embrace any articles of the description before mentioned, or any such articles be found to constitute part of the cargo, you will take all necessary and proper means to prevent the departure of the vessel, and to retain the same in your custody until all such articles shall be removed therefrom, and for further proceedings according to law. You will also make a careful examination of all flat boats and other water craft without manifests, and of railroad cars, and other vehicles arriving at or leaving your port, laden with merchandise, the ultimate destination of which you have good reason to believe is for any port or place under insurrectionary control; and if arms, munitions of war, provisions or other supplies are found having such destination, you will seize and detain the same to await the proper legal proceedings for confiscation or forfeiture.

In carrying out these instructions, you will bear in mind that all persons or parties in armed insurrection against the Union, however such persons or parties may be organized or named, are engaged in levying war against the United States; and that all persons furnishing to such insurgents arms, munitions of war provisions, or other supplies, are giving them aid and comfort, and so guilty of treason within the terms of the second section of the third article of the Constitution. And you will therefore use your utmost vigilance, and endeavor to prevent the prohibited shipments, and to detect and bring to punishment all who are in any way concerned in furnishing to such insurgents any of the articles above described. You will, however, on the other hand, be careful not to interrupt vexatiously, or beyond necessity, by unwarranted or protracted detentions and examinations, the regular and lawful commerce of your port. You will report forthwith whether any, and if any, what additional measures may be necessary in your judgment to carry into full effect the foregoing resolutions, and you will report to this department from time to time your action under these instructions.

I am, very respectfully,
S. P. CHASE, Secretary of Treasury.

Acting upon this official circular, the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers will be effectually blockaded, and all supplies of provisions and munitions of war will be prevented reaching the Seceded States.

The Federal troops are in full possession of Cairo, which they have strongly fortified and hold by a large military force, which will be further increased by several thousands of troops. Cairo being at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi River effectually commands both, and is, by its natural position and its scientific fortifications, almost impregnable. It is reported that General Pillow is at Memphis with a large force, and is gathering together a steamboat flotilla to attack Cairo, but it is thought that the guns of Cairo will sweep any such flotilla from the face of the waters. Still, it is more than probable that an attempt to take the place will be made, in order to break up the blockade, which would be, if not broken, disastrous in its effects upon the South. The closing up of the vast commerce of these rivers will seriously affect the trade of the West, but individual interests are necessarily swallowed up by the more important interests of the whole nation. The commercial sacrifices will indeed be vast, but the more rigid the blockade the more quickly, it is asserted, will the great issue be arrived at.

Southern Ordinance of Privateering.

It commences by stating that, as the President of the United States had rejected all overtures for a peaceful solution of the disagreement between the two Governments, and had called for seventy-five thousand men to coerce the South, he had accepted the alternative. He also announces that he has made an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Virginia. He also informs the Southern States that the following States had refused to comply with President Lincoln's call for men, viz., Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland, Kentucky and most probably Delaware; also the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and the Indian Territories south of Kansas. He therefore resolves to use the whole force, naval and military, against the aforesaid Lincoln and the United States.

Davis therefore invites all persons who may wish to become privateers to apply to him for letters of marque, requiring two responsible sureties for the due fulfilment of the conditions. The most remarkable section is this:

SEC 10. That a bounty shall be paid by the Confederate States of $20 for each person on board any armed ship or vessel belonging to the United States, at the commencement of an engagement, which shall be burnt, sunk or destroyed by any vessel commissioned as aforesaid, which shall be of equal or inferior force, the same to be divided as in other cases of prize money—and a bounty of $25 shall be paid to the owners, officers and crews of the private armed vessels, commissioned as aforesaid, for each and every prisoner by them captured and brought into port, and delivered to an agent authorized to receive them, in any port of the Confederate States; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to pay or cause to be paid to the owners, officers and crews of such private armed vessels commissioned as aforesaid, or their agent, the bounties herein provided.

Another section provides that the captain of the privateer shall keep an exact journal of all his prizes, number of the guns and men found on board.

The Legislature of Tennessee has pursued the same course as that of Virginia. It has appointed the 8th of June for an Election, when the question of Secession from the United States is to be submitted to the vote of the people; meanwhile, the Legislature has placed all the troops of Tennessee at the disposal and control of the leader of the forces of the Southern Confederacy. The vote of the people under such circumstances is, of course, a mere absurdity, for the course of events will inevitably involve the State in an armed conflict with the Federal Government before the appointed date, from the consequences of which no vote can possibly extricate it. Tennessee, therefore, must be considered as actually out of the Union.

An event of great importance occurred on the 10th instant at St. Louis, Missouri. A Secession camp had been formed outside the city under the command of General Frost. This was deemed by the Union men as dangerous and illegal, and on the 10th some regiments of the St. Louis Home Guard, to the number of five or six thousand, under the command of Captain Lyon, surrounded the camp and summoned General Frost to surrender, which he did, as the force arrayed against him many times outnumbered the men under his command. The arms were surrendered, and the whole force was made prisoners of war, and secured in the Arsenal. On the next morning they were released on the following terms: The officers were liberated on their parole of honor, and the men took an oath not to bear arms against the United States during the recent war.

An account of the terrible riots which subsequently occurred in the streets of St. Louis, attended with much loss of life, will be found in another column.

In consequence of the Virginia troops stationed at Harper's Ferry crossing over into Maryland, Governor Hicks addressed a letter to Governor Letcher, complaining of the outrages committed by his troops. Governor Letcher replied, regretting the fact, and informing Governor Hicks that he had written to Colonel Jackson, commanding at Harper's Ferry, to inquire into the facts, and to prevent their recurrence.

There has been a very significant correspondence between General Butler and Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts. When Governor Andrew heard that General Butler had volunteered to put down a Slave insurrection in Maryland, the Governor wrote, expressing his surprise and displeasure at giving aid and comfort to an enemy, so far as to put down what ought to have been taken advantage of as a legitimate chance, and also that the people did not wish to assist in the perpetuation of Slavery. The General's reply is prudent and sagacious. He denies that Maryland is a Seceded State, and reaffirms his willingness to put down all mobs, whether black or white.

The question of passing Federal troops through Baltimore has been definitely settled. Captain Sherman's battery passed through Baltimore last week, and was enthusiastically received. Ten thousand people followed the troops through the streets, with no hiss nor sound of disapprobation. The Stars and Stripes were thrown out along the route, and the soldiers responded with hearty demonstrations. Captain Sherman's battery was placed with three guns in advance and three in the rear, while the infantry marched, with closed ranks, in the centre, and with a file on each side of the street, to keep it clear. They carried their muskets loaded, with bayonets fixed. The saw no Secession flag, nor heard a word of offence. Vast crowds lined the road. Bonfires were built along the entire route from Baltimore to Washington. They were seven hours on the road—most of the men in freight cars, with the doors closed and locked, to prevent

accident. Some of them had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, but all were in good spirits. The Pennsylvanian volunteers now number one thousand six hundred.

Since then, General Butler has marched a body of troops into the city and taken possession of Federal Hill, a high point of ground on the south side of the harbor, directly overlooking the city, and one mile west of Fort McHenry. The presence of the troops was hailed with every demonstration of thorough satisfaction. General Butler issued a Proclamation on the 14th inst., which was circulated through the city by extras, and created much excitement. Its tone is eminently pacific. It forbids any aid in arms or provisions to the Secessionists, and announces the determination to seize and confiscate all such articles. He invites manufacturers and merchants to furnish stores, munitions, &c., to the United States Government, which is prepared to receive them. All military organizations are to report to General Butler, that the loyal may be recognised and the disloyal suppressed. The municipal authorities will not be interfered with, but will be assisted in preserving order and restoring quiet, so that the business of the great city may be resumed with vigor.

Baltimore may thus be said to be virtually occupied, but in a friendly spirit, which will give strength and confidence to the loyal men throughout the city and State.

On Monday, the 13th May, a Convention met at Wheeling, in the north-west of Virginia, which was attended by the delegates of forty-five counties, and representing a population of three hundred and fifty thousand whites and five thousand slaves. The leading orator was Mr. Carlisle, who, while he advocated the due maintenance of State rights, declared strongly against Seceding from the Union. Rather than break away from the Union, he advocated an immediate separation from eastern Virginia. General Jackson was for delaying action till after the 23d May, when the voice of the people was to be heard on the question, but against this Mr. Carlisle protested, and General Jackson subsequently withdrew his motion. These independent counties equal about two-fifths of the entire State, and are bounded on the east by the Allegheny Mountains, on the west by Ohio and Kentucky, on the south by North Carolina and Tennessee, and on the north by Pennsylvania. The formation of this portion of Virginia into a separate State will place Harper's Ferry in a very unprotected state, and compel the evacuation of the Secession troops now gathered at that place.

After a long and earnest debate the Convention adjourned on the 15th, to meet on the 11th June, appointing Committee of Nine, with Mr. Carlisle as Chairman, fully empowered to act should any emergency arise requiring immediate action. It is considered that the appointment of Mr. Carlisle as Chairman, is a guarantee that Eastern Virginia will adhere to the Union.

It is reported, on Major Anderson's authority, that the Hon. John C. Breckinridge has agreed to take a command under him in the Kentucky Brigade.

PERSONAL.

Commodore Stockton rides about Philadelphia in his coupe, with flags on each side of the driver's seat made of satin, with gold stars.

Cornelius Bracey, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, and one of the participants in the battle of Bennington, died at Bennington on the 31st inst., at the advanced age of ninety-seven years.

John Haff, a veteran of the war of 1812, died suddenly last week, at his residence, No. 265 East Fourteenth street. He was sixty-five years of age, and a native of New Jersey. Verdict, "Death from disease of the heart."

Mr. John Savage is now on a visit in New York. The *Home Journal* says the [illegible] comedy of "Under the Rose" has been accepted by a well-known manager, and that he will open his new theatre with it. Mr. Savage is a brilliant writer and a fine poet; he has also much dramatic construction, which is more necessary to the success of a play than the biggest poetical genius. He is the author also of his "Sybil."

It seems now to be a point of honor with high officials to keep the balance due to the State as a grateful recollection of their public services. The *Daily News* says that Major Rhett, of South Carolina, Paymaster in the Army, has absconded from the Federal Government, leaving an unadjusted account of $10,000. It [illegible] Fowler did the same thing, and it is said that George N. Sanders deducted $17,000 for extra service.

The Hon. S. A. Douglas has published a letter, in which he declares that Secession is [illegible] heresy, and that the rights of the South have never been [illegible]. This does not agree with the speeches he made on his Presidential campaign.

The grandfathers of President Jeff Davis and Abe Lincoln were both born in Rockingham county, Virginia.

General Lee, [illegible] at the head of the Virginia troops, is the son of the celebrated "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution.

Mr. Herman Beffelt, one of the most experienced and sagacious of our educationists, has completed a most ingenious [illegible], in which he has enlisted the aid of pictures to induce the young to study the science of numbers. Mr. Beffelt is one of our best practical teachers.

Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President, accompanied by Mrs. G[illegible]sby, is now in New York, under the hospitable charge of the Lelands of the Metropolitan. On Sunday she attended Mr. Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, where her presence created marked attention and comment.

Colonel Anderson, after receiving a magnificent ovation in Philadelphia on his way to New York, is now resting for a few days at the Brevoort House. He will then leave for his command in Kentucky.

Madame Anna [illegible]'s chamber concerts at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, are becoming very popular. The charming artiste is a universal favorite, and thousands delight to hear her in the beautiful ballads of the old countries and in the fine scenes of the modern opera. She is assisted by very excellent artists, and the programme are very interesting. The chamber concerts take place every evening, and we recommend our friends to go, for they will be highly gratified.

We have received through Ross & Tousey the first part of a monthly publication issued by William Carter & Brother, called "Tales of the Day, Original and Selected." This number is very interesting, containing five splendid stories of a high character both in interest and literary merit. The work will doubtless meet with a large monthly sale.

We have also received from King & Baird, of Philadelphia, Baxter's Volunteer's Manual, containing full instructions for the recruit in the schools of the soldier and squad, with very numerous illustrations. It is said that during the past week over forty thousand copies of this work has been sold. This fact speaks very conclusively of its merits.

To Adams' Express Company we have to tender our very best thanks for very many favors received. The sketches from our Special Artists in various sections of the country, which are to us of the highest importance, have reached us through Adams' Express in advance of all other means of conveyance. We therefore thank Adams & Co. for favors received and for favors to come.

The summer is coming on, and to those who are seeking a residence in the country we cordially recommend the Lafayette House, Bergen, N. J. It is most beautifully located, with the healthful and flowing tide of the Kill-von-kull rushing by, right in front of the house, bearing a thousand vessels on its bosom, and forming a panorama of beauty which can hardly be equalled and cannot be excelled. The proprietor, Mr. [illegible], is one of the most efficient and obliging of landlords, and his popularity is attested by a register which already shows a very large number of guests who have taken rooms in advance of the opening of the house, which takes place on the 1st of June. The Lafayette House is only thirty-five minutes by steamboat from New York. The drive along the beautiful bay of New York is a most delightful one, and can be accomplished in less than an hour. It is a house worth visiting and worth staying at.

UNION DEFENCE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

The central office at the Cooper Institute, for the relief of the families of soldiers, continues to present a busy and interesting scene. Wives of volunteer soldiers are continually submitting orders from the volunteer committees of their respective wards for money. Each wife receives three dollars a week, and one dollar for the oldest child, and fifty cents for each additional child.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The Excelsior Brigade of New York—General Daniel E. Sickles.—This splendid organization is rapidly progressing towards completion. Its force is designed to consist of four and perhaps five full regiments. It was offered to the Government for the whole term of the war, and has been unconditionally accepted. The men have been selected from the thousands offering with great care, with regard to their height and their fine physical condition, and will form one of the very finest brigades in the service. It will also be splendidly officered, great circumspection having been observed in the choice of candidates for the various responsible positions. Those already selected are gentlemen in their social position, and able and efficient officers in knowledge and experience.

In the beginning of the organization, General Sickles had to assume many heavy pecuniary responsibilities to insure the comfort and well-being of his men, but affairs go on more smoothly now, and the citizens and the authorities take a most earnest interest in what they believe will be the crack brigade of New York city. General Sickles, personally, is immensely popular with his regiments, and that popularity is shared in a large degree by his many excellent and efficient officers.

The estimation in which the brigade is held in Washington may be inferred from the following:

"The Secretary of War announced on Tuesday, the 14th, to the President that General Sickles offered his brigade—five thousand strong—direct to the Government for the whole term of the war, fully armed and equipped and ready for any service.' 'It must be accepted immediately,' said the President. 'I have accepted it,' said the Secretary. 'You have done well,' said the President. High expectations are entertained of this brigade."

Quartermaster's Department.—This department has been removed from the Division Armory, and is now located at No. 51 Walker street, where the stores are also kept. All persons having business with Acting Assistant Quartermaster General C. A. Arthur, will hereafter apply at this place. Regimental Quartermasters will file their requisitions for rations to Colonel Shepherd, on the evening of the day preceding the one for which the rations are required. Applications for quarters must be made to Colonel Van Doren.

The following regiments have been reported at the volunteer department, Colonel Yates commanding, as having been mustered into service:

Colonel McChesney, New York Zouaves, Sandy Hook.
Union Volunteer Zouaves, Colonel Wilson, Quarantine.
Camp Anderson, Battery Second Regiment, Colonel Tompkins, N. Y. S. M.
First Regiment National Guard, Quarantine.
Chasseurs-à-Pied, Colonel Lansing, 73 Broadway.
Naval Brigade, Colonel Bartlett, Quarantine.
New York Volunteers, Colonel Pratt, three companies, A, B, C, at Park Barracks, balance at 360 Pearl street.
Excelsior Brigade, Colonel Sickles, three companies, A, B, C, at Park Barracks, balance at 444 Broadway. Jackson Regiment and probably British Volunteers form part of this brigade.
Scott Life Guard, First Regiment, Colonel Hinton, Central Park Arsenal.
Scott Life Guard, Colonel Ward, Second Regiment, two hundred at Division Armory, balance at Centre Market drill-rooms.
Constitution Guard, Colonel Cocks, Lieutenant-Colonel Olmstead, two companies 249 William street, balance at Elm Park.
California Regiment, Colonel Baker, three companies, Captains Rowe, Chalmers and Hubbs at the Park Barracks, balance at 534 Broadway.
First German Rifles, Colonel Blenker, Palace Garden. United German Turner Rifles, Colonel [illegible], Palace Garden. Steuben Battalion, Colonel Bendix, at Landmann's, Forty-second street.
Sappers and Miners, Colonel J. McLeod Murphy, will be quartered at Bellevue Garden, Eighth street and East River.
Advance Guard, Colonel Duryea, Fort Schuyler.
Empire City Regiment, Colonel Sheehan, Broadway, near Houston.
Garibaldi Guard, Broadway, near Houston.
Montezuma Regiment, Colonel Browne, corner of Broadway and Park Place.
Kerrigan Volunteers, Colonel Kerrigan, Old Bowery Theatre.
German Regiment, Colonel Steinwehr, Jones's Wood.
Seventy-ninth Rifles, Colonel McCune, Eagle drill rooms, Delancy street.

Departure of the Seventh Regiment Reserve.—The transport steamer Matanzas left this port on the 10th for Washington, with provisions and a reserve of sixty men of the Seventh Regiment as escort. The transport steamer Vulcan also sailed the same date with provisions for the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

The First Regiment of Vermont Light Infantry arrived in New York on Friday, and took their departure next day, in the Alabama, for Fort Monroe. They numbered nearly 800 men, and are one of the finest bodies of men we have seen. Their average height is five feet ten, and many of them considerably exceed six feet. They are most of them bachelors, and men of good education, and decidedly religious tendency. They were very much gratified with their reception in New York, and departed full of life and courage. Colonel Phelps, their commander, is considered as much in a paternal light as that of a leader, and takes great pride and interest in their welfare and comfort. He would not allow one of his men to embark on board the steamer till he had satisfied himself by actual inspection that there was ample room for their accommodation.

Colonel Hawkins' Zouaves are now encamped upon Riker's Island.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

This marine monster has paid us another visit. She sailed from Milford Haven at half-past eight on the evening of May 1st, and arrived at Sandy Hook on the morning of the 11th, after a passage of nine days, twenty three hours and twenty-two minutes. Her performance on this second trip has been much more satisfactory than her first, everything working admirably. The first four days were very pleasantly passed, the weather being so fair that the usual precautions for securing the crockery, &c., on the table were even dispensed with, and the *Times* correspondent says there was no more motion than what is usual in a Hudson River ferry boat. On the 5th, however, a change came over the sea, and a violent tempest tried the mettle of the metal monster. It came out of the ordeal triumphantly. Her speed is thus given:

	Miles.
To Thursday noon, 2d inst	211
To Friday noon, 3d inst	305
To Saturday noon, 4th inst	340
To Sunday noon, 5th inst	338
To Monday noon, 6th inst	314
To Tuesday noon, 7th inst	224
To Wednesday noon, 8th inst	220
To Thursday noon, 9th inst	348
To Friday noon, 10th inst	288
To Saturday noon, 11th inst	344

She is now commanded by Captain Thompson, a gentleman well known in our city, and is anchored opposite Hoboken.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Newburyport *Herald* says: We have before us a letter from Mr. Edwin T. Spofford, in a Lawrence company, in the Sixth Regiment. He was in the Baltimore fight, and marched next to Needham, who was killed, falling wounded by his side. Mr. Spofford is a young man of truthful and Christian character, and he thus writes: "The man who shot him fell dead by my rifle. I felt bad at first when I saw what I had done; but it soon passed off, and as I had done my duty, and was not the aggressor, I was soon able to fire again and again."

A serious difficulty had occurred near Baton Rouge, where a minister, having expressed some sentiments of Union desires in a prayer, was compelled to vacate the pulpit and stand trial before a Vigilance Committee composed of tough customers, who decided that he must publicly apologise for the offence or be dealt with summarily. He was not inclined to obey, and only at the intercession of his wife was allowed twenty-four hours to settle his business and leave the place.

Death of one of the Seventh Regiment.—A deplorable accident occurred at Camp Cameron on the 9th, resulting in the death of Larry Keyes, of the Seventh Regiment of New York. The deceased stepped to pick something up near a place where a number of guns had been stacked, and as he was in the act of rising the stack was accidentally struck and one gun exploded, the load taking effect in his body, killing him almost instantly. Col. Lefferts caused the remains to be placed in a metallic case for transmission to New York. He next duly dispatched [illegible] an officer to personally communicate intelligence of the sad event to the relatives of Mr. Keyes. Mr. Keyes was a salesman in the store of Pearce & Co., of Franklin street. He was in his twenty-seventh year, and much respected. He was married only two days before he left New York.

Annapolis, May 10.—About midnight, a squad of some fifty mounted insurgents fired on the picquet guard at Camp Butler, across the Severn. The guard returned the fire, and about twenty shots were exchanged. The garrison regretted that the marauders did not dismount and give an account of themselves. Similar squads are roving about. Their acts are disavowed by the citizens. The eyes of Colonel Smith is upon them. A sentinel in the yard was stabbed by a person in citizen's dress.

A fatal accident occurred last week at the Brooklyn Armory. A member of the Twenty-eighth Regiment was sitting on the window-sill in the third story; having had but little rest the night previous, he fell asleep and tumbled down upon the sidewalk. The force of the fall was so great that he was literally dashed to pieces. The body was taken to the Dispensary, where an inquest was held by Coroner Horton. The name of the deceased is supposed to be Daniel Kane, a member of Company C. He was about five feet seven inches in height, dark hair and dark complexion, one joint missing from the [illegible] finger of the right hand. A badge on his coat bore the words, "[illegible] the Union." The body was taken to the dead-house for recognition. A verdict of accidental death was rendered.

A number of Quakers are among the Rhode Island troops. The Meeting deals very tenderly with the fighting Friends; they are obliged to say, when they come back, that they are "sorry," and it is [illegible] that they [illegible]; and are not required to specify what they are sorry for, whether for the tough beef or for the breach of discipline.

How much Lead it takes to Kill a Soldier.—There has been obtained certain statistics at the Crimea and other places, of the amount of metal employed, and the number of the killed and wounded. The result was that it has been ascertained with mathematical certainty, that one hundred and seventy pounds of lead were shot away to every man that was killed.

Ellsworth's Zouaves at the Capital.—A correspondent says: We saw one of the Zouaves, a mere boy, swing from the cornice in the interior of the new dome, on a rope, and let himself down to the floor of the rotunda—a distance of nearly one hundred feet—with apparent ease, and in an incredibly short space of time, checking his speed as he touched the floor, to "light" easy. It did not seem to be a novel act to the others, as they noticed it no more than any ordinary occurrence. We saw one of the b'hoys, with hose in hand, in the open space below the building, on the west side, with a hose-pipe in his hand and a full head of Potomac water on, washing the pavement, and he seemed to enjoy the accustomed sport hugely, making the water fly at a great rate and occasionally "squirting" on his comrades. The most of them are of Herculean proportions, with massive shoulders and chests, and will be effective soldiers, no doubt.

The New York Fire Zouaves seem to afford considerable annoyance and amusement to the Washingtonians, if we are to credit the newspaper correspondents. It would seem as though some of the inhabitants, who before these brave men have gone to protect, are surprised to find that they have not the polished manners of the Fifth avenue. Considering the haste in which Colonel Ellsworth gathered his regiment together, it is perfectly marvellous that out of thirteen hundred men so reckless as those our Firemen is composed of, so few were disorderly. Among some of their pranks may be named those of going into a fashionable bootmaker's in Washington, and after covering their feet with patent leathers, leaving their old ones behind to be mended, and considerately telling the proprietor to send to the bill to Old Abe, and he would make it all right. One different description was the forcible seizure of a wandering pig, which was captured by some stray Zouaves, who cut its throat, and converted it into the National diet, adding be it honestly paid for. When the owner of the unfortunate porker complained, one of them said, "The pig had no business walking about the street like a gentleman." Another Zouave pushed his comrade through a costly window, for which the Colonel had to disburse thirty-five dollars. In excuse for many of these slight military excesses, it ought to be remembered that the tradespeople of many of the places through which these gallant men passed took advantage of their necessities to swindle them in a most outrageous rate, charging them fifteen cents a piece for eggs, twenty-five cents for a five cent pie, twenty cents for a cigar not worth two cents, and everything else at a similar rate. Such pillagers do not deserve one drop of blood being shed in their defence. Generally speaking, the practical jokes of the military are of a harmless character. One of the Seventh pinned a Secession cockade to the shoulder of one of the Twelfth, and enjoyed the sensation amazingly.

A volunteer in Boston, on being asked by the inspecting surgeon if he thought he could stand the hardships in the service, replied, "I should think that a fellow who carried a lantern, seven dozen nights last fall in Bell and Everett processions, and got to his work next morning without going to bed, ought to be able to stand any common kind of service."

Masterly Inactivity.—At the late session of the Wyoming (N. Y.) Conference, the following substitute was offered and passed, instead of a resolution to adopt the report of last year on Slavery: "Whereas, Divine Providence has taken the work of emancipation into His own hands; therefore, *Resolved*, That we stand still and see the salvation of God."

Mr. Sparrowgrass's Resolution.—Mr. Sparrowgrass recently joined the "Home Guard" at Yonkers, New York, and said in a speech that "it is understood that the Home Guard is not to go to the wars, and not to leave Yonkers except in case of invasion." This is as good as the old story of the "Bungtown Riflemen," an Ohio military company, whose bylaws consisted of two sections, namely: Article First, This company shall be known as the Bungtown Riflemen: Article Second, In case of war this company shall immediately disband!"

"Don't let the Enemy get the Start of You"—Rev. Mr. Beattie, of the Bethel, of Cleveland, Ohio, presented a revolver to one of the soldiers of the Seventh Regiment before his departure, with the following injunction: "If you get in a tight place and have to use it, ask God's blessing if you have time, but be sure and not let your enemy get the start of you. You can say amen after you shoot."

A Steady Diet.—One of the Missouri volunteers writes from the camp of his regiment to a friend in St. Louis: "Pilot bread and bacon are very good for a limited number of meals, say two hundred, but as a steady diet cause indigestion."

We learn from the Atlanta *Intelligencer* that Mr. Todd, of Missouri, a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, passed through Atlanta on the 24th of April, on his way home to raise volunteers for the Confederate army. He made a short speech to the citizens, having been introduced by Colonel B. C. Yancey, in which he gave it as his opinion that Missouri would secede in twenty days and join the Confederate States, and that she would not only protect her own borders from the Abolitionists, but would send 10,000 volunteers into the field to aid her Southern sisters.

[illegible] County, Indiana, which last fall contained 1,007 voters, has sent 1,100 volunteers to the war. One father and two sons enlisted, leaving a farm of [illegible] in charge of two boys, aged fourteen and sixteen respectively, and two daughters, graduates of [illegible] Female College. The latter are now engaged, with their brothers, in planting corn, and intend spending the summer in working the land.

WAR NEWS IN THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

NEW JERSEY, Trenton, May 10.—Both Houses of the Legislature adjourned *sine die* at six o'clock to-day. The laws [illegible] a loan of $2,000,000 and a state tax of $100,000 to raise four new regiments, to procure arms, artillery and munitions of war, to pay the families of volunteers $6 and to volunteers without families $4 a month extra, to authorize the cities of Trenton, Newark, Camden, New Brunswick, Jersey City and Bordentown to borrow money to aid the volunteers [illegible], together with other bills to provide for the State and the war. The Government is now enrolling volunteers for three years, and seven or eight fine companies are now quartered in this city. Volunteers have offered for the war in large numbers, and no difficulty will be found in raising all the troops now needed.

MICHIGAN, Detroit.—The military and volunteer relief bills have passed both branches of the Legislature by a unanimous vote. The former provides for ten regiments to be enrolled as directed by the Governor, and transferable at the President's order into the Federal service. The latter provides for raising funds by a committee for the relief of the families of volunteers. The war loan bill providing for $1,000,000 by the issue of bonds running twenty-five years, drawing seven per cent. interest, was also passed unanimously.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, May 8.—The report that three or four additional Massachusetts regiments would be accepted has been received here with great favor by the large military force in the city and forts, who were getting impatient of delay. The first Boston regiment, composed mainly of well drilled and thoroughly equipped city companies, tendered its services among the very first. The Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments mainly quartered in the harbor forts are full and making progress in drill. The new flying artillery company, under Major Cobb, will be in effective fighting condition in a few days.

OHIO—The West in Arms.—Adjutant-General Carrington, of Ohio, has issued an order for the organization of a gigantic army of Reserve in Ohio. The enrolled militia of that State number 400,000 men, and the retired force, still capable of doing duty, numbers 200,000. General Carrington's order enrolls these five hundred thousand men into a home army. This immense army is to be divided into five corps, of which the first, of one hundred thousand men, will be organized immediately and held subject to transfer into the active army of operation.

PENNSYLVANIA, Harrisburg.—Troops from New York city will hereafter pass through this place, arriving by the East Jersey road, and going to Baltimore over the Northern Central. They can reach Washington cheaper and quicker than by the Annapolis route. Fifteen regiments of Pennsylvania troops have received uniforms. Application has been made by private parties of the Eastern States to Governor Curtin to permit bodies of armed free blacks to pass through Pennsylvania. They met with unconditional refusal, and great satisfaction is expressed here at the Governor's decision. These applications were to rouse the slaves of the Southern States to rebellion.

ILLINOIS, Cairo.—The Chicago *Tribune* narrates a very interesting meeting between Colonel Tilghman, commander of the Kentucky militia, and Colonel Prentiss of Illinois, commander of the Federal troops now encamped in Camp Defiance, Cairo. It occurred on May 6th, and may be summed up in a short space. Colonel Tilghman, who paid the visit, said that he did so in order to arrive at a more perfect understanding with Colonel Prentiss, and to assure him that a report which had appeared in the Louisville *Journal* to the effect that an attack would be made on Cairo without the consent and co-operation of Colonel Tilghman, was an entire fabrication. He expressed the utmost devotion to the Union. Colonel Prentiss, in reply, said that he knew preparations were being made in Tennessee to attack the camp at Cairo, and that he was ready to give the Secessionists a warm reception. He also candidly told the Commander of the Kentucky forces that his State had not done its duty, and that although he hoped the principal citizens were sound at heart, yet the mob and many politicians were decidedly disaffected. The conversation then turned upon the constitutional right of the Government to blockade the Ohio and Mississippi, which Colonel Prentiss maintained it had, but which Colonel Tilghman denied. The conference closed by Colonel Prentiss promising to return the visit when he had completed all his military arrangements.

(Continued on page [illegible].)

CAMP HARRISON, SIX MILES FROM CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON THE LINE OF THE HAMILTON ANI

CAMP HARRISON, CINCINNATI.

THE overwhelming enthusiasm which has animated the whole West in this the greatest emergency of our national life is now a matter of record. Ohio alone has indicated five hundred thousand men as being at the service of the Government, one hundred thousand of which are now under requisition. We give in our present issue a sketch of Camp Harrison, which has been organized in the grounds used for the United States Fair, on the line of the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, six miles from Cincinnati. Camp Harrison has been formed for some time, indeed it was one of the earliest responses to the call of the President. Our Artist has sketched Camp Harrison with all its departments

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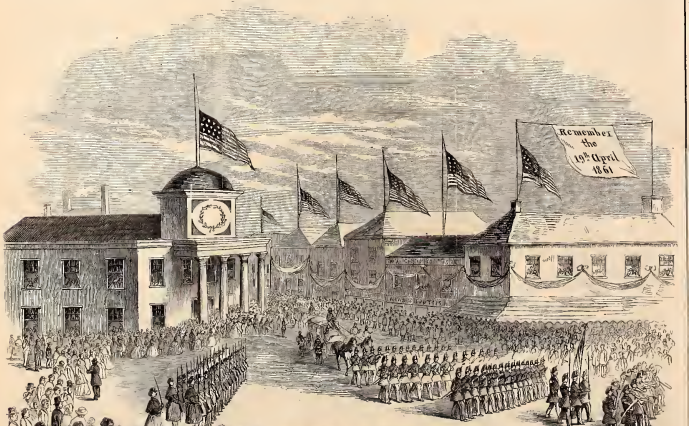
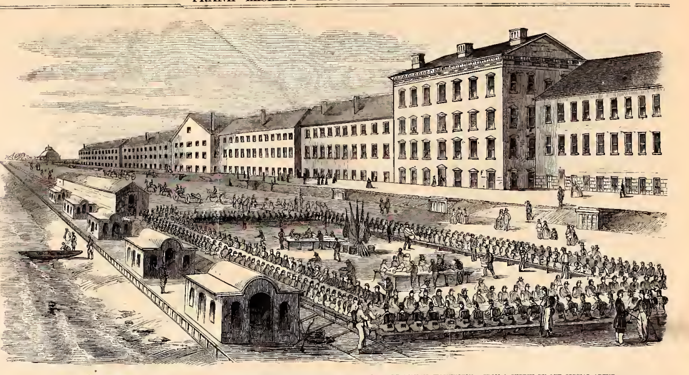


THE FUNERAL CORTEGE, AT LOWELL, OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS KILLED AT BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



FEEDING THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES IN FRONT OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

FEEDING TROOPS IN FRONT OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Among the dull routine of a soldier's life there is nothing, after the first flush of novelty has passed away, to which he looks with more interest than to the Commissariat. As lovers cannot live on sighs and kisses, neither can warriors fight upon glory, and all history proves that "the kitchen is one half the camp." Our Artist has sent us a sketch of the New York Zouaves taking their dinner in front of the Academy at Annapolis, and we can realise the gusto with which these gallant fellows enjoyed their rations—an appetite quickened by a good conscience and hard drilling. May they eat ten thousand dinners, and may their appetites never be less, and the larder always full!

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

Of Massachusetts.

General Butler was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, where he now resides, and is about forty-five years of age. In stature he is about five feet nine inches; his head, which is finely shaped, somewhat bowed between his shoulders. He has a well-knit frame, a powerful physique, and an iron will and constitution. His complexion is dark, and his eye intelligent, keen and black, while his lips, chin and brow are clearly cut, and show his firmness and decision of character. General Butler is a profound lawyer, an eloquent orator and a brave soldier. The courtly civilian and the true soldier are most admirably united in him. He is a firm friend and a generous opponent, for the reason that he cautiously forms his opinions of men and measures, and when once formed he never swerves from them. And although he has always maintained all the rights of the South as a National Democrat, having acted as chairman of the Baltimore Convention, run as the Breckinridge candidate for Governor of Massachusetts against Governor Andrew, and has always strenuously opposed all the fanatics and isms of his State; still, when the alarm was sounded that the Union was in danger, and Massachusetts was ready to shed her best blood to sustain the Constitution, he was the first to rush to the rescue in leading her troops to the defence of the Capitol, and he has proved himself the most valuable man there. He is eminently the man for the occasion — a true representative man of American patriotism. He has heretofore led an active and useful life as a civilian, and now he has entered upon a new field of usefulness to his whole country, which cannot be too highly appreciated. It now remains for the future pages of the history of our country's second crisis to pay the just tribute to the patriotism, abilities and virtues of General Butler.

NEW JERSEY REGIMENTS CROSSING CHESAPEAKE BAY

In Sixteen Propellers on their Way to Washington.

We are indebted to an officer of one of the gallant Jersey regiments for a most interesting sketch of the passage of the New Jersey contingent of troops for the defence of the Federal Capital, and we have great pleasure in publishing the very interesting letter which accompanied his sketch. It must be very gratifying to the New Jerseyites to know that their militia were considered as fully equal to the best of any other State. Great credit is due to Brigadier-General Hatfield for his energy in forwarding them to the seat of war. The following letter so fully describes their passage that we have merely to refer our readers to it:

Washington, D. C., May 6, 1861.

Editor Frank Leslie's—Dear Sir: Enclosed you will please find a rough sketch of the transports descending Chesapeake Bay on the afternoon of May 4th, which took the New Jersey contingent from the rendezvous at Trenton.

We left Trenton on the afternoon of Friday at half-past two o'clock, in the midst of a cold drizzling rain, and embarked on board the sixteen transports provided for our accommodation, and which contained Colonel Baker's staff and the following companies, comprising Headquarters of the Second Regiment N. J. M.: B Company, Captain E. C. Hopper; G Company, Captain Ramsey; H Company, Captain Babcock, with his gallant Zouaves; K Company, Captain W. B. Dunning, editor of the Jersey City *Courier*.

We passed down the canals and rendezvoused at Bordentown, N. J. Here an accident of a very melancholy character occurred on board the Cadwallader, by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of James W. Wiswall, which took effect in the breast of his comrade Hugh McNichol, both of Company G, the ball passing through the right lung about two inches below the nipple. On the report of the accident being made known, our ever ready Surgeon Quidor and his aids immediately were on hand, and extracted the ball from the patient's back, who was then taken ashore and comfortable quarters provided for him by Colonel Baker and the Surgeon, and placed under the care of Dr. Jameson.

Nothing of any importance took place until passing St. George's, this side of Chesapeake City, four men were handed over by the officer in command, wearing the uniform of volunteers. After some time on board rumors were spread that their sentiments were not all right. Colonel Baker called forthwith a meeting of the Board of Officers; the four were separately examined and disarmed; but on reaching Chesapeake City and making the proper inquiries, it was ascertained they were sent back to headquarters (two of them) for the non-performance of duty, when the Colonel let them go ashore, censuring the officer at St. George's for sheer neglect in not forwarding the specific charges, &c.

We passed still rapidly along, and when crossing Chesapeake Bay the scene was magnificent; the iceboat Philadelphia had four heavy pieces of ordnance on board, and discharged several rounds of shot, which went bounding over the surface of the water. It was laughable to see a few Secession flags come down, and the speedy unfurling of the glorious Stars and Stripes. Schooners and other sailing vessels dipped their ensigns, and everything in sight told well the respect shown to our flag. There were several steamboats with pleasure parties who crossed and recrossed, and accompanied us on our way. We came to anchor off Annapolis about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, May 4th, disembarked by regiments on Sunday in the fore and afternoon, after hours of drill, and an extra supply of ball cartridge and caps. Four companies of the Second Regiment—D, Captain Lilliendahl; E, Van Boskirk; I, Van Vooris, and K, Dunning—were detailed for guard mounting at five P. M.; and at seven P. M. six companies of the Second Regiment, Colonel Baker, staff, colors and drum corps left Annapolis, preceded by the First Regiment, for Washington at ten o'clock; all were seated (close on thirteen hundred men) in the cars. All along the line is guarded; the fires in front of the camps light the way, the tents dot the line along, and the volunteer, faithful to his duty, walks his post with an air that some of our Wall street bankers might envy. And still more wonderful, I write this from the desk which once the traitor Jefferson Davis occupied; but I am wandering from my details. We arrived at Washington this morning at one o'clock, and after many hours marching through the city, under a heavy and cold rainstorm, we were temporarily quartered where lately the organ of Mr. Buchanan's Administration issued its foolish stuff and nonsense—the paper *Constitution* I mean. However, twenty-two thousand bayonets now surround the capital.

MAJOR-GENERAL B. F. BUTLER, U. S. A., OF MASSACHUSETTS, NOW IN COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ANNAPOLIS, MD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SILSBEE, CASE & CO.

A NEW ENGINE OF WAR—RAIL-ROAD BATTERY.

A very wonderful, singular and no doubt destructive engine of war, in the shape of an iron car, is now in the Baltimore depot. It was built at the locomotive works of Matthew Baldwin & Sons, at Philadelphia, and has but just been completed, after two weeks spent in building. No one outside the establishment in the city knew anything about it until it was removed to the Baltimore depot. It is built (except the body and truck) of the best half-inch boiler iron, and is proof against the best rifles at any distance. It is sixty-five feet long by nine in width. The sides are bored for rifle holes to the number of fifty, each man to be provided with the celebrated Minie rifle. At one end is a twenty-four-pounder cannon, which moves on a pivot, with a gun carriage complete. The cannon can be raised and lowered at will, and six experienced gunners will take charge of it. At the end of the car opposite the mouth of the cannon, and also on each side of the car, the iron is cut into doors about two feet square with levers attached on the inside, so that they can be raised and lowered at pleasure. When used, the cannon will be loaded with grape, canister and chain shot. A company of sixty men can be accommodated in the car. The roof and doors are the same as the sides, except that the roof is

the centre, for about four feet, is raised and supported by strong iron bars, leaving an opening all around of about a foot in width, to admit the air and allow the smoke from the discharged rifles and cannon to escape. The doors have iron bars upon them, making their strength double.

A number of shots from a first rate rifle were fired at the sides of the car at a distance of twelve yards, by Mr. William H. Taggart, one of the company's officers employed in the depot, but the balls fell jagged, broken and harmless to the ground, and on examining the inside of the car not the slightest mark could be seen. The car is intended to be pushed ahead of a locomotive. It was built for the purpose of assisting the workmen in rebuilding the bridges with security between Havre de Grace and Baltimore. At night it will be used as a berth and guard car for the men building the bridges.

WAR FEELING IN THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

An order of Governor Yates, of Illinois, issued on the 6th instant, directs the immediate organization of ten regiments in that State. The uniform is to consist of a blue or army round jacket, and pants of United States army pattern, and army fatigue cap.

MAINE.—Governor Morrill had a long interview with the President a few days ago, and subsequently with Secretary Cameron. He is very anxious that Maine shall be permitted to do her part in maintaining the supremacy of the Government. The people of that State cannot be kept at home. They are anxious and eager to be permitted to join their brethren at once, and there is a strong probability of additional regiments being accepted from that State.

MISSOURI, ST. LOUIS.—On May 10th General Frost with his brigade of 800 men, encamped at Camp Jackson on the western outskirts of the city, surrendered unconditionally to Captain Lyon, commander of the United States forces of the city. Captain Lyon, at the head of 6,000 United States troops, having entirely surrounded him, summoned General Frost to surrender unconditionally, to which the Secessionists had to submit. After the surrender is [illegible] the officers and troops, providing they would take an oath not to take up arms against the Government of the United States, which they declined. Just before the troops left for the city, and while the State forces were drawn up between the two lines of volunteers, several rocks were thrown at the volunteers and a few pistol shots fired by excited parties in the surrounding crowd, which was composed of a large number of citizens, including many women. One shot took effect in the leg of Captain Blandowski, and as he fell he gave word to fire, which was obeyed by some two or three companies, resulting in the death of upwards of twenty persons, including two women and several children, and badly wounding several others.

MEETING OF THE LEGISLATURE.—The House was in secret session, but it is understood that the joint resolution withdrawing the school fund for the purpose of arming the State, which passed the Senate, has been also adopted by the House. The Harris Military bill which passed the Senate at the last session is said to be under discussion in the House. This bill provides for the division of the State into military districts, each to be commanded by a Major-General. Every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-eight is compelled to do military duty or pay a fine of $150. Anybody speaking disrespectfully of the Governor or Legislature is to be subjected to trial by court martial, and every citizen is required to take an oath of allegiance to the State of Missouri only. A detachment of forty State militia was sent out on the Pacific Railroad to guard the Gasconade and Osage bridges on that route.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

TEXAS, VICTORIA.—It is rumored that Col. Reeves, who was stationed above San Antonio with 600 United States troops, has been obliged to surrender to General Van Dorn. The force of the latter was so large that resistance was useless.

VIRGINIA, WHEELING, May 10.—The Convention to form a separate State west of the Alleghanies meets at Washington Hall on Monday. It is expected that thirty counties will be represented, including Hancock, Brooke, Ohio, Marshall, Monongahela, Tyler, Wetzel, Kanawha, Ritchie, Marion, Preston, Taylor, Harrison, Wood, Lewis, Mason, Wayne, Jackson, &c. These counties are firm for the Union, no matter what Eastern Virginia may do.

Two companies of United States troops have been mustered into service at Wheeling by Major Oakes, late of Texas.

The United States Government encourages the Union movement in this section of Virginia. 4,000 bayonet rifles have been sent here for this purpose.

Hon. John S. Carlile, the leading spirit of the Union movement, is now here, closeted with prominent men, perfecting a schedule for operations.

The calculation is to elect a Governor, members of the Legislature, United States Senators and Representatives, and in all other respects act as if it were a sovereign State. Thirty-three counties are already in the league.

The Petersburg *Express* has the following paragraph: "HESSIANS.—The City Government of Boston are offering twenty dollars per month, beside the regular Government pay, to volunteers to invade the South. So, after all, the thousands who are rushing everywhere in the North to assist the Government, it seems that it is the *pay* that brings out those volunteers. But the money will not last, and when it is exhausted volunteering in the North will be a slow business.

"HOW THE POOR CREATURES ARE STARVED.—A letter from Danbury, Conn., dated Sunday last, tells how the Yankee contractors are endeavoring to starve the poor devils who have been caught in the enlistment trap, and also how the latter rebelled."

From the Richmond Whig.

A HINT FOR OUR LADIES.—As intercourse with the North has been cut off, and the milliners of Richmond are prevented from making their usual trip to the American Babylon in quest of new styles, the ladies of our city will have to look elsewhere for the "spring fashions." The *Southern Confederacy* of Atlanta, Ga., speaks of a novelty in ladies' apparel, recently introduced in that city. It says:

"We were pleased to observe yesterday, promenading on Whitehall street, four beautiful young ladies from our neighboring suburban village, wearing Quakers, beautifully trimmed with the Confederate flag, thus—the crown was covered with solid blue, studded with eight bright stars, and the skirt was alternately white and red. The whole was a complete counterpart of our country's flag. From the modest mien, grace and beauty of the wearers, we predict that more stars will be captured, ere long, by some of our brave soldier boys. Mrs. Biring and Mrs. Durand must look sharp for their laurels, or Decatur will secure the patent right of the new style of Quaker."

From the Newbern Progress.

A POLITE INVITATION.—Troops from the South and South-West by thousands continue to pour into Virginia. They all go well armed and equipped, and when Abraham orders his mercenaries to invade Old Virginia, they will be met by not less than 100,000 well drilled and thoroughly disciplined troops, and after the first battle won't the vultures have a good time feasting on Yankee carcasses? Come on, Abraham, you are wanted. Old Scott, we hope, will head the invading force. If so, his bones will be apt to rot on the soil which he has degraded by his treachery.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

FIGHTING MEN OF VIRGINIA.—We are glad to learn that the whole of Virginia is arming to meet the invader, and that there is no disposition to be over-squeamish about what are called "improved arms." The fact is, the old Virginia rifle is as good a weapon as was ever invented. We have 100 000 men who can use that rifle, most of whom are amongst the best marksmen in the world. The 20,000 Confederate troops on their way here may be more thoroughly disciplined than some of our mountaineers, but they cannot be braver men or better shots. As for the fighting men of Virginia, the North, with all its resources, cannot produce such a formidable body.

BENEFITS OF THE BLOCKADE.—The blockade, which Lincoln intends for our injury, is working in exactly the opposite direction. We have heard of no less than four important branches of manufacture (two of them indispensable in time of war) which the blockade has taught us to produce ourselves. One of these is manufactured at less than half the price of the Northern article, and is better in every respect. The truth is, if he will only continue his blockade long enough he will prove the most efficient ally of Southern manufacturing independence that we could possibly command.

NORFOLK AND THE RIVERS.—We are glad to learn that the preparations for the defence of Norfolk are of the most complete character, and that our seaboard city, which bade defiance to the British in the late war, is now able to laugh to scorn the Yankee invaders. We learn, also, that the batteries on the York and James are of a very formidable character, and can sink with ease any fleet that would be foolhardy enough to attempt the passage of the river.

GUERILLA WARFARE.—We must again impress upon our friends throughout Virginia the value of this species of warfare. Nothing harasses an enemy upon his march as much as the constant harrassing of guerillas. They are an adversary who cannot be caught with ease or avoided. They come unexpectedly, drop their man here and there, are off and on again in a moment, and cause infinite perplexity and danger.

GEORGIA.—ONE STATE WIPED OUT.—Under this head the Columbus *Times* tells us: "Maryland has ceased to exist. Her boundaries, in fact, remain, but they serve only to designate a territory, over every foot of which a brutal usurper holds undisputed sway, and whose boundaries upon its bosom a people oppressed with a despotism more galling and revolting than any under which Pole or Turk ever groaned. If there ever were a people who deserved so dire a fate, surely Maryland has no right to complain. Fortune has never before granted the opportunity to man to strike so grand and effective a blow for freedom as that which Marylanders have deliberately spurned. If a few bold and resolute men had properly directed the tide of feeling that was generated by the first uprising at Baltimore, the Abolition cabal at Washington would now be dissolved and the State spared her present degradation. If her Abolition Governor had been beheaded on the spot, and a man of brains, spirit and nerve put in his place, who would have marched a few thousand men upon Washington, calling upon Virginia for a like movement from the West, the work would have been done. Lincoln and Scott would now be prisoners of war or disconsolate fugitives from justice, and the independence and sovereignty of Maryland would be an act. But the golden opportunity was allowed to pass unimproved. The generous aspirations of the people have been repressed by the timorous counsels and dastardly conduct of their rulers, fifty thousand abolition Huns sit down upon her soil ready to quench the first spark of resistance to their brutal tyranny, and the proclamation of martial law throughout her borders places the capstone upon her ruin. For all this she can blame herself alone. A brave and free people stood upon her borders eager to respond to her beckoning for assistance, but she gave it not. *Fuit Ilium* may furnish the model for her epitaph."

MILLEN, May 7.—Never in the history of this country has such a sight been seen as was witnessed this evening. The Clinch Rifles were greeted at every station and cross-road between Augusta and Millen by enthusiastic crowds. At several points young and beautiful ladies, numbering from sixty to eighty, were ranged along the railroad with rifles in their fair and delicate hands, and presented arms to the Clinch Rifles as they passed, covering them with showers of bouquets. The Clinch Rifles have taken Millen virtually by storm. Never did a Zouave or other soldier win greater applause. In fact, their progress thus far has been attended with that appreciation ever manifested for this favorite and universally popular military corps.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—CHARLESTON IS DISBANDING ALREADY.—Two regiments, lately in service on Morris Island, were disbanded on Monday week, and a battalion of artillery has since followed them. One of the infantry regiments was asked to go to Virginia, but the troops refused, on the ground that their six months' term of service had expired.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE LINCOLN RECRUITS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—It was, no doubt, the profound policy of Lincoln and his faction to throw the operatives of the North out of employ, to secure the recruits for the army of coercion. Starvation produces a certain sort of valor, and a hungry belly may stimulate patriotism to a kind of courage which, on a good feed, will risk the encounter with a bullet. It appears that the Lincoln recruits from Massachusetts, at Baltimore, were in large proportion cobblers. The Revolution seems to have affected their craft more than any other, according to some of the accounts; their vocation gave them admirable facilities in the fight, especially in running; they used their soles expeditiously, and took a free fight with their soles (souls)—not one of them apparently being anxious, under the fire of Baltimore brickbats, to see his last.

TENNESSEE.—The Mayor of Nashville has issued a proclamation setting forth that, as it is the determination of the authorities to preserve the peace, all complaints or suspicions against persons of Northern birth can be lodged with him for investigation, and that everything necessary will be done.

KENTUCKY, FRANKFORT, May 10.—Messengers arrived here this morning, saying that three or four hundred negroes had armed themselves and formed into a company, and were committing depredations; that the whites undertook to disarm them, and that several were killed. The Governor has sent General Buckner to ascertain the truth of the matter. He has not yet returned. The military are in readiness.

The telegraph operator at Patriot, Ind., telegraphs that he has been called upon to aid in quelling a negro insurrection, which broke out last night in Owen and Gallatin counties, in Kentucky.

Great fears were felt, as it was supposed the negroes were led on by two or three white citizens of Kentucky. The people are gathering all their forces to put down the rebellion, and runners have been sent into Indiana for assistance. Captain Wells, of Rising Sun, Ind., who has a company ready for that State's service, has telegraphed that he would send his men and arms to their assistance, if needed.

The telegraph line has been down all the morning between Patriot and Vevay, so we are without any news from the latter place. It is thought the line has been cut by the insurgents to prevent the transmission of the news of the insurrection.

The Kentucky Legislature is a little suspicious of Governor Magoffin's Secession proclivities, and have called for the correspondence between him and the Confederate States relating to their requisition on Kentucky for troops and his reply thereto. They have under consideration the propriety of authorizing the banks to suspend specie payments.

From the Jackson Mississippian.

MISSISSIPPI.—THE WAR SPIRIT.—And still they come from the North, the South, the East, the West, literally besieging the Executive Department and the War Office with earnest applications for enrolment in the service of the Confederate States. Every train of cars brings officers and agents upon this errand of patriotism. Mississippi has now eighteen hundred gallant men on duty at Pensacola, and requisitions have been made for eight hundred additional troops. In one week from this moment every man called for can be under arms and on the line of march. Never did any people respond with more alacrity to the summons of their Government, and evince greater eagerness to prove their manhood, and their resolve to make good their declaration of independence of the Abolition Government.

From the Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.

ARMS IN THE SOUTH.—The erroneous opinion seems prevalent in some quarters that the South is totally destitute of arms and ammunition for her defence, and such an idea has actually been urged as a sufficient argument against the blow which she has recently struck for her independence. An estimate of the amount on hand, however, will demonstrate the folly of the fears which such a false opinion may have engendered, and show our state of preparation for resistance. The following seizures have been made since the inception of the Southern movement:

Baton Rouge	70 000
Alabama arsenal	20,000
Elizabeth, North Carolina	30,000
Fayetteville, North Carolina	35 000
Charleston	23,000
Harper's Ferry	7 000
Norfolk	7,000
Other places	10[illegible],000
Total	290,000

The State arms previously purchased by the State amounts to:

Alabama	80,000
Virginia	73,000
Louisiana	30,[illegible]00
Georgia	[illegible]2,000
South Carolina	45 000
Mississippi	50,[illegible]00
Florida	17,000
Total	417,000

The grand total thus amounts to 707,000 stand of arms, besides 2[illegible]0,000 revolvers, which are said to be on hand at various points. We have not included in the above the arms owned by the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky, Maryland and Virginia, which will increase the number at least to 1 000 000. Besides this, there are thought to be two millions of private arms, which will answer all practical purposes in case of invasion by the enemy. In the face of the above figures, let no one deny that the South is sufficiently well armed to drive the last minion of Federal power from her soil, in any possible emergency.

Comment by the Petersburg Express.

No mention is made of cannon. The eight cotton States are said to have under their control at least two thousand cannon. The Gosport Navy Yard contained, when seized by Virginia, some 4,000 cannon. Bellona Arsenal, in Virginia, has several hundred cannon, and the State Armory at Richmond several hundred more. An arsenal was seized at Augusta, Georgia, by the authorities of that State, but the number of arms secured we do not recollect. Of private arms in Virginia, there is no computing the number, but the figures, if they could be correctly ascertained, would doubtless foot up millions. If the Northern myrmidons base their hopes of subjugation on the fact that we are destitute of means of defence, they are doomed to disappointment, as the day of trial, when it does come, will abundantly prove.

FLORIDA.—LATEST FROM PENSACOLA.—The Columbus (Ga.) *Times* of the 7th says: "There has been a rumor for the past few days that Captain Brown, the commander of Fort Pickens, who superseded Lieutenant Slemmer, had made formal demand for the surrender of the forts, barracks and navy yard at Warrington. We give this merely as a rumor, as nothing official upon the subject has been made public. Unless the attack is made within a very few days General Bragg will be in a condition to bid defiance to the Federal troops, and can not only meet successfully any attack, but will be able to reduce Fort Pickens in a short time, without receiving material injury from their fire. A line of sand batteries has been erected, extending from the navy yard to the lighthouse, some fourteen or fifteen in all, which, when the guns now on the way down are mounted, will prove safe positions for our men, and points from which Fort Pickens can be punished severely. That a fight is anticipated here within a few days is evident by the actions of the Government. An order was given on Saturday to a merchant in Montgomery for 5,000 sand bags, to be completed immediately, and large quantities of shot, shell and cannon are being hurried down. General Bragg now has nearly 9,000 men under his command, all impatient for the fight to begin. The passengers who come from Pensacola bring very little of interest from that point, as visitors are not allowed within a certain distance of the camp, unless indeed, with a special permit from General Bragg, which is not always to be obtained."

From the Mobile Tribune.

ALABAMA.—IMPORTANT DIPLOMATIC REVELATIONS.—Dr. F. de Castro, agent for the Brazilian Government, was in the city last Tuesday on his way to New Orleans. His errand, as we infer, is to inquire especially into the results of a blockade of our ports on the interests of his Government.

We are not, perhaps, violating any courtesy in saying that he informed us that the sympathies of the foreign Ministers at Washington are with the Confederate States. Of course, until the Governments which they represent indicate their policy in respect to the unwise and wicked warfare of the North, no action can be taken by them.

One of the elements of the prosperity of Brazil is negro slavery, and that fact is sufficient to account for the sympathy of its Emperor and his Ministers with our Confederate States. [illegible] we shall have been made, and we be allowed to go our own way, this trade will be learned.

Dr. de Castro has a store of very amusing anecdotes of the President of the Old Concern, but it were not proper to give them to our readers. They serve, we may say, to corroborate some of the stories in respect to Mr. Lincoln which have been published in our papers.

WHAT THE SOUTH EXPECTS.—The Vicksburg *Sun* says: "England and France will ere the closing of the first campaign have opened a way to those ports from which cotton is shipped, and the South will be blessed with the proceeds of the sale of 4 000 000 of bales."

And the New Orleans *Crescent* adds: "All desired now from John Bull is the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and two or three British squadrons off the Southern ports or in the Gulf, just to teach Mr. Lincoln the law of nations in regard to blockades."

THE FOREIGN PRESS ON THE WAR.

The London *Saturday Review*, an able but crotchety organ, has an article in which no preference for either party is professed. It believes, however, that it was the policy of the Southern States to provoke a collision with the Federal Administration, to operate upon the Border States, and to cause them to take sides at once. It also very justly adds that Virginia, as a slave-breeding country, can no more dispense with the cotton districts than the Lincolnshire horse-dealers could do without the London market.

The London *Spectator* says the North has men, but what is more, has money. In England still [illegible] account has never yet been taken of the vast strength which the North has in reserve—its irrepressible [illegible]. Once aroused, the North will act with all the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it is difficult to conceive of the defeat of 19,000,000 [illegible] the comparatively small population of the Southern States. It concludes by saying the Republic is gone, and predicting that it will carry out the Secession principle till it crumbles into the isolated atoms of separate States.

The London *Times*, in its reflections upon the opening of hostilities between the Government and the South Carolinians, [illegible] of the bloodless bombardment of Fort Sumpter, observing that even a barrier in difficulty has been attended with more bloodshed. The result being so utterly unlike all they ever heard of American manners, [illegible] Lincoln and Davis were [illegible] each other [illegible]. So far, however, as the first result is concerned, it [illegible] be no doubt, since the North can easier raise a hundred millions than the South can ten. It concludes by saying that, from the very first to the very last, President Lincoln has been baffled with his measures.

The London *Shipping Gazette*, a paper, despite its commercial name, edited with considerable ability and knowledge of foreign affairs, [illegible] surprise and gratification at the bloodless [illegible] of Fort Sumpter, [illegible] conviction that the North will triumph, since no cause can stand against the moral [illegible] of the world, which every State must have which bases its right upon human slavery.

The London *Post*, generally considered Lord Palmerston's organ, is very severe on Ex-President Buchanan, saying that had he, upon the first indication of rebellion, sent a few vessels of war to Charleston, the whole movement would have been as easily crushed in the bud as nullification was by Jackson in 1832. It goes on to predicate that the North, having a just and righteous cause, and possessing both the will and the power, cannot fail to reduce the Secessionists to obedience. It also distinctly recognises the right of blockade, by which means the resources of the Confederate States will be destroyed. Its conclusion is so important that we quote it entire: "Upon higher grounds than those of self-interest the people of this country regard the inevitable inconveniences and horrors of civil war which are about to afflict the people of the United States. We may say that the merchants of Liverpool and the manufacturers of Manchester will feel the evil quite as strongly as the producers of the South, who are all for free trade, and the manufacturers of the North, who are for protection at all cost. Upon the progress of humanity in the Western World a great cloud has fallen. We believe that the battle will be fought *à l'outrance*, and that in the place of one great, powerful and pretentious Republic, we may see three Confederacies equally weak and powerless for good. But the sympathy of the people of England must be with the North, where repudiation of slavery in every shape is a compensation for prohibitory tariffs and restrictive legislation. By means of a maritime war, by privateers and blockades, they can easily reduce the South to obedience, and restore that Union which at one time appeared to be destined to make the United States the dominant power of the New World."

The London *Herald*, considered as Lord Derby's organ, thinks that President Lincoln planned the attack upon Fort Sumpter, in order to put the South Carolinians in the wrong. It anticipates that he will receive dictatorial powers from the Congress he has summoned for the 4th of July, and that he will distinguish himself by his vigor. The tone of the whole article is more favorable to Lincoln than any of its contemporaries.

The *Daily News*, in a very severe article on the conduct of the Secessionists, concludes in these words: "Having destroyed the greatness of Union and the prosperity of their country, it only remained for them to destroy its peace, and this was an easy matter."

The Manchester *Guardian* is the only journal that lays the blame of commencing hostilities with the President. It says that he has, by a long series of blunders, succeeded in driving the Border States into Secession.

The London *Weekly Dispatch*, the organ of the ultra liberals, is very severe upon the Cotton States, and prophecies their utter humiliation.

The London *Examiner*, Whig organ, is equally strong in its censure of the South and profession of good feeling towards the North. It, however, rebukes the North for its meanness in the Morrill tariff.

THE REGIMENTS IN WASHINGTON.

THE following is a correct list of the regiments that have reached this city, and reported to the Commandant of the District since the President's Proclamation:

From Massachusetts—The 6th, 5th and 8th Regiments, and Salem Zouaves.

From New York—The 7th, 71st, 12th, 25th, 69th, 28th and 5th Regiments, and Colonel Ellsworth's Fire Brigade.

From Pennsylvania—The 5th, 4th and 6th Regiments, and 1st Artillery.

From Rhode Island—One regiment and a Marine Artillery Company.

From New Jersey—The 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Regiments.

Troops belonging to the United States service—Sherman's Battery, 2d Artillery, 3d Infantry, and 400 cavalry.

These, with what were stationed here before, and the District militia, volunteers, &c., render the calculation of 31 000 troops not far from correct. The District militia are by no means undesirable aids, under command of Colonel Stone. They have become proficient in drill, and are deservedly well spoken of.

On the 6th May the action of Count Johannes against the *Bee* Printing Company for a libel, of calling him a *soi-disant* Count, came on for trial. Mr. Dana defended the Company, and was very severe on pompous Americans who went to Europe plain Jonathan Jones and came back counts de Johannes. The Count replied in an amazingly complacent speech, in which he related his successes. On one of these occasions, he said, Louis Napoleon remarked to him, "Count Johannes, you are the most magnificently audacious man I ever met." To which compliment the Count responded, "I should be extremely sorry to take precedence of your Majesty in that line." The Count claimed that his honors and titles abroad were literally "thrust upon him," while he modestly admitted that his real greatness as an author and orator was all achieved by his own talent and perseverance. The worst of it is that the Count wants to thrust his honors and titles down the American throats. Remembering how unpleasant it was to him to have them forced on him, he should be merciful to his fellow-citizens here. The jury gave him fifteen hundred dollars for being called a *soi-disant*.

One of the most destructive steamboat conflagrations that has happened for years occurred on the 5th at New Orleans. In the course of a few hours eight steamers were totally destroyed. The fire is considered to be the act of an incendiary.

Mr. SIMONTON, the correspondent of the New York *Times*, met with a painful accident on Wednesday week in Washington. He was riding in the country in an open carriage, accompanied by his wife, and on passing a station where the advance military companies are located, a musket in the hands of the captain exploded, the ball striking Mr. Simonton in the back, and passing through his body under the right shoulder blade. The horses immediately took fright, and soon threw out both occupants of the carriage, injuring the lady severely. Both were picked up and brought to the city, and though very seriously, are not fatally injured.

On Wednesday night week, at ten o'clock, an unknown man proceeded to the pier foot of Gansevoort street, and after divesting himself of most of his clothing, deliberately plunged into the dock. Captain Walton, of the schooner Mary A. Irving, lying near, saw the act, and sent a boat to rescue the young man, but the effort was unsuccessful. His clothes were taken to the Ninth Ward station-house, where they can be seen. The body has not been recovered.

The Rochester *Union* says that J. D. Stevens, who was murderously assaulted near his own residence in Pembroke, on Tuesday night week and badly injured, rallied sufficiently next day to be able to give some information about the affair. Mr. S. had some $4,000 with him, which was taken. He says that just before he was knocked down he saw a man walking ahead of him, and almost at once he was felled to the ground. A man, by the name of Norton, residing at Bergen, has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the assault and robbery. He was held for examination until Mr. Stevens can appear against him. Mr. S.'s physicians think his chances of recovery are favorable at present.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLIX.

And then toward me came
A shape as of a woman; very pale
It was and calm; its cold eyes did not move,
And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
Their fixed awe went through my brain like ice;
A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
And a sharp chill as of a dank night fog,
Suddenly closed me in.—*Prometheus.*

Erle had entered the grim, dark old library with feelings of awe rather than reverence. There was so much of the supernatural mixed up with the natural in the dusky aspect of the gloomy chamber, that a painful thrill ran through his frame even as he advanced to the antique bookcase, to withdraw from its dusty shelves that volume which, in his estimation, possessed a priceless value.

The deathlike stillness which reigned around him, the black obscurity which pervaded the room, and which the feeble rays of his small lamp only tended to render more sepulchral in its features, the vivid consciousness that he was trespassing here, and if detected, would be subjected to some painful humiliating indignity, all united to make his breast echo with a sickly, fainting oppression. For a time his blood seemed chilled and his heart stilled in its pulsation, but suddenly, when his startled ear caught the light sound of an approaching footstep and the rustling of a flowing robe, it palpitated with wild rapidity, and it quickened its violent beatings when his amazed eye fell upon the slight and graceful form of Lady Maud advancing towards him with the gentle, gliding motion of an apparition; yet more impetuous were its throbbings now that he found himself, under such extraordinary circumstances, alone with her and by her side.

At first he was appalled and rendered speechless by her sudden appearance—now his emotion was of a suffocating nature—he felt as though he should choke unless he could utter a cry; yet he knew that were he to breathe a sound to startle and awaken her, the consequences might prove fatal to her.

Motionless he sat with her alone in that grim, cold, dark old library, her soft shoulder resting against his, and her glazed eyes turned upon the black-lettered page of the ancient volume, as though they could decipher the strangely-formed characters there written.

Motionless, awe-stricken, he remained while she, murmuring words with low, sweet accents—words so indistinctly uttered that, though he listened intently, he failed to interpret them—bent her young, fair face lower and lower over the book, until her trembling lips came into contact with the leaf, and then he saw them press it with a sweet, soft, lasting kiss.

It is impossible to describe the tumultuous feelings which upheaved within his breast, and which filled his whole being with an intense and passionate joy, when he saw this. But he felt the imperious necessity of restraining his emotions, and by a painfully exercised control he kept them confined where they originated—not, however, accomplishing this without quivering nerves and trembling limbs.

His own eyes, though they had their natural speculation in them, were so filled with moisture, that though he strove to read the words also, they appeared hazy, indistinct and undecipherable.

And then Lady Maud slowly uplifted her head when she had kissed the page, and she leaned her marble cheek upon her hand, turning, as it seemed, her gaze towards the darkly-shadowed entrance by which she had made her way into the old library.

And she sat still, without a sound emanating from her lips. Erle could hear his own heart beat, but not her breath coming and going.

The situation was indeed trying. The ghastly chamber, with its tall cases of black oak running gauntly up to the now undistinguishable ceiling, its massive furniture, its grim array of hauberks, corslets, and military weapons of ancient date, its suits of armor, plate and mail, perfected with helmets, so as to resemble warriors in all the panoply of war, its triple-arched windows with lozenge-shaped panes, stained in various tints of armorial bearings, ecclesiastical emblems, and other quaint devices, engendered in the glare of day, even under the most favorable conditions, a feeling of solemn awe; but in the dim and feeble light emanating from his lamp it appeared supernaturally gloomy and full of imaginative terrors even to the firm mind of Erle, though he knew these fears to be unreal. Such a scene, indeed, at that hour of the still night, with its awe-inspiring gloom and death-like silence, would scarcely have failed to have raised emotions of strange, horrifying, unshapeable dread in the breasts and minds of many a stout-hearted fellow; but even such emotions paled before those which filled the bosom of Erle, and made his heart ache nigh to bursting.

It was not alone that his mind was oppressed by the supernatural characteristics of this drear old chamber, but he had also to encounter and to endure, without an audible sign, the preternatural appearance of Lady Maud.

To have met her alone at this hour, and in this very solemn and antique chamber, full of animation and consciousness, would have afforded him unspeakable happiness. He would have thought no more of the solemn gloom and mystery which hung over the place, and have been filled only with the bliss which the soft expression of her sweet eyes and gentle face would have created; but now he was overwhelmed by the situation.

He knew that she slept, he knew that her state forbade her vision recognizing him, yet her eyes had rested upon his countenance, and she addressed him as though she knew of his presence and was in a condition to converse with him.

He was acquainted with the danger of arousing her from her state of somnolency, either by design or accident, and greatly as he wished that she should recognize and speak with him, he was compelled to forego that first and most anxious, as most natural wish—not only, indeed, forego it, but to sit motionlessly, to suspend his breath, to do all he could to prevent her becoming conscious of his presence in the library, but equally of his contiguity.

This latter consideration it was that made the situation trying to him. He was compelled to keep his great excitement under control, and remain still and silent, as he gazed with immovable eyes on a face dearer to him than that of any other being in the world.

He observed the change her features had undergone, he noted the lines of care and grief which her sorrows had marked there, and he set his teeth hard together as a suspicion of the cause rushed through his brain.

Suddenly he perceived her features undergo a rapid alteration in their expression—horror and aversion took the place of tenderness and affection. She rose up abruptly, and muttered, indistinctly,

"He comes. He must not see me here. O, that I could die ere see that face again. Hush! it is Philip Avon's dark face. I must fly—I must fly, or he will seize upon me and make me his. Oh, horror! oh, Heaven! save me—save me!"

These words were gibbered rather than spoken, still Erle caught them, and his brow darkened.

He uprose as she uprose, and followed her as she moved swiftly along the library until she reached the entrance and passed out.

As she ascended a flight of stone steps which communicated with the old library, passed along several passages which were intersected by others, evidently instinctively, following the correct route to her own chamber, he, fearing an accident might occur to her, kept her in sight until he came abruptly upon some person bearing a light advancing towards him.

A glance showed to him the face of Lady Kingswood, white as death, haggard and full of alarm. He stopped suddenly and remained immovable.

Lady Maud kept on as rapidly as before, and on nearing Lady Kingswood, the latter stepped aside, suffered her to pass untouched, then turned and followed her into a chamber, the door of which she closed softly behind, and thus left Erle in utter darkness.

Lady Kingswood, it seemed plain, was acquainted with Lady Maud's somnambulistic habit, and having missed her from her chamber, had come thus far, he presumed, in search of her.

He remained without moving until the stillness which reigned supreme within the mansion assured him that the inmates were all buried in profound slumber, and then he turned to retrace his steps to the library.

In doing this he had to encounter difficulties upon which he had not calculated. In the excitement under which he labored while following the quick steps of Lady Maud, he had failed to observe the direction which the various windings and turnings took, and being in darkness, he could only grope his way.

He knew he was then in the modern part of the structure, and he had a shrewd impression of the course it would be necessary to follow. He cared not if he could contrive to work his way to his old apartments; it would be easy to get to the library from thence. His danger, however, lay in mistaking his path and in penetrating into some part where the servants were located, and where one less sleepy than the rest might hear his stealthy footsteps and give an alarm.

After much care, deliberation and cautious movements, he found himself again on the old, time-worn flight of stone stairs, and he knew he had reached the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall.

As he remembered that he had ascended this flight while following Lady Maud, so he descended and proceeded until he paused before a door, through the crevices of which a faint glimmer of light was perceptible. He had left his own lamp burning in the library, and he concluded that he had now reached that place, so he passed through the old doorway, to find himself in the picture-gallery, to which, on a former occasion he had been conducted by Lady Kingswood.

A strange, unearthly light pervaded this gallery. There was certainly within it no artificial illumination from chandelier or lamp of any kind, yet the objects within it were distinctly visible. The ghostly figures in armor *cap-à-pie*, like spectre sentinels on guard, stood at measured intervals down the long chamber, and the portraits hanging against the wall in their sombre, carved and massive frames, glared down upon him, white-faced, as if angry at his intrusion upon their phantom-like domain.

Impressed with the same strange feeling of awe which spread itself over him on his first entry into the library that night, he stood and gazed on the scene before him for a minute or two without advancing. Then, as if impelled by some unseen power, whose influence he could not control, he strode down the centre of the gallery, every nerve thrilling, yet bearing himself instinctively with a proud, haughty and even defiant mien.

His eyes wandered from face to face of the many panoplied warrior portraits hanging against the walls of the gallery, and a wild, ungovernable, busy fancy made it appear to him that there was life in their large, stern, staring eyes, but he did not betray by his manner that such an impression obtained with him; indeed, he felt, though there was an awful centre of reality in the apparently silent movement of their grave orbs, that such a supposition was a mere illusion, and that he was bound to treat it as such.

He arrived at length opposite the place where the portrait of the "Bad Baron of Kingswood" had for a long, long period hung; there was but a space left for it now—a large, black, dismal-looking blank.

A feeling of vexed disappointment passed over the mind of Erle, he scarcely knew why; it could be nothing to him he inwardly acknowledged, that it was not there. Yet he was angered at its absence; it appeared like an indignity forced upon himself, an irrational emotion, certainly, but one, nevertheless, which stirred him strangely.

He remembered the circumstances which attended his former visit to this place with Lady Kingswood, and his eyes naturally reverted to the spot where he recollected the picture to have fallen, and there, in truth, it lay untouched, even on the very place where he had last seen it rest.

He advanced towards it. In the dim light he could perceive that one edge rested upon the polished floor, and one also leaned against the wall. The back of the picture was towards him, and he felt an irrepressible desire to look once more upon the face of the swart warrior, whom, it had been said by Lady Kingswood, he so much resembled.

The picture was large and heavy, and it required his almost strength to move it; but obeying the strong impulse which had fastened on him, he applied all his powers, and succeeded in turning it with the face outwards, though, in accomplishing it, the massive weight overpowered him, and it fell back to the wall with a report which made the whole gallery reverberate with a thundering echo.

He started at the sound and instinctively retreated into a deep shadow cast by a ponderous suit of mail.

Soon all was silent again, and he moved forth from his hiding-place and confronted the figure as it stood now boldly in relief in the painting. Obscurity no longer rendered this remarkable portrait indistinct; on the contrary, as Erle gazed upon the face with deepening interest, it seemed each moment to grow brighter and brighter, until every feature was clearly and boldly defined.

The face was familiar to him, but not as reproducing his own; still it seemed to bear a remarkable resemblance to one with whom he was well acquainted. Then a sharp, thrilling, acute pang ran through his brain, for he recollected that the face he now gazed upon was startlingly like that of Lord Kingswood.

Why should that resemblance affect him? It did, whatever the cause. His cheek burned, his ear tingled, and he groaned with pain, as one who feels himself about to suffocate.

It was not alone, however, that he was to be startled by the resemblance between the portrait and Lord Kingswood. While passionate and agonizing thoughts were rushing through his brain, it seemed to him as though the eyes and the face of this painted, bold, bad Baron of Kingswood became animated.

The eyes appeared to flutter and gleam, and then to become dead, again to flash forth as brilliantly as before, and the cheeks became of a warm, roseate hue, and then changed to a ghastly blue. Although his heart died within him at this extraordinary appearance—illusion he felt it to be—his eyes were fastened by a horrible fascination on the ghastly face, with its varying hues. He tried to banish his fancies by a strong exercise of his will, but in spite of all his efforts he felt convinced that the eyes did flutter, and the cheeks did change from a glowing blush to a pale and livid as blue.

Void of all superstitious fears as he was naturally, he yet had a horrifying impression that this figure, which riveted his eyes upon it so that he could not withdraw them if he would, in another moment would step forth from the frame and address him.

Brighter each moment gleamed the eyes and glowed the cheeks, and then again the aspect became fearfully livid. Unable to bear longer the excitement it occasioned him he leaped back, and turned his eyes rapidly around him to endeavor to ascertain what caused not only the strange, unearthly light filling the usually sombre gallery, but the changing hues upon the face of the portrait.

His anxious, straining eyes perceived that, fronting the portrait was a high, lozenge-paned window, curiously wrought in stained glass, representing some subject which Erle did not attempt or care to decipher; but he instantly, and no doubt correctly, conjectured that the bright beams of the moon, which he knew to be shining brilliantly, forcing their way through the many-dyed panes, had now tinted the cheeks of the bad Baron of Kingswood with the hues of the rose, and anon with a ghastly blue.

Although he did not endeavor to follow out the subject which had been so cunningly executed in the colored panes, he saw there plainly the figures 1655, in ruby letters upon a golden ground, for they stood out boldly and glittered brightly.

He remembered them as a date, but not the circumstances connected with it. While he tried to think it disappeared abruptly, and he found himself buried in darkness.

A heavy cloud had suddenly rolled across the moon and obscured its rays; at the same time a low, hoarse moan arose, the wind sighing through the forest trees mournfully, thus rendering his situation in that impenetrable darkness the reverse of enviable. He could not repress a shudder, and inwardly resolved that the instant the moon became sufficiently unobscured to enable him to see his way out of the gallery he would take advantage of it and retreat without a moment's delay.

The moonlight came again with a sudden burst, and once more his eye turned, unable to resist the mysterious influence, towards the portrait. This time, however, his eyes were attracted by a small ebony box which lay near to where the picture stood. Instinctively Erle stepped forward and raised it. It was dusty, and seemed very ancient. It was heavy for its size, and felt strangely, painfully cold in his hands.

While examining it the moon again became abruptly obscured as before, and the gallery was filled with a pitchy darkness.

It was at this instant he heard the rustling of silk and the distinct patter of soft light feet. They appeared to proceed from close to where the portrait of the baron was standing, to advance to him, to pass close—terrifyingly close to him—hurry onward down the gallery towards the entrance where the old stone staircase was situated, and then to cease, for he heard them no longer.

As these singular and alarming sounds ended, the moon shone out brightly again, and displayed to him the grim contents of the gallery, but no moving object, not even an apparition.

His mind was, however, fearfully high-wrought, he could bear his situation not even for another instant, and he, too, hurried with swift foot down the gallery, even though he had the horrible consciousness passing through his brain with a ringing hiss that he was following in the wake of the footsteps and the rustling dress, the sounds of which had sent the blood rushing back to his heart.

It mattered little to him; the horror of encountering a phantom could not, he believed, be greater than that he should feel if he remained longer in this dismal picture-gallery.

He passed out on to the stone staircase. He remembered that the library was over the picture-gallery, and that he would have to ascend. He did so, groping his way in blank, stifling darkness. The echo of his own footsteps, although he stepped cautiously and lightly, startled him, but he could not pause, even though the continued reverberation of his footsteps on the stair might occasion an alarm to be raised.

Suddenly he found, to his great relief, that he had reached the top of the flight, and that passages diverged thence right and left. As the staircase he had ascended was spiral, it was difficult to determine which path would probably prove the correct one; he, however, obeyed an instinct in selecting one, and in a few seconds passed through an opening, which enabled him to perceive that his instinct had served him faithfully, and that he was once again in the old library.

To be sure the change was not one that afforded a very favorable contrast; the solemn old chamber in which he now stood appeared even yet more gloomy, dark and sepulchral than the picture-gallery. His lamp was yet burning, but its feeble rays served only to heighten the obscurity, and enabled him to perceive, standing at the further end of the gallery, a figure in white, with upraised hand, as if motioning him to advance.

For an instant, and but an instant, an impression seized him that the original of that light footstep and the rustling silk he had heard in the darkened picture-gallery stood before him; and the pulses of his heart were quickened, but he recovered himself immediately, for he remembered that it was the statue of the Lady Maud.

So he passed down the library towards the desk where yet lay the book he had placed there—the book which the lips of Lady Maud had pressed, the book which he secretly resolved his lips should press, too, even on the very spot where hers for a moment had rested—the book which contained so much that had proved of importance to him; so much more, that he knew not of yet, more important still to him.

But ere he could reach it a blaze of moonlight filled the chamber, streaming through the brilliantly-stained panes, and throwing hues of violet and crimson, amethyst, amber and purple upon the floor and upon the walls, upon the figures of armed warriors, and upon the white statue of Lady Maud.

The brightness of the moonbeams, rendered infinitely more vivid by the previous darkness, made the hues which fell upon the marble statue more glowingly distinct in color than they appeared on any other object. At the same time they blended so softly together intermingling, and forming such delicate and varied tints, that it seemed as though a rainbow had melted its own exquisite gradations of color on this fair, white figure—yet white, although it had passed through centuries since it had left the hands of the sculptor.

It was strange that, eager as he was to sit down where Lady Maud had placed herself by his side, he yet paused to gaze upon the statue of the Lady Maud. Amid all the excitement which her unexpected and startling presence in the library, and the subsequent events, had created in his mind, he yet had space for the belief that she knew of the words he had pencilled on the margin of the page of the old Saxon chronicle, and that she had been favorably influenced by it, or she would not in her sleep-walking have come thither in search of it. Despite all that had happened, this impression raised a violent tumult in his breast, and made him yearn to ascertain whether, if she had read his sad, hopeless love revelation she had appended any comment, even one single word. But, intense as was his curiosity to satisfy himself concerning this, he was yet controlled by some extraneous influence to pause before the statue of Lady Maud; to note the sweet, sorrowful features; watch their seeming mutations under the reflection of the changing hues of the rich dyes of the painted windows; and then to bend his gaze upon the pedestal, and read there, upon the carved tablet, those words, "The Unavenged, 1655."

The date disturbed him; it was the same as that which had appeared so sharply outlined upon the amber-stained pane in the picture-gallery. He mechanically turned his eyes to his left; it was the same date which now caught his sight in gilded letters, upon a high, massive, antique chest of black oak, elaborately carved, banded, and ornamented with steel studs.

"Surely," he muttered, as a strange sensation passed over him, "these coincidences cannot be all accidents. I am of the Kingswoods—I feel that I am—these signs, these symbols, these uncanny, suggestive, curious relations to me; they call upon me to examine and to act. There is a doom upon the House—that I know. It may be that I am the one to lift it from the race. I will enter into council with it under the influence of strange, that it would seem as if I had by fate been marked out to fulfil some high and important position, perhaps some preordained deeds, by which the ban shall be removed, and I prove to be, even as the ruffian in the forest ever addressed me, 'the Heir of the Race.'"

As these words left his lips, swift-flying masses of cloud obscured instantaneously the light of the moon. There arose a mighty roar in the forest as of a hurricane rushing through the branches of the bending trees, rending, crashing everything which tended to arrest its impetuous path.

A furious, howling gust at the same time passed from the old chamber in which he had been first located on his arrival at Kingswood, into through the passages leading to the library, closing each door which he had left open with a report like the falling of a thunderbolt, clattered violently among the suits of armor hanging against the wall, whirled his lamp from the desk upon which it stood, hurled it upon the floor, extinguishing it, went roaring through the passages and corridors, waking domestics, who muttered their prayers and buried their faces affrightedly beneath the bedclothes, and leaving, ere it subsided, Erle stretched, overpowered by what he had undergone, in insensible and unconscious at the foot of the pedestal which held the statue of "Lady Maud, the Unavenged!"

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

Question for a Debating Society.—Which is the most delightful, "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"

"I don't know him," said a Glasgow magistrate in speaking of a less prosperous citizen. "I believe he is a decent enough fellow in his way, but he is not of the *hong-kon*." This opulent gentleman probably intended to use the words *haut ton.*

In reply to her father's question why she did not wear rings upon her fingers, a young lady said,

"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand."

"What business have you to have your hand squeezed?"

"Certainly none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep one's hand in squeezing order."

A Baker's Dozen of Uses for a Word: I got your letter within ten minutes after I got shaved. I got to Canterbury, where I got such a cold as I shall not get rid of. I got the secret of getting a memorial, but I could not get an answer, yet I got intelligence from the messenger that I should get one next morning. I got back to supper, and got to bed, and then got to sleep. I have got nothing further to say.

At West's re-election to the chair of the Royal Academy, in 1803, after a recession of twelve months, the votes for his return to the office of President were unanimous, except one, which was in favor of Mrs. Lloyd (Miss Moser), then an academician. Fuseli, at no time of his life an admirer of West, was taxed by some of the members with having given this vote, and answered,

"Well, suppose I did; she is eligible to the office; and is not one old woman as good as another?"

M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day."

The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

We learn from the *Athenæum* that "Miss Susan Durant has received a commission to execute one of the poetical marbles for the Mansion House, being, so far as we recollect, the first English lady who has ever obtained a compliment of this particular kind." Who deserve compliments, pray, but clever English ladies? Women ought to make good sculptors, especially in taking busts of the so-called and self-created Lords of the Creation. We say this advisedly, knowing what first-rate hands women invariably are in cutting out the gentlemen.

A certain sea-captain, who had considerable interest with his brother officers, and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offence against the laws of the navy, of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, seemed in very good spirits, and said,

"Cheer up, man; why should you be cast down? I fear nothing, and why should you?"

"Why, faith, your honor," replied the fellow, "I should be as courageous as you are if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

A late Earl of Kelly was relating in company that he had listened to a sermon in Italy, in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, which, in order to listen to him, held their heads out of the water.

"I can believe the miracle," said Erskine, "if your lordship was at church."

"I was certainly there," said the peer.

"Then," rejoined Henry, "there was at least one fish out of water."

On a change of Ministry, Erskine was appointed to succeed Harry Dundas (subsequently Lord Melville) as Lord Advocate. On the morning of his appointment he met Mr. Dundas in the Parliament House, who had resumed the ordinary gown worn by all practitioners at the Scotch bar, excepting the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General. After a little conversation, Erskine remarked that he must be off to order his silk gown.

"'Tis not worth your while," said Dundas, "for the short time you'll want it; you had better borrow mine."

"I have no doubt your gown," replied Erskine, "is made to fit any party; but, however short may be my time in office, it shall not be said of Henry Erskine that he put on the abandoned habits of his predecessors."

Mr. A—— B——, a Judge of the Commissary Court, talked in an inflated and pompous manner. Having failed to attend an appointment with Erskine, he subsequently explained that he had been called out of town owing to his brother, the proprietor of B——, having, in attempting to leap a fence, fallen from a stile and sprained his foot.

"It was fortunate for your brother," said the wit, "that it was not from your style he fell or he had certainly broken his neck."

Shortly after the death of Mr. John Wright, a talented but unsuccessful advocate, the late Sheriff Anstruther remarked to Erskine in the street, "Poor Wright is dead. He has died very poor. It is said he has left no effects."

"That is not wonderful," replied the humorist; "as he had no causes he could have no effects."

"Where were you yesterday, you rascal?" said a country pedagogue to one of his pupils.

"I was out in the fields alone."

"Well, but what were you doing in the fields, sir—picking berries?"

"No, sir; I was out alone, by myself."

"But what were you doing?"

"I was meditating."

"Meditating upon what?"

"I was meditating upon what I'd be when I got to be growed up—printer, lawyer, doctor or schoolmaster, and took the field for it."

"Bravo boy! What was your conclusion?"

"I thought as how I'd be a schoolmaster—they live easy, and I like to give lickins."

One of your foppishly-got-up exquisites, with small cane, eyeglass, &c., &c., dropped into a tavern a few days since for a dinner. His fastidiousness caused much merriment to those who sat near him at the table, and he was pretty well observed by all. Matters reached a climax when the "fellah" called the waitress, and slowly taking in her features by the aid of his pretty one-eyed spectacle, drawled out,

"I say, waitaw, have you any more pulverized potataw?"

The poor dumfounded waitress modestly asked, "Any more what, sir?"

"Pulverized potataw, my child—pulverized potataw; and please be expeditious in placing it before me!"

It isn't likely the girl would have known that the gentleman meant mashed potatoes had he not pointed energetically to a dish of that vegetable which had just been placed upon the table. The laughter, silent but hearty, to which his neighbors indulged, nearly deprived them of the benefit of what they were eating, and the story made a good joke for the day.

Unsocial old Snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck at hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning rod.

The Chinese, after a long period of wet weather, when they have prayed vainly for relief, put their idols out in the rain, to see how they like it.

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

A person having wilfully put an end to his life by drowning in a canal, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Felo de se." Upon hearing it a Frenchman exclaimed,

"No, de sea, for he fell in de canal."

When Fox had ruined himself, and a subscription for him was talked of, some one asked how he thought he would take it.

"Take it," cried Selwyn, suddenly lighting up, "why, quarterly, to be sure."

GENERAL BUTLER'S ENCAMPMENT AT FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE, AS SEEN FROM JOHNSON AND HUGHES STREETS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ENCAMPMENT

Of Massachusetts Troops on Federal Hill, near Baltimore.

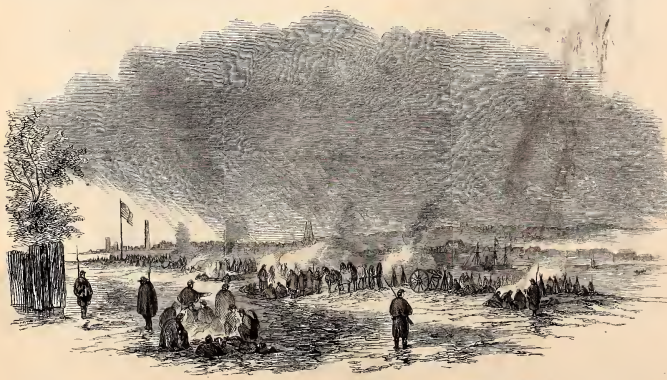
THE change that has come over the spirit of the Baltimore populace is remarkable. On the 19th of April the Northern troops were fighting their way through its streets, and now Governor Hicks is raising troops for the Union, and the very regiment which was then impeded and attacked is now welcomed with cordial shouts. It would seem from all accounts that General Butler's appearance with his force and a park of artillery took the Baltimoreans by surprise, although they evinced in merely as we have said, by the liveliest demonstrations of regard and welcome. Passing through Baltimore the General encamped with his men on Federal Hill, a rising ground, which commands the city and is situated near a mile from Fort McHenry.

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BUTLER, AT FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

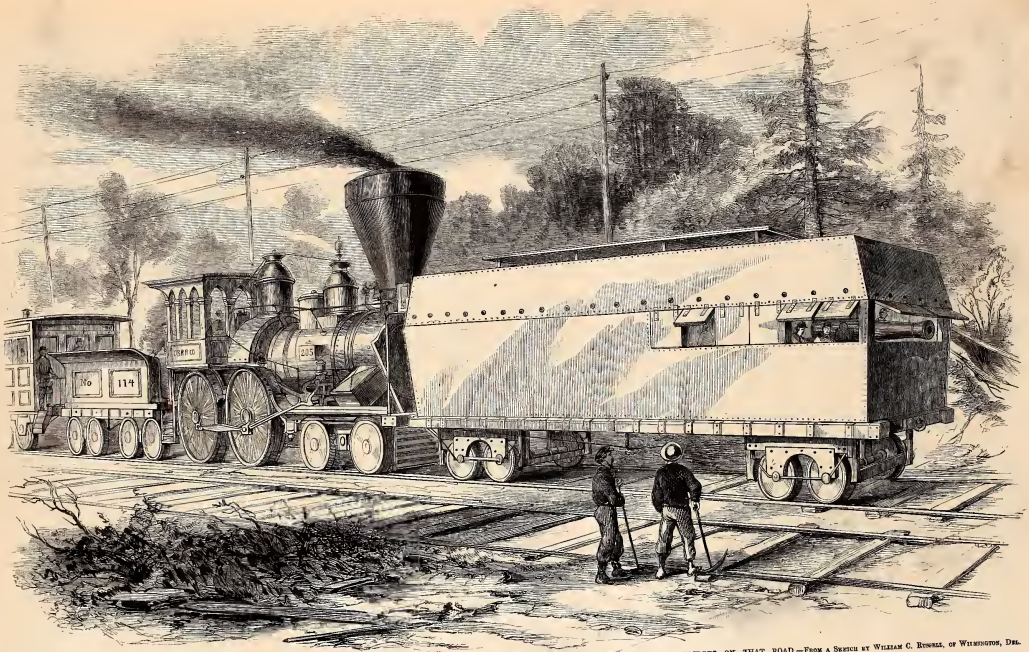
He then issued a proclamation on the 14th of May, in which he declared that he had occupied the city of Baltimore for the purpose of enforcing obedience to the laws of the United States, which were being hourly infringed by malignant citizens.

The General, very soon after establishing his camp, ordered the arrest of Mr. Ross Winans, of eight-steamer and steam-gun celebrity, and that suspected millionaire was arrested on the evening of the 14th, at Relay House. A correspondent says that he was perfectly astonished at the enthusiastic reception General Butler and his troops met with as they passed through Baltimore to Federal Hill, and the total absence of all fear and apprehension which characterized the populace, the streets being thronged with women with children in their arms. There seems to be every prospect of a protracted occupation

(Continued on page 10.)



ENCAMPMENT OF THE 31ST YORK EIGHTH REGIMENT, WITH PART OF THE BOSTON BATTERY, AT FEDERAL HILL, NEAR BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE RAILROAD BATTERY ON THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD, BUILT TO PROTECT THE WORKMEN WHILE REBUILDING THE BURNT BRIDGES ON THAT ROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM C. RUSSELL, OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

SEE PAGE 5.

ENCAMPMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS ON Federal Hill, near Baltimore.

(Continued from page 8.)

of this camp, since on the 14th the Water Commissioners and their men were engaged in laying down water pipes, and great care was being bestowed upon the entire encampment. So peaceful is the city now that on the evening of the very day of occupation General Butler and his staff dined at the Gilmore House, and then rode back to the camp. Some excitement has been caused by the seizure of an immense quantity of arms found in Gitting's store, corner of Jay and Second streets, and which were intended for the Secessionists. The troops on Federal Hill consist of the Massachusetts Sixth, the New York Eighth and the Boston Flying Artillery, numbering in all about two thousand five hundred men.

LUCILLE DE VERNET;

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two months had nearly elapsed. Lucille, as a last resort, had addressed a letter to Madame D'Almaine. A week after a packet arrived directed to Mademoiselle de Vernet; it was in the writing of the countess. Lucille broke the seal slowly, and with a fainting spirit. There were her own letters to Jules and Emile, all but one unopened. She was pushing them from her with a sinking sensation, when one addressed to herself fell to the ground; she caught it up eagerly, broke the seal, and read:

"MADAME—I have returned your letters that you may fully understand the uselessness of writing either to my son or daughter. The latter is still in her convent, and I have so fully explained the enormity of your conduct to the former, that he desires all intercourse must cease between you for ever. He is suffering now from a wound received in a duel with the Duke de Paleron. But he tells me to say, that although he can never acknowledge you as one bearing his name, he feels himself in a degree bound to give you an allowance; he therefore has made a settlement of four thousand francs per annum on you, and I inclose a bill for the half yearly amount. I should strenuously recommend you not to adopt the name of our family, as you can never be considered the Count d'Almaine's wife. In regard to your infant you may retain it, or give it up to its legal protectors. I have no advice to offer on the subject.

HORTENSE D'ALMAINE."

Lucille's feelings were indescribable on reading this cruel letter; but indignation predominated, and taking the letter of madame, and the bill inclosed in it, put it on the fire, and laying the poker on it, pressed it down into the flame till not a vestige of it remained.

"This is your act!" she cried, with flashing eyes, "and thus let it perish! You would compromise my honor, and trample me in the dust, but I will triumph yet over you, you unfeeling woman, for I am innocent and oppressed, and shall conquer, for I want only my husband's love and the esteem which nothing shall make me forfeit."

Her resolution was formed on the moment; it was hasty but firm, though time and trouble would be the cost. She would see him, speak to him, tell him all her wrongs, and she knew his heart too well to imagine he would turn away from her truthfulness, though a serpent had coiled round him to poison his mind against her.

She wept bitterly when she thought of his wound, for he had doubted her truth, and had fought to vindicate his honor at the risk of his reputation; she sighed, too, for Emile, who, immured in a convent, was helpless where she might have worked so much good.

De Vernet could scarcely keep his indignation within bounds. At first he insisted that the law should compel both the count and his mother to do justice to his daughter's claims; but Lucille pleaded so forcibly against these proceedings—declaring it would separate her from her husband for ever, for if he would not acknowledge her without compulsion, she would never live with him—that after many trials of patience and forbearance on his part, her father consented, partly instigated by Batiste, who was the friend on both sides, to permit her to make the attempt at reconciliation her own way. This was to proceed alone and unattended to Paris, to obtain an interview with Jules, unfold to him the artifice practised against him, and her sanguine hopes whispered all would be right.

On a bright morning in July, when the golden sun was giving a deeper tint to the clustering grapes hanging profusely and temptingly, slightly shaded from its glare by the broad dark green leaves, and every glade and mossy bank was lighted up by its brilliancy, Lucille with tearful eyes and trusting spirit, bade adieu to her loving and beloved friends, and a last farewell to the sweet home of all her happiness. As she pressed for the twentieth time a kiss on the lips of her child, as it slept on the careful arm of Madelina, she whispered, "Sweetest, I quit you but for a time. At our next embrace, your father's arm will entwine with mine round thy tiny form, and all will be peace and happiness."

With the faithful and tried servant of her father, Lucille stepped into the waiting vehicle, and was soon hastening to Paris with as much speed as French travelling in those days permitted. She gave a tearful and lingering look to the last green spot of the valley yet visible, and when it faded away for ever from her sight, she leant back in the carriage and closed her eyes; her tears were gone; but her heart seemed too large and heavy for her bosom, and with indescribable pain she pressed her hand tightly over it.

On the second day's journey the carriage drew up in the Rue de la Paix at the residence of a court milliner, a person who was partially known to the Batistes, and where Lucille was to locate while she had occasion for it.

Madame Boton received her with the freedom and courtesy of an old acquaintance. Comfortable apartments were assigned her, and an invitation to visit her business department when she pleased. All was free and easy; there were no suspicions, no inquiry about who or what she was. The milliner was well versed in fashionable news and scandal, and Lucille soon heard her own history in several different versions as connected with Madame d'Almaine. She heard, too, that her husband was much changed from the gay, fashionable man so greatly admired and caressed. He had scarcely recovered from his wound, which was a pistol shot in the arm; he was pale, languid and seldom quitted the house but for an airing.

How Lucille's heart yearned towards him at this intelligence! How she longed to see him! She many hours during the day, wrapped in a large shawl and thick veil, her person being disguised by them, she paced before the gates of the Hôtel d'Almaine, in the vain hope of seeing him, knowing from experience how useless would be the attempt to reach him by written communication.

One morning, worn and unhappy by her weary, useless watchings, urged by an impulse, she determined to boldly seek an interview with him. She drew towards the bell and laid her hand upon its handle; her courage was gone ere she had made it sound. Her peculiar position struck her forcibly; a wife of the proud and ancient house of D'Almaine forcing herself within its portals, or like a menial humbly asking for what she could command—her husband's presence! All her emotions for the moment were concentrated in her pride. She pulled the bell sharply, with a steady hand, and it still sounded when the porter looked through the aperture to reconnoitre the visitor. She demanded in a decided tone, "Is the Count d'Almaine at home?"

The porter scanned her from head to foot, before he answered, "He is gone out for a ride, mademoiselle."

"When will he return?" she asked. "Are his rides generally prolonged to great lengths?"

The man smiled, as he replied, "Monsieur knows his own mind better than I do, mademoiselle. I may as well ask what your business is with him?"

"I wish to see him," she replied; "and you will greatly oblige me by informing me of the most probable time for me to procure an interview."

"It is impossible," replied the man, "for, since monsieur's illness, madame, his mother, has not permitted any one to see him, but through her agency. Shall I take your message to the countess, mademoiselle?"

"No," she replied, in a desponding tone, for the courage that had impelled her to act was damped by this information. "I will call again. I may be more successful another time. The count may be at home." She hesitated, then added, "If you could deliver a letter to him from me, it might answer the purpose of seeing him; and I will reward you for your trouble," she said putting a Napoleon into his hand while speaking.

The man looked at the money, saying as he did so, "It is not the trouble, mademoiselle, you see; it is the risk we run. Madame threatens to discharge any domestic who should convey anything to the count without her knowledge; but a letter—I suppose it is but a love letter—might be an exception. Bring it, and I'll consult Jacqueline about it. She is more quick sighted than myself on these points; and though more discreet than tender hearted, is not above doing a good turn when profit is attached to it."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, my good man!" said Lucille, elated with her seeming success. "I will be here about this time to-morrow."

"Well, well," said the porter, "I will do what I can for you, mademoiselle."

Here a very small face, with a remarkably sharp pair of eyes, peered over the man's shoulder, and in a voice something beyond tenor, demanded why he was wasting so much time at the portal.

"I'll tell you all about it Jacqueline," he said, in a half soothing, half frightened voice. "It's a lady wants to see the count. I'll tell you all about it."

He then closed the shutter abruptly, leaving Lucille standing on the other side, in a half bewildered mood.

A loud ring at the bell aroused Lucille. She moved slowly away, uncertain, in her state of irritability, whither; and when she looked up to learn her direction, she was beyond the gardens of the Tuileries. She knew not the right turning homewards, and stood glancing anxiously round for some steady looking person to inquire her way.

She was standing on the curbstone, when she retreated slightly at the tramp of horses' hoofs; they were passing her, and mechanically her eyes were raised to the horseman. She uttered an exclamation, and stretched forth her arms.

"Jules! Jules!" she cried. "Stop! I am here. Oh, do not go, Jules! Jules, surely you will hear me."

But D'Almaine, unconscious she was near, rode on rapidly. He was pale and thoughtful, and pursued his course without once turning to the right or to the left. And onward went Lucille, with rapid movements unmindful of the observation she had attracted, till the object she was pursuing was hidden from her by distance, and the numerous vehicles and horsemen with which the streets were thronged: and when her straining eyes could no longer discern him, she leaned against an iron palisade and wept.

Many persons had assembled round her, some smiling at her, others pitying her, but all pronouncing audibly, "She is mad!"

Lucille had just become conscious of her unpleasant position and was trying to make her way through the crowd, when a middle-aged woman, after looking searchingly at her, exclaimed, "Mademoiselle de Vernet! or I am greatly deceived."

Lucille looked up; it was the mother of Rosalie, Emile's maid, who spoke; and happy to recognise one face among the gazers she had seen before, caught her arm, exclaiming, "Madame, will you escort me home. A stranger in Paris, I have mistaken the turning."

"Take my arm," said the woman; "I will see you safe; but you are fatigued, mademoiselle. My home is near: rest there for a time, and," she added, in a low voice, "it will enable us to rid ourselves of this rabble."

Lucille gladly took her offered arm, and was soon under her sheltering roof, listening with interest, that for the time drove other thoughts from her mind, to information of Emile.

"You must know, mademoiselle," said the woman, "that after you quitted us that morning when you were so fearfully ill, Rosalie came to tell me that madame had given her warning. She had a month before her, and she told me she would not, if possible, quit the Hôtel d'Almaine till she had discovered where her young lady was placed. She was successful. It is at the convent of St. Ursula; but when she applied at the gates to see her, instructions had been issued that none from the hotel were to be admitted without a special order from madame. It was a cruel disappointment to Rosalie, who was unacquainted with your address, and therefore had no power to do anything; and her next place taking her into the country, she was obliged to let the matter rest."

"But I can visit her," replied Lucille, anxiously. "I am not from the hotel, and can gain admittance. Tell me, madame, how can this be done?"

"To-morrow is visiting day," she replied; "the hours from twelve to two. Present yourself at the lodge, and if you succeed in passing the portress, you may, I think, gain access to the poor young lady, whom they are punishing to make her take the hateful vows."

"Dear Emile! you shall not, if I have power to prevent it," exclaimed Lucille, energetically; "and in exerting myself for your benefit, self shall be forgotten. I must return, now, madame. Will you direct me to the Rue de la Paix? Expect me shortly again, and believe my gratitude to be enduring."

It was late when Lucille returned; all were in consternation at her long absence; and Annette, her father's faithful servant, declared that she should not, without her attendance, again perambulate the streets of Paris. To this Lucille readily consented; and fatigued morally and physically she retired to bed. But the day had been an eventful one; it was replete with unlooked-for events. She had seen her husband—heard of his sister. Surely the countess's reign was not so triumphant as it had been. Hope whispered something would arise from it; and though she slept little, she arose in the morning for the first time refreshed since her residence in Paris.

It seemed a long time till the hour arrived for her departure to the convent. She wrote her letter to her husband, intending, as she returned, to leave it with the porter; and with a fluttering heart started off, accompanied by Annette, for St. Ursula's. She had planned that it should be considerably past the hour of admission when she arrived that, unmolested, she might have an opportunity of conversing with the captive. She trembled violently, as she stood waiting in the convent porch for her summons for admittance to be answered. But when the portress appeared she said in a low but firm voice that she was sent by Madame D'Almaine with a message to sister Emilie.

The door was opened immediately, and she passed in, Annette remaining on the outside, one visitor only being admitted at a time, according to the rules of the establishment. She went inward till she stood before a grating through which a nun was discernible pacing slowly the stone pavement. She was old and shrivelled; and what part of her face was visible from beneath the linen bandages bound round her chin and forehead was yellow as saffron; but her small coalblack eyes, wholly devoid of eyelashes, had an unquenching fire and quickness in them; and when for a moment they stopped their rapid movements, they seemed diving into the inmost soul.

Lucille shuddered and felt as cold as the marble on which she stood, as those eyes fixed searchingly upon her. The nun was close to her, the grating alone separating them; but she spoke not; and, as a degree of impatience deepened her yellow skin and sharpened her pointed features, Lucille seemed gradually sinking into nothingness; but finding she was to speak first, she said falteringly, "Mademoiselle D'Almaine, I have come to see her."

The nun tingled a small brass hand-bell, wrote the name on a card, and silently gave it to a sister, who had answered the summons. But a few minutes elapsed, when a tall figure, clad in a sombre, loose, dingy grey habit, with her forehead bound in linen, and a broad piece, similar to the nun's, apparently fastening up her chin, stood before the nun, who silently pointed to the grating. The figure turned; it was Emile; but how changed she was, pale as death; her large dark eyes had lost their brightness, and they were surrounded by a red circle; her features were sharp and her mouth, which had been formerly wreathed in smiles, was compressed and spiritless.

Lucille strained her eyes to be certain she was not deceived in the appearance; and when assured it was Emile, she uttered in a low, suppressed tone, catching her hand,

"Emile, dearest Emile, speak to me; do not look so unnaturally cold!"

The blood rushed up to the face of Emile; the paleness had departed from her cheeks; her eyes were bright and distended, as she said in a faltering voice,

"Lucille! Lucille! can it be? Yes, yes, I know the voice. Throw back your veil, that I may once more look upon a human face."

Lucille withdrew her veil.

"Ah, the same sweet face!" cried Emile, seizing her hand, "but pale and wan like my own. Lucille, you are not happy. Jules, where is he? Are you not with him? Oh, how I have wondered that you have both left me here so long to pine away my existence!"

"I am not with him Emile," replied Lucille. "We are separated. The hand that immured you in this wretched solitude has parted the husband and wife."

"My mother!" exclaimed Emile. "Unhappy woman, to what lengths has her indomitable pride driven her. But, my sister, you must see Jules. Write to him. I know his nature—generous and unsuspecting; but my mother's sway is over it. He knows not what she is, and trusts her, believing her what she should be. But you must dispel the mist. Have you written?"

"Yes, alas! yes," said Lucille, "and all my letters are returned unopened. But let us think of yourself Emile; of how I can serve you. My means seem trifling, helpless as I am. But remember the mouse once freed the lion when his enemies had entrapped him. Think if I can do anything."

Emile looked cautiously round. The small, fierce eyes of the nun were roving from one to the other; and Lucille, alarmed lest her words had been heard, said rather abruptly,

"Why are you kept so long beneath this roof? I trust not to further the countess's plans against myself?"

"Why?" replied Emile, with a derisive laugh. "Why, because I will not marry the Duke de Paleron; because I will not be a duchess. I have my choice to be a duchess or a nun; but I will be neither," she added, with a burst of her bygone spirit. "I will be neither, and I will yet quit these hated walls, where nothing seems human; where forms flit about cold, noiseless, heartless, with as little vitality in them as the marble beneath our feet, or the material of which the hated fabric is composed."

The nun was at the side of Emile as she spoke the last word; her sharp eyes met hers, and for a moment Emile's large flashing ones defied them; then she turned them to Lucille's, and said more calmly,

"My mother has done this; let her answer for it. If she perseveres, my heart will be steeled against her as it is against the semblance of religion she compels me to practise."

Again she was talking low to Lucille when a deep bell sounded; it was to warn visitors away. Emile turned sharply at its first vibration; for once the nun's eyes were not on them, and taking a small stone from her pocket threw it suddenly from her. It struck the window at the opposite end of the apartment, and the nun's eyes followed the cracking noise upon the glass. Emile took hurriedly a letter from her bosom, and placed it in the hand of Lucille, who as hastily conveyed it to her pocket, and all trace of the transaction was buried beneath the folds of her dress ere the nun's eyes had left the window. Both girls were pale and silent, they trembled, but were collected, and Emile said after a pause in a whisper,

"Let no hands but your own deliver it; it is directed; and if possible sleep not till he has it. Let us part now; for if they have any suspicion, they will search you. I shall see you next visiting day. Adieu, dearest Lucille; success attend your mission."

Lucille could scarcely repeat adieu when she found herself standing alone beside the grating. Emile and the nun were both gone, and with rapid, timid steps, glancing furtively round as she passed each massive, lofty pillar, reached the lodge. Annette impatiently waited, and was despatched as soon as they had crossed the last threshold of the convent for a hackney-coach.

Lucille did not feel to breathe freely till she found herself within the coach, when, drawing the letter from her pocket, she saw it was to Monsieur Charles de Bleville, Hotel de Paleron, Rue d'Antin. The driver was told to stop there; and on learning Monsieur de Bleville was at home, she desired them to say that a lady wished to see him at the gate on business of importance.

In a short space of time Charles de Bleville, with surprise painted on his countenance, appeared at the coach door, which was more increased when Lucille told him to open it and enter.

With little hesitation, however, he obeyed, when drawing up the glass she took the letter from her pocket and placed it in his hand. He knew the writing immediately, and became greatly agitated.

"How is this?" he said. "To whom am I indebted for this precious document?"

"To Emile's friend, monsieur," replied Lucille. "Perhaps it may be as well not to enlighten you further on the subject. Emile, as the letter will inform you, is in the convent of St. Ursula; of course you will see her and she will tell you as much of my history as she thinks proper. But here is my address; if you require other aid than your own to assist Emile, you both know where to come."

"Thanks," he cried, running his eyes over the card; then trying to pierce through the thickness of her veil, added, "St. Ursula the convent that has the worst reputation in France for its confinement and severe discipline. I am all anxiety to see what the dear girl says, though I well know why she is punished. If you will permit me, madam, I will call upon you to-morrow."

Lucille bowed assent; and he left the carriage, but stood at the hotel-gate with uncovered head till it drove off. The driver had not proceeded far when the checkstring was once more pulled, and he was ordered to stop a few doors from the Hôtel d'Almaine.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN the coach stopped at the Hôtel d'Almaine, Lucille, with a light step and fluttering heart, stepped from it, leaving Annette within it till she returned. She took the letter intended for Jules from her bosom, touched the bell and waited with a conflict of emotions till it was answered.

Jacqueline's thin, shrew-like visage was soon visible at the aperture. "Well," said she, in a sharp tone, "and what's the business?"

"Is the porter to be seen?" said Lucille, very humbly.

"No, he is out, and will not return till night," replied Jacqueline; "you can leave your message with me."

Lucille felt almost daunted by the uncourteous words and manner, but she had much at heart, and was determined to proceed.

"I spoke to your husband yesterday," she said, "about conveying a letter to the Count d'Almaine, he promised to befriend me, here it is," laying a Napoleon on it; "and I promise not only a further reward from myself, but will answer for the count, if you deliver it into his hands, handsomely remunerating you for any risk or trouble you may be at concerning it."

Jacqueline looked at the letter, then at the money—her eyes remained longer on the latter—but she quickly said, "Well, well, ma mselle, you must chance it, I'll take the letter, and do my best. Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothing," answered Lucille; "only that I will call or send in the morning to know if it has reached the count's hand."

"You need not," was the reply, "it will but create unnecessary trouble for us all; for an opportunity may not occur to give it the count these two or three days; and I dare say," she added, in a sinister tone, "when he gets it you will have an answer."

Lucille turned away as Jacqueline closed the shutter doubtful and unhappy that this expedient, like those already tried, would terminate ineffectually, but doubt would have been ended had she followed the portress into her sitting room. Jacqueline there laid the letter on the table, and put the Napoleon into her pocket, then silently deliberated a moment, then spoke aloud in her shrill trumpet-like notes.

"No, no," said she, "it will not do to run any risk about losing one's place. I dare say she gets her money easy, and the Napoleon will do me more good than the letter will monsieur, so this shall end it;" and putting the former on the top of a blazing wood fire, it sent forth a bright greenish flame, twisted itself into a few light contortions, and ended its brief existence.

The portress laughed. "You will tell no tales now," she cried, "nor do any mischief. I am glad my silly clown of a helpmate was not here, for he has a tender conscience, and would have screwed his features into numerous forms and shapes, and then have left me to do the business. I have ended it briefly and satisfactorily to my own mind."

While Lucille, at times hopeful, then desponding, listened day after day to every knock at the house door, every strange voice raised uncontrollable emotions. One moment her heart beat tumultuously, the next with scarcely a single pulsation, faint, heavy, even its fond sensations seemed fading, dying from it.

Thus toiled on a week, perhaps the most wearisome week Lucille had ever known. Away from all that was dear—a lonely, anxious watcher—life seemed a weary existence; and but for her child and her father, she would have laid it down cheerfully.

It was again the visiting day at St. Ursula's. Lucille had neither seen nor heard from Charles de Bleville; and with hopes and fears of another description, she sallied towards its dark, gloomy, towering walls, attended by Annette. As they turned a corner of a street leading from the Champs Elysées, a carriage passed them rapidly, but not so quick but the eye of Lucille, who had recognized the

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CURE
Nervous Headache,
CURE
All kinds of
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Your ob't Servant, JAMES KENNEDY.

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MR. SPALDING—SIR—I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours respectfully,
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SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., Jan. 18, 1861.

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Respectfully yours, JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—I have used one box of your Pills and find them excellent.

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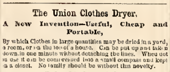

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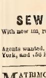

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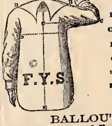

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WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

TENNESSEE.—The Memphis *Bulletin* tells the following story of the way suspected persons are treated in that city: "The city still contains at least a few suspicious characters. The patrol in the Fifth Ward arrested three of this character—William Gaynor, William Graham and Thomas Burns—on Thursday night. They had concealed weapons, pistols, knives and keys, and failing to give a good account of themselves, the Recorder sent them all to the chain-gang, two of them for fifty-three and Graham for one hundred and three days. This is a good disposition to make of all such characters as cannot give a good account of themselves."

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The Charleston *Courier* reports that on the 12th instant the British bark Hilga was refused entrance into the port by the Niagara. The British ships Monmouth and General Parkhill were also ordered off. The British ship A and A was pursued, but run into shoal water and was towed up to the city. The British ship Susan G. Owens, for Liverpool, was boarded but finally permitted to pass.

MISSOURI, St. Louis, May 17.—Two pieces of cannon, several hundred muskets and rifles, and a number of pistols and ammunition were taken from the custody of the Police Commissioners by order of the United States authorities. Sixty Colt's navy revolvers were also seized while in the hands of the American Express Company. All these arms have been sent to the Arsenal.

General Harney on the 14th of May issued a proclamation in which he annuls the recent act of the Legislature, as he considers it as an attempt to override the supreme Federal authority: "It must be apparent to every one who has taken a proper and unbiased view of the subject, that whatever may be the termination of the unfortunate condition of things in respect to the so-called "Cotton States," Missouri must share the destiny of the Union. Her geographical position, her soil, productions, and in short, all her material interests point to this result. We cannot shut our eyes against this controlling fact. It is seen and its force is felt throughout the nation. So important is this regarded to the great interests of the country, that I venture to express the opinion that the whole power of the Government of the United States, if necessary, will be exerted to maintain Missouri in her present position in the Union. I express to you in all frankness and sincerity my own deliberate convictions, without assuming to speak for the Government of the United States, whose authority, here and elsewhere, I shall at all times and under all circumstances, endeavor faithfully to uphold."

The same day Thomas G. Canult a wealthy planter of St. Louis, wrote a letter to General Harney, highly approving his proclamation, and wishing to know if the Goverment intended to interfere with negro slavery. General Harney replied by stating that although he had no special knowledge of the President's intentions, yet he was convinced from the action of General Butler in offering to suppress a slave riot in Maryland, and from the fact that the few fugitive slaves who had escaped into the District of Columbia having been sent back, that every description of property would be protected.

St. Louis, May 18.—Several Union men having been driven from Potosi, on the Iron Mountain railroad, a detachment of volunteers, under command of Captain Cole, was sent on Tuesday night to protect the loyal citizens in that section.

Captain Cole reached Potosi at three o'clock this morning, and surrounded the town with a chain of sentinels, and shortly after daylight a hundred and fifty citizens were taken prisoners and formed in line.

The Union men were recognised and released. About fifty Secessionists were liberated on parole, and nine of the leaders were brought to the city as prisoners of war.

A lead manufactory belonging to John Dean was taken possession of, and some four hundred pigs of lead seized.

On the return trip the troops dispersed a company of cavalry at De Soto, and captured thirty horses they left behind in their flight. The Stars and Stripes were then hoisted on a pole just ready to receive a Secession flag. Another prominent Secessionist was arrested here and another at Victoria, making twelve in all, who are now in the Arsenal.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Big Thing.—We find the following in the shape of a telegram from Charleston to the Savannah *Republican* of the 13th: "Wagner's improved rifled cannon has been tested and found to throw a shell seven miles. Preparations are on foot to compliment the Niagara with a few."

General Beauregard is constantly at Charleston—or rather, he was there on the 15th (last Wednesday)—as busy as a bee on a tour of inspection, of the defences along the coast. The Charleston *Courier* letter says:

"He found the planters everywhere eagerly willing to give the labor of their servants, and their own superintendence, if necessary, to the execution of the works ordered, and they will soon be completed.

"He visited specially and made important additions to defensive resources at Stono, North and South Edisto, St. Helena Sound, Beaufort, and the Broad River.

"In some of the places, which we need not specify more particularly, there are admirable opportunities for the use and application of batteries which cannot be seen, but which may be brought into use by a long wire fuse and a slight chain of galvanism or electricity."

ALABAMA, Mobile, May 12.—W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*, visited Forts Morgan and Gaines to-day. He was accompanied by several prominent citizens. Mr. Russell made several important suggestions to Colonel Hardee regarding the fortifications, gathered from his experience in the Crimea, and seemed well pleased with Hardee's command. He says Col. Hardee is every inch a soldier.

VIRGINIA.—The Norfolk papers of the last dates report that the old Navy Yard will soon be impregnable—that big guns are being removed, gun carriages manufactured, new batteries put up on Craney Island, and along the Nansemond river, and that fresh troops had arrived from Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and other parts of Virginia.

The Minnesota, Commander Stringham, had allowed messengers from the British bark Volant, and the Swedish brig Tyrus, to communicate with their consignees at Norfolk.

The United States troops from Fort Monroe have taken possession of Mill Creek bridge and the well of water on Captain Clark's place. Mrs. Clopton's place is also threatened by Colonel Dimmick. The small trees and undergrowth between the gunner's house and the water fronting the Navy Yard have been burnt. This is on the public property known as St. Helena, where the battery to be raised is now progressing.

Brigadier-General Gwynne, of the Southern forces—the engineer at Charleston harbor—was superintending new batteries.

FLORIDA, Fort Pickens.—We have dates via Mobile to May 12th. Governor Moore, of Alabama, was at Pensacola. More and more troops are there coming in. The Ladies' Battery of two thirty-two pounders for the defence of Pensacola is completed. The correspondent of the Mobile *Register* writes: "I have been requested by several Mobile friends to let them know a day or two before the fight is to commence, as they would like to come over, look round, and if need be, take a hand. I would give them such information gladly, if it were possible. But commence when it will, I don't think that I risk much in saying that in sixty hours after the first gun is fired, there will not be a Yankee left in Fort Pickens. A hundred and forty guns converging on any one point sixty hours would drive the devil from his hole. For several days it will be essentially a big gun fight—such a fight as was never witnessed on this continent, a cannonade that will shake the land and the sea.

The steamer Powhatan amused herself a couple of hours in firing shell and shot at a target. Those who witnessed it through glasses pronounced the shots buncombe! She had better tried Fort McRae, only two or three miles distant."

Key West, May 14, 1861.—The steamship Suwanee, Captain Crowell, arrived at this port last evening from New Orleans, with a cargo of provisions, &c. She also brought a small mail from the Gulf ports, excepting Pensacola. By her we learn that the schooner W. C. Atwater, Captain Allen, had arrived at Pensacola with a cargo of lumber from Key West; discharged the same at Fort Pickens, and thence sailed for Cedar Keys, where she was seized by the authorities and sent to Apalachicola. It is also reported by Captain Crowell, of the Suwanee, that Captain Allen had been hung by an Apalachicola mob.

Captain Craven, of the steamer Crusader, has taken possession of the steamer Suwanee in the name of the United States. He has now in his possession the yacht Wanderer and steamer Suwanee. The Wanderer will soon be armed, and sent into the Gulf in charge of a lieutenant of the United States Navy. The Suwanee will be detained at this port in charge of the authorities until further orders are received from Washington.

The city of Key West remains loyal to the Government, and all seditious and disaffected persons are to be removed beyond the limits of the island on Monday next, by order of Major William H. French, the commanding officer of the island.

MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS AND MOVEMENTS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The Excelsior Brigade.—This fine brigade of four regiments is completed and ready for service. The regiments composing it are as follows:

First Regiment, New York Legion, under Acting Brigadier-General Curtis and Major Judson.

Second Regiment, the Brooklyn Phalanx, Colonel Adams and Lieutenant-Colonel Cross.

Third Regiment, the Fire Zouaves, Colonel John Banlch.

Fourth Regiment, Imperial Zouaves, Colonel Merritt.

The Legion has been organized under able hands, and promises to be an efficient brigade. The headquarters are North William street.

Our Soldiers at Washington and their Fare.—A gentleman who has just returned to this city from Washington says he was invited to dine with some members of the Seventh Regiment. He accepted the invitation, and when he was seated at dinner one of his friends, pushing towards him a piece of half-raw pork on a hard biscuit, requested him "to pitch in and help himself." This was the principal part of the repast, the soldiers being allowed to purchase no extra articles of food but eggs. The same gentleman states that the life of the soldier is anything but an idle one. The first gun is fired at half-past four o'clock in the morning, and all must be in ranks for drill at five o'clock. The drill continues until seven o'clock, at which time breakfast is served. Immediately after breakfast drilling and field exercise commence again, and continue until twelve o'clock, when dinner is ready. At five o'clock in the afternoon the men must all be on hand for dress parade, with their belts, muskets and accoutrements scoured and in good order. From this statement of the case it is evident that the soldier's life is no holiday.

The Union Defence Committee, by virtue of the authority vested in it by the Government at Washington, has selected the following New York regiments to be called into immediate service:

Second Regiment, Colonel G. W. B. Tompkins.

Ninth Regiment, Colonel Hawkins.

Fourteenth Regiment, Colonel Wood, Brooklyn.

Seventy-ninth Regiment (Highland Guard), Lieutenant-Colonel Elliott commanding.

General Order No. 41.

1. By a resolution of the Board of State Officers, the following organization of volunteers is hereby ordered:

First Division, to be commanded by Major-General Dix, is to consist of First Brigade, composed of

First Regiment	Colonel Allen.
Second Regiment	Colonel Carr.
Third Regiment	Colonel Townsend.
Fifth Regiment	Colonel Duryea.
Ninth Regiment	Colonel Hawkins.

And Second Brigade, composed of

Seventh Regiment	Colonel Bendix.
Eighth Regiment	Colonel Blenker.
Eleventh Regiment	Colonel Ellsworth.
Twentieth Regiment	Colonel Weber.

British Volunteers.—Captain R. E. A. Hompton arrived from Boston a few days ago on the steamboat Plymouth Rock, from Stonington, Conn., with more than one hundred men who have enlisted to join the regiment of British volunteers. The men went to the headquarters in the Bowery for inspection. Other reinforcements for this nearly-full regiment are expected from Albany and Montreal. One company from Troy, under command of Captain Howe, joined the regiment the other day. The Newark (N. J.) *Mercury* says:

"Captain W. W. Armstrong, recruiting officer at Union Hall in this city, sent a squad of fifty men to New York, as recruits to the regiment of British volunteers. They were a fine, able-bodied set of men, and will compare favorably with any in the service. Recruits will be received at Union Hall as usual. British residents are invited to enrol."

No Cavalry Wanted.—Major Armstrong having inquired relative to the acceptance of volunteer cavalry by the Government, Secretary Cameron replied that he would not receive a mounted regiment raised north of Philadelphia. This will be unwelcome news to the colonels and captains who are busy getting up cavalry regiments in this city. Their movement was rather premature in any case, as the Government has made no call except for infantry and riflemen.

The Santee.—The United States frigate Santee will be reported ready for sailing orders on the 1st of June. The Santee is a new ship, 1,726 burthen, and carries fifty guns. She was on the stocks for nearly half a century, and launched in 1855, at the same time that the new steam frigates Niagara, Wabash, &c., which were only ten months building, were put afloat. The Santee will have on her first cruise 500 officers and sailors and fifty marines.

Another Gunboat.—The schooner Henry W. Johnson (formerly a wrecking schooner) has been chartered by the Government. She will carry three guns and cruise around Key West.

Second Regiment Fire Zouaves.—General Nathan P. Graham has been appointed Colonel of this regiment. His ability and experience as an officer eminently qualify him for the command. The regiment has been ordered to hold itself in readiness for immediate departure.

Garibaldi Guard.—This regiment, commanded by Colonel D'Utassy, paraded on the 19th in Tompkins square. By Wednesday the men will be fully uniformed and ready to start at a moment's notice, providing the Union Defence Committee furnishes them with arms.

A Regiment from Troy.—Colonel Carr's regiment (Second Volunteer) from Troy, arrived in this city on the 19th at eleven o'clock. They are quartered at Devlin's new store, Canal street.

Arrival of the Albany Regiment.—The Third Regiment New York Volunteers arrived here on Sunday from Albany. The men, a fine set of fellows, were marched to the barracks in the Park, and are at present quartered there.

The Wilson Zouaves' Encampment.—The chaplain was not called upon on Sunday to do duty for the soldiers under command of Colonel William Wilson. Instead of prayers, they had two regimental drills—one before breakfast, and the other at nine o'clock. Two new companies were mustered into the regiment in the morning, bringing the corps up to the full number required by military regulations. Colonel Wilson's men look very finely, are in a thorough state of discipline, and, whilst outwardly rough, give one the impression that effective service may be expected from them.

Mr. Bristow's Concert.—Mr. George F. Bristow's monster patriotic Union Concert, in aid of the Volunteer Fund, established for the benefit of those who go to the war, will take place on Saturday, May 25, at the Academy of Music. He will be assisted by the New York Philharmonic Society and nearly all the best artists in the city, including Miss C. Hinckley, Miss M. Brainard, Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Stoepel, Miss Bowcroft, Messrs. Aynesley Cook, J. R. Thomas, George W. Wooster and others; also Mr. S. B. Mills, Professors Eben and Dahler, &c., &c., with a full and efficient orchestra. General John A. Dix is Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, sustained by a host of highly influential names. Among them are Simeon Draper, Comptroller Haws, Hon. Fernando Wood, Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Rev. Dr. Armitage, Rev. Dr. Hutton, Hon. Hamilton Fish and very many others. The excellence of this most noble enterprise commends it to all good and true patriots. It is one in which rich and poor can unite. They will undoubtedly flock thither next Saturday, and fill the house from floor to ceiling.

Departure of the Second Regiment New York State Militia.—Colonel Tompkins's regiment that has been under canvas on the Battery for some time past, left on the 10th for Washington, by way of Baltimore.

National Union Volunteers.—Colonel Colvin E. Pratt's regiment, now quartered in the Park barracks, will be removed to other quarters further up town.

President's Life Guard.—The gentlemen composing the official corps of this regiment were, on the 19th, the recipients of quite a compliment from the Union Defence Committee. They formed in line and marched from the headquarters, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, to the waiting-room of the Committee, where their commanding officer, Colonel Goodwin, intimated to the person in charge his desire of an inspection of his corps. They were immediately admitted by order of the Chairman, Mr. Simeon Draper, to the private office of the Committee, and reviewed by the members then present. Mr. Draper, we are informed, expressed himself highly pleased at the appearance of the officers, and proffered such aid within his official capacity as would advance the speedy completion of the organization.

Westchester Chasseurs.—This regiment, under command of Colonel Laasing, is about to leave the old quarters, No. 73 Broadway, and go into barracks on Forty-ninth street, North River.

First California Regiment.—Four hundred men belonging to this regiment left the city on the 19th, for Nieuw Dorp, Staten Island, where they will be quartered.

Anderson Zouaves.—Eight hundred men have already been recruited for this regiment. Two companies from Albany and one from Troy will arrive here in a day or two, and attach themselves to Colonel J. Lafayette Riker's regiment. Recruits are received in the large tent erected on Union square.

Constitution Guard.—One company, under command of Captain C. Ray, arrived here on the 10th from Philadelphia, and joined this regiment. Colonel Cock's men are quartered at the corner of Houston and Greene. Recruiting station, No. 632 Broadway.

Empire City Guard.—About five or six hundred men belonging to this regiment assembled at the headquarters, No. 594 Broadway, on Sunday, in order to hear a sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Everett. It was a most patriotic discourse, and was listened to with marked attention by the men. Colonel Sheehan, Lieutenant-Colonel Mulligan and the other officers were present.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

Philadelphia, May 17, 1861.—Quite an excitement was created in the upper part of the city this morning by the seizure of a submarine boat, the invention of De Villeroi, a Frenchman. It was going down the river and struck on an island. Four men were found on board. Villeroi says he was about taking it to the navy yard to test; but the officers of the yard disclaim any knowledge of him. The boat was constructed some time since for raising wrecks and other submarine work, but was never put in active use. It is cigar-shaped and made of iron, thirty feet long. It supplies its own air, and will be useful in running under a fleet.

Key West.—The celebrated yacht Wanderer was seized, under suspicious circumstances, on the evening of the 5th inst., and is now lying at the Government wharf, in charge of Lieutenant James M. Duncan, with a prize crew. The Wanderer had been lying in the harbor of Havana upwards of a year, and had left that place the day previous to her seizure.

The steamboat Empress, of St. Louis, was brought to by a shot fired across her bows at Camp Harris, six miles above Memphis, where there is a body of about 400 State troops encamped. When landing, a body of soldiers came aboard, and after examining the freight book, very coolly took possession of a hogshead of sugar, and rolled it ashore, giving as an excuse that they "needed it." Several of the troops examined, without ceremony, the freight book, in search of various articles which they needed. One of them, a German, was particularly anxious to find a box of claret. A portion of them proceeded to the ice-chest of the boat, and were about to help themselves to the boat's supply of vegetables; but upon the very decided remonstrance of the officers of the boat, who represented that they had a large number of passengers, they were induced to forego that luxury. After some parley, a receipt for the sugar was given in the name of the State of Tennessee, and the officers will send a bill for the property to the functionaries at Nashville.

A Good Story.—The Charlestonians tell a good story at their own expense, which well illustrates the want of discipline. A company was keeping guard at the Arsenal. The Colonel of the regiment passing by, saw the sentinel inattentive to his duty. He took away his gun, then entered the Arsenal. A subordinate officer was concocting a cocktail.

"Where is the Captain?" the Colonel asked.

"Up stairs."

"Please say to him that I want to see him."

"Well, after I take a drink," said the subaltern. After swallowing his toddy he went up-stairs to the Captain.

"The Colonel is down stairs, and wants to see you, Captain."

"Well, if he wants to see me more than I do him, just tell him to walk up," said the Captain, who was lying on a bed.

The Colonel went up-stairs, and found the Captain taking things easy. "Sir, you ought to be drilling your company. Your sentinel don't know how to do his duty, and I took his gun away from him."

"Well, I dare say he will be much obliged to you. I reckon he was tired of carrying it."

Another good story is told, which has not found its way into the Charleston papers. The light-boat which was captured has been anchored at the mouth of the creek which leads to Stono River. The guns have been placed on board. The one aiming down the creek is kept loaded with shot, while the one pointing toward the city is used to fire a morning and evening gun. Not long since, when the sunrise gun was fired, a twelve pound ball ripped through a negro's shanty, and lodged in a hotel, greatly to the consternation of an old negro and several boarders. The crew of the light-boat did not discover that the boat had turned with the tide during the night!

A Critical Zouave.—The Washington *Star* tells this story of a Fire Zouave: "A day or two since a couple of the Firemen Zouaves strolled over the Long Bridge into Virginia, when they came across a small party of Secession scouts. One of the 'Lambs,' beckoning a scout aside, asked him if he belonged to the 'chivalry.' The scout replying in the affirmative, the 'Lamb' proceeded to examine him very minutely, taking off his cap, lifting up the skirts of his coat, &c.; after which he turned, as if disappointed, to his companion, with, 'Why, d—n it, Joe, he's just like other men!'"

While Colonel Anderson was talking with some officers, one of the number congratulated him upon being elevated to the rank of Colonel.

"Oh," said he, "I am only getting back to my former position. I was a Colonel in 1833, over the Illinois volunteers in the Black Hawk War."

"Old Abe was there?"

"Yes; a Captain. I ranked him then," said the Major; "but he is ahead of me now."

CAMP CAMERON, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, WASHINGTON,

Where the Seventh Regiment of the New York Militia are now stationed.

However civilised a man may be, and however cultivated his taste, there is an inherent love of adventure in his nature, which culminates in camp life, and which leads him on, despite of the Damoclean sword of sudden battle which ever hangs over the soldier. Wordsworth, in one of his finest sonnets, has admirably depicted the stern resolve of the warrior when he goes forth on his perilous task:

> That what we would perform in arms we must;
> We read its dictates in our children's eyes,
> In the wife's smile, and in the silent dust
> Of those who were before us.

A patriot soldier is as different as light from dark from the paid myrmidons of a European despot.

It is this feeling which has made our militia so great a favorite with the public, and foremost among them stands the Seventh Regiment, or National Guard of New York.

Our Special Artist has sent us an admirable sketch of the encampment and headquarters of this regiment at Camp Cameron, which has been formed on Georgetown Heights, about two and a half miles from Washington. It is immediately situated on a very beautiful spot, forming part of the grounds of Mr. Stone, a gentleman of considerable wealth, and who has vacated his mansion for the accommodation of the officers of the regiment and a body guard composed of the engineer corps. The prospect from the front piazza of the house is very beautiful, commanding a view of the Potomac for several miles. It is situated on a knoll, and surrounded with shady trees, while a lawn in front gives it a park-like appearance. The men are encamped in a large field at the back of the garden.

One of the regiment thus describes their mode of life: "We are under strict military discipline. Rise at five, roll call; breakfast at seven; at nine drill one hour; dinner served at twelve; five, dress parade; and lights out at nine. Guards are set, with loaded pieces, and all know that to make any infringement on rules is to be shot. Our room is twelve by ten feet, and when all are stretched out at night it is close packing; but we are so much better fixed than the rest that we are satisfied." Another adds that "one of their greatest treats is the regularity with which they get their newspapers." A luxury unheard of in the days of Julius Cæsar, who never had the pleasure of seeing himself in print; a privilege common now to every hero who does anything worthy of praise.

IMPORTANT DIRECTIONS TO VOLUNTEERS.

The Private Secretary of Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, issues these directions to volunteers, which are the substance of a report made to the State Medical Commission by the eminent physician, Dr. Ware:

Soldiers should recollect that, in a campaign, where one dies in battle from three to five die of disease. You should be on your guard therefore more against this than the enemy, and you can do much for yourselves which nobody can do for you.

1. Avoid especially all use of ardent spirits. If you will take them, take them rather after fatigue than before. But tea and coffee are much better. Those who use ardent spirits are always the first to be sick and the most likely to die.

2. Avoid drinking freely of very cold water, especially when hot or fatigued, or directly after meals. Water quenches thirst better when not very cold and sipped in moderate quantities slowly—though less agreeable. At meals tea, coffee and chocolate are best. Between meals the less the better. The safest in hot weather is molasses and water with ginger or small beer.

3. Avoid all excesses and irregularities in eating and drinking. Eat sparingly of salt and smoked meats, and make it up by more vegetables, as squash, potatoes, peas, rice, hominy, Indian meal, &c., when you can get them. Eat little between when you have plenty at meals.

4. Wear flannel all over in all weathers. Have it washed often when you can—when not, have it hung up in the sun. Take every opportunity to do the same by all your clothing, and keep everything about your person dry, especially when it is cold.

5. Do not sit, and especially do not sleep upon the ground, even in hot weather. Spread your blanket upon hay, straw, shavings, brushwood, or anything of the kind. If you sleep in the day, have some extra covering over you.

6. Sleep as much as you can and whenever you can. It is better to sleep too warm than too cold.

7. Recollect that cold and dampness are great breeders of disease. Have a fire to sit around whenever you can, especially in the evening and after rain, and take care to dry everything in and about your persons and tents.

8. Take every opportunity of washing the whole body with soap and water. Rub well afterwards. If you bathe, remain in the water but a little while.

9. If disease begins to prevail, wear a wide bandage of flannel around the bowels.

10. Keep in the open air, but not directly exposed to a hot sun. When obliged to do this, a thin, light, white covering of the head and neck, in the form of a cap with a cape, is a good protection.

11. Wear shoes with very thick soles, and keep them dry. When on the march, rubbing the feet after washing with oil, fat or tallow, protects against foot sores.

MEXICO.—On the 2d of May, we learn from Vera Cruz, that the Hon. Thomas Corwin, United States Minister to Mexico, and suite, Sir Charles Wyke, Minister from England, and Mr. Von Kint, Chargé des Affaires from Belgium, arrived at Vera Cruz by the English steamer Solent, from Havana, on the 30th ult. The three Legations are to proceed at once to the city of Mexico. It is considered that now Mexico has a chance of realizing a regular and stable Government, it being reported in diplomatic circles that the Ministers of England, France and the United States have agreed to support the authority of Juarez. This is considered as a great triumph for American interests.

Mr. Theophilus Popp, of Poppville, in Popp county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, "popped the question" to her under the poplar tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, popped him out of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel!"

ENCAMPMENT OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH'S NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES, ON THE HEIGHTS O

ENCAMPMENT OF ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES.

This famous body of fiery and active soldiers have at length got free from the trammels and confinement of their city quarters, a change which is both pleasant and beneficial to them. They are encamped on the heights opposite the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., and, as our sketch will show, are most comfortably situated. Colonel Ellsworth is indefatigable in drilling his regiment, and his men most willingly second his efforts by close attention to duty and alacrity in the performance of all the details of camp life. It is the opinion of the best military authorities that Ellsworth's New York Fire Zouaves will prove one of the most effective and efficient regiments in the field.

GENERAL CADWALLADER, WITH HIS DIVISION OF PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS

Entering the Harbor of Baltimore.

On Wednesday, May 15th, the steamers and propellers containing General Cadwallader's division were seen entering the harbor of Baltimore. The troops consisted of the First Division of Pennsylvania volunteers, under the command of General Cadwallader, intended for the occupation of Baltimore. The fleet of boats was cordially greeted on its way up the harbor, the large ships and the small pungies displaying the American flag.

THE LONG BRIDGE CONNECTING WASHINGTON

With Alexander's Island.

The Long Bridge over the Potomac, which connects Washington with Alexander's Island, is how jealously guarded by the Federal troops. Our sketches show it from two points of view, one from the Washington side, and the other from the Alexander's Island side. The two smaller sketches on page 28 are interesting views on Alexander's Island.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow? A little London porter.

GEORGETOWN, W
TON & ALEXA

The exquisite picture
embraces a view of
and Arlington Heights,
Washington, the city
dria, with the Georget
Long Bridges, and the
of the beautiful Poto
It was sketched fron
College, the quarters o
ninth Regiment of New
Militia, and is a compre
accurate view of th
scene. The relative
the places so frequentl
since the inauguration
Lincoln can now be
traced, and their impo
roughly understood.

THE SUBMARIN

**Recently Taken f
delphia.**

The Submarine Boat,
captured by Lieutenan
the night of the 16th of
lying at anchor near P
is the invention of a
named Villerol, is abou
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forty-four inches in dia
is propelled by a screw
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bull's eyes on the top t
to the interior. The
through a trap in the
sink the vessel water
by a machine into h
percha bags in the
vessel is now lying at Wi
Wharf, Philadelphia.

BATTERY ON T
RIDGE.

The Federal Govern
erected a battery on
romantic spot called the
near the Relay House
This battery comple
mands the approach to
ton, so that no train co
in opposition to the
commander of that pos

TROOPS DRIL

**In the Capitol Gr
Washington, I**

The influx of troops lat
ton renders it every
day a scene of excit
display. The grounds
Capitol are used for t
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visitors. The variou
have their cliques o
who deem the evolutio
favorites entirely unapp
It is but just to say t
troops in their drill a
are worthy of warm en

CAPTAIN HARE DEMANDING OF MARSHAL KANE THE ARMS TAKEN FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, BY THE RIOTERS OF BALTIMORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

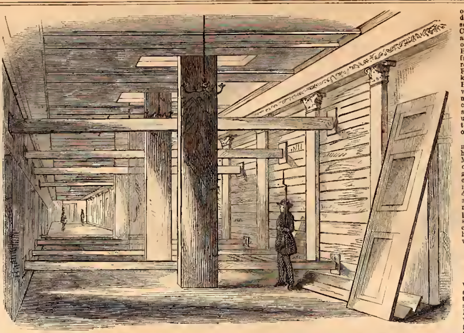
Barber's Shop. Interior of Tent. Post-Office.

Entrance to the Grounds—Guards' Post. The Chaplain reading the Articles of War, Sunday, May 12, 10 a.m. Divine Service, Sunday, May 12, 1.30 p.m. Stage leaving Washington for the Camp Ground.

CAMP CAMERON, ON GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.—QUARTERS OF THE 7TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BARRICADES AT THE TREASURY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

While the Capitol was in a defenceless state and open to any sudden assault of the Secession troops, it was deemed advisable to put the public buildings in as good a state to resist attack as circumstances would permit. In addition to fortifying other Government offices, the Treasury Building was barricaded in such a way as to offer the greatest possible obstruction to a storming party, and the best defence for the besieged. Our sketch shows the planking which barred every entrance, secured by ponderous beams of wood running across from door to door, so as to entirely blockade all passage, thus rendering it necessary to storm each room and gallery before possession of the building could be obtained. The ample force which has now rendered the safety of Washington secure has also rendered the previous precautions unnecessary, but the exigencies of the time warranted their erection, and those precautionary measures were proofs of the determination of the authorities to defend the Capitol to the last.



BARRICADES ERECTED IN THE TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS FROM NEW YORK, BOSTON AND RHODE ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

The Naval Academy of Annapolis was founded in 1845 for the education of young persons intended for the United States naval service, and in 1853 had one hundred and seventy-six students. Since then the number of pupils has very much increased, and although it has been so short a time established it has produced several officers of great ability.

The route to Washington by Annapolis was chosen immediately after the riotous demonstrations in Baltimore, and the Naval Academy with its grounds and dock became the scene of great excitement, all the troops intended for Washington having to encamp there during the period between the time of their debarkation and their departure for Washington. We need hardly say that the city of Annapolis has been more than usually alive during the past few weeks.

Since the recent trouble in Baltimore, and the burning of the United States vessels at Norfolk, the students have been transferred to Newport, Rhode Island, where they will complete their nautical education.

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT AT ANNAPOLIS.

It will be remembered that our gallant Seventh Regiment was among the first of the Northern troops which arrived at Annapolis, and to them fell the duty, in conjunction with the noble Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, of opening the way to Washington. Laying down rails, repairing bridges, locomotive and baggage cars, besides guarding every point of the road, may be enumerated as portions of their first campaign duty. How well both regiments behaved, how ably they fulfilled every part of a soldier's duty is a matter of history, and the hearty friendship which sprang up between the two regiments, cemented by soldierly acts of good fellowship and liberal interchange of generous courtesies, speaks well for the manly character of the men of both regiments. Our Artist has sketched the encampment of the Seventh on the Battery at Annapolis, which we engrave this week.

ARREST OF SUPPOSED SECESSIONIST SPIES.

There is no branch of war so desperate, and yet so despised, as that of espionage, for an ignominious death is inevitable upon discovery, and to escape detection a rare combination of qualities is indispensable, if anything like vigilance is displayed by the other party. Major André occupies the most illustrious rank in this class, although he rather belongs to that of the secret negotiator than the spy. There have been several arrests lately on the suspicion of being spies, the most important of which are those of Edward de Grandval and Brooks, alias Connor, accurate portraits of whom we now present to our readers. Edward de Grandval is known by name to the public on account of his brother, Oscar de Grandval, having been killed some years ago by a young Cuban desperado, named Cueva, as he was leaving the residence of Judge Charles, of Hoboken. He is of a very respectable family, originally, as may be readily inferred from the name, French, and for several years kept a classical academy in Hudson terrace, Hoboken. He was arrested on the 5th at Annapolis, under very suspicious circumstances, and upon being searched sketches were found upon him of the encampments at the Junction and also of Annapolis.

The other is a young man of most respectable family, which has resided for many years in Maryland. His name is Brooks, or Connor, since it seems he has gone by both these names. The exact offence he is charged with is opening some Government despatches entrusted to his care, and it is said that he has communicated the contents to a third party. A telegraphic despatch says that he had confessed his crime to Commandant Smith, and had begged to have an interview with a priest.

RECRUITING FOR THE NAVY.

Very few of our readers have ever, we believe, penetrated into the obscure and not very sweet smelling locality in which the Naval Recruiting Depot, which we illustrate, is situated. As a general thing, it is one of the dirtiest streets in the city, and enjoys the double odor of old junk and loose morals. It contains a large number of those dens called "sailor traps," where the hard-working tar is robbed of everything—his character, health and money. When literally haggared, and in the last stages of rum-besotted despair, the naval recruiting rendezvous offers a sure refuge for the able-bodied seaman, and Jack, following the nautical adage, "any port in a storm," enters and becomes one of Uncle Sam's men for a long or short cruise, as the case may be.

The naval service is not popular with seamen, and many eye the entrance to the rendezvous with suspicion and misgiving, and not a few hitch up their waistbands, and turn their quids and themselves in another direction. In the stirring times of war, however, recruiting for the navy goes on briskly. Our sketch represents an excited scene at the depot immediately after the President's call for an increase of the navy. Hundreds offered every day under the excitement of a probable brush with the Southern Privateers.

THE RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT IN THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our readers will remember the magnificent appearance which the crack regiment from Rhode Island made as they passed through Broadway to their place of embarkation *en route* to Washington.

REGIMENTS DRILLING ON THE GROUNDS IN FRONT OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

EDWARD DE GRANDVAL. A SPY, CAPTURED BY THE U. S. TROOPS AT ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION.

their looks and their bearing proclaimed them work-a-day soldiers, men to be depended upon at times of the greatest emergency. They endured the privations of the voyage and the march without a murmur, and entered Washington with buoyant step and high spirits. Their appearance there was hailed with pleasure, and as they marched to their quarters at the Patent Office they attracted universal attention, and were loudly cheered along the whole route. Everything was done for their comfort that could be done under the circumstances, and our Special Artist has sketched a portion of the sleeping arrangements provided for those gallant Rhode Islanders.

PARTING WITH FRIENDS—GOING TO THE WAR.

During the few past weeks the streets of our city have witnessed many sad and tender scenes of parting. Mothers taking leave of their sons, wives of their husbands, sisters of their brothers and maidens of their lovers. There was much sorrow and much weeping, gentle exhortation and earnest prayers, but no remonstrance, no complaining; all seemed sustained in their great affliction by a spirit of pure and deep enthusiasm for the cause of their country, which dictated a noble self-sacrifice, unselfishly and unrepiningly yielded. All honor to the brave, good, gentle and noble women who could so exalt their duty above the natural and dear claims of domestic ties and home affections.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

The *Charentais* tells the following tale, which has already had many counterparts in the French press: "As a wealthy gentleman of Jouzac, in the Charente, was with his wife a few days back coming from Spain in a postchaise, he, at a steep ascent in the Pyrenees, got out to walk, letting the vehicle go on. After a while a man suddenly issued from a wood, and, presenting a revolver, threatened death if the traveller did not allow himself to be robbed quietly. Seeing that resistance was useless, the gentleman permitted the man to take his purse, in which were about 2,000 francs, his watch, breastpin and a diamond ring. The thief then turned to leave, but, stepping back, he made the gentleman give up his great coat, and threw to him contemptuously, in exchange, his own ragged jacket. The traveller took the latter, and, fearing to catch cold, put it on. On joining his wife in the postchaise, after telling her what had occurred, he examined the pockets of his strange garment, and, to his astonishment, found not only his purse, ring, watch and pin, but a gold snuff-box and another purse! The thief, in his anxiety to obtain the gentleman's coat, had forgotten the property deposited in the pockets of his own jacket."

The Pleasant Present not Enjoyed because of the Unpleasant Future.—John Foster could not heartily enjoy the summer weather, for thinking how every sunny day that shone upon him was a downward step towards the winter gloom. Each indication that the season was progressing, even though progressing as yet only to greater beauty, filled him with great grief. "I have seen a fearful sight to-day," he would say, "I have seen a buttercup."

The Poles in Paris are appearing in their national costumes, with the idea of going to Warsaw. In the meantime it is a pretty bit of masquerading, and the *Cracovienne* will be the fashion of the day in our saloons. The affair will end in tailoring and fiddling.

A new opera is announced, "La Reine de Saba." It is by Gounod.

Groups of people "did business" in the Duke d'Aumale's pamphlet. As much as forty francs was given for a single copy for immediate delivery, but bargains were made at ten, fifteen and twenty francs for time. This is a fact. Already 70,000 copies have been distributed.

A Spaniard, named Signor Monturiol, has discovered the means of constructing a vessel by means of which he and a crew can live at the bottom of the sea. We should like to have the nomination of the crew of Signor Monturiol, and the dating of their return to dry land again. We could make up a very nice party, political and social, for a sojourn amongst the fishes.

A Madrid letter states that a ball recently given by the Duchess of Medina-Celi is the great subject of conversation in that city. On the occasion alluded to there was a special quadrille composed of all the characters in "Don Quixote," in costumes copied from the engravings in the grand edition of that work published by the Spanish Academy. A French gentleman personated the knight of La Mancha; the Duchess was represented by the Duchess de Fernand Nunes, and of course Sancho was not forgotten. On the following day the Duke de Medina-Celi had photographs taken of his guests, to the number of two hundred, all colored with the utmost care, to be formed into an album. It is said that this caprice will cost the Duke some 15,000 francs.

A frightful tragedy has taken place within the last month on the coast of Abyssinia. King Negouziah, the rival of the Emperor Theodocius, having been beaten in a pitched battle with the Emperor's troops, has been put to death by flaying, his body being afterwards suspended on a gibbet for two days, together with the corpses of two of his most devoted followers. France loses in Negouziah an ally who had already given a pledge of his sincere amity in his cession of one of the best harbors on the coast.

Lion Hunting at the Cape.—We have been informed, says the Cape *Argus*, that Mr. George Reynolds, of Queenstown, shot a full-grown male lion in the bush, close to the Rev. Mr. Waters's mission station, a few days ago. The king of the forest had been preying on the stock of a farmer named Ferreira, having killed three oxen belonging to him, and also a mare belonging to a Hottentot working in the bush. After the latter was killed, a party was formed, consisting of a few Englishmen and natives, among whom was Mr. Reynolds, who happened to be there at the time with some wagons fetching timber. They all sallied out with guns, and about eight A. M. they came upon the lion, which was feeding on the dead body of the mare. As soon as the lion saw the party approach he made off into the bush, growling, feeling, no doubt, vexed at being disturbed in his repast, and was followed by a little dog, which commenced barking. Presently a Hottentot boy called out that the lion was coming in the direction of the party, when most of them got up into trees close by, Reynolds (or George, as he is familiarly styled), who happened to be on the outskirts of the bush, remained standing where he was, when his majesty trotted up towards him to within about forty yards, and then stood and faced him, roaring tremendously, causing the ground apparently to shake. Reynolds, who must have possessed a high degree of courage, raised the gun to take aim, when the roar of the lion caused his hand to vibrate and swing about, and his hat, he states, was sensibly raised from off his head. He quickly adjusted his wideawake, pulling it down over his eyes to shade the sun, and again raised his gun, and with unerring precision shot the lion through the kidneys. Before going up close to the animal he fired another shot, the ball passing into the brain. The party took off the skin, and we are informed that Mr. Waters has it in his possession. Sir Walter Currie, who was hunting in the neighborhood, regretted much his absence, but went subsequently to see the skin at the station, where he passed a high eulogium on Reynolds for his courage.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had travelled from.

"I came straight from London," replied he.

"Did you so?" said the other. "Then you have been terribly warped by the way."

A man the other day was brought before a country magistrate for poaching in preserved covers.

"So, my man," said the worthy justice, "you've got into a preserve, eh?"

"Noa," said the man; "please your worship, I've got into a pickle."

A doctor in Wisconsin being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol, noiselessly loaded the weapon with dry, hard pills, and gave the intruder a "dose" which he thinks will go far towards curing the rascal of a very bad ailment.

A young lady who gave herself many airs, having contemplated a sojourn to France, a friend expressed a doubt whether she would condescend to talk English when she came back.

"Oh," said one, who knew what her powers of language were, "she'll never forget the vulgar tongue!"

BROOKS, ALIAS CONNOR, A SPY, CAPTURED BY THE U. S. TROOPS AT ANNAPOLIS.

Rose, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portail, president of the parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law complaints of his daughter's ill-temper. To one of these he at length answered, that he was fully convinced of her misconduct, and was resolved to punish her for it; in short, if he heard any more of it he would disinherit her. He heard no more.

During the residence of the Prince of Wales at Oxford it was not unnatural that the dons should pay him a good deal of attention, with a view to future preferment. One of them, however, who is remarkable for his independent spirit, when his turn came to preach the University sermon, chose the following for his text: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

During the recent meeting of the Emperors at Warsaw a ballet entitled "Robert and Bertrand; or, The Two Thieves," was being performed at the theatre; but on account of the simultaneous presence of the two Emperors at the performance, the police, to show them an attention as witty as it was delicate, ordered the piece to be called on the bills, for that night only, "Robert and Bertrand," and suppressed the second half of the title, namely, "The Two Thieves."

When the late King of Denmark was visiting England he very frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added, "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England."

"How report lies!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than to-day, that you never met but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

By fastidious people Margate has frequently been termed "a continuation of Wapping," and wagers have been laid that at least one lady on board the steamer "thither bound" would recognize her laundress or housemaid. A celebrated musical composer—a wag in his way—recently visited the Isle of Thanet, and, while pacing the deck during a heavy squall, was extremely annoyed to perceive that the spray had damaged the lace and other finery in which a young lady (as he supposed) had bedizened herself. She "heeded not," but turning to an elderly female, who proved to be her mother, exclaimed,

"La! ain't the waves jist like our soapsuds?"

The mamma was wroth and speedily doffed her gentility by saying, "Hang it, why when you comes out a lady, can't you leave the tub at home?"

SOLDIERS ENCAMPED ON THE BATTERY AT ANNAPOLIS, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE TROOPS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—DRILLING IN THE GROUNDS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CAPITOL.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist. See Page 20.

VIEW OF GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON AND ALEXANDRIA, TAKEN FROM COLUMBIA COLLEGE, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, THE QUARTERS OF THE 69TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 20.

RECRUITING FOR THE NAVY IN NEW YORK—SCENE OUTSIDE THE RECRUITING RENDEZVOUS IN CHERRY ST., ST.—SEE PAGE 22.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XVI.

is a small but commodious room, the furniture of which was more conducive to comfort than show and luxury, though early autumn a bright fire burnt in the polished stove, which reflected manifold on its glittering surface the high mantelpiece frames, now mounting up the dark chimney, now crouching low, till all was glowing red, giving a coloring to each article of furniture in the room. The recessed apartment, the breakfast table was spread with choice delicacies of the season, both in game and fruits, and on a sofa, drawn close to the fire, reclined the Count d'Almaine, listlessly scanning over a morning paper.

"Good morning, my Virgie," he uttered, in a peerish tone to his valet, "after me to have a glimmering of sunshine; don't let it be always night with me. There, be moderate, do not allow the whole glow to fall on the paper, if your design is not to blind me; there and again, now you are to the other extreme."

After the blind was adjusted partly to his satisfaction, he asked, "Has the letter-bag come?"

"Yes, monsieur, Adele has taken it to madame's dressing-room. Shall I inquire about monsieur's letters?"

"Yes, val," he replied; "but," he added, quickly, "did my mother say she intended breakfasting with me this morning?"

"Yes," replied the valet, "Adele brought a message to monsieur half an hour ago."

"Well, see about the letters, and say I wish breakfast."

The valet quitted the room, and d'Almaine, throwing the paper from him, paced rapidly up and down, exclaiming, "I know not why I am thus anxious for letters, they will not bring peace to my mind. No; that was banished by Lucille's parting—her perfidy—she who looked and spoke so innocently, can she be false? Yes, or why not have sent me one word, to say only if one child lives. This suspense is torturing, for my sanguine mind sometimes dares to whisper, hope. I will to the valley. I will go, if only to pardon her."

The valet entered with the letters. d'Almaine caught them eagerly, his quick eye glanced over the superscriptions, then threw them carelessly upon the table, again took up the sofa.

The countess entered in becoming dishabille; she drew near the couch, and leaning his forehead with her lips, saying kindly, "Good morning, my son; I am happy to see the black ribbon discarded from the wounded arm, although it did give an interesting feature to your appearance."

An unintelligible response fell from the count's lips as he placed himself at the breakfast table. He woe pale and haggard, and apparently without appetite, for he helped himself to some, which, after mincing in his plate, he sent away nearly untouched; a peach and grapes were severally tried, and shared the same fate.

The countess watched him with a somewhat troubled countenance, as throwing himself back in the chair, and fixing his eyes on the glowing embers in the grate, his thoughts wandered far from the society he was in. After a long silence, she said, "My son, why dwell so deeply on the past; discard from your mind the ungrateful woman who slighted it, and let health and happiness once more give vigor to your frame and light to your eye."

The count evidently winced at a part of his mother's speech, for he moved uneasily in his chair, and there was a flash in his eyes as he answered, "Mother, I have forbidden this subject. If you have any regard or feeling for me, you will not again broach what you must be aware is hateful to me."

The countess sighed as she replied, "Ah, you will have to peace, I foresee, till the hated connection is annulled, then I trust that it you would be yourself, and another union formed in your own sphere would restore to you your self-respect, and insure to you the esteem of your friends."

"Another union!" he returned, bitterly. "Enough, enough, say no more. On that head there will be no change."

"My son, you still love this woman," said the countess.

"With almost a woman's weakness," he replied, pacing the floor hurriedly. "She was pure, so childlike a year ago. Can it be possible that in that short time her nature can have become so perverted? I sometimes think she must have been seduced, that she is the victim of some treachery, did not her absence suggest that belief. Mother, why do you not let me see Sorde? She is all truth. A dozen words from her would convince me. Tell me why is she banished from her home?"

"I have told you," said the countess, hastily. Because she disobeyed my will in reference to the Duke de Paleron, and she returns not here, nor to any dwelling of mine until she consents to become his wife."

The Duke de Paleron!" blazed through the closed teeth of the count. "Madame," he added, turning sternly towards her, "ask your heart, if it still exists, why you inculd desire such a union. You admit he is the destroyer of your son's happiness, would you sacrifice your daughter's to his also?"

An angry and vindictive answer had risen to the countess's lips, but its utterance was stopped by the entrance of Virgie, to announce the arrival of the dresses from Madame Belois.

Both mother and son were glad of an interruption to their dialogue, and the countess desired the young woman to be shown upstairs. D'Almaine was about retiring, but in her blandest manner she entreated him to stay, and indifferent as he was to all appertaining to the ball, which he had determined on not attending, he went to the window, and resumed his perusal of the newspaper.

Lucille who had been some time waiting in an anteroom, not having had any desire to head the letter given to her by Madame Belois to the housekeeper, now promptly at the summons entered by the summons, and letting full her thick veil, and drawing tightly her shawl round her, followed the servant, and unobserved and reverently carried the box, for she had forgotten all its contents.

At the door leading to the drawing-room Lucille pressed both hands upon it, as still the unconscious, but how impassive! She paused for a moment on the threshold, and in that moment what a host of wild, throbbing thoughts rushed through it. Here she was once, the mistress of the costly mansion, with the noble retinue of domestics, in magnificently decorated rooms, vying even in splendour with royalty—more helpless than its meanest dependents; for they had free ingress to their master's dwelling, while she, like a criminal or a mendicant, by mean stratagem alone could enter the gates that should have opened wide their portals to admit her.

Let us hope it was the first, the only time that a wife of the honor of d'Almaine trod its wide corridors, timid, heartbroken, lest, when known, she should be thrust forth from its roof, an outcast from her husband's heart, an alien to his family.

Though but a moment it was one of trial, such as we hope few

INTERIOR OF U. S. NAVAL RENDEZVOUS, CHERRY STREET, N. Y.—SAILORS ENLISTING FOR THE CRUISE.—SEE PAGE 22.

STE THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WM. W. MCCATHRAN.

CAPTAIN HARE

Demanding from Marshal Kane the Arms taken from the Massachusetts Soldiers.

One of the incidents of the occupation of Baltimore by General Butler was the demand made upon the Marshal of Baltimore, Kane, by Captain Hare, in the name of the United States for the arms taken from the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment by the mob of Baltimore on the 19th of April. The Marshal would only render them on an order from the Police Commissioners. The mob which surrounded the principal group was inclined to be riotous, but the police kept their demonstrations within bounds.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

By the Persia we learn that England proposes to treat the South as "belligerents"—that is to recognise their privateers as *bona fide*, and to open her ports for the safety of them and their prizes. The United States Government has notified its intention of agreeing to the declaration with regard to privateering, signed 1856, by England, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey. The reception of this notification must necessarily change the intentions of the British Government. The Queen of England has issued a proclamation, withdrawing the protection of her flag from English subjects joining in the civil war in America.

The Government seized on Monday, the 29th inst., by a simultaneous movement, all the telegraph on tie of the American Telegraph Company in New York, and the principal Northern cities. It is said that a great amount of secession correspondence has been discovered, and a large number of wealthy and influential persons are implicated as active in bringing the Secession movements. It is supposed that this discovery will cause a stampede from certain cities of the North.

A PRIVATE dispatch announces that the Southern Confederacy has established a blockade at Memphis, prohibiting the passage of all upward bound boats.

DE VILLEROI'S SUBMARINE BOAT, SEIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT AT PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

REVIEW OF PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—THREE THOUSAND STRONG, UNDER BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL CADWALADER, ENTERING BALTIMORE HARBOR FOR THE OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 15.—BALTIMORE "PUSSY" SCHOONERS SALUTING THE FLAG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

LUILLE DE VERNT.

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAPTER XVII.

D'AMASNE hurriedly threw the shawl of Lucille round her, whispering as he did so words of love and confidence to all the emotions the harsh words of the countess had excited; while the latter, with proud defiance and irrepressible rage, kept her flashing eyes upon them, her lips at times opposing as if to give utterance to the bitterness of her spirit, but she would control herself and leave him with her squeezed like a single flue, whilst her small foot moved with such rapidity that the lace flounces of her dress trembled with emotion.

This scene, so painful to D'Amasne and Lucille, lasted but a few short minutes. A light vestmill was heard on the stairs, and until it several voices reached them, although her words were inaudible.

"Mademoiselle Eudie de Vernt-Gondelaure has returned to us!"

The countess started to her feet, and Lucille half approached the door as a light step was heard upon the corridor, some orders given in the corridor, and an anxious voice said:

"Is my lady in her mother's apartments; it is her hour to rest. Is she alone?"

The words were scarcely pronounced when the door opened, and Eudie, dressed in the height of fashion, her countenance radiant with bonnet, followed by Charles de Blerille, entered.

"Lucille," she exclaimed, in a joyous tone, catching her in her arms, "this is unlooked-for delight! My interference is not required, you have entered the forbidden castle without any aid, driven the demoniac, jealousy and suspicion, from your knight's head, and, relying upon my promise, Oh, this is delightful—delightful! but you see I did not forget my promise. My first act of freedom was to make you an heiress in my stead, and Jules, dear Jules, how long since we met! Ah, you are pale and thin," she added, raising her head from his shoulder, and with a look of tenderness at her sister Lucille, you have suffered; but it is passed, and the road to happiness is before us. But——"

She stopped in visible trepidation. She then for the first time beheld her mother, who, pale and trembling, was standing in the middle two or three steps towards her, but the countess waved her from her.

"Come not near me," she cried in a cold, haughty tone; "if you have repudiated love you have duty to pay to me, and you cannot escape the vigilance of the superior of St. Ursule."

Eudie, though startled at her mother's proud spirit, and, stung by her coldness, she answered nearly as haughty a tone as she would have addressed a stranger.

"I would willingly submit to your displeasure if I could see Urville before I met my mother's orders. To rejoice that I have been saved from a cruel marriage, to implore your forgiveness, and place me for ever beyond her control!"

"Yes! Urville would be expected to take without my sanction!" exclaimed the countess. "The power I have hitherto exerted over you is useless, but you have not yet attained majority, a parent has over her child. In your disobedience it has escaped your discernment, independent of the duty you owe to me, under the walls of the convent you have deserted, which shall be before the sun sets again, that you owe to Urville the duty of a wife, and a mother and a religious house can place over you."

"Urville shall never be my husband!" said Lucille while her mother spoke, and as she concluded a smile of triumph lighted her eyes.

"Your will, mother!" said Eudie, "is stronger than your power. Thank heaven I am free from you, and, as for Urville, whose only child owes a parent, the command a parent has over her offspring; and until you forced it I never thought of disputing it. I never have loved you would you have attended it, and will even try to do so now if you will but be reasonable, and not talk of convents."

Her voice softened as she pronounced the last words. She gazed sad over her countenance, but her features became at her sweep in haughty defiance, exclaiming, tauntingly,

"Yes, as the convent of St. Ursule I shall be given, and——"

"Talk not of that place, madam," said Eudie. "I—we all—have sufficient of it; but there is no time to spend in words. Let us prepare for putting her arm within Charles de Blerille's, who had several times made an indistinct sound as if desirous to be heard, and as she continued, "and while my husband's arms and voice are raised in supplication to my mother, the machinations of the Count de Vernt, your daughter, like your son, preferring a happy union to a splendid misery, will fly with me to the altar, and be united immediately."

The countess, with a scream, sank on a chair, her pride and haughty spirit for a moment overwhelmed by the unexpected announcement.

"Married!" she cried. "Both children, for whom I had such high hopes, such expectations, decreased! One, my favored son, the husband of the daughter of a lady-in-waiting to the queen, and a young soldier, his whole wealth lying in his constellation."

"Constellation, mother!" said Eudie, with a look of their mother, rose as the same time and took her hand, but her momentary humility vanished at the touch, for she, too, was moved down deep with vehemence, saying,

"Beguile I implore you both! From henceforth I am childless. You have chosen your fate; may it blight your hopes. Go to your husbands, Eudie," said she to Emilie, "to your husband, Lucille; you feel the loss of the mother you have braved."

"The mother we have not lost, dear sister," added Emilie, in the same tone.

The countess's eyes glanced for a moment upon her, and they were averted to fall on Lucille, who, trembling at the scene between the mother and daughters, had drawn close to her side in the room. The affection depicted on their countenances gave a fresh stimulus to her anger, and Lucille quickly said:

"You," she said, "are the hated cause of all you have witnessed, you inclosed my son in the cloister, you have driven from me my destiny the contract that bound my daughter to him. As you have robbed me of my children, you shall be robbed of your own. Not you may be irrevocably parted from you, when you may weep in silence and despair, and——"

"Silence, silence!" fell in loud, disdainful tones from the lips of the countess.

And another, more solemn than the former, said: "And I will be no silence the affrighted Eudie to her bosom, while Emilie, as she sided in soothing her, cast a glance of exhaustion at their mother as she quitted the room.

It was a relief when they were gone, and Lucille more freely, and Emilie asked,

"Jules, of course you quit this house. It would be an insult to your wife and a triumph to your mother to remain an hour beneath her roof."

"The carriage is ordered," said Jules. "We are off for the chateau as soon as I have conducted you to your father's house with us?"

"No, not with you," replied Emilie; "but we will follow in a few days. Oh, Jules, though I carried things so lofty with my mother, I cannot forget the love I have borne you, and, though I have no needless, but before I leave Paris I will make one more attempt at reconciliation."

The count shook his head.

"It will be useless, but her present mood," he said; "nor can I with my present feelings, deem her worthy of a moment's consideration that would delay by a single hour our return to the chateau in the loudest point.

"But stay in your mother," said Lucille, solemnly. "Bear her resentment against her. Mistaken by her pride, she has but endeavored to add by your duty. Remain by her side, and endeavor to reconcile her."

"If you can look thus tenderly on her offenses," cried Emilie, in a burst of feeling, "I will not be less generous. I will remain with her, and endeavor to heal the wounds she has made. Jules, you have my permission to quit Paris, but I will not leave Lucille, returning her embrace, "and though I hope not again for another interview with Madame D'Amasne, in part, as far as I am concerned, shall be buried in oblivion."

"I do not agree with you," said D'Amasne, gravely. "My mother has cared too deeply for me easily to forget the wounds she has inflicted, and which, if I am to judge from Lucille's intervention, might have been too deep for cure."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lucille, owing to the perseverance of Lucille. Had she slept calmly in her secluded valley, I should have languished to death in St. Ursule. Now, that Lucille has escaped the lee of De Paiseon, would scarcely have escaped the wounds inflicted by our mother."

"And I," said Lucille, "what would have been my fate?" smiling as she spoke, to drive away the melancholy on the countenances of the brother and sister.

"And mine?" chimed in Charles de Blerille, with a merry laugh. "I should have been left to sigh in single blessedness, without the chance of a second Emilie to break the chorus."

"Ah, the chorus would have been broken sooner than your heart," said Emilie, in the same merry strain. "Mrs beaute are too hard to be easily captured. I verily believe you have come to flatter their self-love by giving them our affection, that they show us anything like kindness or regard."

"I must stop your sarcasm en mon before it proceeds to too great a length," said D'Amasne, "or we shall lose the carriage horses.

The carriage was now announced, and they all descended to the courtyard. Annette, with a joyful face, was already in the cambric, and the servants in the hall of the mansion. She greeted Lucille with a happy, meaning smile, and "Gracious me! who would have thought it?" was heard from the lips of the footmen, coachmen and Russian ruffles of Madame Belair.

The latter, as Lucille passed her, stepped wide for the carriage of their master to pass through. Jacqueline stood beside her with a countenance of the most triumphant joy. She had overheard the whole conversation. Eudie had hastily recalled the porter's lodge, and as the latter closed the door, she exclaimed:

"Ah, ma cousine, you have escaped the convent, and you are now the true mistress of the house, and of its master's heart! Ah, Lucille, you have settled the affair with your self-will, and the old dowager on my side, for I did not obey her commands."

But Lucille no longer resented this with the spirit she was not established; for she suspected, and sagely, that the "old dowager" would give good cause for displeasure, and that her sister was the herself in opposition she knew the result. In anticipation, then, of that, might avert the storm, and as the carriage drove off she were note but her husband and the house-cat to vent it upon, both of these in the courtyard. Annette took shelter from it at the nearest stewbeup, and the unfortunate quadruped, less active than the former, was kicked by the coachman, and sought for safety further assault by taking for the time safe refuge in the Sunday cap and gown of her mistress.

As she passed through the last harbor of Paris, Lucille looked fond upon the spot where she had first met Jules D'Amasne.

"Alice!" she said, "gay centre of refinement and civilization! How I have regretted my separation from thee! Yet, in my heart and though I quit you now with hope and love before me, I with not to return to thee. Oh, Jules, how I have longed to see you in the quiet seclusion of my own valley, or in the chateau De Noi, shall I strive to be in my native element."

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the second day after their departure from Paris they arrived in Normandy. Lucille's heart throbbed as the chateau D'Amasne was pointed. The setting sun of an autumnal day was just shedding its splendor on the scene, and the light fell upon the towers and turrets the new-fit-formed terrace garden, with even a richer glow than before had been bestowed upon it by the hand of taste and wealth. The mansion, though still bending beneath their heavy fallings, even in its ruin, had a more imposing and noble appearance of the season. The gradations from young, delicate grass, the shadowy of the trees, the flowers, and the waterfall that beneath the sun and the heart hesitated whether to give the palm of admiration to the days of its former splendor, or to the present, when it seemed to an everlasting close.

Lucille looked with beaming eyes, and heart raised above earth, to the natural beauties surrounding her.

"Oh, till to-morrow!" she cried, with the enthusiasm of her nature, "where I should wish for ever to live, as the soil and home composed of my love!"

"It is a sweet and beloved spot to dwell in for a time," returned D'Amasne; "but I have other views for you, my Lucille, and after a short time spent within its quiet I sigh for the tumult of the world, and the pleasures of Paris. Ah, there is Monsieur Le Blanc, who, I see, has already received the news of our arrival. Once installed in the world, Lucille, you shall learn to prize it."

"Never, never!" said Lucille, with a look of the sweets of retirement, and a smile of pity at the idea that could ever the luxuries of their results for wiser heads and colder hearts than mine to possess," was her answer.

"But you must enter the world," said the count. "I should be accused of selfishness, and my wife of unkindness, were you to belong not to D'Amasne, if I buried you in these wilds, and trod in the halls of Belair. Besides, I have a duty to perform, and one in showing my beautiful wife to the world of fashion which she is so well fitted to adorn."

"And do you wish it?" fell softly from Lucille's lips; but the change, which these words produced upon her face as he penetrated her to the housekeeper, whose gray hairs and antique attire told that she was one of the old and faithful household she still served. "Madame Sinkerre, I have brought a mistress to the old chateau, who will, I trust, endeavor to make you feel less than you have grieved its proximity in your time."

"Welcome, welcome, my lady!" Lucille closely, "and a young and beautiful lady she is. You have come, monsieur, to bring a fresh young mistress to the old chateau, and to gladden your fathers, and then away again."

"Not so," said D'Amasne, "for many moons have lighted the world since we broke; but now the not wasted yet, and will not, Madame Sinkerre, be long."

"That will depend on yourselves," said the housekeeper. "But, monsieur, you will find the chateau in a sad state. The door and a large modernly furnished, where a large fire blazed most brightly. Ah, it is a sad change from the glowing under the hands of a lady!" she added, with a sigh.

"Not so, my friend D'Amasne, laughing, "do not betray me to her; and you shall find that all her palaces and all her gold will not enough to give a little one six months old, the illusion has not yet vanished."

The old lady raised her eyes in wonder. "Then you must be married?" she said to D'Amasne, "and where is the bride? Where are the nurse and child?"

"We shall not be long in a few days," replied D'Amasne. "And now, Sanzarc, set before us such refreshments as you have. You must remember that we have had a long journey, and have not broken since morning."

"Ah, I have your favorite soup and fricassee in readiness," said the old lady; "you shall have them before you in a few minutes. Monsieur, you will find your rooms as you left them, and I hope to be allowed to show her mistress to her own."

"Thank you, no," replied Lucille. "I will litter your next room with my travelling wraps till Annette can find time to carry them away; but I will not trouble you to show me to my chamber. I have some coffee; that is all I shall require."

"Ah, when you have tasted of my favorite soup and fricasee, she will be tempted," said the housekeeper; "but I go to hasten their preparation," she added, as she left the room, followed by the they forgot everything; but talking and gesticulating about it." And the old lady replied servant at the door, with a curtsey of the reign of Louis Quatorze to Lucille, quitted the room.

The moment they were alone D'Amasne bound Lucille's waist, and, "Lucille, now we are settled you must write an invitation to Madame Belair to visit us. Emilie will not refuse, and I shall be much to your."

"Oh, with the least like me," she replied; "it is the mistaken resemblance of yourself, Jules—the same deep hazel eyes, the dimpled chin and chiselled lips. Oh, when you see her you will love her as I do, and think her lovely as no angel."

"Oh Goddy, I've caught a jealous jet at enthusiasm; "like yourself, and the generality of passions, I shall think my bird the sweetest songster in the grove. Lucille, you must write to Madame Belair. If not too much fatigued, write, there is just time to despatch your letters to-night, and I will see that they are sent. Emilie must have my wife."

The letters were written and despatched, and in an incredibly short

space of time Monsieur and Madame de Vernt, Juliette and Madeline, with the infant, were at the chateau.

It was a happy meeting to all. The child at first feared a half affrighted from the lofty form and deep-toned voice of her father, but his soft caresses soon drew her tottering him, and before many weeks were over she would crow in her nurse's arms, and hold out her small hands at his approach to be taken by him, and her first lisping accents were, as she raised her head, covered with jetty curls, from his bosom, "Birdie loves papa."

Birdie was a name he had given her from her being such a light, airy, fairy creature. Her mother at first was reluctant to the extension of any other; for by the domestics and peasants she was Mademoiselle Eudie, and by them she was by their visitors connected with her.

Back to return to the arrivals. Lucille learned from her father that, since she had left, although her mother was with him, his valley home had been deserted by the Vernts, Madame de Belair, after his consultations, and letters to the Baroness Waldenburg's urgent entreaties, had left for Germany. Madame Belair was not quite so often there, Lucille," he added, "as if I remained in my old abode. She has been with me but a few days, without being able to settle a few leagues from Waldenburg or Marcelles. The only thing I fear is that she may have left her heart in Germany. I shall feel the loss thrown off my own resources."

"Never, father," replied Lucille, "can dear father, and replace it by that of the happiness your presence and manner's will be to most dear to me. Ah, you have been with me, and I have learned to be a happy creature again. Oh, I am fearful of rendering my time in this way an excuse, and I am sure that Madame Belair will not forgive me for my absence."

"Ah, I forgot you are not a Frenchwoman," said her father, "and that you cannot feel the ties of friendship and love which so satisfy me."

When D'Amasne heard of De Vernt's intention to quit France, he asked Lucille if she thought her friends the Belizes would like to accompany them to Italy. She was rather cool to their sex, that was about being vacated on his own estate.

"I will see the Belizes," he said, "I am about parting with my land steward. Besides his talent and integrity; the house attached to the situation is a small mansion, and as Adele in life would be improved by his acceptance of it, and you would by it have always a friendly, well-informed person near you; and Madame for years was your second self, to commune with."

"Ah, my dear, generous husband," said Lucille, with glistening eyes, "to me—to us, I mean, if Belizes can bring himself to give up his birthplace, the home endeared to him by his father, to reside near us."

"Well, we will put it to him," said D'Amaine; "he can but refuse, it will not change our opinion of each other," and, seeing Emilie and his wife enter the room, he joined them.

Lucille watched them from the window, but could hear nothing of the conversation, as they walked to and fro before the mansion to her, best quick time with her foot on the carpet till Madeline's nurse brought in the child, and then her trembling voice threatening if she should join her, made her start hastily from her seat and give the desired permission.

(To be continued.)

CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

THIS city, situated on the fork of the Ohieyo Ohio and Mississippi, is now a point of considerable interest to the public in consequence of the recent movements of the Kentucky rebels and attack of. The Mississippians says:

Gen. Grant has made Cairo a strategical position of the very utmost consequence. It is the key to the upper, as New Orleans is the key to the lower Mississippi. Cairo is the key to Illinois. It can blockade St. Louis on the one hand and Louisville on the other. Its position, therefore, renders it considerably embarrassing heavy ordnance, and commanding the railroad leading south of that city, which is the only route by which the rebels can carry out an invading army to make that an advanced post of occupation."

The Cairo Democrat says that there is no lack of excitement in the town. It is said that there is now gathering at Memphis a formidable operation against us.

A SOLDIER SERVING HIS COUNTRY.—The magistrates in a small town in Somersetshire. A man calling himself Presbury ——— lectured on Electro-Biology, and had a number of persons under his influence. It was his bad taste gentlemen never like was a young woman. Under the direction of the performer, she was ordered to perform all the gymnastics in connection with the opposed lady, and upon a further order from the same person, he sprang on, clasped his arms round her waist, and kissed him a dozen times. The young lady, on coming to herself, was overwhelmed with confusion, and, of course, highly indignant, and although the *Western Flying Post* states in evidence that the prisoner "has the power of subjugating honest beings and mending them as he will," the learned gentleman walked up to the platform and gave the delinquent a month with a walking-stick.

CHANGING.

What is it makes a man grow so round?
My wife says as we sail along?
If I knew, I'd tell you, I'm sure,
The chance to Circulate!

But till I must confess, to-day,
I'm quite as much in the dark,
There's no change in the Dollar,
Or in the Cent, I remark.

When by my side I walk him stay,
Two or three times a week,
He keeps his distance—will he may—
Two or three times a week.

What was it looked upon a post
Is now a Dollar and a Cent,
When I was on the Jersey coast?
My wonder is intent.

By sundries I would be up
To what his head and cry? No, no!
There is no change in me.

To something beautifully low,
Or to some other thing,
To be no longer animal, He dress
Or to a Bird on wing.

A MAN MUST—A hole in the crown of your hat.

How to turn brass into gold—Marry a rich widow.

A woman generally sees a new sun struck by lightning and instantly inlaid, belonging to a physician, who had a beautiful and fair young child.

A newspaper denominated a man who had been wounded in the morning at the museum, walked up to the fireplace, over which he observed the wall, and immediately fell down dead. "Ah," said the coroner, "I see how it is; he's paralyzed in all the arteries, from the crown of his head down to the toes."

A MARRIAGE.—Generally advertised for a situation, and the wife of a merchant went to make inquiries about her. The girl called at the house of the inquirer and left her address, which was as follows: "Any one asking that she was passing through the street and brought she would call.

"Ah, my dear," replied the girl, with a sad thought, otherwise, you would come."

"Ah, marm," replied the girl; "when a lady advertises for a place, it is expected that the poorest wanting her services will do. That is the objection."

A RECENT BANKRUPTCY.—Among the well Pearce, was condemned to find, on two Cubic, that sons, women and children all inside French. In the height of the storm the passengers were compelled to retreat to the cabin, and remain in the morning by the cook crowing; whereupon he burst into a wail curtains and bewailed his unfortunate lot in pathetic terms. "Oh, gentlemen, dear English at last.?"

An Irish soldier of the regiment fell asleep in a wheelbarrow and was taken all covered before Marcella, who asked him, through the medium of an from side if he was crazy, when was the strength of the Irish Brigade. The prisoner was not that it was ten thousand men, at which Marcella appeared impressed.

"Ah," said the interpreter, "you are very much Polay."

"He must have been telling him true."

"Ah, I see, if he don't believe me, tell him to attack them with ten thousand men, and he will see how they will run away."

By the connivance of his counterpane, Polay rejoined his regiment and was soon after killed in the battle of the Pyrenees Mountains.

ADDRESS OF HER AND FRENCH OF MEN.—A gentleman travelling on railway, and finding that he had left his portmanteau behind, addressed to him his-hire, on which was his name and address, wisely judging that thieves would lead to the return of the property, which it did.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

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OUR ARTISTS IN THE FIELD

UNRIVALLED CORPS.

Long before the commencement of hostilities we made extensive arrangements for thoroughly illustrating every event that might arise out of the national difficulties. We engaged the services of first-class artists and photographers in all the cities and towns within the circle of probable hostilities. We also sent out several artists, at a very heavy cost, on special missions to the South and West, and in addition to the above extensive organization we now number the following gentlemen among our Artists and Correspondents at the Seat of War, many of them military or naval officers: Arthur Lumley, Schell, Lovie, W. H. Gilder, Wilbur F. Coles, J. C. Deane, Theo. J. Williamson, W. J. Hartshorn, Oliver Mathews, James Wilson, C. A. Story, J. E. Neill, W. E. Browne, Sanford J. Duckstader, A. C. Dunforth, E. B. Cope, N. H. Camp, B. J. Such, David Ford, J. V. Hoffman, George R. Case.

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PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

Ten tidings of the untimely death of the young and gallant Ellsworth were received with public demonstrations of sorrow by every State in the Union. It was justly looked upon as a great calamity, and the flag at half-mast in city, town and village over thousands of miles, North, East and West, attested at once the estimation of the promise of the man and profound sorrow for his loss. He was quite young, but he had already made his mark among men.

The story of his death may be told in a few words. He was ordered to take possession of Alexandria with his gallant regiment of New York Fire Zouaves, and before dawn on the morning of the 24th of May he effected a landing and proceeded to occupy the city. Passing, with a handful of his men, the Marshall House, he saw a Secession flag waving above it. On the spur of the moment he entered the hotel, saying that he must have that flag. He met a man in the entry and asked, "Who put that flag there?" The man replied that he was a boarder and did not know. Ellsworth ascended to the roof with two or three friends, and cutting the halliards took possession of the flag. As he descended the stairs, the man who had called himself a boarder, but who was in reality James W. Jackson, the keeper of the hotel, stood ready with a double-barrelled gun and presented it at Colonel Ellsworth. It was knocked up by Francis E. Brownell, of Troy, a Zouave. Jackson, however, discharged both barrels of his gun, the whole contents of which entered the left breast of Colonel Ellsworth, making a fearful and fatal wound. He fell to the ground, his life's blood dyeing the flag it must lay life to obtain. In a moment Brownell levelled his piece, shot Jackson through the head, and then run him through with his

(Continued on page 46.)

MURDER OF COL. ELMER E. ELLSWORTH, OF THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES, AT THE MARSHALL HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA., BY JAMES W. JACKSON, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE HOTEL ON THE MORNING OF THE 24TH INST.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANCIS E. BROWNELL, OF COMPANY A, WHO AVENGED HIS OFFICER BY INSTANTLY SHOOTING HIS MURDERER DEAD.

Barnum's American Museum

IS overflowing with Living Wonders, including Old Grizzly Adams' California Bears, which perform a variety of amusing tricks, Sea Lion, Aquaria, Albino Family, What Is It? Bearded Lady, Lilliputian Queen, and Superb Dramatic Performances every afternoon and evening.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times to almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

The State of the Nation.

THE army of the North has advanced upon Virginia. The tramp of armed legions has resounded upon the sod of the Old Dominion, and the might of the North has gone forth to conquer a peace, to give comfort and assurance to her loyal brethren, and reunite the great Union in all its integrity. Not for conquest, not for acquisition, not for the greed of glory which delights in the pomp of martial array and the carnage of the battle-field, but to win back that allegiance to a great compact which has been at once our glory and our salvation as a nation. It is the earnest hope of the great body of the people that the solemn exhibition of the marvellous power of the Government of the country will awaken the attention of the thinking men of the South, and cause that healthy reaction which will lead to a speedy settlement of the difficulty without resorting to that terrible alternative, the battle-field. For some days past the intentions of the Government were the subject of much speculation. The daily papers were profuse in their advice, and laid out a dozen magnificent campaign plans, each of which would have overwhelmed and discomfited the Secession forces at once. The world has awakened to the fact that every New York editor is a wonderfully accomplished military strategist, and the public mind is calmed upon the subject of generals, and satisfied that, if the chances of war should dispose of all the regular commanders, the editorial staff of New York could supply all vacancies for two or three years to come. The newspaper correspondents were at their wits' end for information "on authority," but as they could learn nothing definite they reiterated the assurance that no advance would be made. Right on the heels, however, of the last solemn assurance, the Government revealed itself and confounded the prophets.

On Thursday night, the 23d, at ten o'clock, four companies of picked men moved over the Long Bridge, as an advance guard. They were sent to reconnoitre, and if assailed were ordered to signal, when they would have been reinforced by a corps of regular infantry and a battery. At two o'clock Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves, to the number of nine hundred, were embarked on board the steamers Mount Vernon and Baltimore, and proceeded at once to Alexandria. The embarkation was made with wonderful order, precision and silence. As they approached the shore the sentinels of the Secession army were clearly seen, but after discharging their pieces they disappeared and were seen no more. The regiment disembarked by companies and with the utmost order, and proceeded to take possession of the city. This was effected without resistance, but a terrible gloom was cast over the success of the movement by the assassination of the gallant and chivalrous Colonel Ellsworth. In passing the Marshall House he saw the Secession flag flying on the roof, and entering the hotel with a few companions ascended the stairs and tore it down. While descending with it in his hands, the keeper of the house, James W. Jackson, discharged both barrels of his gun into his breast, and the noble Ellsworth fell dead. But the retribution was swift and terrible, for one of his company, Francis E. Brownell, of Troy, N. Y., shot him through the head and then bayoneted him, killing the assassin immediately. The full particulars of this terrible episode will be found in another column.

The scene at the Long Bridge was most imposing. It was a bright, clear moonlit night, and the silent march of the armed men could be distinctly seen. Eight thousand infantry, two regular cavalry companies and two sections of Sherman's artillery battalion, consisting of two batteries, were in line this side of the Long Bridge at two o'clock.

The Twelfth (New York) was the first on the ground. The army crossed the bridge in the following order: Twelfth Regiment, New York; Twenty-fifth Regiment, New York; First Regiment, Michigan; First, Second, Third and Fourth, New Jersey, in the order named; two regular cavalry corps, of eighty men each, and Sherman's two batteries.

These were followed by the New York Seventh, which numbered more than any other regiment in the line, and were deeply gratified at the chance of active service.

The troops quartered at Georgetown—the Sixty-ninth, Fifth, Eighth and Twenty-eighth New York Regiments—proceeded across what is known as the Chain Bridge, above the mouth of the Potomac Aqueduct, under the command of General McDowell. They took possession of the heights in that direction.

Including the Zouaves, who went by steamer, over thirteen thousand troops crossed over into Virginia between the hours of twelve P. M. and four A. M. General Mansfield directed the movement into Virginia, and every point on the line was taken possession of with the regularity of clockwork. The disposition of the various regiments was as follows:

The New York Seventh is stationed at the Virginia end of the Long Bridge. The Second New Jersey Regiment is at Roache's Springs, about half a mile from the bridge. The battalion of District militia is posted three miles nearer Alexandria. The Michigan volunteers, the Fire Zouaves and Sherman's battery occupy Alexandria. The Fifth, Twelfth, Twenty-eighth and Sixty-ninth New York Regiments, together with the Third and Fourth New Jersey Regiments, with two companies of cavalry and some artillery, are posted at different points along the base and summit of Arlington Heights, the Sixty-ninth—who captured a force of three hundred Secessionists on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad—being stationed at the Chain Bridge. A body of Federal troops had been advanced towards Fairfax, or Culpepper Court House—the headquarters of a large force of the Secession army—thus cutting off all communication with Richmond, Harper's Ferry and other points South on the Alexandria, Orange and Manassa Gap Railroad. The outposts of the Southern troops are believed to be stationed on this road, sixty-two miles from Alexandria. The body of cavalry captured by the Michigan volunteers, while attempting to make their escape from Alexandria, are composed of a gentlemen's corps from Fairfax, and were handsomely uniformed, plumed and accoutred. They were placed on board a steamer and sent to Washington, there to be dealt with as traitors.

This is the beginning of the policy shadowed forth in the Inaugural of the President, namely, to retake and hold possession of the forts, armories, custom-houses and all other property of the Federal Government.

The energetic and prompt action of General Lyon and General Harney has had the happiest effect on the policy of Missouri; the State troops at Jefferson City, numbering four thousand, have been disbanded, and Missouri may be said to be with the Union beyond peradventure.

On Friday, the 24th, the Senate of Kentucky passed the resolutions that Kentucky will not sever her connection with the National Government, nor take up arms for either belligerent party; but arm herself for the preservation of peace within her borders, and tendering their services as mediators to effect a just and honorable peace.

Charges have been brought of a treasonable character against Governor Magoffin, and a committee has been appointed to inquire into the charges, with permission to sit thirty days. This intelligence, together with the presence of Colonel Anderson and the probable adherence of John C. Breckinridge, indicates that Kentucky will eventually act decisively with the Federal Government.

The Government of England has concluded to remain entirely neutral in our present troubles. This, of course, would be naturally dictated by common sense. No ministry could stand an hour in England which took sides with a Slavery issue against the Free North. Besides, it is plainly to be seen, that the speediest way to get the cotton she so much needs is to have no hand in prolonging the contest. We append a synopsis of the important Proclamation upon the American question which has been issued by the Queen of England:

> It warns British subjects against engaging in the American war, and all doing so will be held responsible for their own acts. The Proclamation declares the intention of that Government in maintaining the strictest impartial neutrality between England and the Government of the United States, and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns all British subjects, if they enter the military service of either side, or join ships of war, or transports, or attempt to get recruits, or fit out vessels for war purposes, or transports, or break or endeavor to break any blockade lawfully or actually established, or carry soldiers, dispatches, or any material contraband of war, for either party, they will be liable to all the penalty and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in no wise obtain the protection of their Government.

Postmaster-General Blair has issued an order discontinuing the transmission of the United States Mails in Virginia (Western Virginia excepted), and other Seceding States, and annulling all contracts for the same. Tennessee is excepted from the order, as that State has not as yet formally seceded.

The blockade of the Mississippi is, in all probability, at this date, complete and effective. The following communication on the subject was issued from the British Consulate at New Orleans:

> BRITISH CONSULATE, NEW ORLEANS, May 17, 1861.
>
> Editors *Picayune*—Although I have not received any official notice regarding the time when the blockade of the Mississippi river will be established, it may be important to those interested to give such information as I have received from Washington:
>
> "Neutral vessels will be allowed fifteen days to leave port after the actual commencement of the blockade, whether such vessels are with or without cargoes, and whether the cargoes were shipped before or after the commencement of the blockade."
>
> I may add that it is rumored that the blockade will be effectually established on or about 25th inst.
>
> I am, sirs, your obedient servant,
>
> WM. MURE, H. B. M. CONSUL.

Affairs in the city of Baltimore seem to be in rather an unsettled state. The seizure of the telegraphic despatches at various telegraph offices, by the Government, has revealed evidences of great treason in that city. A leading journal makes the following startling statement:

> WASHINGTON, May 24.—The Government is in possession of intelligence of the most startling character from Baltimore.
>
> Its advices are of such a nature as to leave no doubt that the pretended Union sentiment of that city, so far as certain prominent men are concerned, is false and hypocritical, and that the presence of United States troops has alone kept in check the enemies of the Government.
>
> The Administration, in fact, has positive information of new conspiracies against the Federal authorities, in which many of the leading citizens of Baltimore are involved.
>
> Men who, in the presence of United States troops, have loudly professed their devotion to the Union, are now known to be secretly in favor of Secession, and actually plotting to turn the State of Maryland over to the rebel government of Jeff. Davis.
>
> The Administration has the names of the leaders in these conspiracies, and accurate information regarding their plans; but these, of course, it prudently withholds from the public.

Immediately upon this comes the news that one of the wealthiest citizens of Baltimore, Mr. Merriman, has been arrested and sent to Fort McHenry on very serious and treasonable charges. He is charged with burning the bridges on the Northern Central road. It is understood that he says he acted by authority of the Mayor and Board of Police Commissioners.

From Chambersburg, Penn., we learn that nine thousand five hundred Confederate troops are now posted between the Point of Rocks and Williamsport, on the Potomac; seven thousand are Virginians, and the rest Alabamians, Mississippians, Carolinians and Georgians. There are also three hundred Cherokees, armed with tomahawks, scalping knives and rifles. They are from North Carolina and Georgia. The Virginians are well armed, but short of provisions.

Between the Point of Rocks, eight miles below, and Williamsport, twenty-three miles above Harper's Ferry, there are thirty-five pieces of cannon at various points. Twenty of these are brass fieldpieces.

Great apprehension prevails in the Cumberland Valley of invasion from Virginia. Ten thousand head of cattle and five thousand horses could be seized by a sudden eruption of an expeditionary corps, holding the Valley five days, even if finally driven back into Virginia.

A forward movement of Virginia may be expected at any moment. Campbell's Flying Artillery, six pieces, has been ordered to this place, but two additional regiments of infantry, and a battalion of cavalry, are absolutely needed here to prevent a devastation of the whole Valley. There should also be three batteries of six twelve-pounders.

Our countrymen in England are watching the progress of affairs in their native land with intense anxiety. Some of them in Manchester and Liverpool have subscribed for and sent as a present to our Government a battery of Whitworth's rifle cannon, and the guns have arrived by steamer, with the free offer of them to the Secretary of War. They are sent to Messrs. H. A. Smythe, S. D. Babcock and S. F. Spaulding, of this city, by Mr. R. G. Moulton, of Manchester, with the request that they be forwarded to the proper point.

These gentlemen are also advised that the production of these Whitworth guns can be secured for six months or longer, and as they have excelled all other cannon upon several trials in England (throwing a ball five and a half miles with unerring accuracy), no time should be lost in securing as many as possible.

This suggestion it seems has been acted on, for we hear from Washington, on the 24th, that the Government has succeeded in securing all the products of all the armories, manufactories and cannon foundries in Great Britain which are permitted to make arms for foreign States—for three months to come.

The Confederate Army.

The importance of holding Virginia seems to be the great first fact of the war, and one recognised by both parties. Jefferson Davis has disposed the Secessionist forces on two sides of a right angled triangle, the base of which is James River—its sides, from Norfolk up to Lynchburg, a distance of about two hundred miles, and from Lynchburg to Harper's Ferry; the other side is Chesapeake Bay. According to their own account the Secessionists have now under arms the following troops:

At Norfolk and near it	10,000
About twenty miles up James River	1,000
Posted on the York and Rappahannock Rivers	7,000
Petersburg and Barksville	6,000
Richmond	8,000
Lynchburg	25,000
Gordonsville	2,000
Charlottesville and Staunton	5,000
Lexington	1,000
Fredericksburg	8,000
Culpepper Court House	2,000
Dumfries and Acquia Creek	2,000
Leesburg	3,000
Harper's Ferry	9,000
Point of Rocks	4,000
Total	93,000

This statement is necessarily vague and unsatisfactory, as our means of information are by no means reliable. The Southern papers reach us very irregularly, and the information derived from travellers, who are not allowed to see too much, is necessarily very inaccurate. Their estimates of bodies of men are as likely to be above as below the real standard.

PERSONAL.

DR. ROBERT SHELTON MACKENZIE, the erudite and versatile literary editor of the *Press* of Philadelphia, paid a flying visit to New York last week. Like Byron's Ocean, Time writes no wrinkles on his azure brow!

GEORGE N. SANDERS has come into a handsome property by his father's death. Let us advise him to abjure politics, and devote his leisure to writing his recollections of American politics.

MR. DECKER, the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, had a very spicy debate with Mr. Simeon Draper, of the Union Defence Committee, lately. The Union fossils require that in addition to the Second Regiment of Fire Zouaves risking their lives for their country, they are to be taxed for the privilege by paying all their own expenses, finding their own accoutrements, &c. These fossils are doing the work of the Secessionists by such suspicious behavior.

MR. C. L. LEARY, who has received the nomination for Congress in the Third District of Maryland, says in his address that, although opposed to the Chicago Platform, and in favor of maintaining the just rights of the South, that while there is remaining a single thread of the flag of the Union to hang to he would there be found, defending the laws and the Constitution against a wicked conspiracy.

A REPORT has been in circulation in Washington that Surgeon N. Pinkney, United States Navy, if called upon to do duty against the South, would resign. That gentleman has published a card contradicting the rumor. He says he entertains kindly feelings towards the South; but whenever the Government calls him he will be found loyal to the Union, and under no other flag than that of the United States will he ever serve.

MR. GARNETT, son-in-law of E. A. Stevens, and formerly M. C. for Virginia, is one of the bitterest of the Secessionists.

LIEUTENANT PRENDERGAST, of the Seventy-first Regiment of New York, was the first soldier who landed at Alexandria. He was in command of the steamer Mount Vernon, the vessel which conveyed the Fire Zouaves of New York from their camp to that point, and was in company with Colonel Ellsworth at the occupation of the city.

DEPARTURE OF REGIMENTS FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE SEVENTH (STEUBEN) REGIMENT.—This fine body of men, commanded by Colonel Bendix, sailed for Fortress Monroe in the Empire City on the 25th ult. Previous to their departure they received a beautiful banner, the gift of some patriotic German ladies, and which was presented by Miss Bertha Kapff, daughter of the Lieutenant-Colonel. Afterwards they had another flag presented to them at the City Hall by Judge Daly, who made a forcible, brilliant and patriotic speech, which was enthusiastically received.

Colonel Bendix said a few words in reply. "He gave the donors the sincere and hearty thanks of the regiment; he would not make a long speech, for he was not a man of words, but he could assure them, for his soldiers, from what he had seen of them, that they never would disgrace the Stars and Stripes. He had confidence that he spoke their sentiments, in saying that every one, from the highest to the lowest, respected that flag, and so long as they lived they would remain faithful to the flag and the Constitution of the United States. He again returned thanks, his heart was too full for words, therefore he hoped they would excuse him from speaking further." Colonel Bendix's remarks were received with loud and hearty cheers.

The regiment is composed of 850 men, who are admirably trained, many of their officers having seen service in the Holstein-Schleswig war. It is one of the most efficient regiments in the service.

COLONEL ALLEN'S (FIRST) REGIMENT.—This gallant regiment, which has for some time been stationed in Staten Island, took their departure on Sunday, the 28th ult., for the seat of war. They are commanded by Col. Allen, and number 1,000 men. Previous to their departure, they received a very handsome flag from the fair hands of Miss Mott, presented by her in the name of several ladies of New York. Major J. M. Turner returned thanks in a very feeling address. Colonel Allen's unwearied attention to the comfort of his men is the theme of universal praise. A very handsome sword was presented to Major Turner by the citizens of Richmond county, Staten Island, a few days previous to their leaving their encampment.

THE NINTH REGIMENT, COL. J. W. STYLES.—This excellent regiment assembled in Washington Square on the 24th ult., and were reviewed by Col. Styles, who announced to them that they were to march for Washington on the following Monday, an announcement which was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

THE SECOND TROY REGIMENT, 800 men, embarked on the 22d ult. for Fortress Monroe.

CAPTAIN THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, with a battalion of 300 men, started for Washington on the 22d ult. They were in admirable spirits, and received deafening farewells as they marched down Broadway. They are called Meagher's Irish Zouaves.

THE NEW YORK SECOND REGIMENT, COLONEL TOMPKINS, numbering 900 men, passed through Baltimore on the 22d ult. They received from the citizens a most cordial reception.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FIRST REGIMENT that she has sent to the war passed through New York on the 26th May. They number 800 men, and are commanded by Colonel Mason W. Tappan. They are a splendid body of men, and although only enlisted for three months, will, if required, serve for the war. They were received by the Reception Committee of the Sons of New Hampshire who presented the regiment with a handsome flag. After breakfasting at the Division armory, Elm and Centre streets, they marched to the foot of Cortlandt street, amid the cheers of the assembled thousands.

WAR NEWS FROM THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

CALIFORNIA.—A great Union meeting was held in San Francisco on the 28th April, which was the greatest demonstration ever witnessed in that city. Business was totally suspended. All political parties joined in it, and resolutions declaring their attachment to the Union were passed. Speeches denouncing Secession were made by Senators Latham and McDougall, General Shields and other leading citizens. The mention of Jefferson Davis's name aroused a perfect storm of indignation.

INDIANA.—There is great military activity and enthusiasm all through this State. At Indianapolis five regiments are encamped at the new Fair grounds, two on the old grounds, and one regiment of Zouaves have marched to Evansville. Altogether, Indiana has eleven regiments all in marching order.

KENTUCKY.—Governor Magoffin has been completely baffled in his plan of forcing Old Kaintuck into the arms of Jeff. Davis, for the Legislature has passed a resolution requiring the State militia to take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States. In addition, Governor Magoffin's bill to arm the State under his control has been rejected by an immense majority.

MISSOURI.—The energetic measures of General Harney have been eminently successful. On the 24th May General Price ordered the State troops at Jefferson City to disband. They number about four thousand men. A ten-inch howitzer, a nine-inch mortar, and a large quantity of ammunition were sent from the arsenal at St. Louis to complete the fortification of Cairo. Colonel Lyon has seized a large quantity of lead on its way to the Confederate forces.

KANSAS.—Judge Arney has offered to the President three Kansas regiments to co-operate with the Iowa regiments in Camp Keokuck, and the Illinois regiments encamped at Quincy to protect the Union men in North-western Missouri, and to secure safe transit of stores over the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad to the West. The President has accepted their offer, and orders have been sent to Captain Roscoe, at Fort Leavenworth, to equip them forthwith. A regiment of cavalry is also to be raised.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

MISSISSIPPI.—It is stated in a Grenada paper that active measures are being taken to provide against the contingency of a servile insurrection. At several places symptoms of slave insubordination have been manifested. On the 15th of May considerable alarm was felt, and every suspected person was scrutinized with the most jealous fear.

ARKANSAS.—There is not much excitement here, generally speaking. At St. Francis a disturbance had occurred, in consequence of a Northern fanatic, named J. B. Lippe, in the course of an angry discussion, firing into a crowd of Secessionists, who fired at him in return, lodging sixty bullets in his body.

VIRGINIA.—The blockade of Richmond is so complete that not a vessel can leave the city. Great apprehension exists in Richmond on account of its unprotected state. An extract confirming this will be found in another column, from the Richmond *Examiner*. It is feared that President Davis may be tempted to save Harper's Ferry by advancing to the relief of General Johnstone, in which case Richmond would be left exposed to General Butler. General Beauregard is in Norfolk, watching that energetic Bostonian.

Major-General Sandford has issued a proclamation to the people of Fairfax county, Va. He says that all the inhabitants may return to their peaceful occupations, and be assured of the protection of the United States forces, which are "employed for no other purpose than that of suppressing unlawful combinations against the constituted authorities of the Union, and of causing the laws thereof to be duly respected and executed."

Alexandria is under martial law. The inhabitants are assured of protection, but are informed that they must conform to the law established. Property will be respected if no attack is made on the Federal troops. The Marshall House, where Colonel Ellsworth was shot, was the headquarters of General Washington, and the Colonel was shot near the door leading to the apartment originally occupied by the Father of his Country.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Richmond *Whig* says: "As the services of the United States will be dispensed with in our postal affairs on and after the 1st of June, we would suggest to those who have a quantity of the United States postage stamps on hand the propriety of getting rid of them by that day, as they will then be useless. We give notice that from this date none will be received at this office in payment of dues."

MUST HAVE WASHINGTON.—"We are not enough in the secrets of our authorities," says the same paper, "to specify the day on which Jeff. Davis will dine at the White House, and Ben McCullough take his siesta in General Sickles's gilded tent. We should dislike to produce any disappointment by naming too soon or too early a day; but it will save trouble if the gentlemen will keep themselves in readiness to dislodge at a moment's notice! If they are not smitten, however, with more than judicial blindness, they do not need this warning at our hands. They must know that the measure of their iniquities is full, and the patience of outraged freedom is exhausted. Among all the brave men from the Rio Grande to the Potomac, and stretching over into insulted, indignant and infuriated Maryland, there is but one word on every lip—'Washington'—and one sentiment on every heart—vengeance on the tyrants who pollute the Capital of the Republic!"

REPORTS FROM RICHMOND.—The *Examiner* says that the Danville cars that arrived at an early hour on the 21st ult., brought another instalment of the gallant representatives of ever glorious Tennessee, in the members of the above regiment, to the number of 952 men.

The regiment is called the "Walker Legion," in compliment to the Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy. The Colonel is from Gallatin county, is a distinguished lawyer, and a man of undoubted ability; besides, he has acquired fame on the bloody fields of Mexico.

The Lieutenant-Colonel (of Sumner county), was one of the first to scale the walls of Monterey at the siege of that place by the Americans. Major Doak is also an old Mexican volunteer, and a member of the Tennessee Legislature. M. W. M'Cluskey, the Quartermaster (of the Memphis *Avalanche*), is well known to the whole country as the author of the "Political Text Book," and former Postmaster of the United States House of Representatives, while the surgeons of the regiment are both members of the Legislature and leading members of their profession.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Charleston has been so imperfectly blockaded that several French and English vessels have entered and sailed with cargoes. Several of the regiments have been disbanded, their term of service having expired. The Charleston press is evidently not pleased at the secondary position now occupied by that plucky little State, "the very head and front of the offending."

FLORIDA.—Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the London *Times*, has paid a visit to the Federal fleet, and also to Fort Pickens. He was courteously received, of course. He was attended by some influential citizens of Mobile, one of whom, strange to say, was allowed to accompany him to the fort.

Lieutenant Slemmer, whose portrait, with that of his heroic wife, appeared in No. 273 of our Illustrated Paper, arrived in New York on the 20th, in the steamer Philadelphia, from Fort Pickens. He was accompanied by his detachment, who show on their bronzed faces the effects of their long confinement and want of fresh provisions.

FORT PICKENS.—To those who are clamorous for General Bragg to order an assault upon Fort Pickens the Mobile *Advertiser* says:

"General Bragg is an old soldier and a famously brave and shrewd one, and will not begin the work before he is ready, or be provoked into beginning it; and he will not consider himself ready to begin before he is ready to end the work victoriously.

"The magnitude of the preparations which the commanding General considered necessary to making a sure job of the bombardment of Pickens may be estimated by considering the number of men who have been unceasingly to work for so long. A small city could have been built by this force while it has been preparing for the destruction of one erection. When the bombardment commences, it will be one of the grandest events of the sort on record.

"From the forts and batteries occupying an area of near three miles, a continuous storm of shot and shell will be rained upon a common centre, the stronghold of the Lincolnites, and if it long holds out against this destructive shower it will disappoint the calculations of men best versed in the science of warfare.

"The able engineering officer who superintended its construction says it cannot withstand the attacking batteries. We have heard no complaints of the delay in the attack, but much natural impatience is felt. Better that the army of the Confederacy should wait six months, if necessary, and make a sure thing of the attack, than make it prematurely and encounter a repulse. But Bragg's 'big guns' are arriving, and certain signs indicate that the end is at hand."

NORTH CAROLINA.—THE BIBLE UNION CUT OFF.—A letter from Roxobelle says: "The Chowan Association, by a unanimous vote yesterday, cut off all intercourse with the Bible Union, and recommended those owing subscriptions to withhold the same, and deprecating any further agency of the Bible Union among the churches. Another fruit of the reckless fanaticism of the Northern agitators. Unwilling to bow down to the Jehovah revealed by Moses and preached by Paul, they seek an anti-slavery God. Nor are they unmindful in their ardent devoirs to the almighty dollar. Thousands have gone into the Bible Union treasury annually for years past; but the steam is now stopped."

LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Occasionally we have an inkling of the condition of affairs in the Northern cities. Private advices represent them to be very disastrous, and the prospect ahead is most gloomy. It is estimated that the one hundred and twenty millions of portfolio of the New [illegible] banks is hardly worth more than two bits on the dollar. Not a single [illegible] of paper is met at maturity. The greater portion, both principal and in[illegible] has to be carried over. The failures for some time past have been averaging a dozen a day. But the papers are prohibited from promulgating the [illegible] commercial distress, on the assumption that such candor would be affording aid and comfort to the enemy."

MARYLAND.—A Baltimore lady writes to her brother at Richmond: "Oh! what a dark day has dawned on Maryland, whose daughter I was once proud to [illegible]! Now what State lies so low in the dust? Last night one thousand [illegible] arrived here from the Relay House and encamped on Federal Hill, and I [illegible] are coming to be placed on other commanding eminences. For [illegible] Lincoln act thus, and by what is this move to be followed? I crave [illegible] opportunity of insulting him, and I would do it, too, at the risk of censure from every friend I have. I am but too glad they do doubt us. I want to hold out no false colors."

ALABAMA.—If we may form any conclusion from the journals, the inhabitants are m[illegible] relieved in mind by the transfer of the capital from Montgomery to Richmon[illegible] throws the horrors of war into Virginia.

JUDGE FORSYTH MAKES A SPEECH.—At a German concert at Mobile, 17th, Judge Forsyth presented a Confederate flag to the lady patronesses of the *fête*, in the course of which he said: "To my fair countrywomen I can safely give the pledge which burns, a Promethean flame, in my own and every masculine Southern bosom, that while a son of the South survives to maintain the combat, we will never yield your native soil, your dear homes, your darling children and your lovely selves to the dominion of the usurper and spoiler. You may be sonless, brotherless and widows, but you shall never be the mothers, the wives, the daughters, the sisters, the sweethearts of political bondsmen. The Sabine women of old were forced to find rude lords in their Roman conquerors, but they were lords of a noble and iron race. God and Southern manhood forbid that we should yield you to the fanatic rabble that has been armed against our peace and freedom. Is there a man in this assembly, soldier in arms, or citizen, ready to grasp his steel, who will not respond with his profoundest and latest breath, never! never! never!"

TENNESSEE.—Eastern Tennessee, like Western Virginia, repudiates the Secession tendencies of their State Government, and intend to form themselves into a separate State and remain in the Union. A convention will be called and resolutions passed to that effect. An order, issued by General Pillow, commanding the Secession forces in Tennessee, directs all the volunteers in the State to rendezvous at Jackson, Madison county, in that State, for immediate service. Jackson is a great railroad centre, and one of the roads leads direct from that place to Columbus, Ky., which is only twenty miles below Cairo. This order was doubtless issued with a view to making an immediate demonstration upon Cairo, but the proclamation of Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, forbidding the passage of troops across the State, which has since been issued, has probably interfered somewhat with General Pillow's plans, and rendered necessary some other modes of procedure.

TEXAS, AUSTIN, May 8.—Our whole male population, says the correspondent of the New Orleans *Crescent*, is rapidly being organized into military companies, and the whole State placed on a war footing.

Companies are organizing in every county, and placing themselves under the orders of the Governor, to march to any designated point at a moment's warning. The whilom Union men are as eager for the fray as the oldest and most intense Secessionists. In truth there is but one voice here, and that is for war. The old men form themselves into home and reserve guards, for the protection of the women and children.

From present prospects the growing crops in Texas will be full to overflowing. Enough grain will be raised to support the present population for three years.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

ON the 22d ult., at three o'clock in the afternoon, the police of the principal cities entered the telegraphic offices and took possession of the manuscripts of the various telegraphic messages that have been sent for the last eight months. They are said to implicate many leading Northern merchants and politicians, who, like Judas Iscariot, have been willing to betray the Republic for money. The question is now being scrutinised by the proper authorities, and prosecutions founded upon the evidence thus obtained. Several journals have denounced the proceeding as unconstitutional, but in these times such objections are puerile. In times of life and death punctilios must give way to common sense.

THE steamer Keystone State arrived at New York on the 23d ult., from Fort Monroe, having on board a number of passengers flying from the South, and with the British ship Hiawatha, of Liverpool, in tow as a prize. She was laden with tobacco, and had been captured in attempting to escape from Charleston.

AN officer who recently resigned from the Mississippi steam frigate, while stationed at the Charleston Navy Yard, superintended some repairs made to her machinery, and while so engaged, sawed two inches off her delivery-pipe and replaced it with gum and canvas. The Mississippi went to sea, but had proceeded but a short distance when the pipe gave way, and a large quantity of water was discharged into the vessel. The ship returned to the Navy Yard.

COLONEL VOSBURGH had effected an insurance for the benefit of his family, some time since, with the United States Life Insurance Company, of this city. A member of the Seventy-first, having come on from Washington with the remains, reported at the office of the company, No. 40 Wall street. The instantaneous response was, "Please say to the family that the money is ready for them." It is five thousand dollars. We have not heard whether the Col. had insurance in any other office.

SERGEANT BUTTERWORTH, of the New York Zouaves, was shot on the 25th ult., at Alexandria, by the sentry, Mike O'Neil, after having been challenged by him for the countersign three times. It appears that Butterworth was a stutterer, and his failing to answer was caused by that infirmity.

C. JACOBUS, of the Seventy-first, was drowned on the 26th ult., while bathing.

THE Parkersburg, Virginia, *News* office has been forced to submit to the will of the Union men, a crowd of whom demolished it.

THERE was another false alarm created at Washington. It was caused by a squad of the New York Second regiment at field practice.

AT Alexandria several hundred arms were seized. They were found in the theatre. A number of arrests of persons having concealed weapons were made.

MR. MERRIMAN, against whom are charges of treason, is still confined at Fort McHenry. An attempt will be made to take him out on a writ of habeas corpus, with what success will be soon ascertained.

WAR ITEMS.

THE Richmond *Examiner* thus discusses the defenceless condition of Richmond: "And if they come to Richmond, we may be well assured that they will come the same way that the enemy came before—the British—by York River, and by no other way. There is the assailable point; the map shows that, experience and history have made the fact public to all the world except ourselves. A march by land from Alexandria, through a difficult country, and over the most warlike population of the Continent, is dreamed of by nobody but ourselves. The route by Aquia Creek can be cut short at Fredericksburg by a few hundred pounds of powder under the bridges of the Rappahannock, to look no further. Nor did the enemy come up the narrow and imperfect channel of the James when they came before, nor will they come up it now. But they will do as they did, and will always do in future, sail or steam through the deep and straight York, disembark their troops in a little more than a day's march of the city, and take the chances of resistance. Any number of steamers can be loaded with men and artillery at Washington, and come to the mouth of the York, at least without any more trouble than on a morning excursion."

A NUMBER of shot, weighing three hundred and fifteen pounds each, have been shipped at Pittsburgh for the big Floyd gun at Fortress Monroe. This gun weighs forty-nine thousand one hundred pounds, and is now mounted and ready for service. It carries a ball with a charge of forty pounds of powder over four miles.

JOHN BATES, aged ninety-two, who fought in the Revolutionary war, and also in that of 1812, has volunteered in the Pendleton Guards, Ind. There are also eleven of his sons in the same regiment.

SENATOR FOOTE, of Vermont, has been authorised by his State to tender to the President ten more regiments of the Green Mountain Boys.

A YOUNG Virginian, named Reuben Jefferson, escaped across the Potomac from Alexandria on the 22d ult. to the New York Zouave camp, and said that he had been compelled to enlist in the Secession ranks, although a Union man. He says that hundreds also have been compelled to join the Confederate army against their convictions.

A MANUFACTORY has been established in Nashville, Tenn., which turns out 20,000 percussion caps a day.

A BATTERY of the celebrated Whitworth guns, twelve pounders, with ammunition and carriages complete, has just arrived in this city as a present to the Government from patriotic Americans abroad. The battery is consigned to Henry F. Spaulding, Samuel D. Babcock and Henry A. Smythe, who have informed Secretary Cameron of its arrival, and that it is at the disposition of the Government. Each one of the guns bears the following inscription—"From Loyal Americans in Europe to the United States Government, 1861."

THE Secessionists have fitted out a war steamer called the Ingomar to serve on the Mississippi River.

THOMAS HART CLAY, one of the sons of the Sage of Ashland, in a recent letter, speaks of the Secessionists as traitors, and declares that the firing on the Stars and Stripes at Fort Sumpter could not help firing the breast of every patriot in the country.

THE Government has decided upon establishing two camps on the French and English system. One is to be located on Staten Island, and the other in the southern part of Pennsylvania, most probably Chambersburg. There regiments will be sent to be drilled and accustomed to a camp life.

THE Washington *Star* says that up to the 20th May the number of troops which had responded to the President's call amounted to 312,000 men, and that it was most probable all of them would be in the field before the 4th July, when Congress meets.

NEARLY 2,000 Baltimoreans have left that city and joined the Confederate army since the 19th April.

ON Wednesday, the 22d, a splendid American flag was raised over the Post Office in Washington. The President officiated. He made a speech, as did also Messrs. Seward, Blair and Smith. Great enthusiasm was manifested.

REVIEW OF TROOPS.

ON the 25th ult., at three o'clock, P.M., the Union Defence Committee reviewed eight regiments near Fourteenth street. They were the Anderson Zouaves, commanded by Col. Riker, 400 men; the Dekalb Regiment, Col. Von Gilsa Leopold, 800 men; the Mozart Regiment, Col. J. B. Cocks, 841 men; the Tammany Regiment, Col. Kennedy, 600 men; the Garibaldi Guard, Col. D'Utassy, 909 men; the Ninth Regiment, Col. Styles, 801 men; and the Fifty-fifth Regiment, Col. Le Gal, 400 men; making a grand total of 4,751 men. The Garibaldi Guard is composed of Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Swiss, &c. Col. Le Gal told Mayor Wood that, in consequence of the delay of the authorities, above 500 men of his regiment had joined other regiments which were already on their way to the seat of war. The review was very satisfactory, and their admirable appearance and discipline drew loud applause from the assembled thousands.

HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA.

HARPER'S FERRY, a post village of Jefferson county, Virginia, is situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac River, where the united streams break through the Blue Ridge, one hundred and sixty miles north of Richmond, and fifty-three miles north-west of Washington. The scenery is in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. It was originally called Shenandoah Falls. Its present name is derived from a ferry long since established across the Potomac, which is also spanned by a fine bridge about eight hundred feet in length. The village is irregularly built at the base of a hill, and is the centre of considerable trade. It contains several churches, manufactories and flouring mills; but it is chiefly noted for being the seat of a manufactory of arms, where several hundred men were generally employed by the Federal Government, and which produced annually about ten thousand muskets. It has also an arsenal, where a large quantity of arms were always kept till lately, and the partial destruction of which by Lieutenant Jones, to prevent them falling into the hands of the Secessionists, is uppermost in the public mind. The attempt of Ossawatomie Brown, in October, 1859, is likewise too recent to need more than a passing allusion.

Harper's Ferry is now the scene of a far greater drama, having been for some weeks in the possession of a large body of Secessionists, under the command of Colonel Lee, the exact number of which has not been ascertained—some putting it down as low as four thousand, and others as high as four times that number. That it is naturally a place of immense strength is evident, and will doubtless soon be the scene of stirring events. Our Artist has sent us a most complete view of the place, taken from the Virginian side.

Our large double-paged cut represents the Secession battery on the heights at the back of the town of Harper's Ferry, which commands the railroad bridge, and which, strong by nature, has been rendered still more so by art. Colonel Jackson is the commandant of the troops at this station, under the orders of General Johnstone, who was formerly in Utah. As our readers can perceive, the scenery is magnificent, and our Artist has done justice to its beauty. Colonel Jackson's headquarters are between the village of Harper's Ferry and a little suburb called Bolivar. The number of troops here are about ten thousand men, composed of Virginians, Kentuckians, Alabamians and Mississippians. Our sketch has been taken from the burial-ground of the Catholic Church—sad illustration of the poet's line—

The path of glory leads but to the grave.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHY are well-fed chickens like successful farmers? They are blessed with full crops.

AN American poet talks of the music of a low wind. The wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it.

DR. CASS, a quack in the reign of Charles II., made a fortune, and set up his carriage, with the motto, "The case is altered."

A BASHFUL printer refused a situation in a printing-office where females are employed, saying he never "set up" with a girl in his life.

BEAUTIES generally die old-maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

BOASTING of a visit he paid to the Queen at Windsor, a Yankee clenched his remarks by declaring, "I should have been invited to dinner, but it was washing day."

A TAR, who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had seen, was asked if he had ever seen Louisiana. "No," said Jack, "what country does she live in?"

AN Irishman, just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found, to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers," said he, "does your cheese in this country have childer?"

CHARLES BANNISTER, coming from a coffee-house one cold and stormy night, said that he never saw such a wind.

"Such a wind!" replied a friend. "What was it like?"

"Like!" answered Charles, "like to blow my hat off!"

A GIRL recently advertised for a situation as barmaid or waitress in a refreshment-saloon. Among her qualifications for such a position, she says she can cut two hundred and twenty-five pieces of bread, of satisfactory appearance, out of one pound of bread, and butter them with two ounces of butter.

THE Northampton *Press* says that an ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary friend asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered her interlocutor, that she cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in a one horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish ostler. Handing the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man "to take his horse to the stable and bait him."

"Sure an I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went.

In about half an hour the gentleman, having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good case, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was panting and trembling.

"What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?"

"Only what your honor ordered me."

"He don't look as if he had had anything to eat."

"Is it ate your honor said?"

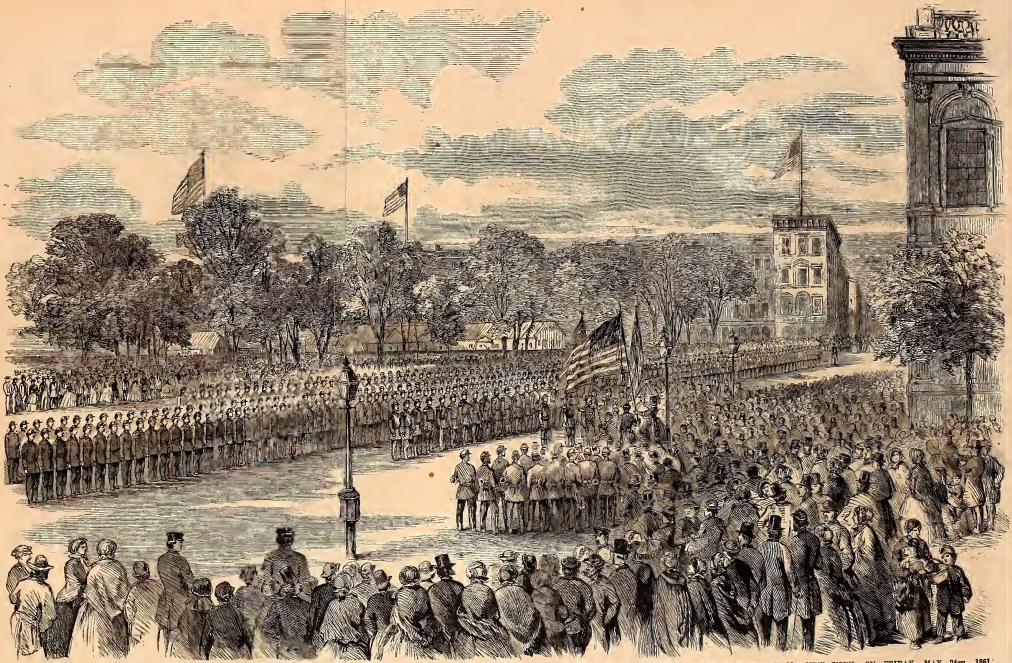
"To be sure."

"Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More betoken, your honor tould me to bate the beast, and not to ait him!"

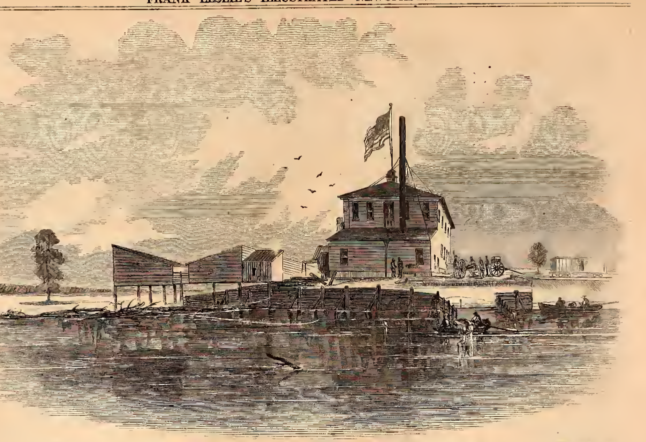
"Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?"

"Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then cut with me stick and bate him till me arm was used out."

SECESSION BATTERY AT HARPER'S FERRY, ERECTED ON THE HEIGHT OVERLOOKING THE TOWN AN



THE GERMAN REGIMENT, STEUBEN VOLUNTEERS, COL. JOHN E. BENDIX COMMANDING, RECEIVING THE AMERICAN AND STEUBEN FLAGS IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, ON FRIDAY, MAY 24TH, 1861, PREVIOUS TO EMBARKING FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—See Page 34.



OCCUPATION OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS, BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS—CAMP DEFIANCE, SITUATED ON THE SOUTH-EAST POINT OF THE CITY OF CAIRO, AND COMMANDING THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RIVERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

COLONEL ABRAHAM S. VOSBURGH,

Of the Seventy-first Regiment.

The lamented officer whose early and sudden death has cast such a gloom over the city was born in 1825, in Ulster county, New York, and belongs to one of our oldest Knickerbocker families. After receiving a good and practical education, he came to this city, and engaged in the storage and forwarding business in Broad street, where his integrity and attention to business made him universally respected. He commenced his military career very early, since in 1846 he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to General Storms. He was soon after made Brigade-Major, and in July, 1852, he was chosen Colonel of the American Rifles, then just organized by his friend, General Storms. This regiment was subsequently made the Seventy-first Regiment of Infantry in the State Militia. His unceasing attention to his military duties soon made him a most efficient commander, while his courtesy and attention to the men under him made him, at the same time, one of the most popular. He possessed the rare art of combining discipline with kindness. His firm behavior at the time of the Dead Rabbit riots was universally applauded.

At the breaking out of the present unhappy troubles, he was one of the first to take the field, and his unceasing exertions insured the admiration of all. These, however, aggravated a complaint he had long suffered from, hemorrhage of the lungs, of which he died at half-past eight on Monday morning, the 20th May, after only two days' illness. He reviewed his regiment on Friday, and entertained his friend General Sickles the same evening.

He leaves a widow and two children, both boys, of the respective ages of four years and eight months.

The Funeral Solemnities in Washington.

Our Artist has sent us a most graphic sketch of the ceremonies at the Navy Yard, in honor of the gallant and lamented Colonel of the Seventy-first Regiment, which we have the mournful satisfaction of presenting to the public.

The funeral ceremonies commenced at twelve o'clock at the Navy Yard, Washington, and were of the most imposing character. The President and the Secretaries of State, War and the Treasury were present, and seemed deeply affected at the fate of one who lost his life in a cause of which they were such prominent exponents, and which they had so much at heart.

Governor Sprague, at the head of the Rhode Island troops, was in attendance, and the New York Twelfth Regiment, headed by Colonel Butterfield, was also there with full ranks. The body lay in state in the great hall of the Navy Yard, and was visited by hosts of his gallant companions in arms, whose silent reverence, as they gazed on their departed brother, testified the depth of their regret.

The funeral procession then moved away from the Yard at half-past one o'clock on the 21st, accompanied by the Seventy-first Regiment as mourners. The body was sent to New York under an escort of the Seventy-first, and arrived at Jersey City the next morning. It was taken to the residence of Colonel Vosburgh's father, 806 Greenwich street, and was buried with military honors in Greenwood Cemetery, on the 23d May. The flags were at half-mast, and the signs of woe everywhere displayed evinced the respect which all classes of our citizens entertained for the brave and courteous Colonel of the Seventy-first Regiment.

BATTERY OF CAMP DEFIANCE, CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

Camp Defiance is situated on the south-east point of the city of Cairo, the farthest point now out of water, and immediately in advance of the Levee. Colonel Prentiss has planted cannon on this point, which completely sweep the approaches both by the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. To the right and to the left of the battery on the Levee other batteries have been erected, of such strength that the approaches may be said to be completely secured from any attack by water. The military force centred at Cairo, under the command of Colonel Prentiss, has now swelled up to several thousands, and, in addition, Illinois has ten thousand men ready at any moment to advance to the assistance of Cairo.

HENRY C. J. HEUSKEN,

Interpreter to the United States Legation to Japan.

In our present number our readers will find a portrait of the late Mr. Heusken, the Interpreter to our Legation in Japan. Our readers will recollect that as he was riding, on the 15th of January last, from one of the suburbs of Jeddo into that city, with two servants, he was suddenly attacked by about a dozen armed Japanese and murdered, his attendants flying without offering any resistance. The perpetrators have never been discovered, despite the efforts made by all the Foreign Consuls there, among whom were honorably prominent the British and French Ministers. He was buried with much pomp on the 18th of January, and a handsome monument has been erected over his remains, in the cemetery near Jeddo, at the expense of Mr. Harris, the United States Consul.

Mr. Heusken was born in Amsterdam on the 20th of January, 1832, and was murdered on the 15th of January, 1861. He went to Japan in company with Mr. Harris in 1857, and fulfilled his duties in the most exemplary manner.

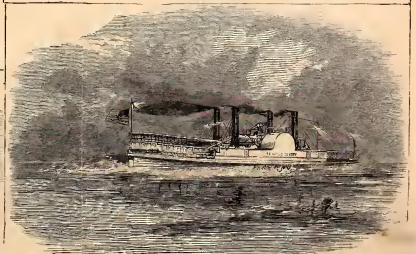
THE LATE HENRY C. J. HEUSKEN, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT JEDDO, JAPAN, MURDERED BY THE JAPANESE ON THE 15TH OF JANUARY, 1861.

ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION.

This is a railroad station, seventeen miles south-west from Baltimore, and twenty-two miles north-east of Washington, on the Washington Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At this point the Annapolis Branch Railroad, a short line of twenty-two miles in length, here comes in from Annapolis. This place derives its chief importance from commanding the railway route from Annapolis to Washington, a total distance of thirty-nine miles. Millersville is on the line of this railroad, and is about eleven miles from Annapolis.

FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Fort McHenry is situated on Patapsco Bay, in Baltimore harbor, on a tongue of land about two miles from the city, which it commands with its largest guns. It also completely commands the harbor. It was bombarded by the British fleet in the War of 1812, but without success. In the present excited time it is a place of vast importance, not only on account of its great strength but of its position; and the Federal Government, fully appreciating its consequence, has greatly strengthened it, and has thrown into it a large body of troops, provisions and munitions, sufficient to render it impregnable against attack, and efficient for any offensive operation. In conjunction with Federal Hill, it completely commands the city of Baltimore, and is a reliable guarantee of its faith to the Union. It is a sentinel at the gate of the



he host at Alexandria, Va.
Brownell.—Ellsworth avenged.
the shower Francis Shibby.

Jackson's wife mourning over his body. Ellsworth's Zouaves consoling her while keeping off the Secession crowd.
Body of Ellsworth lying in state in the Governor's Room, City Hall, New York
The Francis Shibby, bearing Ellsworth's body, in a terrific thunderstorm on the Hudson River

FRIDAY, MAY 24TH, 1861.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ASSISTED BY FRANCIS E BROWNELL, OF THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES.—SEE PAGE 33.

LUCILLE DE VERNET;

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XIX.

"THIS is a fine old house," said Madeline to her husband, when they were alone together in the Chateau do Nol. "All within and without bespeaks splendor, and every dish and plate at dinner was solid silver. And madame, how well and joyous she seems; I hope she will ever remain so. And monsieur—I never saw so much of him as since we have been here, short as the time is—has a generous noble nature, though we did give him credit for some frailties of human nature—but who is without them? But, Jacques, I like the idea of what he proposed to you, for this is a charming, thriving place, and the land a thousand times more productive than that surrounding Marseilles. Of course you will accept his offer?"

"Of course," he returned, laughing, "if Madeline has set her heart upon it. But, joking apart, I have seriously conned over monsieur's offer, and shall most assuredly accept it, if I can find a tenant for my own farm. We have no ties to bind us to the south; your friends lie northward, and mine are too few and distant for us to bestow a thought on their whereabouts. And the dear child is here, who has been like our own from its birth; to part wholly from it would jar the love feelings of us both. And again, if Lucille should need your services, you will be near to give them. For life's hopes are fleeting, the rose that blooms so fresh and fair to-day, to-morrow rude winds may scatter on the desert plain."

"Ah, now you are preaching a sermon, Jacques," said Madeline; "you always look so deep into the waters. Why not skim the surface, as I do? It must be better than meeting sorrow midway. But to speak of monsieur's offer, are you serious about the acceptance of it?"

"Quite serious, Madeline; and if old Jean Lerne, as I expect he will, will come to terms with me about my little patrimony, take it—I mean to set his daughter and new son-in-law up in the world—I shall take possession of my new post so soon as the deeds are signed, anticipating that you will not object to be left here while I return to settle matters at home."

"What objection can I have to anything you propose, Jacques, unless being separated from you?" said Madeline. "But even that I shall surmount," she added, archly, "without any material injury to my health, I trust, considering what a clever manager I have, for absolutely you have arranged all as cleverly and neatly as if the tenor of it had been in your ideas the last ten years."

"I hope," returned Jacques, thoughtfully, "it will be better managed and turn out more propitiously than if it had been years in coming to maturity. But, good night, little wife, let us sleep upon it and see if our dreams throw any shadows before them; let me hear yours in the morning; if mine are momentous you shall hearken to them."

A few days later brought Emile and Charles de Bleville to the château. Emile had made an ineffectual attempt to be restored to her mother's favor, and though the refusal cost her many tears and some regrets she had too much of the light-heartedness and gay disposition of her brother to brood long and hopelessly over an event which appeared to her irremediable. The party was also increased by the presence of D'Almaine's uncle, Monsieur Louis D'Almaine, an admiral, and man of worth but small fortune, which is generally the case, where the estates are so entailed on the heir that but little beside the savings of the parents (which is mostly very trifling), is the portion of the younger children. He was a widower, and accompanied by his only child, a boy nine years old, who, being heir presumptive to the D'Almaine estates, was looked on by all graciously on that account, as well as being a fine, bold, handsome boy, with noble and generous feelings, which his father, by his judicious affection and management, was rendering permanent qualities.

"I have brought Eugene to see you, niece," said the admiral to Lucille. "He is young to come out visiting his relatives, but he was anxious to see his new cousin, so I indulged him; but his pony and old Laurent wait to take him home when he has paid his compliments to you, and a ride of ten miles backwards and forwards will improve his appetite for the good things Madame Lachère is preparing to gratify it."

"Oh! he must not leave us so speedily," said Lucille. "As he was so kind as to wish to see me, I am desirous of further acquaintance with him. Spare him to me, monsieur, a few days; no doubt he is better acquainted with the surrounding country than I am, and he shall be my escort to some of his most favorite spots."

"Yes," said the boy, pleased at the invitation, his dark eyes wandering from his father's face to Lucille's. "I know the walks and rides miles away, nearly as far as Château Henri Quatre."

"Ah! your knowledge is too extended," returned the admiral, smiling. "You must keep it within bounds, or woe be to your cousin if she trusts to your guidance. But, my little Emile," he continued, running up to her as she entered, "wedlock agrees with you, judging from your bright bloom and brighter eyes. Accept my congratulations, my dear, and tell me where you intend to weigh anchor now you are spliced."

"What a question!" said Emile, returning his embrace, and speaking in the same gay tone. "What a question to ask a soldier's wife, where she intends to live, for that is I conclude what you mean. To tell you the truth, good uncle, since I have taken up the knapsack I intend to cling to it, and though, like the English song, I shall not carry my soldier's wallet, I shall follow wheresoever he goes, with exception of the battle-field."

"Bravo, and well-spoken," said the old admiral. "It is a pity you preferred a helmet; for by St. Denis you are worthy the choice of a sailor."

Charles de Bleville joined cordially in the laugh, raised as much at himself as at the admiral's prejudices to his calling.

The sudden entrance of Batiste, who had returned unexpectedly from his farm, turned the conversation. He was in high spirits, having settled all to his satisfaction, and the following week entered on his new avocations, and was soon initiated into the mysteries of stewardship. He was honest and just in his dealings; he therefore not only gained the confidence of the count, but the praises and good-will of the numerous tenantry; and the neighbors, both large and small, seeing the terms on which Madeline and himself stood with the owners of the D'Almaine estates, looked one and all graciously upon them.

"I do not know what we shall do with all the money, Madeline," cried Batiste, after they had taken possession of their well furnished house. "An income of six thousand francs from monsieur, and near three thousand from our own farm—we are certainly rich people."

"And the house, this handsome house, rent free," said Madeline. "We cannot spend all the money. You must at least put by the farm money, Jacques; for we are both young, and who knows—perhaps we may yet be blessed with children, and that should be put away for their portion, or some such purpose."

Jacques laughed. "Who dives deep into the waters now?" said he. "Ah, Madeline, you are a true woman, and a farmer's wife, for you are absolutely reckoning your chickens before they are hatched."

Madeline blushed. "Not reckoning upon them, Jacques," said she, "only preparing for what may happen. You caught me up hastily for offering a little healthful advice."

"Well, well, I see your meaning," returned Jacques. "Our three thousand francs which you imagine overplus should be put into the bank, or laid out probably to better advantage."

"Yes. What think you of the English stocks?" said Madeline. "They, I have understood, are never failing."

"I have not thought beyond my own country," said Jacques; "but we have time enough before us for consideration—rely on it, for your sake, on its being made the best of. It is good, honest money, and I see not why it should not thrive, however we invest it."

Madeline, in her wisdom, quite concurred with him, and for the time the affair terminated.

Lucille felt the advantage of having Madeline near her, separated as she was from her parents, and without having any near relatives near; for Emile was leaving for the South, where her husband's regiment was ordered, and during D'Almaine's frequent visits to the metropolis, Madeline's and Batiste's near vicinity to her was a source of sincere congratulation.

CHAPTER XX.

WE must pass over a lapse of five years, for little connected with our history had transpired worth relation, with the exception of the Duke de Paleron's marriage with a lady high at court; that D'Almaine and the duke had shaken hands, after an ample apology and explanation of the former's conduct in regard to Lucille; and D'Almaine and his mother were on friendly terms. She still occupied the hotel as her town residence, Lucille having been steady in her first resolve of not making Paris, unless compelled, a residence. Therefore, when D'Almaine took his departure for the season there, she spent that time in Germany, in a happier and more congenial manner. She had not met her mother-in-law since the morning of her reunion with her husband, an event Madame D'Almaine had not forgotten, and which rankled with full force at her heart; her name had never passed between the mother and son; but it was observed when her daughter-in-law was mentioned in the countess's presence, much bitterness of feeling towards her was exhibited, and once she had been heard to doubt the validity of her marriage with her son.

A report, whether intended or not to find credit, was circulated in and beyond the ranks of fashion, for it had vaguely extended to the neighborhood of the chateau. Though but few listened to it, there were scandalmongers who talked it over and connected Lucille's seclusion from fashionable haunts with the report, whether true or false. Among these was the Duke de Paleron; his admiration for Lucille was still unbounded, having called upon her several times with the duchess, who possessed property a few miles distant from D'Almaine's Norman estate. The duchess was a proud,

COLONEL SMITH, OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT (BROOKLYN) OF N. Y. S. M.—SEE PAGE 35.

courtly personage, several years the senior of the duke, between whom was no resemblance of temper or disposition, nor a single reciprocal sentiment, she being a vestal in person and heart, whilst he was a well-known and determined gallant; but she was rich and powerful; he was deficient of power in any form, and trod complacently beneath that of his wife's, where it interfered not with his love of intrigue.

* * * * *

It was a bright and golden morning, the glorious sun tinting all objects with its own beautiful radiance. D'Almaine, Lucille, and Eugene D'Almaine, now a boy of fourteen, were seated at breakfast in the parlor of the chateau, whose large windows reached nearly from the lofty ceiling to within a foot of the floor, so that those within, as they partook of the morning repast, might look without rising on the terrace flowers beneath, now glowing in the morning sun, the dewdrops yet lingering on their surface looking like rare gems of many hues from the wealthy mines of Golconda.

"Where is Birdie this morning? She is late with her offering; have you seen her, Eugene?" asked Lucille, looking as she did so towards the distant fields, seen through a vista of lofty elms.

"I left her gathering flowers by the brook," replied Eugene; "she had not then made her selection, but——"

At this moment a light, quick step on the gravel was heard, and immediately after the beautiful face of a child, shaded by long dark curls, peeped roguishly in at the window.

"Ah, you have not waited breakfast as you said you would, Eugene!" she cried, holding up a tiny finger admonishingly, and with her small, round sunburnt arm dripping with dew, she raised into the room a straw hat laden with flowers, and then with the airy grace of Queen Mab herself, leapt in after them, and after a hasty kiss to her father and mother, quickly threw the contents of the hat on the carpet, saying in a gleesome tone the while, "Look how beautiful they are all—every one for papa."

"All for papa?" returned Lucille, "and Birdie has not brought mamma a single blossom?"

The child turned her head towards her with a beaming smile, and hastily scattered and searched among the flowers, till she came to a rose, adorned by a small bud, which catching up, she sprang to the lap of her mother.

"No, not forgotten," she said, in a low soft tone; "I gathered this pretty rose from Monsieur Batiste's garden, because it looked like you," and putting it against her mother's cheek, said, with a playful smile, "and was I not right? Look, papa, Eugene, is it not the color of mamma's own pretty cheeks? And," she added, putting one small finger on the bud, at the same time looking archly around as she did so, "and this is mamma's own little Birdie."

Lucille silently pressed her child to her, and D'Almaine, putting his arm round both, said, with feeling, "My bud and blossom, what would life be without you?"

The scene was interrupted by a head of another description

FORT M'HENRY, ON THE PATAPSCO BAY, COMMANDING THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, AND NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 38

ARREST OF SAMUEL HANNA, A SPY, AT CAMP SCOTT, WASHINGTON, D. C., BY COLONEL BAKER OF THE SECOND REGIMENT OF NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.—SEE PAGE 39.

thrusting itself through the open window; it was that of a large Newfoundland dog.

"Lion, Lion!" cried the child, and instantly the noble animal, with a spring, was among them; the little girl's arms were round his neck, and her rosy mouth against his capacious one, his tongue amply returning the caresses bestowed on him. "Lion wants his breakfast," said Birdie, and seating herself at the table, gave, of course, as Lion expected, every alternate morsel to his ready acceptance.

"Come," said Eugene, "make haste, Birdie, I am going to the trout stream; of course you will go with me and carry the basket?"

"To the trout stream," said the child, a shade of sadness and distaste crossing her animated countenance, "to catch little fishes, Eugene? No, I think I will stay at home. I do not like to see them struggle, beat themselves against the basket, and then die."

"Oh, but you must go, if only to save some of their lives, which you often do, Birdie, to my detriment as a fisherman, you know—come," and he pressed the straw hat over the clustering curls of the beautiful child. "Here, take up the basket, while I carry the rod and lines."

"No, give the basket to Lion," said Birdie, "it is his business to carry that," and putting it between the dog's teeth, he sprang from the window, followed by the boy and girl, with the sporting laugh of youth and childhood ringing joyfully with the morning breeze among the broad leaves of the sycamore avenue.

"Take care of her, Eugene," cried D'Almaine, as they turned and kissed their hands to the watchers at the window. "Remember, if anything happens to her you must answer for it."

"Agreed!" came the laughing tones of the boy's voice. "With Lion with us, what danger can there be to either?"

The father's and mother's eyes were bent on them till the thick foliage rendered them no longer visible, and as that sensitive, ardent child, so wild, yet so graceful in mind and person, tripped sylphlike, held by her cousin's hand, her transparent dress and the blue ribbons of her hat floating in the air and sunshine, she appeared like some winged thing flown to earth from another sphere.

Arrived at the trout stream, Eugene was soon alone, dangling in the well-stocked waters with line and hook. The child and the dog were at their old sports, she gathering wild flowers, he, in frolic, carrying them away as they were collected, that the pair might sport together amid the long grass.

At length her lap was filled, they were again beside the waters; the blossoms, the labor and sport of so much time were industriously pulled to pieces, and, with the exception of a collar to grace the black sleeky neck of Lion, they were thrown on their surface, and with clapping hands and sparkling eyes watched till the breeze both slowly and distantly bore them away.

An exclamation from Eugene now attracted them. He had caught a trout of unusual size, and Birdie, with commiserating eyes, was soon gazing in the basket at its floundering and writhing motions.

"The little fish is thirsty, Eugene," she said, taking it in her small hands, and kneeling on the bank putting its head in the stream.

In a moment the fish had glided through her fingers, and, recovered by its native element, was swimming far beyond reach.

Eugene, vexed that this fine specimen of his skill as an angler had disappeared so suddenly, exclaimed, with a manner and voice ruffled,

"Birdie, I am angry with you; thus it is ever—as I fill the basket, you return its contents to the stream. I had prided myself on that fish, thinking it would redeem my character as a fisherman, seeing how often you have spoiled my sport."

Tears were in the child's eyes; it was, perhaps, the most severe rebuke she had received in her life, and she answered, lowly,

"Forgive me, Eugene; I am sorry. But little fishes like water—I only wished it to drink."

But Eugene was not exactly in a humor to pardon, and Birdie, throwing herself on the bank, buried her dark curly head amid the long, sleek white hair of Lion's stomach, and was soon in a sound, child-like slumber.

Eugene, with instinctive care, covered her with his silk handkerchief, and drew the branches of a willow, whose leaves kissed the waters, as a screen over her, to shield her from the noonday sun, hung his basket high up in the tree to prevent further larceny, and, unmolested, pursued his occupation.

When the child awoke, Eugene had replenished his basket, his good humor was restored, and, showing the proceeds of so many hours' patience to his little companion with the pride of a connoisseur, said,

"I think we shall have praises to-day, Birdie, from Madame Santarre, who will make a nice dish of them."

The child peered into the basket, its contents were immovable, consequently her sympathies were hushed. The basket was put into the teeth of Lion, who, proud of the honor thus bestowed, with wagging tail and triumphant glances at the juvenile pair, trudged sagaciously and steadily by their side.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was a bright autumnal morning, just such a one to tempt a sportsman forth to try his fortune, and D'Almaine, in shooting-jacket, gun in hand, bade Lucille adieu for a few hours to try his hand among the wild fowl on his grounds.

At the extremity of the spacious garden a small summer-house, or rather pavilion, had been erected as a morning summer's retreat for the ladies of the mansion. It was delightfully situated, forming two commodious rooms, one fitted up as a library, the other as a small boudoir. It was a favorite retirement of Lucille's, and thither on this eventful morning she repaired with her child. After having taken from the shelves several books, but finding her mind too wandering to read, Lucille went into the larger apartment, and taking a small piece of work from a basket, tried to absorb herself with it as much as the child's prattle would permit.

The building stood on an eminence, and as the child's quick eye discovered objects they were prattled forth to her mother. At length she cried,

"A carriage is coming fast down the back road, mamma. I see a gentleman looking from the window. Oh, I see now, it is the Duke de Paleron; and papa far out on the hill yonder. Shall I ask him to come home?"

Lucille instinctively rose, an unpleasant sensation assailing her, and looked out on the road. It was one little frequented and never used by visitors, being exclusive to themselves and family, and felt surprise, not unmixed with displeasure, that the duke should have presumed, with his servants—for she saw two beside the driver—to enter on it. Turning her eyes in another direction, she beheld D'Almaine approaching slowly, as if he had seen the carriage; but he turned suddenly, fired his piece and called his dogs, who were soon running with the dead birds towards him. He then again loaded his gun and pursued his way leisurely.

Lucille was still watching him, when a quick step on the stairs of the pavilion sent the blood rushing to her heart, and before she had time for thought, the door was rudely opened, and the duke stood before her. Offended at the intrusion, she indignantly desired him to retire or to permit her to pass, that she might leave his unwelcome presence.

"I will do neither," he answered, standing against the door, which he had closed on entering, and fixing his eyes boldly upon her. "Madame," he continued, hurriedly, but with the bold front guilt too often gives, "I have sought this time and place to tell you life is a blank without you. Turn not so scornfully from me, for you must and shall listen to me. I have heard—yes, even from D'Almaine's mother—that you are not his legally. If this be true, I have the same right to you which he has. Fly, then, with me! I will make you rich, portion your child, and, should the duchess die, will give you legal guarantee to make you my wife as soon as I am free."

Lucille could hear no more; a spirit seemed issuing from her eyes which made his fall beneath them, as she replied,

"Do you dare say I must listen to your hateful language?—dare insult me by your base insinuations, and baser offers?—dare say that were you free, thinking me guilty, you would make me your wife? Man, this outrage is beyond patience! Let me pass, sir! I insist that the door be opened to give me a free passage from the place your words have polluted!"

While she spoke the aspect of the duke had undergone a change from beseeching gallantry to bold defiance, and drawing nearer to her, he said, with assumed nonchalance,

"I should have desired matters to have proceeded peaceably; you decree it otherwise. Know then, madame, I came here on no idle errand. My carriage waits outside your garden gate, fleet horses are attached to it, and trusty servants attend it. I have sworn you shall be the partner of my intended journey. De Paleron never retracts when a lovely woman is to be the reward of his perseverance. You are in my power. I can laugh your scruples to scorn. Before you are missed from your morning retreat you will be miles away, D'Almaine, and all but myself unacquainted where you will be borne."

With a sudden dart he caught her in his arms, opened the door, and carried her down the steps of the summer-house. Lucille had

(*Continued on page* 46.)

FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH SIDE BASIN, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE TROOPS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE COLONEL VOSBURGH, OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, LYING IN STATE AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, D. C, MAY 20TH, 1861.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 38.

Arsenal destroyed by Federal Troops, formerly seized by John Brown. Battery commanding Town and Bridge.

COMMANDING THE RAILROAD BRIDGE, CANAL, &c.—From a Sketch taken within a few days by our Special Artist.

LUCILLE DE VERNET.

(Continued from page 43.)

no power to move in his iron grasp. A dread, an intense agony came over her; she felt herself lost, and could only scream and and agonizingly, her child joining her with all the vehemence and force of childhood, at seeing these fiercely loved forcibly taken from them.

"Curse your clamor!" exclaimed the duke. "I hear some one coming; I shall be foiled at last!" and putting his hand over Lucille's mouth, he turned towards another gate leading to the road more circuitously, but there was an accent to it, and Lucille, who had fainted, was a heavy weight to be disengaged in his plot, he ascended by rapid strides, and had nearly reached the top, when a loud "Halloo!" from the bottom, and by others, villain!" reached him without affecting his progress. He kept on, and had nearly reached the gate, when there was a report, a flash—the duke staggered, proceeded a few paces, then with a heavy groan fell with his burden to the earth.

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

Ash that night, from the instant of having left Lucretia through the old library and extinguished the lamp Erle had brought with him to that, the storm raged furiously, awfully. The wind groaned, whistled, and shrieked, and rushed through the playful branches and young leaves of the innumerable trees in the park and grounds of Gower Hall, and the rain descended in torrents. Then a vivid flash of lightning, a loud clap of thunder, succeeded by a heavy pause, then a hurricane of wind, with following, crashing thunder shaking them with its reverberations.

Ever by its violence and fury did that night seem to be the harbinger of joy for the dawn.

The scene within the library was a strange one, though it was unseen by mortal eye.

Amidst the wild turmoil of the elements, even on the lurid flashes of lightning that illumined the whole chamber with a sudden glare, Erle rose by fearful steps where he had been, and stood for a moment erect and immoveable, and then he moved with the same slow, fearful, measured steps to the entrance of the door.

He still grasped the small black ebony box which he had found in the library, and now seemed to fear it already, as if in fear that some unseen being would seize him—some spirit of darkness.

He moved from the high, antique, massive chest, still appearing to gaze upon one who, according to the aspect of his features, was a victim to the power of horrible spells.

Suddenly he fumbled with his fingers at the ebony box, and his lips moved, and then he uttered a wild and convulsive laugh, which, as it rang in the air, as it were, as if terrogatively, and a low, wild laugh burst from his lips. He then muttered something to himself, which was inaudible to any ear but his. From which he appeared to have found the key he was anxious to seek in one of the most shady places, and he had found it. He then muttered some unmeaning words, and a loud peal of thunder followed, which seemed to shatteringly engage by a loud and sharp echo. Then he held the small ebony box upon the table, and rose to his feet, as he appeared to have suddenly recovered a wish.

He looked around him, and uttered a wild scream. The lid fell from its hands with a crash, and once more he took precious upon the door without betraying a sign of life.

The storm passed on, the wind groaned and whistled, the lightning darted and the thunder shook the building, but Erle remained motionless at the side of the old black chest.

With the dawn the wind went down, the sky cleared, the morning sun poured its bright beams upon the stained windows of the old library, and gilded the dark, gloomy, lengthy and strong, but dirty, pale and countenance, still lay upon the floor, as if in a deep sleep.

It was an hour after the sun had risen, when a low, wild laugh burst from his lips, and he moved his limbs and body writhingly, as if in pain or in the throes of a horrible dream. The sun's rays streamed upon his features, and he made over his eyes, and presently whether them, only to replace them. At last he opened them, and rose slowly and gazed around him with a look of wild bewilderment.

He sprang to his feet.

"Almighty Heaven!" he ejaculated, in a tone of deep emotion, "it was no dream."

A violent shudder went through his whole frame.

Then he clenched his hands, and turned his head proudly up.

"Let conscience be as it will, with a God above, I will not rue to give way to the dictates of such superstitions. Still, I am free!" he added, as he looked around him, and a wild, fearful expression came over his features, as he saw the box upon the table, and he shuddered violently.

"This is too horrible!" he ejaculated, and pressed his hands over his eyes. "I was certainly not in my senses when I found it, or I would not have had the power to wrestle with the horror which seemed to convulse and then to paralyze him in his search.

At length he took his hands away.

"I will look—my destiny!" he exclaimed. "I cannot evade it; let me go through with it manfully at least."

He stooped and raised the box from the floor and looked within it. He withdrew from it a roll of vellum, apparently of great antiquity.

"I discovered this act night, in the picture gallery," he murmured, "and, by Heaven, it is—"

He paused, and then upon his knees, as if to assist his thoughts.

"Let me collect myself, and consider what I have to do," he said, then.

"I remember all I found in the picture gallery, and I am almost loth with to them now. Another time, another time," he muttered.

He remained in full of volume to the box, and, as if with some emotion what to look for, and where to find it, he re-united both his hand and hid it upon the key, which was the cause of where he had left it in the picture gallery. He then read on the massive raised chest, and withdrawing it, placed in the small ebony box, he left the room, and locked the door.

"I feel that we have all, to proceed with this mysterious matter. I will come again," he murmured.

At this moment Mrs. Clifford upon the old Saxon volume laying open on the Gothic reading-desk.

Seized by a sudden memory, he hastened towards it, and seized himself upon it.

Then the margin still remained his own possessing.

His hands, which had long been clear and transparent in wont, but, drained, beautifully-shaped character.

There were also in Lady Maud's handwriting. He would have elected his head upon that.

His head had violently, his throat swelled as if it would suffocate him, and a sudden flush of intense blue his eyes protected his deciphering the words.

He read them over and over again, and then he closed the book, and placed down from his seat. He turned in his words, and then read them down, pausing, gazing, and he reached these words:

"Oh, my love! how I have suffered since we last met!"

Then his breast, having wear filled up his vision so that he could no longer see the book, and then he turned his head, and he read on, without a word.

Oh, at the last, but never ceased each other down his cheek, what particulars my fliest his face, and he read on, and continued:

Maud, the beautiful Maud—this high and noble Maud—the fairest prize ever won had to offer to a king, mind, heart!

What destiny feared he to him now? What danger could death him? what could keep him from claiming his own chattels, his own property, his own all?

He took out his tablets to take down these words, but but what they were engraved upon his heart, but then it would be an offence to him to see that he open vaulter to explore over them.

But only upon his tablets could he transcribe them; so he laid the book upon the carved-cushioned seat, and he drew from his breast, nearest to his heart, a small tablet to which was he brought from a pocket and a withered flower. He kissed them both tenderly, and then he kissed them words written, as it were, in the very blood of the heart which had once throbbed for her.

And with solemn words and unutterable emotion he wrote down the same upon his tablets; and he drew a solid, nervous line beneath the last or preceding sentence; and then, when he had finished writing, he closed the book, and placed them away in his breast; then a thousand times he kissed the withered flower, and then white down, and then he rose from his seat, and restored the book to its place, which he replaced next to its heart, and pressed them with both hands, and then he said:

"Oh, dearest maid, I pray that you may be, to find how deeply, deeply I love you!"

And, as his lips repeated these words, his eyes encountered the pale face of Lady Maud fixed to him, bending over him, seated, with an expression half of love and half of pity, upon her own. He suddenly dropped upon it.

In a moment, with a very upon his lips, he spoke; intuitively he clutched out his arms to her. While—for so long a time—he had been in a trance, so had it was scarcely possible to tell when reading it expressed, she soul, as instinctively and his enlarged arms.

He pressed her to his heart. He stood up erect, but his lips trembled on, and his heart seemed to rise so high in his breast, that he could not utter a word. And if he could not have sung and spoken to her, he could not have done it. He raised upon his shoulder, and her closed eyes and half-parted lips, told him

that she had sunk into a swoon. So he let her rest there, like a child to a slumber, upon his breast, his heart beating proudly as her sighs and grateful tears fell upon his cheek. He felt that he was her protector, and that he had her in upon them still, for intense was that they might alone upon upon him.

And she looked so sad and sorrowful as she lay there, and he saw what a change must have agitated had wrought; and it seemed to him that perversion might have produced it; and he bared lowered and he hit his lip.

He who pains or wrongs thee, dearest," he murmured, "I will have to account with me."

He pressed her to his heart, and then he kissed her once more, and he said it in that was a pale grey; his eyes were as calm as the ocean, and his brow was as free as a mountain breeze before exquisite enjoyment.

Lucretia and retired melancholy was impressed upon her features, and his sorrowful sighs as he thought of the intense misery of suffering the night have been suspected in another from the cause of his sorrow.

Then Lucretia was still unconscious in the face of the cause of Lady Maud's restless summer found its way through a tangled pane of rose-bloom, and tinted her face with a faint blush.

It seemed to him that a reflected ray of happiness lit up that strange, weird face, and that it was a smile of joy that played upon it.

He turned away his eyes, and took his gaze on the living Lady Maud. He saw that her eyes were open, and that they were looking upon him, and by the mere means of her smile he knew that sensations were returning.

He waited, with the most intense anxiety, not alone the opening of her eyes, but the recovery of her consciousness, as full comprehension that she was then in the old library with him, encircled by his arms—the arms of him she loved, and who loved her to madness.

Her eyelids were lifted gently up, and her eyes, she turn, moved forth, resting upon his earnest face, and then she smiled, and then she sighed, and then a gentle shudder, but a happy sigh, and rather she became sensible that she was not the hero of a dream, but of a reality.

She started—withdrew herself from his embrace—looked hastily about her —seemed at once her position, and with a shrinking, cowering appeal to her, she said, in a voice of alarm, "Erle, Erle, I am lost!"

"Dear Lady Maud!" he said, in a soft, tender tone, with emphasis on the word with me; I implore you! We have both been subject to strange and mysterious influence. I am not accusing you to be. You are also sensible by an accident in this ancient, ghostly chamber; but through we both have taken part in strange, and, I might be thought, dangerous, pursuit to let our affections, it is a reality which, for me, whatever my future fate, may be one of extreme happiness, and which, I trust, may be so to you. Why, I will confess, I have passed a night in my entire sentence and your own hours to be so dream?"

She bent her head, and said in a low, faint voice,

"I fear it."

"I loved you, Lady Maud," he continued, "from the first instant that my eyes rested upon your face, and my heart told me you were formed expressly for me to love my sacredly. I knew that you. I have learned from your own lips that you love me, and I am now the happiest of men. Oh, Lady Maud, I am to be by Maud, and you will be my wife, my beloved, from this moment my destiny is united, joyous task will be to call my way through all adverse circumstances, and to surmount every difficulty. Dearest Maud, entangled discords and weeds, signal impediments between them and I. Heaven, to the proprietor, will be published in the Times and Morning Post, and then followed by a month in the gloomy pall of late opened over me, and now, between a wide river, the Lady Maud Gower, and Erle Gower, my wife. Why, I will continue to call you a little while longer, for I am loth to oppose me, and will not rest, sweet Lady Maud, until, indeed, by letter—no, by word of mouth, you are about to become mine."

She sprained her weeping eyes to his. She withdrew her hand from him, and pressed her eyes upon it.

"I cannot be," she murmured.

"Why, dearest Lady Maud?" he asked. He thought he knew to what the allusion was, but he wished to hear it from her own lips.

"That decision rests there," he exclaimed.

She raised her head, and looked around her.

"I entreat you, dear Lady Maud, to be calm, and to be hopeful," he said, with a smile. "Let us not, for the present, indulge a shadow even upon the face, for a time, our lovers must be considered within the secret and sacred recesses of our own hearts. Dearest Maud, you are not prepared to what is going on around you. Your father, the duke, is in the house, and your mother and sister, and barriers in my path—what there? I am the wife of Lady Maud Gower. There is that fact to be established, and then I will proclaim it to the world, or, rather, my coming. What are these things that can keep me back? Nothing, nothing, dearest Maud, nothing! There are no bonds that will not burst, no bars I will not break, no obstacles I will not overleap. With such a prize, such a treasure, such a love, such a heart, such a soul, such a mind as my sentiment progress to that goal where you—you, oh beloved Maud! will be my wife, my own, my cherished, my darling, my—my—my—my—my—"

She turned to him, still with clasped hands.

"Oh, Erle," she exclaimed, "there is one impediment, there is one final barrier, which even you cannot surmount."

"Name it, dearest," he exclaimed.

"I cannot," she replied, in a tone of despair. "It cannot, it shall not be that you should ever become intimate with the woman who has obtained the consent of Lord Kingswood, my father, to our union."

"Dearest Lady Maud," he exclaimed, "I beg Arra does not—I will not—I will see this with his terrible rule, and I pray to Heaven that I may not, as I have a sacred heart, and I will not, be urged by him to the other."

"In mercy's name, speak not such language," she cried, with some earnestness, "for I tremble at the very thought of your doing so."

"Dearest Lady Maud," he continued, and was about to be interrupted, as, regularly, I shall be, with your permission, to call you, "I will not, I cannot, I will not, I will not, with his life at the mind I dreamed, I sometimes myself with such upon my courage—prepared what followed. One of two plights I have—I will not, I will not, I will not,

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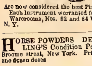

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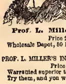

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THE LATE COLONEL ELMER E. ELLSWORTH, OF THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES.

MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

(*Continued from page* 33.)

bayonet. The report of firearms brought the inhebitants of the house to the spot, and among them the wife of the murderer Jeckson. Her cries at the sight were heartrending, and affected the Zouaves so deeply thet, forgetting their own danger, they endeavored to soothe and comfort her affliction.

All efforts to restore Colonel Ellsworth to life were vain. So they wrapped the body of their beloved commander in a blanket, and, making a conch of their muskets, they bore him to the boat and conveyed his remains to the Navy Yard at Washington, from whence it was removed to lie in state in the White House, Washington. The President, who loved the young man, was deeply affected at his death, and paid a mournful visit to look his last upon the face of his friend. Thousands paid the last honors to the dead soldier, and an imposing military display followed the body to the cars at Washington.

SKETCH OF THE COAT WORN BY COL. ELLSWORTH WHEN HE RECEIVED HIS DEATH WOUND AT THE HANDS OF THE MURDERER JACKSON.

On arriving in New York, the funeral cortege proceeded to the City Hall, where the body of Colonel Ellsworth lay in state for several hours. Thousands thronged in to take a last mournful view of one who had so recently passed through our streets glowing with life and hope, but many more thousands strove in vain to gain admission. The funeral procession was of the most imposing kind. All the high military and city authorities were present, besides other officials, the Fire Department, Union Defence Committee, &c., forming an immense procession, which passed slowly and solemnly through hundreds and thousands of people, while the bells tolled, flags floated at half-mast, and public buildings were draped in black. It was a solemn sight, not soon to be forgotten. The remains of Colonel Ellsworth were conveyed to Mechanicsville, New York, and were interred with military honors, amid the tears of the people, in the cemetery close to the cottage of his parents.

Peace to the gallant soldier! He died young, but he died pure and unsullied, loved, respected and mourned by a whole people.

The last letter written to his parents, the day before his death, will give an insight into his loving, amiable nature:

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST ZOUAVES, CAMP LINCOLN, Washington, May 23.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance into Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner.

Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever loved parents, good-bye. God bless, protect and care for you. ELMER.

Biography.

Elmer E. Ellsworth was born near Mechanicsville, Saratoga county, New York, on the 23d of April, 1837. After receiving a common school education, he came to New York, where he remained for nearly two years in a store. He then went to Boston, and became a printer. From thence he went to Chicago, where he entered a lawyer's office. It was here that he became fascinated with the exploits of the French Zouaves in the Crimean War, and commenced the formation of a company in Chicago, in which the Zouave tactics should be further improved by the introduction of moral reforms calculated to make the Chicago Zouaves perfect soldiers. The use of all intoxicating liquors were prohibited, as well as tobacco and profane language. Having brought these to a wonderful degree of perfection, he resolved to popularise that branch of the service by a tour through the principal cities of the Union. It is too fresh in the public recollection to need recapitulation. It was a brilliant success, and he may be considered as the creator of this most efficient branch of our military service. Returning to the West, he went to Springfield, and became a student in Mr. Lincoln's office. He accompanied the President elect on his tour from that city to Washington, making friends everywhere. Upon the breaking out of the present troubles he came to New York, and formed a regiment from the firemen of New York, under the name of the Fire Zouaves. He left New York with this gallant band on the 29th of April, and on his arrival to Washington was encamped, waiting for active service. On the morning of the 24th of May he was ordered to occupy Alexandria, which he did, and was murdered by a cowardly desperado about six o'clock on the morning of that day.

Few men in so short a time have made so shining a mark upon our military history as Colonel Ellsworth, and when it is considered how rapidly he disciplined a body of the freest and most untamable men in the world, it must be conceded that he possessed to the very highest degree those qualities which form the great soldier. He had also the rare art of attaching to him personally, by his amiable qualities, the men whose instincts he at once controlled and rendered amenable to the dull routine of soldierly obedience.

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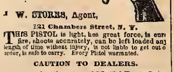

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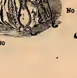

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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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No. 296—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

Sewall's Point
Rip-Raps, with mounted guns to carry four miles
Frigate Wabash.
Bridge from which the Secession Pickets were driven by the Troy Regiments.
Frigate Cumberland.
Fort Monroe.

VIEW OF FORT MONROE, SHOWING THE POSITION OF SEWALL'S POINT, ALSO THE RIP-RAPS, RECENTLY FORTIFIED BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 50.

MURDER OF JOHN SQUAIRE BY SAMUEL MERRITT, DURING A POLITICAL DISCUSSION IN THE LAGER BEER SALOON NO. 109 PRINCE STREET, NEW YORK, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE 31ST OF MAY.—SEE PAGE 50.

FORT MONROE AND SEWALL'S POINT.

THE interest attached to these important places induces us to illustrate their positions in relation to each other. Our cut represents Fort Monroe, from which, looking south, is seen the Rip-raps midway, and beyond them the hotly contested battery on Sewall's Point. From the Point to Fort Monroe the distance exceeds four miles.

MURDER OF JOHN SWAINE

By Samuel Merritt, in a Lager Beer Saloon, on the 31st of May, during an Argument on the Affairs of the Country.

THE danger of prolonging an angry discussion in the present exciting times received a mournful illustration on Friday afternoon, the 31st of May. It appears from the evidence elicited on the inquest that a young man named Samuel Merritt was walking along Prince street when he was invited by a friend, Christopher Salmon, to take a glass of lager at a saloon kept in the basement of 199 Prince street. While they were discussing the present unhappy state of our national affairs, a baker, named Iden Swaine, whose store was in the same house, came in; he was invited by Merritt to join them. In the course of the sitting Swaine expressed the most violent Secessionist sentiments, which led to a fierce altercation with Merritt, in the course of which the latter drew a pistol, and shot the unfortunate man Swaine. Merritt has been committed to the Tombs on the verdict of the Coroner's Jury. Both the prisoner and his victim had hitherto borne irreproachable characters. Swaine was about forty years old, and had been married about a month. Merritt is a single man. It is said that the pistol with which the deed was done belonged to Swaine. Should this be so, it would seem as though the deceased had contemplated using it upon Merritt.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1861.

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WE shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

The State of the Nation.

THE utmost activity has prevailed in the various divisions of the Federal army during the past week, and the *cordon* which it seems the purpose of General Scott to draw around the Secession forces is growing tighter and tighter, and its gradual but certain closing up must infallibly result either in a great battle or the retreat of the forces under Jefferson Davis from every point now occupied by them. The approach of the divisions of the Army of the North seems like the decrees of Fate, so premeditated, so undeviating, so systematic is its regularity. From Wheeling, Va., through Grafton, march the Western men under General McClelland, towards Harper's Ferry; from Chambersburg, Pa., march the troops of Pennsylvania under General Paterson, towards Harper's Ferry; and in both cases the Secession troops fall back, and retreat before the advancing forces. The troops which have been centreing at Washington are advancing towards Harper's Ferry on both sides of the Potomac, and thus hemming in the Secession army at Harper's Ferry on every side, and ultimately cutting them off from all communication with the main body of the Confederate army, will either starve them out or force them to yield to superior numbers. Their only salvation seems to be in a hasty retreat towards Richmond while the station at Manassas Gap is still in possession of the Confederate troops.

It is generally supposed that a determined stand will be made at Manassas Gap, but it would seem that it is the policy of the Confederate Generals to retreat as the Federal troops advance for the purpose of withdrawing them from their line of defences. By some it is believed that all the forces now fronting the Federal Army will fall back upon Richmond, which has been strongly fortified, and that the decisive battle of the present campaign will take place before and in that city. The foresight and profound strategical skill of General Scott will, in our opinion, regulate when a battle shall be fought, and that moment will be only when he can bring into action a force so overwhelming as to make victory on the side of the Federal troops a certainty.

In the meantime, General Butler is gathering a large force at Fort Monroe, not only for defensive but for offensive purposes. The battery at Sewall's Point is to be destroyed, those at Aquia Creek silenced, and Norfolk will, in all probability, be taken possession of. With the energy, skill and determination of General Butler, the execution [illegible] these important manœuvres is merely a question of time and adequate force.

We cannot speak authentically of the positions or the numbers of the Secession forces. The numbers are probably equally over and under estimated. Scattered in various parts of Virginia, they possibly number from 50,000 to 60,000. Accounts also differ materially as to their *morale*. Some say they are full of enthusiasm, well clothed and well drilled and armed, and well paid; others state that they are poorly clothed, poorly fed, and neither well armed nor drilled, and that they are clamoring for pay, and are generally discontented. We receive both statements with reservations. We do not doubt the enthusiasm of the Southern troops, and we believe that a large proportion of them are well armed and clothed, but there are good reasons for supposing that there is an alarming scarcity both of money and rations. Provisions in the South have risen fearfully in price, and the consequence of the scarcity must fall on soldier and citizen alike, but rather worse upon the soldier. The consciousness, too, of fighting against a constituted authority which refuses to recognise the conditions of a war, and against a people which are as a unit in the cause, while in their own States there are great and threatening divisions, must inevitably lower the *morale* of the soldier. The gallantry and devotion of the Southern men no one questions a moment, but there is much in what we have described to cause doubt and hesitancy in their midst, and, in a measure, to paralyze their efforts, while suggesting mistrust of their cause. The sudden awakening, too, to a knowledge of the marvellous power of the Federal Government, arising from the voluntary and enthusiastic support of the people, both in men and money, cannot fail to impress the Southern army with a sense of the hopelessness of a successful struggle with such an overwhelming force.

Another significant indication of the insecurity of their position will be found in the flight of their slaves, whenever the advance of the Federal troops gives them the opportunity of a safe asylum. Already several hundred negroes have sought the shelter of Fort Monroe, and General Butler, by claiming them as "property, contraband of war," has virtually closed against their owners all chance of their restitution. The action of General Butler has been fully endorsed by the Federal Government. The flight of these slaves proves conclusively that they are not so entirely content, but they would make a struggle for freedom; and the hope will undoubtedly extend far and wide, and give rise to a disaffection which may call for a large proportion of the forces of the States to subdue, and thus detract from their power to contend against the advancing Federal forces.

The blockade of the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio, and also of the railroads running South, will close every avenue of supply from the West, and will fearfully increase the scarcity of food already experienced in some of the Southern States; and the impregnable strength of Cairo, which commands both rivers, and the growing loyalty of Missouri and Kentucky render all hopes of raising the blockade vain and impossible.

There has been a smart skirmish between Company B., U. S. Dragoons, under Lieutenant Tompkins, and a small body of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Gordon, and the Secessionists, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia. The infantry force consisted of only forty-five men. Our troops met the picket-guards of the rebels at a point about four miles this side of the hill, and made an unsuccessful attempt to secure them. The pickets fled and conveyed the alarm to the rebel camp. Our cavalry then charged into the town, encountering a vigorous resistance. They were fired at from the houses on both sides of the streets, and from all quarters of the town. Lieutenant Tompkins's horse was shot under him, and in falling beneath the animal, the Lieutenant's ankle was sprained. The cavalry were finally completely enclosed by a company of rebel infantry, who beset them in front and rear, and poured in volley after volley upon them.

Lieutenant Tompkins and his men fought their way out, bringing with them no less than seventeen rebels as prisoners. All of these, except five, afterwards escaped, but the five were safely brought in. One member of the cavalry was killed and two others were wounded.

Some of the staff officers of the Fifth Regiment of New York were with the Federal troops, and several were wounded, but none mortally. It is reported on the authority of Lieutenant Tompkins, that not less than thirty of the rebels were killed. The force of the enemy at that point was about fifteen hundred men. When the attack was made it was not supposed that their strength exceeded two hundred men.

There has also been some severe fighting at Aquia Creek, about fifty-five miles below Washington, flowing through Stafford county, Virginia, into the Potomac. It is the terminus of the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, and in direct communication with Richmond. It is an important position, and its possession will be strongly contested. The information of the bombardment reached Washington on Saturday, June 1st.

The steamers which attacked the Secession battery at the mouth of the creek were the Thomas Freeborn, Anacosta and Resolute. They were attended by a schooner.

The Southern troops had erected two powerful batteries on the shore, one having been planted on the wharf at the terminus of the Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, and the other on the bluff. The fire from the Government vessels was severe and well directed, and finally silenced the wharf battery. The firing from our vessels was finely done. The shells were thrown with great precision, and evidently several of the enemy were killed. The enemy also performed their part with diligence, delivering a close and steady fire, and working the guns at the battery on the bluff with regularity and precision. So far as we have yet learned, none of the Government troops were killed. The steamer Pawnee left Alexandria May 31st, accompanied by the tug Yankee, for Aquia Creek, probably to reinforce the attacking squadron. The Seventy-first Regiment of New York were ordered to be ready for a start for the same locality, but were not sent down.

These batteries [illegible] undoubtedly be silenced and the position occupied. The Southern batteries on the James River, another approach to Richmond, are being threatened. A large force was landed at Newport News, which to a great extent commands the peninsula between the James and York Rivers. It also controls Sand Island, which may be said to guard the mouth of James River, and has not been taken possession of by the Secession troops. The force forming the intrenched camp will be from four to five thousand men. Among other regiments there and ordered there are the Vermont, Fourth Massachusetts, the Steuben Guard, the Naval Brigade, and some regulars with four pieces of artillery. This point will doubtless soon be heard from.

An appeal has been made by Frank V. Blair on behalf of the four regiments raised for the Union in St. Louis, Missouri. The Governor and authorities refuse all assistance, and the loyal States are asked to come forward and furnish means to arm and clothe them. Governor Dennison, of Ohio, immediately responded, asking the Legislature to forward at once to St. Louis $30,000 for that purpose from the military fund. New York has also nobly responded. Many thousands of dollars have been raised by voluntary subscription for the patriots of St. Louis.

The appointments of Colonel Fremont and ex-Governor Banks as Major-Generals are commented upon, and generally approved. With veterans like General Scott to counsel, and men like Mansfield, McDowell, McClelland, Butler, Dix, Banks and Fremont to execute, this war will be sooner closed.

A list of seceded Postmasters has been made out at the Post-office Department, to which is appended the amounts for which they are proven delinquents. Duplicate lists will be given the commanding officers of the various divisions moving Southward, with accompanying instructions concerning the treatment of the same. It is stated on good authority that no class of men will meet with more severe punishment, or more summary, than that which will be visited upon these men.

The President has the Cadwallader case under consideration. There are many difficulties in the way, and the question of suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* is of so delicate a nature that a decision will be given by the Executive only after a careful deliberation. It is thought that the decision of Judge Taney is correct, and that the President will so decide.

Troops are rapidly marching from Ohio into Virginia. General McClelland, who directs the movements, has issued a very important proclamation to the Union men of Western Virginia. He reviews the actions of the Secessionists and the manner in which Virginia has been forced to side against the Union, and alluding to the frequent request of prominent citizens of Western Virginia to the Federal Government for assistance, he says:

> The General Government cannot close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers; as enemies only to armed rebels, who are preying upon your homes, your families and your property, all safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected, notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe our advent among you will be signalized by an interference with your slaves. Understand one thing clearly; not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand crush any attempt at insurrection on their part.
>
> Now that we are in your midst, I call upon you to fly to arms and support the General Government, sever the connection that binds you to traitors, proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long boasted by the Old Dominion are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you remain true to the Stars and Stripes.
>
> (Signed) G. B. McCLELLAND,
> Major General Commanding.

In addition to this he has issued an address to his troops, which is at once patriotic, humane and politic, and cannot fail to give general satisfaction. It is as follows:

> You are ordered to cross the frontier and enter on the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence; to protect the majesty of the law, and secure our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors. I place under the safeguard of your honor the persons and property of the Virginians. I know you will respect their feelings and all their rights, and preserve the strictest discipline. Remember each one of you holds in his keeping the honor of Ohio and of the Union. If you are called upon to overcome armed opposition, I know that your courage is equal to the task. Remember that your only foes are armed traitors, and show mercy even to them when in your power, for many of them are misguided. When, under your protection, the loyal men of Western Virginia shall have been enabled to organise and form until they can protect themselves, you can return to your homes with the proud satisfaction of having preserved a gallant people from destruction.

Governor Sam Houston who so strongly opposed the Secession action in his State, has come out at last firm-footed for the Southern Confederacy. He says:

> Now that not only coercion, but a vindictive war is about to be inaugurated, I stand ready to redeem my pledge to the people. Whether the Convention acted right or wrong is not now the question. Whether I was treated justly or unjustly is not now to be considered. I put all that under my feet and there it shall stay. Let those who have stood by me do the same, and let us all show that, at a time when peril environs our beloved land, we know how to be patriots and Texans.

The affairs at Fort Pickens remain unaltered, as far as regards any aggressive movement. General Bragg is, however, unceasingly active in his measures. Lines of forts, it is said, extend for miles, of a very formidable character. Heavy guns are mounted in every direction, as the force at present stationed there is counted at twelve thousand men, a large proportion of which are said to be well drilled and efficient soldiers. General Brown, in command of Fort Pickens, has done all that can be done to strengthen the fort, *per se*; he has also erected batteries on the Island San Rosa, both open and masked, which render his position, in the event of an attempt to storm it, much more defensible. General Bragg seems in no hurry to attack Fort Pickens, but a future intention which he has expressed may precipitate hostilities. In a letter to the New Orleans *Delta* from Pensacola, dated May 20th, it is stated:

> General Bragg will, in a few days, make an effort to sink the dry dock in a channel running between Fort Pickens and Fort McRea. This attempt will be made for the purpose of causing the guns from the latter to operate successfully on any vessel that may attempt to force an entrance into the bay of Pensacola. The dock referred to is said to be in size almost equal to your City Hotel, and was built at the cost of one million dollars. It is the intention of Government to use every effort to recover this valuable property after the battle is over, that is, provided its sinking is permitted by the Federal authority at Fort Pickens, but here seems the difficulty that will, in all probability, result in the opening of hostilities. General Brown, it is said, has communicated officially to General Bragg his determination to prevent any further obstruction of the channel, and will, he says, fire the moment the attempt is made. General Bragg, on the other hand, says the dock must and will be sunk, and that the channel shall be obstructed. This is, I am informed, the present position of our affairs at Pensacola.

Major-General Banks will be ordered to a command at Baltimore or to Fortress Monroe, to operate with General Butler. In the latter case, Butler will superintend the offensive operations against Norfolk and Richmond, under the direction of General Banks.

John Sherman, aid of Gen. Patterson, carries orders from the War Department for Gen. Patterson to move on with his command to Harper's Ferry as soon as Gen. McClelland can advance from the West.

Mrs. Taylor, of Washington, has received intelligence that her brother, the Sheriff of the County of Fairfax, was one of the rebels killed at the battle at the Fairfax Court House.

"Extra" Billy Smith, it is said, was in the fight as Colonel in command, and was wounded.

Major-General Fremont will return with 10,000 rifles and a park of artillery, say forty twelve-pound guns, rifled.

By the end of this week the Government expects to have twenty-five thousand men at Washington, twenty-five thousand near Alexandria, twenty thousand at Grafton, twenty thousand near Harper's Ferry, fifteen thousand at Fortress Monroe, and ten thousand around Baltimore, Annapolis and the Relay. This is independent of the encampments at the West and elsewhere.

It has been determined by the Government to give to every man, of whatever rank, serving in the army or navy of the United States, in defence of the Union, a diploma, on parchment, or fine parchment paper. The design of the embellishment is by Leutze, and is one of the most beautiful artistic achievements we ever saw. Underneath it is to be the following certificate, viz.:

WASHINGTON, ——, 186–.

A. B. has been enrolled as a —— in the —— forces of the United States, for the defence of the Constitution and the maintenance of the Union. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President.

[Here follow the names of all the members of the Cabinet.]

Jefferson Davis has arrived at Richmond with his family, and it is reported that all the officials in the Government departments are also there or have been ordered there. The reception of Jefferson Davis on the route is said to have been very enthusiastic. On arriving at Richmond he made the following speech at the new fair grounds:

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS—I am deeply impressed with the kindness of your manifestations. I look upon you as the last, best hope of liberty; and in our liberty alone is our constitutional Government to be preserved. Upon your strong right arms depends the success of our country, and, in asserting the birthright to which you were born, you are to remember that life and blood are nothing as compared with the immense interests you have at stake. (Cheers.) It may be that you have not long been trained, that you have much to learn of the art of war, but I know that there beats in the breasts of Southern sons a determination never to surrender—a determination never to go home but to tell a tale of honor. (Cries of "never!" and applause). Though great may be the disparity of numbers, give us a fair field and a free fight, and the Southern banner will float in triumph everywhere. (Cheers). The country relies upon you. Upon you rest the hopes of our people; and I have only to say, my friends, that to the last breath of my life, I am wholly your own. (Tremendous cheers).

President Davis then retired from the balcony. Senator Wigfall, Governor Letcher and Mayor Mayo followed with brief speeches, in response to the calls of the crowd, after which the President and suite proceeded to the adjoining parade-ground, where a review of the troops took place.

The spirit of the Southern people is strongly indicated in the speech of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, at Atlanta, Ga., on the 23d ult. He said:

MY FELLOW CITIZENS—The time for speech-making is past. The people have heard all that can be said. The time for prompt, vigorous, decisive action is upon us, and we must do our duty. Upon the surface affairs appear to be quiet, and I can give you no satisfaction as to their real condition. It is true that threats of an attack on Pensacola have been made, but it is uncertain whether any attack will be made. As you know, an attack was made on Sewall's Point, near Norfolk, but the vessel making it was repulsed and disabled. But the general opinions and indications are that the first demonstration will be made at Harper's Ferry, and that there, where John Brown inaugurated his work of slaughter, will be fought a fierce and bloody battle. As for myself, I believe that there the war will begin, and that the first boom of cannon that breaks upon our ears will come from that point. But let it begin where it will, and be as bloody and prolonged as it may, we are prepared for the issue. The North is fast drifting to anarchy and an established despotism. On you, therefore, as citizens of the Confederate States, depend the success and perpetuation of constitutional liberty; for the day is not far off when freedom will exist only south of Mason and Dixon's line, and your stout arms and brave hearts will be her only support on all this continent. We prefer and desire peace, if we can have it; but if we cannot we must meet the issue forced upon us. We must meet Lincoln and his myrmidons on their own grounds, and on their own terms—on constitutional principles. So far, our progress has been all that we could expect. A Government has been organized, executive departments and offices supplied, all needful laws passed, and all necessary arrangements made to meet any emergency. At the head of our Government is President Davis, who led the Mississippi Rifles at Buena Vista, and whose flag never yet trailed in the dust. This noble and true son of the South goes to Richmond, to take command in person of our soldiers there, and to lead upon the battle-field against all the military power and talent they can summon, even to their veteran chieftain, General Scott himself. Whether brought to a bloody conflict or not, we are prepared. Our people everywhere are full of enthusiasm, and strong in their determination never to submit to the rule of Lincoln. Fathers and mothers and sisters are all ready, and doing all they can in aid of the cause. We are in the right, and justice is upon our side. We must succeed. The same God who guided our fathers in the bloody Revolution and who made the glory of the late United States, is yet upon the side of right and justice. Relying upon Him who holds the destinies of all nations in His hands, we will go forth to battle, resolved to conquer or die.

On the evening of the 2d June, two columns of troops from Gen. McClelland's command—one led by Col. Kelly of the First Virginian Volunteers, the other by Col. Crittenden, left Grafton, Virginia, and after a march of twenty miles in a drenching rain, surprised a camp of Secessionists, amounting to two thousand men, at Philippi, Virginia. The surprise was complete, and many of the Secessionists were killed. On the side of the Federal troops Col. Kelly was killed, and several wounded. Philippi is a post village, the capital of Barbour county, on Taggart's Valley River, about two hundred and ten miles northwest of Richmond. A large quantity of arms, ammunition and horses were captured by the Federal troops. The Secessionists retreated in great disorder into the interior.

PERSONAL.

WE notice with pleasure among the removals that of Madame C. MEARS BURKHARDT's Boarding and Day School from 32 West Fifteenth street to Nos. 222 and 224 Madison avenue, corner of Thirty-eighth street. This healthy and beautiful location will offer an additional inducement to parents to place their children in this famed establishment, the long experience of the elegant and accomplished principal as an instructress having won for it a deservedly high reputation in our community. The languages are all taught by native professors, and the strictest attention is paid to the manners as well as the education of and comfort of her pupils. At the earnest solicitation of many of her patrons, Madame C. MEARS BURKHARDT will remain in the city for the summer months, and devote herself to the instruction of her pupils, enabling them to pursue uninterruptedly their course of study.

WE have received from FIRTH & POND, 547 Broadway, several national songs well suited to the spirit and temper of the times. Among them the following are the most popular: "A Song for my Countrymen," written and composed by Henri Braylon; and "Our Good Ship Sails To-Night," composed by Stephen C. Massett, and sung with great success by Madame Anna Bishop. Also the following new publications, which are received with great favor. The "Blokley Galop," by Helmsmuller; "Dixie for the Union," written by F. J. Crosby, composed by Dan D. Emmett; the "Bensel Quickstep," by W. Berge; the "Good-natured Waltz," by Helmsmuller; "My Lady," a ballad, by J. Gaspard Maeder; "The Star Spangled Banner," for piano, by A. W. Berg; "Sourire du Matin," by Wm Jucho; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Nocturne, by J. Ascher; "How Dear to Me the Hour," duet, soprano and tenor, by Henry Kleber; the "Tric-trac Galop," by Helmsmuller; "Long Years have Passed" ballad, by F. H. Holmes; "Our Willie Dear is Dying," by Stephen C. Foster; and "Reminiscences of Un Ballo in Maschera," by A. W. Berg. These pieces are all admirably brought out, and have made a good success.

HENRY C. CORNELL, one of Ellsworth's Zouaves, was killed in a skirmish with the Secessionists at midnight, the 1st June, as his company was about to relieve the Michigan Regiment, near Alexandria. He was in his twentieth year, and a member of Company 13 Fire Department.

GOV. BANKS, Mass., has been made a Major-General, and is now busy with his military duties. Such men as Butler and Banks are guarantees of the integrity and success of our cause.

COL. ANDERSON (Fort Sumpter) addressed the German school children in Cincinnati on Sunday, the 26th May, in a speech full of piety and patriotism.

THE Montgomery *Advertiser* says that Yancey, the Secessionist, now in London, writes to a friend that there is a strong contest going on between the Exeter Hall party and the Ministry, the former being for the North and the latter for the South. The weakness of Mr. Yancey's faith will be apparent in a few days.

RUMORS affecting the sanity of Chief-Justice Taney are very prevalent in the legal circles of Washington.

THE citizens of Mechanicsville have resolved to raise a monument to the memory of their young hero, Col. Ellsworth.

MR. HENRY, of Maryland, has received the nomination for the First Congressional District of Maryland. He is a moderate.

THE Hon. Emerson Etheridge made a most eloquent Union speech at Louisville on the 27th May. It was loudly applauded.

THAT atrocious miscreant, Elder Orson Pratt, has published a prophecy in the *Pearl of Great Price* of the total destruction of the Union. He is a strong Secessionist.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON made a speech at Independence, Texas, on the 21st, in which he says that he has, after much hesitation, resolved to stand by that section of the Republic to which he belongs, and is, consequently, a Secessionist.

GEN. MCCULLOCH has been ordered by Jeff. Davis to Arkansas.

GEN. OGILVIE BYRON YOUNG was tried for treason on the 29th May, at Cincinnati. He escaped, on the plea that the court had no jurisdiction. At his trial a letter was read from Gen. Greene, of Missouri, dated 7th November, 1860, in which the present Secession was deliberately announced. Col. Anderson (Sumpter) was examined, but his evidence was not important.

GEO. C. HERSEY, who poisoned Miss Tirrell, of Weymouth, last year, after having seduced her, has been found guilty of murder, and will be hanged, as he deserves to be.

THE Rev. Hosea Ballou died on the 28th, in his sixty-fifth year. He was the author of "The Ancient History of Universalism," and the editor of *The Universal Expositor and Quarterly Review.*

The New Manual of the Bayonet, for the Army and Militia of the United States, by Lieutenant J. C. Kelton, Sixth Regiment United States Infantry. This very valuable book is published by D. Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway, in very admirable style. It is a book which should be in the hands of every infantry officer, and the better it is known in the ranks the more efficient our soldiers will be in that most important arm of the drill—defence at close quarters. The work is sanctioned by the Military Academy, and is, in fact, a complete manual of attack and defence with the bayonet. It is admirably illustrated, every position being represented with singular clearness and exactness. We can most cordially commend the *New Manual of the Bayonet* to our volunteer army all over the country.

COUNT AGENOR DE GASPARIN's new work, *A Great People Rising—the United States in 1861*, is in press, and will be issued in a few days, by Charles Scribner. The translation is by Mary L. Booth, of New York.

THE LATE HON. STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS was born in Brandon, Rutland county, Vermont, 23d April, 1813. His father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, a respectable physician of that town, died of apoplexy, on the 1st of July, 1813, leaving two children, a daughter of twenty months, and the other the subject of our present memoir. The widow then went to live with her brother, a bachelor in good circumstances, and who resided on a farm they had inherited from their father. His subsequent marriage, disappointing them of a competency, compelled young Stephen, then aged fifteen, to apprentice himself to a cabinet-maker, in Middlebury, and afterwards at Brandon. His health failing, induced him to turn his attention to a less laborious pursuit, and his mother and sister having at this juncture married a father and son named Granger, he went to reside with them in the State of New York, and attended Canandaigua Academy, at the same time devoting every spare minute to the study of law. In this quiet and laborious course he continued till his nineteenth year. In his twentieth year he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he entered the office of the Honorable I. J. Andrews, who then represented that district in Congress, being the editor. From thence he went to Jacksonville, Illinois, which place he reached in a destitute condition. Finding no immediate opening for his services, he went to Winchester, where he was engaged as schoolmaster, devoting every evening, after his scholastic duties, to his legal studies. His savings as a schoolmaster enabled him to commence the practise of the law, having previously obtained a licence, and he soon made his industry and talent tell upon that little community. At this time the great question was the removal of the Government deposits from the United States Bank, and it was in defence of General Jackson that the late Senator for Illinois made his first speech to the people of Jacksonville. The success he met with in that effort induced him to give more attention to politics, and in 1834 he was elected by the Legislature as States Attorney over Colonel John J. Hardin. In 1836 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois, from Morgan County, being the youngest member in it.

Shortly after the adjournment of the Legislature, Mr. Douglas received from President Van Buren the appointment of Land Register at Springfield, for Illinois, which office he retained till 1838, when he was nominated for Congress in opposition to Mr. Stuart, who was elected by a trifling majority. It is stated by Mr. Douglas's friends that his opponent owed his election to the mistake of many of his constituents spelling his name as Douglass.

After his defeat, the late Senator for Illinois continued the practice of law in Springfield till 1840, when he canvassed the State for Van Buren and Johnson. At the Session of the Legislature in 1841 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, the duties of which he fulfilled till the summer of 1843, when he was nominated as candidate for Congress for the Quincy District. In this contest he was successful, and took his seat as a member of the Twenty-eighth Congress in December, 1843. In 1844 he was again elected by a much larger majority.

Before taking his seat for the third term of his election as a Representative, a vacancy occurred in the Senate, by the expiration of the term of General Semple, and Judge Douglas, with great unanimity on the part of the Democrats of his State, was elected to that distinguished body, where he first took his seat on the 4th of March, 1847. He was re-elected, his term expiring March 3, 1859, when he was again chosen in 1859—his term expiring in 1865. In 1856 he made himself famous for his Kansas Nebraska Bill, which rescinded the Missouri Compromise.

Senator Douglas married, in 1847, a daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of North Carolina, and with her he obtained a large fortune in land and personal property. She died several years ago. In 1857 he again married, Miss Cutts, one of the belles of Washington, by whom he also obtained considerable wealth.

Our space will not allow us to dwell upon his career, which has been one of continual activity, and patent to the public through the daily press. Having received from a portion of the Democratic party the nomination for President, he was in common with Breckinridge defeated, and Lincoln elected. When the present Secession movement took place he forgot his lifelong hostility to the principles of which Mr. Lincoln was the supposed representative, and joined heartily in defence of the Union. Early in May he was taken ill, and has since then been more or less indisposed. About a fortnight ago his complaint assumed the shape of typhoid fever, which terminated his existence in Chicago, at ten minutes past nine on the morning of Monday, the 3d June.

In the death of Mr. Douglas the country has met with an almost irreparable loss. As a statesman he has made his mark upon the times, as a man he had a vast circle of ardent admirers and earnest and devoted friends, who will deeply mourn his death. His best epitaph will be that he served his country well in life, and died true to his flag and the Constitution.

THE Seventh Regiment, under the command of Colonel Lefferts, returned to New York on Saturday, and received from the people a generous harvest of thanks. As they had rushed off at the first alarm to save the Capital, they had necessarily left their private affairs in so unsettled a condition that their speedy return was a matter of solemn duty they owed their families. They are ready to interpose again should the country demand their services. They left Washington on Friday, after being reviewed by the President, and passed up Broadway on Saturday about six in the evening. Their appearance is very "veteran." Considering the alacrity with which they rushed to the rescue, they deserve well of the nation.

WAR NEWS FROM THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST

MISSOURI.—The Missouri *Democrat* of May 27 says: "Our advices by last night's train are to the effect that the State troops have all left Jefferson City, but two companies under Captains Duke and Kelly, of St. Louis. These will remain to act as a body guard to the Governor. The disbanded troops all took their arms with them. They have been sworn into the State service for six months, are to preserve their organization, and are required to drill two or three times every week. The eighteen pieces of cannon have been secretly removed from the Capitol, and their whereabouts is only a matter of conjecture. An agent of the Southern Confederacy is now being entertained by Governor Jackson. It is reported that he proposes to furnish the State of Missouri with thirty thousand men and fifty thousand stand of arms, to get us out of the Union by the autumn months. This heavy contract does not seem to recommend itself very readily to his Excellency, for he knows that Gen. Harney must necessarily become one of the high contracting parties. Twenty baggage-waggons are reported to have left Sedalia, a few days since, for Arkansas. Captain Blandowski, who was wounded at the capture of Camp Jackson, died on May 25, and was buried the succeeding day, with all military honors. The First Regiment, Colonel Blair's, was, on May 29, sworn into the service of the United States for the period of three years, unless sooner discharged. With few exceptions, the men took the oath with alacrity and enthusiasm. The Second Regiment, Colonel Boernstein, have left the camp at the reservoir, and have taken up quarters at Jefferson barracks. The Third Regiment, Colonel Sigel, have also struck their tents, and located themselves at the arsenal."

ST. LOUIS.—In the McDonald case General Harney is discharged from further proceedings. A new petition for a writ, to be directed to Captain N. Lyon, and all other officers at the Arsenal, was substituted and presented, and the writ granted. Two additional regiments are ordered to Cairo, besides a company of Illinois artillery, now at Springfield. The Government has chartered the big Wharf Steamer, capable of conveying several thousand troops and stores. It is understood also that the Government has chartered twenty-five river steamers at St. Louis.

ILLINOIS, CAIRO.—Colonel Schuttner's regiment has arrived from St. Louis, and proceeded at once to Bird's Point, which they will permanently hold. They number over one thousand men, and are supplied with Minie rifles, camp equipage and provisions, &c., for thirty days. Shortly two batteries will be furnished them from here. All came on the steamer Louisiana, which steamed around Battery Point, amid great enthusiasm on ship and shore. Gen. Prentiss and Staff escorted them to their new location, where their camp lines were defined by Col. Webster, but owing to the storm, they remained on the boat all night. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the work of fortification was commenced and several big guns were mounted. Of all of Gen. Pillow's men, only five thousand one hundred are well armed, and these are principally at Union City and Randolph. Arms are, however, arriving for the others. There is no recoil battery at Columbus, Pillow having seized the guns intended for that place. A Secession flag has, however, been raised at Columbus, and troops are organizing there for an expected attack from here. News that Gen. McLelland has sent Ohio troops into Western Virginia gives satisfaction here, and strengthens the popular belief of an early movement down there.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Judge Thompson has just issued a Proclamation from Wheeling, ordering the Disunionists to disperse peacefully and return to their allegiance. What renders the document the more interesting is the fact that both his sons are officers in the Secession army.

WHEELING.—On Sunday, the 19th of May, Colonel Kelley, commanding the First Regiment of loyal Virginians, moved towards Grafton, which was evacuated by the Secessionists at his approach. After Colonel Kelley's departure the Sixteenth Ohio Regiment, 1,000 strong, stationed at Bellaire, crossed the Ohio, and followed Colonel Kelley's advance. The Fourteenth Ohio Regiment crossed the Ohio at Marietta, and occupied Parkersburg.

NEBRASKA.—We have late advices from Omaha, N. T., to the effect that the Sioux Indians had recently become enraged at the Pawnees, and were determined to exterminate them. They were able to muster about 3,000 braves, and were quite too much for the Pawnees, who are not so numerous nor so warlike. In view of this, the white traders living among the Pawnees agreed to help them. On the Sioux hearing of this, they threatened vengeance on all the white settlers of the Territory. The whites became alarmed, and in two weeks enlisted a thousand volunteers. These, added to the forces of the Pawnees, were too powerful for the Sioux, so that they deemed it inexpedient to proceed against their enemies. Thus the matter stands for the present. Nebraska will offer this division of a thousand men to the United States Government, as a home guard, it being the business of the General Government to protect the people of the Territories.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

VIRGINIA, RICHMOND.—The Arch Secessionist is in the capital of Virginia. He left Montgomery on Sunday June 2d, accompanied by Wigfall and Toombs. In consequence of his recent severe illness he departed so quietly as to be almost clandestine. He addressed the people at Atlanta, Augusta, Wilmington and Goldsboro, at which latter place he was crowned with flowers by beautiful girls, while others, equally lovely, fanned him. Governor Letcher and the Mayor of Richmond met Jeff Davis at Petersburg, and escorted him to Richmond, where he made a speech.

The next thing that Jefferson Davis did was to appoint the 13th of June as a Fast day, which, considering that eggs are twenty-five cents a piece, ham one dollar a pound, butter seventy-five cents, and everything in proportion, seems rather a work of supererogation.

HARPER'S FERRY.—There has been no direct intelligence since our last. A Government scout reports that two sixty-four pounders were placed in position here on the 30th, and that General Johnson has inspected the various batteries and pronounced them impregnable. He will no doubt be found a false prophet. A Southern paper, the Louisville *Courier*, of the 25th May, says: "General Johnston assumed command, and immediately set to work reconnoitreing the surrounding country. Attached to his staff is the Hon. Henry A. Edmundson, formerly a prominent member of Congress from this State. That General Johnston intends to hold this place may be inferred from the fact that he has brought his family with him. His accomplished wife is the daughter of the late Hon. Louis McLane, and a sister of the Hon. Robert M. McLane, of Baltimore, recently Minister to Mexico.

"Major Whiting, a very able officer, has assumed charge of the engineering branch of the service of this point.

"You will see by reference to a map of Virginia, that if the reports be true concerning the seizure of the Manassas Gap Railroad by the Federal troops, that we are completely hemmed in at Harper's Ferry. We have no means of access to Richmond, nor the interior of the State, and within rifle shot of us is the frontier, while there are thousands of the enemy in a half-day's march. Here then we must stand, and when the time comes cut our way out of this trap. But we are not at all disheartened or appalled by these circumstances.

"More big guns continue to arrive, and are being rapidly planted on the mountain heights. We are expecting still other reinforcements, and in a few days will be enabled to guard the whole west bank of the Potomac from this point up. Our policy is to be one of defence, not aggression."

TEXAS.—A gentleman has just arrived here from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee. He says the feeling in the portion of Texas that he visited was more for herself than the remainder of the Southern States, that she is more anxious to secure her own independence, and become what she was sixteen years ago, than to take part in a war for the benefit of the cottonocracy. She will fight for the State rights of Texas to the last, but will not be over prominent in the balance of the conflict. Ben McCulloch was at Memphis four days ago, and will take part in the defence of that city in case it should be attacked. The force in Texas is not very extensive, but there are large bodies of troops within twelve hours' ride by railroad. Those in the city are not well drilled. There are but few cannon in Memphis, and but three or four at Columbus. Powder is manufactured at some point in the interior of Tennessee, and sent to the soldiers at the various points of rendezvous. Two hundred kegs of butter were lately shipped down the river from this point to Memphis, which were found to contain ball cartridges instead of pure Goshen. They did not reach their destination.

TENNESSEE, MEMPHIS.—There are here six mounted companies under arms, calling themselves the Tigers, *à la* Chinese. They are armed with Sharpe's rifles. There are two six-pounders mounted on the levee below the bluff, and five thirty-two pounders not yet mounted on the bluff. Three of these five were condemned a year ago, and considered dangerous to those who fire them; but they will make a show. General Pillow is here, having returned from his visit to Kentucky, very much depressed with his reception. At Fort Harris, six miles above Memphis, there are 1,700 men, armed with flint muskets.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

A SECESSIONIST proposes, through the Mobile *Register*, to raise Fort Pickens with red pepper. He would mix red pepper and veratria with the powder in the shells, and make the garrison cough themselves out of the fort. The morals of the people down there must be improving. For it was only last week a correspondent of a Mobile paper proposed to poison our men. They like any way, it seems, better than fighting. The correspondent of the *Register* ought to be banished to Cayenne.

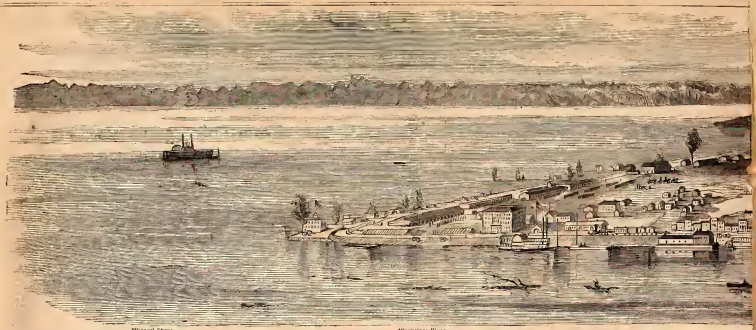
A SOUTHERN merchant wrote lately to a large firm in New York, requesting a list of the names of those who supported and sympathized with the "movement against the South." The New Yorker replied by sending, through Adams & Co.'s Express, a copy of the "City Directory."

WE learn that our friend Gov. Magoffin, finding that the whole State is in doubt as to what his proclamation means, intends to issue another very soon, explaining what it does mean. He will probably do this as soon as he can see Mr. Breckinridge, and make sure as to the meaning himself.

THE Mormons are delighted at the present imbroglio. One of their preachers lately remarked in his sermon that the North and South were now arrayed against each other, and each party praying to the same Lord to grant them power over their enemies. For the speaker's part, he would say, success to both parties, and he hoped the Lord would hear and answer the prayers of each party with strict impartiality.

A SOUTHERN lady, on her way home from Philadelphia, passed through Harper's Ferry last week with no less than a dozen revolvers stowed away under her crinoline. It was certainly a singular location for so many arms.

(Continued on page 62.)



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS—THE STRATEGIC POINT COMMANDING THE PAS

THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS, AS SEEN FROM BIRD'S POINT (NOW IN POSSESSIO

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF THE BATTERIES AND ENCAMPMENT AT THE CITY OF CAIRO, WITH THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL

LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS, AT THE HEAD OF COMPANY B, U. S. DRAGOONS, CHARGING INTO THE TOWN AT FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, KILLING THIRTY OF THE ENEMY AND CARRYING OFF FIVE PRISONERS, IN THE FACE OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED SECESSION TROOPS ON SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 59

BRIG.-GEN. W. S. HARNEY.

The daring and experienced soldier, whose recent promptness in Missouri has stemmed the tide of Secession, was born in Louisiana at the beginning of this century, and entered the army at a very early age, being appointed Second Lieutenant of the First Infantry in 1818. Since then he has been constantly in service, and with such acceptation that he is now the third in rank, his only superiors being Lieutenant-General Scott and General Wool. The last command General Harney held, previous to his recent one in Missouri, was that in Oregon, where his energetic advocacy of our national interests led to so decided a breach between the British Governor of Victoria and himself, that Mr. Buchanan, with his usual pusillanimity, despatched Lieutenant-General Scott to inquire into the matter, and come to some arrangement with the British authorities. General Harney returned to Washington some few months ago, and offered his services to the President, although decidedly opposed to him in politics. His arrest by the Secessionists we have already related, an incident which exposed him to much unjust suspicion at the time. About a month ago he was despatched by the President to St. Louis, where his energetic action crushed the spirit of Secession. His fearless and patriotic address to the Missourians we published in our paper for the 18th of May. He has since been recalled to Washington, to assume a prominent part in the military operations about to take place in Virginia.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY, UNITED STATES ARMY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

CAIRO.

The importance of Cairo as a military position can hardly be overrated. Situated in the very heart of two slave States, and completely controlling the great highways of Western traffic, the very nature of the surrounding country makes this point one of the strongest positions on the Continent. The only approach by land is by the Illinois Central Railroad track. The rivers are at present very high, and the country for ten miles back from six to fifteen feet deep under water. The first dry land on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River is a ridge about eight miles distant, and between it and Cairo is an impenetrable swamp. The Missouri shore is about two or three feet above the present high water at Bird's Point, which is the terminus of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad. This point will undoubtedly be shortly occupied by United States troops. A reconnoitring party, headed by Captain Benham, United States Engineers, surveyed this position lately. The only approach at present from the South is by the Mississippi River, which, after receiving the waters of the Ohio, makes a sudden turn southward. An assaulting force would be under shelter until it approaches this bend, which is about two and a half miles distant from Battery Defiance; from here they would be exposed to the fire of the batteries. If you consider the present state of the Confederate navy you will conclude that Cairo is at present perfectly safe, and before the waters subside and the surrounding swamps are dried sufficiently to make the approach by land at all feasible, the fortifications about to be erected will make an attack impracticable. Captain Benham, of the United States Engineers, and an assistant are busily engaged in laying out fortifications. General Prentiss commands the troops now here. The principal part of the army are encamped on the south side of Cairo, inside of the levee, but detached corps of artillery are occupying positions along both rivers at intervals of two and three miles, while reserves of cavalry and infantry are encamped along the Illinois Central Railroad, guarding the bridges and track, and ready to be thrown into Cairo at any time. The troops are all well drilled and armed, and the hospitals are in perfect condition. The health of the men is very good, only light cases of sickness, arising from colds and the effects of change in diet and water, being reported, and no death has as yet occurred. The oldest inhabitants say that, notwithstanding unfavorable appearances, Cairo is essentially a healthy city; and, if this is the case, all scientific demonstrations of the evil effect of malaria generated by standing water are confuted. The only dry land here now is the levee, which is from twenty to twenty-five feet high; the rivers are about fifteen feet higher than the interior of Cairo, a great part of which is covered with standing water, which two steam pumps, working day and night, endeavor to throw into the river, while the substance of the remaining territory is exceedingly doubtful. There is, however, one point of comfort in Cairo, and that is the St. Charles Hotel, T. G. Lansdon & Co., proprietors. It was opened in the fall of 1860, and is a large roomy brick building, containing all the conveniences of metropolitan hotels, with the addition of a generous allowance for room and fresh air. The commissary department of this hotel must be in excellent hands, judging from the quantity and quality of the provisions, and the officers of the army seem to appreciate the superior experience of the host, and occupy the hotel from garret to cellar.

The only excitement here, under prevailing circumstances happens at the arrival of boats, which either from ignorance or carelessness neglect giving the signal to land. They receive the first warning by a blank shot, and if they do not answer a ball is fired across their bows.

Battery Defiance — Terminus of Cairo and Fulton RR — Bird's Point

CAIRO AND ITS VICINITY, ILLINOIS, LOOKING SOUTH, FROM THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

MAP OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS AND ITS VICINITY.

We give in our present number the completest, most accurate and most comprehensive map of Cairo that has yet appeared. Our readers will perceive from this the immense importance of this city in a strategic point of view, and how entirely it commands both the great rivers of Ohio and Mississippi. This, with the unrivelled pictures we give of the city, enable all to form as perfect an idea of Cairo as though they had visited the place. The river is about two-thirds of a mile broad at this spot.

GOVERNOR DENNISON, OF OHIO.

In times of national excitement the men of strong character rise above the mass, and almost without an effort make opportunities and mould events. Gov. Wm. Dennison, of Ohio, is one of these men. When it became obvious that the question to be decided was whether or not the Federal Government was to be sustained, without a moment's hesitation he ranked himself with the heartiest and firmest supporters of the Constitution, and threw the whole energy of his nature and the influence of his position into the cause which he deemed both national and holy. Led by his patriotic example, the spirit of the people of Ohio quickly rose up to a high point of enthusiasm, and on the call of the President for volunteers for the army hundreds offered for every one that was needed.

Governor Dennison, in consultation with General McClelland, issued a general order, in which the military strength of Ohio was detailed. The total number of men capable of bearing arms was over five hundred thousand, one hundred thousand of which could be immediately placed at the disposal of the Government. Governor Dennison rightly interprets the generous and noble sentiment of the people of Ohio. He may justly be termed a representative man, for in his frank and liberal nature, and in his high and estimable personal qualities we see the reflex of the great State he so honorably represents.

GOVERNOR DENNISON, OF OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY EATON & WEBBER, CINCINNATI.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL B. M. PRENTISS

Was of the first company who took ground at Buena Vista, occupying the high land by the wagon road, where the militia from Illinois were so providentially saved by the service of a corps of artillery, which he had posted at the entrance of the thoroughfare, and the supporting power of the infantry under Captain James D. Morgan, who has become Colonel of the Seventh, or Prentiss Regiment. Prentiss was near to Colonel Hardee (in whose regiment he served) when he fell. On the body of that gallant soldier was found the sash belonging to Prentiss, which he wears in this war, stained as it is with his former gallant leader's blood. So popular was Prentiss in his district of country, that upon his call more than two companies assembled under him as captain. The companies being brought together, he was at once promoted by the free voices of the men to the Colonelcy, and since, by a large majority, was elected to his present post.

CAMP SMITH

Is situated at the Mississippi Bend of the Levee—see map—and protects the approach by land from the interior of Illinois. It is occupied by Captain Smith's Chicago artillery company. This company is to Chicago what the Seventh regiment is to New York. The men composing it are members of the first families, and most of them are wealthy, while others have forsaken remunerative situations to fight for their country. The camp is delightfully situated on high dry ground, inside the Levee, opposite the lower end of Cairo Island—see sketch—and is in the very best order. The parade ground has been perfectly cleaned and levelled, the stumps removed, brush burned, and everything put in the very best trim. In the foreground are the tents of the Lincoln Rifle Company, Captain Miolozi. The arbors, covered with foliage, will demonstrate the German character of this company. The captain is a Hungarian, an old soldier, and perfect disciplinarian.

CAMP M'ALLISTER.

On the Ohio Bend of the Levee is Camp McAllister, occupied by Captain McAllister's Plainfield artillery. The ground here is not so favorable, bogs and swamps surrounding the little dry spot which the camp occupies; but the captain and his men are hard at work, ditching, grubbing and burning logs, and will soon master their situation. It is no wonder, however, that the captain has a heart to work, as he has a faithful and beautiful wife, who prefers to share the hardships of camp life with him to the enjoyments of a comfortable home without him.

NEGROES TAKING REFUGE AT FORT MONROE.

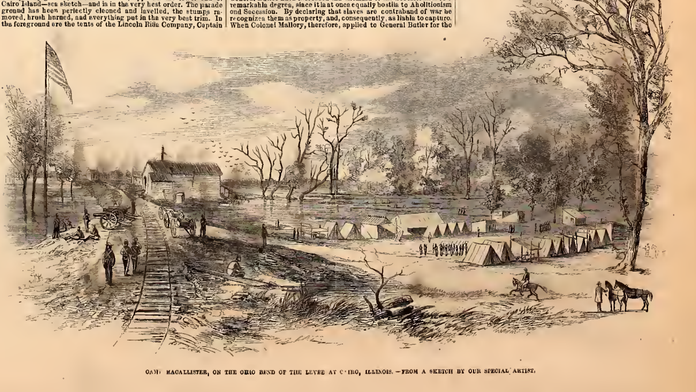
It has been a subject of considerable apprehension with the Union men as well as the Secessionists as to what the slaves would do in the present unfortunate and unprecedented state of the country. The hatred of compulsory labor, however moderate, is so strongly implanted in the African breast, that those who knew them best felt assured one of the greatest difficulties the South would have to contend with would be the peculiar institution itself, in whose behalf Secession had been undertaken. The promptness and sagacity of General Butler have increased the dilemma of the Secessionists to a remarkable degree, since it is at once equally hostile to Abolitionism and Secession. By declaring that slaves are contraband of war he recognizes them as property, and, consequently, as liable to capture. When Colonel Mallory, therefore, applied to General Butler for the restoration of his slaves, who had fled to Fortress Monroe, General Butler offered to restore them upon condition of taking the oath of allegiance to the Union, in whose name alone he could demand the fulfilment of the Fugitive Slave Law. It is needless to add that the Secessionist was foiled with his own weapon. Since then a large number of slaves, men, women and children, have "seceded" to Fortress Monroe, and General Butler has made the best possible use of an evil, and employed the able-bodied to work at the entrenchments, while the women have been set to washing, cleaning, &c.

Our artists have sent us several sketches, which illustrate the various methods in which they made their escape and the remarkable risks they ran. There are now about five hundred in the fortress, and are valued at half a million of dollars. Thirty of these belonged to a planter in Richmond, who visited General Butler to confer with him. Upon his asking if he might take them back, the General said that they came of their own accord, and could go back if they wished. They, however, decided to remain, whereupon the planter manumitted the entire lot, and returned to Richmond.

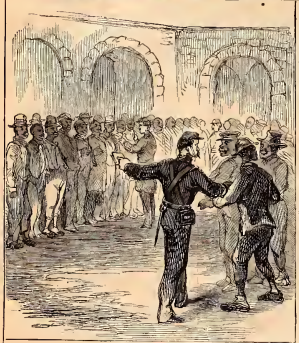
It is reported from Fortress Monroe that gangs of fugitive slaves, in parties of twenty or thirty, were constantly arriving there, over one hundred having reached there on Monday. Some of them said they were about being sent South, and others alleged that they came in to get food. They complained that, whilst they were kept at work in the sandhills, the soldiers ate up all the food. Some of them were free negroes, who had been compelled to work upon the enemy's fortifications in and near Norfolk.

A few miles below —— there now lives, and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. —— in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed the text: "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid!" A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors. Many, in the general uproar, left the church, and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with the sermon, so abruptly broken off. Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced in due form—"A little while ye shall see me, and again a little while and ye shall not see me." In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers. The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

A gamekeeper having attained to the age of eighty-two years, and unwilling to let the secret die with him, has communicated what he proclaims to be a certain cure for hydrophobia, he having many times in his life tried and proved its efficacy both upon men and animals. He recommends to bathe the wound with warm water and vinegar immediately after the bite, and let it dry; then to pour on to the wound a few drops of muriatic acid (hydrochloric acid), mineral acids possessing the property of neutralising the venom of the saliva.



CAMP MACALLISTER, ON THE OHIO BEND OF THE LEVEE AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



A slaveowner of Richmond, Va., manumitting thirty slaves in Fortress Monroe, in the presence of General Butler, who refused to give them up, unless the owner took the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

Mustering the runaway slaves into the service of the Federal Government.

Negroes escaping at night.

Runaway slaves approaching the Federal sentinels near Fort

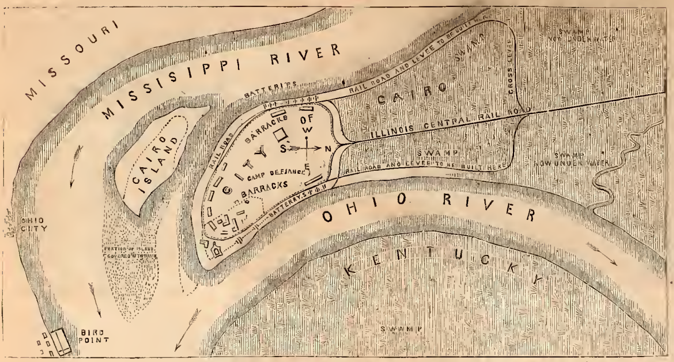
The fugitives thrown ensuing Fortress Monroe—fearing the d

STAMPEDE AMONG THE NEGROES IN VIRGINIA—THEIR ARRIVAL AT FORTR

ess Monroe and seeking the protection of General Butler,
bathridge at the main entrance guarded by the sentinels.

A slaveowner of Richmond, Va., recognizing and claiming as his property the thirty slaves who had fled from his estate, and taken refuge in Fortress Monroe.
The runaway negroes in Fortress Monroe performing prisons and making themselves generally useful
The fugitive negroes working in the trenches near Fortress Monroe, under the direction of the Federal Officers

ES MONROE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN FORTRESS MONROE.—SEE PAGE 65.



MAP OF CAIRO, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF FORTS DEFIANCE, SMITH AND MACALLISTER.—SEE PAGE 55.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

D'Almaine had heard the screams of his wife and child, and hurrying to the garden where they proceeded from, demanded of the still screaming, affrighted little girl where her mother was. She could only utter disjointed sentences. "The Duke de Paleron—oh! he has carried mamma in his arms up the steep Louis Quinze!" the name given to the place by an ancestor of D'Almaine, who had been a minister, and high in favor with the fifteenth Louis.

At the report of firearms the servants of the duke were on the spot immediately. D'Almaine shouted loudly as he approached, and his own household were soon beside him standing over the objects on the ground, both covered with the lifestream from the heart of De Paleron.

D'Almaine looked on with horror, scarcely knowing which, or if both, were not his victims. "What have I done?" he exclaimed. "What has the rashness and villainy of this man hurried me into?"

He caught the insensible Lucille in his arms, and telling some of the domestics to bear the bleeding body of the duke to the chateau, ordered others to haste for surgical assistance, and in a state of frenzied bewilderment flew with his wife to the house.

It was soon ascertained that Lucille was uninjured, but D'Almaine would not quit her till she recovered. When she opened her eyes she looked wildly and fearfully round.

"Where am I?" she cried. "My husband! my child! am I torn from both?"

"You are here safe; I am near you. Fear not, for harm cannot reach you through me," said D'Almaine, leaning over her; but his face was pale, his hair dishevelled, and bloodstains from his dress were on his hands.

"Oh, what has happened? Tell me, some of you!" she cried, looking by turns on the affrighted faces surrounding her. "That wretched man! How was I rescued? Oh, Jules, those stains on your hand—what do they tell me? Has he——"

"Hush, dearest, compose yourself," said D'Almaine. "I have but avenged myself on the man who sought to blast my own and your honor. Be tranquil; I wish to make inquiries about the wounded wretch, but cannot quit you till I see you more tranquil."

"Oh, do not think of me," said Lucille. "Think of yourself if you are in danger. I have brought it on you. Inquire after Monsieur de Paleron," she said to a servant standing near. "Jules, your looks frighten me." At this moment the surgeon entered. "Oh, sir," she added, on seeing him, "the duke is wounded. Tell me, does he live?"

"Madame," he replied gravely, "the duke has gone to his account. The ball pierced his heart—death was instantaneous."

There was a deathlike silence for a minute, when the surgeon again spoke.

"Monsieur D'Almaine," he said, "the death of the duke will lead to unpleasant inquiries. Until it blows over, I would recommend you to quit the chateau, and till you hear the result keep beyond the hands of justice."

There was a proud flash in D'Almaine's eye.

"Hide myself!" he cried. "What have I to fear from justice? I have not violated it. A man may strike an enemy in defence of his life, and when honor, which is dearer than life, is at stake, shall he not arm himself to defend it?"

"That is as an honorable, injured man would argue," said the surgeon; "but the two servants of the duke are notorious rogues; for money they will swear anything. Of course you will not purchase the silence of these men."

"I will purchase the silence of no man," replied D'Almaine, haughtily, "nor will I flee. My country is just, my own act was just, and the Duke de Paleron's death the just act of a retributive Providence."

"There is truth in all you have said, count," returned the surgeon, "and I fear not the justice of French laws; but none but the duke's servants were witnesses to his death, or knew his errand to your grounds. If his own or his wife's family are inclined to be implacable, you may be in some danger. I should recommend your departure hence to some place more secure."

"Go, dearest Jules," urged the trembling Lucille; "quit the chateau for a few days. Be near, if you wish, so that if you desire it you can appear when time and opportunity favor your doing so."

"Silence, Lucille," he returned, sternly. "My conscience, and none other, shall guide me in this affair. I am the innocent and injured, and can boldly face any false evidence. Let a messenger be instantly despatched to Madame de Paleron. Perhaps," he added, turning to the surgeon, "you who are a kindly and humane man will be the bearer of the melancholy news yourself. It is right it should be broken gently to the wife, to whom—although she lived not on the most amicable terms with the deceased—the shock, as a natural consequence, will be severe."

Lucille covered her face, and sighed deeply. The surgeon looked on her with commiseration; he felt more for her than for the duchess, whose apathetic disposition was well known.

"How beautiful and delicate she is!" he said, inwardly, as Lucille [rais]ed her head to answer a question of the count's. "She appears as if a breeze would bend her. Pray Heaven in this sad case she may not have the sharp wind of misfortune to contend with."

Then turning to D'Almaine, he said,

"I undertake your mission to the duchess, monsieur. She is staying at her estate, I think. Good morning. I will look in upon you again as I return."

CHAPTER XXII.

The following morning as D'Almaine and Lucille were sitting over their breakfast, which had passed almost in unbroken silence, a servant, with blanched cheek, entered to say that two gentlemen wished to see the count.

"Who are they?" said D'Almaine. "Did they not send in their cards?"

"No, monsieur," replied the servant; "they merely said they must see you. I told them you were at breakfast. They said they would wait till you had finished. But they are rather suspicious looking, and I thought I would just step and tell you, in case you might not wish to see them. And there is no occasion," he added, hesitatingly, "if monsieur wills it otherwise. We can easily send them away without their errand."

"Show them in," said D'Almaine, in a tone not to be contended with, "and you, Lucille, had better quit the room. It is better I should see those gentlemen—or whatever they term themselves—alone."

"Let me remain," said Lucille, firmly, though her lips were pale and trembling. "If they are the messengers of bad news I must soon know it. The prolongation of a few wretched minutes passed in suspense will avail either of us little."

She had scarcely spoken when the door again opened, and preceded by the trembling servant, whose eyes seemed starting from their sockets in the intensity of his gaze on them, entered the two men with bowing obsequiousness, and one of them drawing a paper from his pocket, presented it to the count. He scanned it a moment, then returned coldly,

"A warrant for my apprehension. Well, gentlemen, I am your prisoner. I will order my carriage, and when it is ready, will attend you. To where do you take me?"

"To Rouen, monsieur," replied the man, surprised at D'Almaine's ready compliance; "but there is no immediate hurry," he added. "If you have any papers to sign, or business to settle, we can wait an hour."

"I shall be ready when my carriage is," said D'Almaine, sharply. "You can retire into the ante-room, or remain here, which you please. I shall not quit this apartment till I leave it in your custody."

They then, with an innate delicacy unusual to those in their occupation, said, "they would retire until summoned by him," and bowing, left the room.

Lucille, who had stood nervously gazing from one to the other during this brief conversation, had summoned all her fortitude to her aid, that she might support her husband. As the men left the room she approached him, and leaning on the chair he had thrown himself on, said in a low but calm voice, "Do not let this misfortune depress you. I will accompany you to Rouen, and on the way consult with you what had better be done. I suppose your valet had better follow with the necessaries you require?"

"You can do as you like, dear Lucille," he said, with an attempt at gaiety, "only keep up your spirits, for I have no fears, though I confess the unpleasantness of the affair in a measure depresses me. I have sent a sinful creature out of the world unprepared; and though I consider the deed his own, I could wish that other hands and other occasions had been the means. But have courage, for I again repeat I have no fears for my safety. I trust to my country, and it will do me justice."

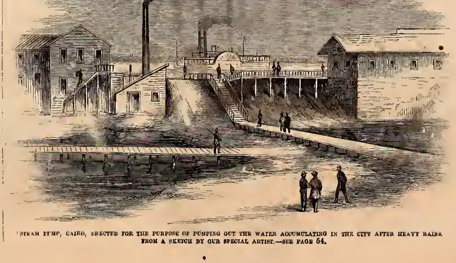
"I hope so," was the faint reply.

The carriage was announced, and Lucille, throwing on her shawl and bonnet, they were soon on their unpleasant journey, and an hour's drive brought them to the prison. Being a man of fortune, private apartments, with every attention from the governor, were accorded to D'Almaine. And only that he was from home, and a slight manacle placed on his hands at night, he would not have known he was a prisoner.

Lucille, who visited him daily, and who was assiduous in her inquiries about the trial, learnt that a host of evidence against D'Almaine, got up by the duchess, who having, when first he entered the world, been slighted by him, spite of her immense wealth and interest, for his younger and more attractive wife, was now determined to revenge the slight upon herself, by branding with all her power the character and acts of him whom she raved of as her husband's murderer. She had bribed the servants who accompanied the duke on his infamous errand, to say his business at the chateau was private with D'Almaine, and that a quarrel between them on some gambling transactions was the cause of the latter firing his piece at him with such fatal aim, and Madame D'Almaine fainting, and her dress being blood-stained was a mere attempt to attribute the quarrel to other causes.

Batiste, the indefatigable Batiste, was out night and day, gleaning every information possible. He advised, and when it was necessary acted for Lucille with the friendship he had always professed, and which was now tried to its fullest extent; while Madeline's gentle, studious attention to all that was passing was a drop of honey in the unfortunate wife's cup of misery.

The trial of D'Almaine was hurried onward by his enemies, who felt they had full proof to convict; for not one of his own people had either heard the screams for assistance of Lucille or her child; none had appeared but the servants of Monsieur de Paleron till after the fatal shot had pierced his heart. There was nothing but his own testimony to refute the long train of conclusive evidence against



STEAM PUMP, CAIRO, ERECTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PUMPING OUT THE WATER ACCUMULATING IN THE CITY AFTER HEAVY RAINS. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

him, and what was that when malice, wealth and power were working with all her forcible engines against him?

Lucille visited her husband daily; there was little change in his appearance beside a shade of melancholy on his countenance; and his step, as he paced restlessly up and down his confined chamber, at times faltered; but his voice had still its bold commanding tones, and still vaunted of his country's justice.

Lucille with an aching heart was looking through the iron bars of his prison, when she uttered half audibly,

"One short week to bring such fearful changes!"

She was pale and careworn, and a restless nervousness shook her generally firm collected manner. D'Almaine observed it, and stopping in his walk before her said soothingly,

"Lucille, you are fatigued, harassed with this unfortunate affair, you have neither rest nor quiet. Coming daily to this place robs you of both health and fortitude, and yet your presence is so essential to my comfort that I cannot say keep hence. But dearest," and he seated himself by her and put his arm round her, "you will be better, and, whatever the result, more resigned after the trial."

"The trial!" she responded, starting to her feet, then with an effort reseating herself, answered with an attempt at steadiness, though the tremulousness of her voice was not to be mastered and her eyes were fixed fearfully on his—"must think of that, too, think of what may be its fatal results. D'Almaine, can I do this and live?"

"Yes, you must think of it as an event not to be avoided," he replied; "but as one not to be dreaded. Think of the justice of our laws, and ask can they pronounce me guilty for defending my wife's honor?"

"Ah, but will it have proof of that?" said Lucille. "Will it believe your single testimony against a host of opposing witnesses?"

"It will believe when truth is spoken by honorable lips," replied D'Almaine.

"But should their verdict be contrary to truth and honor, what would be the punishment?" she asked breathlessly.

"The guillotine or the galleys," he replied.

A sharp, short, irrepressible cry fell from Lucille; she covered her face with her hands, and gradually it sank on the table; she remained in this attitude several minutes, and D'Almaine was again pacing the room; but when she raised her face there was a tint of color on the cheeks, and the eyes had lost their heaviness; thought, busy thought, in those few minutes had coursed like a whirlwind through her brain, bringing with them hope and life for her husband.

D'Almaine, who had watched with pain the agony of the moment, was surprised at the sudden change, but happy to see a returning sunbeam glancing over her expressive face, which gave cheerfulness to his mind, pressed her return home, with injunctions to take the rest she so much needed.

Lucille unreluctantly consented; a new impulse had given an impetus to her whole nature, and her fervent good-night at parting, uttered in a firm tone, hung and lingered so confidingly on the ears of D'Almaine long after she had left him, that his rest was free from the feverish excitement of the day.

On arriving at the chateau, Lucille's first inquiry was for Batiste, and on learning that he had long waited for her, she hastened to him; but her face was again pale and anxious in its expression, and her voice trembling as she demanded:

"What farther intelligence, Monsieur Batiste, from Madame de Paleron and her family?"

"That they have no mercy," he replied; "that they will pursue the count with the utmost rigor. Six of the principal advocates of Paris are retained for the cause, and it is the general opinion that, with such powerful adversaries, nothing can save him. Some say he will escape the guillotine, but nothing can preserve him from the hateful galleys."

A thrill of anguish compressed her lips and closed her eyes, and the white marble slab, on which she leant for support, was not more colorless than her face. Batiste handed her a glass of water. She waved it away, saying, in a hoarse voice:

"What advocates have your retained for us?"

"Three who rank high in public favor," he replied.

"What said they on reading their briefs?" she asked.

"Alas! madame," said Batiste, "I cannot deceive you, though I see you so worn and harassed with the last week's misery, for I judged more by their manner than words, that hope had but a frail shore to anchor on."

"Then on Heaven and our own energies will we rely," said Lucille. "But the trial, Batiste, is the day yet fixed?"

"It has been hurried on," he replied. "It is to be the day after to-morrow. Ah, madame, that day will be a trial for us all. To see the count tried for a deed he should meet commendation for; to see him tried by man and punished by man for an act of retribution. Good as I have deemed the laws of France, I begin to doubt their justice now."

"We are too powerless to do aught but murmur at them," said Lucille. "Is Madeline here?"

"Yes, with the child," he replied. "Shall I ring for her?"

"No, we will all three go to my dressing-room," said Lucille, "I have much to talk over with you both; it may be the last opportunity for the present we can converse alone, for I shall pass the two forthcoming days with the count. Our time together may be short, if the evil hour cannot be averted."

Batiste drew his hand across his eyes, as he reverentially followed her. As she entered her room, Lucille met Madeline and her child at the door.

"Oh! mamma," cried the delighted child, who had seen but little of her mother the last week, "how long you have been away! Have you brought papa home?"

"No, dearest," she replied, clasping her to her, to hide her tears, "not to-day; but papa has sent twenty kisses for his Birdie."

"I wish he would come," said the child. "I sometimes think I shall never see him more, mamma, for I dreamt last night I was a long way from Madeline and everybody I love, travelling in a large, heavy coach, and crying because they would not take me to you. Mamma, do not go away again, in case the large heavy coach should come and take me from you for ever."

"Dear child," said Lucille, shivering, "do not make me more unhappy by your sad forebodings. Here, Annette, take her and let her not out of your sight; for I am so weak and foolish that even a child's dream makes me tremble."

The child disappeared with her nurse, and the trio entered the room, where they remained in earnest converse till long after dark.

Before Lucille went to bed, for we cannot say rest, she went to her child's bedside; she slept sound, the sweet sleep of childhood; but while the mother watched, the smile on the child's lips fled, her features slightly distorted, and she cried out in a peevish tone, "Take me to Madeline." Then the tone changed to one of plaintiveness, a tear stood on the long, dark lashes, and she said, "Goodbye, good-bye, mamma; they will never bring your Birdie back again; I shall never see you more."

"Good Heavens!" said Lucille, in a fearful tone. "She is again dreaming that dreadful dream. Oh! it is ominous that her father's fate is sealed, or that it is the Almighty's intention to take my child to Himself. Oh! awake, dearest, and let me hold you to my heart while I have you," and taking the child in her arms she bore it to her own bed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was the eve of the day before the trial, the hour when twilight has heralded in the bright stars, that a carriage stopped at the gate of the prison. The horses, from appearance, had been hard driven, and the coachman, for he was the only attendant to it, might have been warm from exertion, for he wiped the perspiration from his forehead several times before descending from his box; but as soon as he did descend he rang the bell, the handle of which was just visible in the uncertain light, dangling from the ponderous doorway. Having rung loud and boldly at the gate, he went to the door of the carriage, where with a careless air he stood humming a popular air. As the portal opened, the inmate of the carriage, who from his attire was an advocate, handed a letter to him, which he gave into the hands of the doorkeeper, saying in a loud tone, "For the governor, and say I wait a reply."

The man disappeared, the gate closed heavily, and he was soon with the governor. The latter, who with a few friends had just commenced a convivial evening, broke the seal, after it had remained on the table before him till he had ended an argument he was discussing; and having deliberately unfolded it, read the contents:

"Monsieur de Calcote's compliments, and desires an interview with his client, the Count d'Almaine. He offers apologies for his late visit; but having been detained unavoidably in court, there was no alternative. Monsieur de Calcote, to lose no time, has not even waited to unrobe, as time is precious, from the few hours intervening previous to the trial."

"It is late," said the governor, "and against rule to admit people after the gates are closed; but on this occasion the rule must be deviated from, I suppose; for my orders are to admit unreservedly the friends and advisers of the count. How has Monsieur de Calcote arrived?"

"In his own carriage, monsieur," returned the doorkeeper, "and I do not know how many servants, as I was not at the trouble of counting them."

"Oh, Monsieur de Calcote is a great man," said the governor; "admit him by all means, and tell him if he wishes an interview with me I am at his service."

The doorkeeper disappeared, and soon the jingle of his numerous and heavy keys was heard. Once more the lock turned, and the small portal half opened. The man partly showed himself, and in a surly tone said to the coachman, who had drawn near the door as soon as it had turned on its hard hinges,

"Your master may enter, though, like the governor, I think it is an unseasonable hour; but as it is a life-and-death question, I suppose——"

At this moment the coachman put something into the man's hand, saying,

"Master is aware that this is extra trouble for you, monsieur, and sends you this."

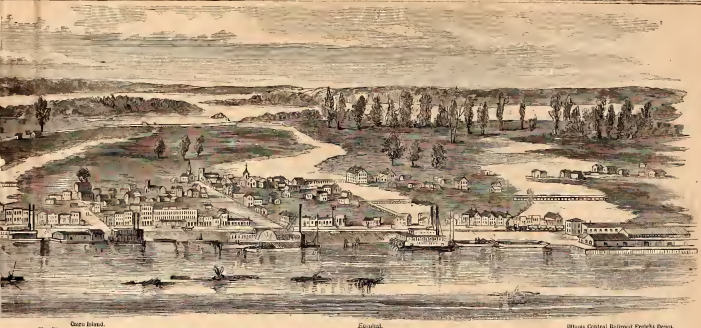
Without waiting the reply the coachman let down the steps of the carriage, and the advocate without a comment descended and passed through the portal, and the key was turned upon him. He

(*Continued on page 62.*)

GEN. B. M. PRENTISS, NOW IN COMMAND OF THE U. S. TROOPS AT CAIRO, ILL., ENFORCING THE BLOCKADE OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RIVERS.—SEE PAGE 55.

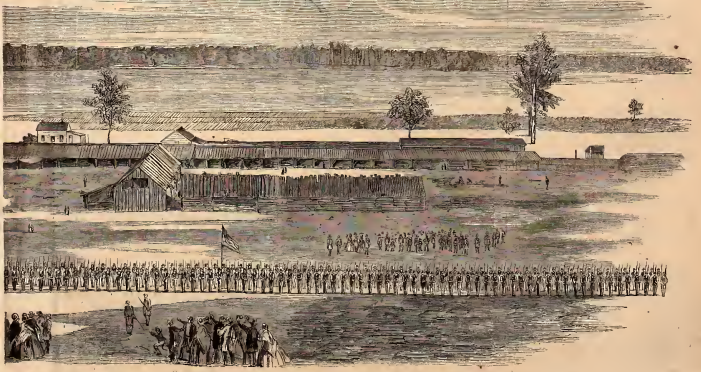
CAMP SMITH, ON THE MISSISSIPPI BEND OF THE LEVEE AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 5?.

THE LATE HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, OF ILLINOIS.—From a Photograph taken shortly before his death by Whitehurst, of Washington.—See Page 61.



GE OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RIVERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS), MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



RAILROAD DEPOT, AND COLONEL MORGAN'S REGIMENT ON PARADE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. A. BALCH. CAIRO, ILL.

stooped to let the man take the lead, who after passing through several long narrow closes passengers, mounted a flight of stairs, and stopped before a low door, which he lifted by the latch. The door open, the advocate entered, when he heard the latch again turned, and he was alone in the small chamber with the Count Di Almaine.

D'Almaine had been writing. He pushed the table from him, rising on the entrance of the advocate, and he a cold, proud tone, demanded,

"To what, monsieur, am I to attribute this late, unexpected visit?"

The advocate laid the tip of his forefinger on his lips, and with his arm on the door behind him he held silently out his hand. A step of the jailor had ceased to vibrate, and every sound save their own breathing was hushed. Then, when the man was sure of not erring fire, he pointed to D'Almaine to be seated.

D'Almaine, whose appearance bore testimony to his late sojourn, at first refused; but there was something in urgent and anxious in the manner of his visitor, that he could not, though he asked the cause for him, be himself sunk into the one he had risen from, and he remembered to fall back again into the revery he had been awakened from.

The advocate replaced the chair, and drawing a small stool to the feet of D'Almaine, which he held, he sat down. Then, as if to free from his head, the rich curls, bright as gold in sunshine, of Lucille shewn in a world of beauty over the pale face which he had concealed her identity.

Over-powering emotions, in which were mingled love, dread and wonder, for a time prevented D'Almaine's utterance. Lucille broke the silence.

"You are not surprised to see me here," she said, "when to-morrow is the trial."

D'Almaine looked with order on the sweet face raised to his with such devoted love, and his bitter thoughts came back perhaps another week he would be torn from her for ever; that she, with so much beauty, love and virtue, might be thrown penniless, and without protection, on a world which had hitherto shown her but little kindness, but they would prove a sweeter and more powerful sequal to that he had nursed her from—a rescue which seemed likely to make both free. Such were the thoughts which passed in a flash over his side.

Surprised!" he said. "I ought not to be surprised at your devotion, my wife, for it is that has brought you here in disguise and in danger to my prison. But I should be surprised, and more than surprised, at your having left your preceding one, because not bringing me your presence, as I had sent to you to do, that I had not left it for ever."

"Do not speak so, dearest, of the noblest punishment will be the certain death of the guilty one."

"That would be a punishment which I have not deserved, Lucille," said D'Almaine, "but I have heard much since I saw you, and dare not trust myself to it."

"I have perplexed myself to-day in a degree for what may have," said D'Almaine; "I have written to the Count Di Lorme, the man who is the kindest and best of men. He will guard you till you become Countess, and then a lawyer if necessary."

She kissed the hand lovingly that held her own.

"Think not of being," she said, "but of the time to speak, or even think, of the future; the present must have all our considerations, all our energies. It is now hours, if not minutes, to the trial. If you will stand a criminal in a court of justice, surrounded by the agents of criminal law, I will be by your side, and whether you live or death, will not stop till your doom is life-long labor. Juries, you again remember."

"Enough!" he cried, starting to his feet, and looking at her with distended eyes. "Lucille, are you mad? Do you know that in a few seconds, this hole that secures me can be withdrawn, or the vigilance of a jailor fail? No, no, I will not be the cause, I will consider it the cowlings of a madman."

"I speak not, my husband, and it will be lost," said Lucille. "Again seat yourself, listen, and listen to me. You have still hope. Should it be the last moment, you will not be left to die. Be sure they will send you to the galleys. Thither, if you go, I follow you. Look at me, I am a child, defenceless in appearance, but I know myself if we are forced from these hateful manacles," looking at her hands, "I will be strong."

"I will do both, all, if you will trust to me," replied Lucille. "I will shew you that I can, though young and defenceless in nature, can, by her love and energy, outdo the strong resolution, the resources, the experience of a man. Now, dearest, I will tell you of the hotels and lodgings I have visited, and the plan I have formed."

While she spoke she had taken from a small silk bag, concealed under her cloak, a number of the advertisements of the day before yesterday, with which she had commenced the labor of freeing him from his dungeon. D'Almaine perused them with deep attention; there was so much of hopeful energy in her voice and manner, so much determined will, that he seemed to partake beneath its sway.

(To be continued)

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 61.)

Two young men in Monroe, La., are ridiculed by the local press because they do not join at once the Confederate army. The people of that city and neighborhood have organized a company, assigning the following principle: "We, the undersigned, having determined to protect our property, and to agree to stand and watch for our beloved South, and to protect our beauties and our property, pledge ourselves to meet every night at the hour and on the ward."

The first case of Dan Tennessee here called a Convention, in spite of Secession. This Convention, however, decided that it was not competent to take any step touching that in the treaty of the French Revolution. The traitors are ruling the country with a high hand, and no mistake.

The happiest idea for a monument to the memory of the gallant and murdered officer, is that originated by Mr. Ellsworth's friends in Mechanicville, New Hampshire, composed of one man from a town—or ward—as supplied by our fast-fighting friend. The figure of a young man, handsome and sculptured and the rock a purpose, could not fail of deeds that would make a monument worthy of the name.

The blockade of the Mississippi river is producing some singular results. New Orleans is dependent on the Mississippi valley for its supplies of food. New Orleans flour is sent to Memphis than to New Orleans, one hundred miles below.

The Colonel of the Massachusetts Fifth regiment, who was killed at Baltimore, was a fine soldier, and with a friend, his subject, he was hated to the cowhide, but he was very much respected by his men. He was shot to death to give the contraband. The latter wanted his gun, and in a moment would have fired but for the prompt energy of the officer who interposed his body.

The city of Alexandria, now under martial law, presents a curious spectacle from a commercial point of view. Before I was unable to describe a single Small-ware—the low-rooms are closed, and almost the only persons met or seen are those wearing the Federal blue coats.

Three hundred negroes from Texas are said have been sent on there up on contraband on the roads leading to Green View. The troops are said to be badly disciplined and badly armed.

The Secession flag, captured from the Marshall House by Colonel Ellsworth on the morning of the 24th inst. has been presents to the Ex-Department of the Interior by Lieutenant Greble, of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, Fort Sumter. The flag is much torn and stained with the blood of the Colonel.

The Secessionists have, since recently, under assumed circumstances, at night, left Alexandria. This is due to the fact that they are afraid to be found elsewhere, and the situation appeared to be duly noticed in many persons' country residing in the city, and others discovered the hateful rat, which fact by also, concealed under her hoops.

A Miss Dickinson, niece of Senator Simmons, residing in the corner of Sixty and Green streets, East New York, was bona by her indignant countrymen for being a Union woman. Her house was attacked by a secession mob, and she, with her married German, who administered a series of reformatory kicks to him. He was thrown down, and the infuriated mob commenced to pull down the house, but, however, soon but a policeman would entrance police station so shortly as to allow time for which so many pulled men are patrolling their lives.

The last number of the Alexandria Sentinel, which was issued the day before the entrance of the Federal troops into that city, contained a valiant article on the evacuation of Secessionville, and the defeat of the 79th Highlanders. It said if they dared set foot in Virginia, no matter in how large a force, they would be swept from the face of the earth. The next day, when the troops of their bodies would furnish furnishing material for the most cannon's whose bones would be used for the manufacture of buttons for the Secessionists.

The romance of war is always greater than that of peace. The soldier who has been wounded in battle, and who has been compelled to leave his regiment, was known to his gallant sister in Brooklyn, New York (a married lady), she resolved to join there in pursuit of her wounded brother, and to nurse him over at her presence. When he recovered consciousness, he said, with a look of surprise, "Sister, how did you get here?" "Why, I came to see you." "Like a sheep, the age-sexed, and her promises has recovered him. Her husband has also joined the regiment, and is now with his wife and brother.

Dr. Gardner Quincy Colton, of New York, has issued a circular inviting medical journals where the drugs have been prescribed by him without payment, to publish the fact, and to report the effects. He claims to have discovered "the healing or therapeutic properties of atmospheric air—from respiration, or inhalation—as a remedy for consumption."

Rs. S. G. Howe, who was appointed by Governor Andrew to examine into the contract according of the Massachusetts troops, says that their wants are abundantly provided for, and that their health is good. He makes a number of suggestions, among which is that the men be furnished with a change of underclothing, and that they be furnished with a waterproof coat. He gives the following illustrations of the furious spirit which still lives among the Secessionists. One of them said in his opinion that the West Point Cadet who killed them was a most profane swearer.

It may that the cannon balls will not kill us.

The Secessionists drill largely, and the cadet begins to show at the soldiers.

The Secessionists have a fine band of music, which plays "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" alternately, and the Yankees are ordered to whistle or sing, but not to speak any thing.

A Secession paper says: "Our Sprague, of Rhode Island, has presented himself to the Confederate States Government, and has been received with the best and kindest, that makes four great bags of wool, besides an infinite number of knives."

PRINCE, of the Louisville Journal, says: As Ohio either says that our pay is not large enough, or that it is too large. We suppose he means to say that keeping a laughs pay.

Some of our Virginia citizens seem trying to drown all thoughts of the hard times. They get richer than the money market.

It is now thought that the loss of her and her guns' forces being called upon to go on war, now perhaps to be killed in the conflict enclosed, with the Union. Let us hope that the report is false and it would be a shame.

A Secession paper charges the Union men of Kentucky with being "unbelievable." Our opinion is that the Secessionists are the ones who believe and say they mean to keep it.

The enlistments in the United States Government extends its category to all sort of printing paper and writing paper going to the South. That's what we call a paper blockade.

One neighbor of the Courier talks of nothing but the Louisville blockade. Here's a fine thing. Louisville seems to have been reading the Courier long enough!

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the powers which he are unreasing in their vigilance, as shown in the fact that several contraband of necessaries to maintenance have been seized on the Ohio river.

Fresno Bourbonism's house is the only one in Knoxville, Tenn., over which the Stars and Stripes are not seen. It is the only one without floral decorations. Would not a splendid flag be the best thing to hang over the State and region. But then it would be a flag of the Union, and that is what they don't want. Their hearts are cold and their heads are empty. They cannot appreciate the Union as those down there have and forgive. No humanity drew a revolver from her bosom and presented it to the head of a Union man, and said, "Now, damn you, look it over and see if you can."

"If the leader of that girl's eye she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think I would better not try it," said his back and get more men," said the other.

The Secessionists in Texas are in a bad way for powder, and some talk is even made of using gunpowder for bullets.

They entered with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the Union flag should be taken down. On discovering that it could not be replaced now, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A correspondent writes from Winchester to the Courier that the Secessionists have not yet succeeded in getting the iron for the gunning establishments supposed to be in progress at Richmond. He says that Mr. Ellis has been appointed as a representative to the Germanic that on the authority of a gentleman who has seen his credentials.

A German society lately gave a picnic to build a playground-house. Among those in high spirits was a fat Dutchman, who was dancing a jig to the music of their walls. Long before this dance was rendered, a perpetual spring of cement had been put in the floor, and the dancing party was not aware of the fact. One to one was not very good, but the unlucky person was obliged to stand. A friend, who was looking on, called out to him, "Why don't you get out?" "Get out!" he replied, "I can't get out, because there is no door, and you don't know how to get out of it."

The Saint Louis Democrat says that Mr. Cernea, reviews: "The family had been in Washington since last winter, and they were in the city during the days or two before the attack upon Fort Sumter. The family is all precious—as I am not. This is a mercenary boast. This house is a museum of curiosities."

A Runaway Restraint—Custom clerks were performing at Sandusa, and one of the acts was to ride a horse around the ring. A young man was induced to try all the work of a person who was flying a horse with that horse ridden by a lady. He got on the horse and started around the ring, when the horse with his head and tail, and the lady, who was standing on the ring-floor, was thrown down side. The keeper, in alarm, followed it, crying out, "Stop, stop!" The young man, who was unable to stop, cried out in the presence who showed the approach of the elephant took flight themselves at the top of their speed, and the elephant followed after them at a full run. The beast was fortunately secure by its keeper without having done any harm.

A Fine Joke.—A gentleman who resides in the city of Boston, and who, in the south of France, there some weeks at once. Here are many of them, the Boston Post says, who are in the habit of playing practical jokes upon all advantages by persons and by the liquid plaster in them fresh and pure to the taste.

The Chinese at German-see-Laye is to be transmogrified into a Tower of Babel, to replace the present of keeping some rare insects alongside. The system pursued at the Tower of London has been imported into, and will be carried out at the Chinese at German-see-Laye. Here, as in the latter, the visitors must remember the very keepers of London Tower, who get their stories from the Beefeaters, and who tell them to the visitors as they pass along. "Ah! Jones," said one to another, "I'm glad to see you back again."

"Yes, sir," says he, "I'm glad to be back myself, sir, for I've been a-travelling about a good deal, sir, and I've seen a great many curiosities, sir, but I never see such a curiosity as this here, sir, in all my travels, sir."

FOREIGN OPINIONS ON THE WAR.

England.—Despatches of the press still doubtful—that of the people is decidedly true at the North. The American press is strongly or wholly against the fact, and the armed to secure the end. In the House of Lords a debate was had on the 10th, in which several of the leading members gave their opinion on government. Owing to Jeff Davis refusing to subscribe to the Paris Congress, the privateering question is not settled. Lord Brougham and Lord Derby spoke. Lord Derby is described, there is every reason to believe, that England will gladly recognize the secession, more especially as the Queen's Speech will be delivered in a few days, and the American people who refused to accede to the treaty in 1856, but Mr. Jeff Davis, Franklin Buchanan and Co. have refused to do so. Lord Derby is also said to have advised Northern principles in London. The *European Times* says that the liberal commercial spirit of the South has encouraged some Liverpool merchants to commence a Steam Company to New Orleans, and that two iron steam vessels are now building for the service. Mr. Bright, M.P., speaking in Germany, said, in the town of Germania, a section from the misunderstandings, facts and prejudices which had led to the present unhappy state of affairs in the Republic, among that they viewed with alarm the serious circumstances which would probably take place in the supply of cotton, in consequence of the war between the Northern and Southern States of America, and urging the people to adopt such measures as would contribute to the development of the cotton growing capabilities of India. The people, he said, were the true source of the real power which existed in the United States. He had the greatest confidence in the power of the people by oft-told in fact, the establishment of efficient courts of law and justice. He said that the Free Trade principles of the age, and the people, including railroads, canals, water-ways, modes of exchange, and commercial intercourse, and the establishment of a cheap postage. He also would not have more than a year, and the Government assumed the responsibility of the war. He concluded by declaring his belief in the speedy victory. When about ends.

France.—Despite every proof that, like England, France will preserve a strict neutrality. Her journals, however, fortunately allude to the miserable state of affairs in America, and express a hope that the people will be enabled to overthrow the Government which has brought them to such a pass. Monsieur Dupuy, Prince; Marshal, Turin; Duc, Bugeo; Barbiguiere, Vienne, and Count Walewski, Secretary of State.

Spain.—The American troubles have had the effect of calling the Spanish Ladies from the Bull Fights. The Government has issued a decree forbidding contraband in the shape of taking either side in the present war.

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS AND HUMOR OF THE TIMES.

A Southern journal says that all the planters are attended to fight, and they "have the whistle of bullets." Isn't the south paying rather dear for the whistle?

A coin has been appointed in the following (Miss.) fine for the saying of all in the Mississippi Secession Convention: "Any person who shall be guilty of using the word Union shall be fined $100 for the same offence."

Mathew, who has just returned from the South, says that the companies in that section of country are very much in the way of the regular army of Northumberland. The is nothing, as it don't come by wrapped.

The Detroit Free Press says that Secession has carried her wealth in the South." The wealth will be afraid, Mr. Junior, to have the wheelbarrow of that interesting young lady.

One of the leaders of the Columbia and Fort Moreno is hunting directly upon the house and Government. He is one small boy to go and see him. Secession will happen.

The Ninth Ohio regiment was going from Cleveland to Camp Dennison, Capt. Buck-ighan supposed the train would stop at Crestline, and settled his bill. The conductor refused to stop, and he was forced to pay himself without coupling. The train, however, checked up a little, but the rate of speed was still fast. Capt. Buck-ighan was not to be done out of his money, and, as the train slowed, jumped for it, struck, kissed his greedy, and, under tremendous momentum, rolled over and over, finally going with his money, but with very little to the skin and clothes.

A Germans paper says: "Gen. Sprague, of Rhode Island, has presented himself to the Confederate States Government, and has been received with the best and kindest, that makes four great bags of wool, besides an infinite number of knives."

PRINCE, of the Louisville Journal, says: As Ohio either says that our pay is not large enough, or that it is too large. We suppose he means to say that keeping a laughs pay.

Some of our Virginia citizens seem trying to drown all thoughts of the hard times. They get richer than the money market.

It is now thought that the loss of her and her guns' forces being called upon to go on war, now perhaps to be killed in the conflict enclosed, with the Union. Let us hope that the report is false and it would be a shame.

A Secession paper charges the Union men of Kentucky with being "unbelievable." Our opinion is that the Secessionists are the ones who believe and say they mean to keep it.

The enlistments in the United States Government extends its category to all sort of printing paper and writing paper going to the South. That's what we call a paper blockade.

One neighbor of the Courier talks of nothing but the Louisville blockade. Here's a fine thing. Louisville seems to have been reading the Courier long enough!

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the powers which he are unreasing in their vigilance, as shown in the fact that several contraband of necessaries to maintenance have been seized on the Ohio river.

Fresno Bourbonism's house is the only one in Knoxville, Tenn., over which the Stars and Stripes are not seen. It is the only one without floral decorations. Would not a splendid flag be the best thing to hang over the State and region. But then it would be a flag of the Union, and that is what they don't want. Their hearts are cold and their heads are empty. They cannot appreciate the Union as those down there have and forgive. No humanity drew a revolver from her bosom and presented it to the head of a Union man, and said, "Now, damn you, look it over and see if you can."

"If the leader of that girl's eye she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think I would better not try it," said his back and get more men," said the other.

The Secessionists in Texas are in a bad way for powder, and some talk is even made of using gunpowder for bullets.

They entered with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the Union flag should be taken down. On discovering that it could not be replaced now, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A correspondent writes from Winchester to the Courier that the Secessionists have not yet succeeded in getting the iron for the gunning establishments supposed to be in progress at Richmond. He says that Mr. Ellis has been appointed as a representative to the Germanic that on the authority of a gentleman who has seen his credentials.

A German society lately gave a picnic to build a playground-house. Among those in high spirits was a fat Dutchman, who was dancing a jig to the music of their walls. Long before this dance was rendered, a perpetual spring of cement had been put in the floor, and the dancing party was not aware of the fact. One to one was not very good, but the unlucky person was obliged to stand. A friend, who was looking on, called out to him, "Why don't you get out?" "Get out!" he replied, "I can't get out, because there is no door, and you don't know how to get out of it."

The Saint Louis Democrat says that Mr. Cernea, reviews: "The family had been in Washington since last winter, and they were in the city during the days or two before the attack upon Fort Sumter. The family is all precious—as I am not. This is a mercenary boast. This house is a museum of curiosities."

A Runaway Restraint—Custom clerks were performing at Sandusa, and one of the acts was to ride a horse around the ring. A young man was induced to try all the work of a person who was flying a horse with that horse ridden by a lady. He got on the horse and started around the ring, when the horse with his head and tail, and the lady, who was standing on the ring-floor, was thrown down side. The keeper, in alarm, followed it, crying out, "Stop, stop!" The young man, who was unable to stop, cried out in the presence who showed the approach of the elephant took flight themselves at the top of their speed, and the elephant followed after them at a full run. The beast was fortunately secure by its keeper without having done any harm.

A Fine Joke.—A gentleman who resides in the city of Boston, and who, in the south of France, there some weeks at once. Here are many of them, the Boston Post says, who are in the habit of playing practical jokes upon all advantages by persons and by the liquid plaster in them fresh and pure to the taste.

The Chinese at German-see-Laye is to be transmogrified into a Tower of Babel, to replace the present of keeping some rare insects alongside. The system pursued at the Tower of London has been imported into, and will be carried out at the Chinese at German-see-Laye. Here, as in the latter, the visitors must remember the very keepers of London Tower, who get their stories from the Beefeaters, and who tell them to the visitors as they pass along. "Ah! Jones," said one to another, "I'm glad to see you back again."

"Yes, sir," says he, "I'm glad to be back myself, sir, for I've been a-travelling about a good deal, sir, and I've seen a great many curiosities, sir, but I never see such a curiosity as this here, sir, in all my travels, sir."

FOREIGN OPINIONS ON THE WAR.

England.—Despatches of the press still doubtful—that of the people is decidedly true at the North. The American press is strongly or wholly against the fact, and the armed to secure the end. In the House of Lords a debate was had on the 10th, in which several of the leading members gave their opinion on government. Owing to Jeff Davis refusing to subscribe to the Paris Congress, the privateering question is not settled. Lord Brougham and Lord Derby spoke. Lord Derby is described, there is every reason to believe, that England will gladly recognize the secession, more especially as the Queen's Speech will be delivered in a few days, and the American people who refused to accede to the treaty in 1856, but Mr. Jeff Davis, Franklin Buchanan and Co. have refused to do so. Lord Derby is also said to have advised Northern principles in London. The *European Times* says that the liberal

Mexico.—The American, English, French and Belgian Ministers have arrived in the city of Mexico. The arrival of the Conference Ships were were big enough to carry Mr. Corwin. The Mexican Congress was in session. Juarez had been re-elected President, and was about to enter upon his duties. Miramon had been appointed as Minister of Finance, to take his place as people. Some time ago. The Constitutional Government has succeeded great energy and determination in bringing the robbers to the public judgment, and with such success that the great road between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico is now entirely cleared of robbers. Gen. Degollado, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Mexican Government appears to be verging towards neutrality. Mr. Wallace had been very ill. He was at Jalapa, awaiting an opportunity to leave for the United States.

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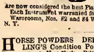

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Postscript, June 4.

A MESSENGER came in from the comp et Hampton with the report that Colonel Allen, commander of the Troy (N. Y.) regimont, sent out yesterday moroing a scouting party, consisting of one company from his ragimant, in tha direction of Fox Hill; that they wera suddenly surroundad by a party of five hundred rabel troops, and takon prisonare. Fox Hill is about fiva milos from Colonel Allen's comp. Although the messago como officially from Colonel Allen to Genarol Butlar, tha lotter discradited tha report, upon the ground thot from all tho varioua raports brought in by spies and othars, aach corroborating tha other's there cou'd not be five hundred man within fifteon miles of Hampton. Novertheless, Genaral Butler immediately issuad orders to Colonal Duryea's regiment of Zouaves to go in porsuit of tha enamy ood recapture the Federal prisoners, if thay found any. General Butler and staff olso left the fort and procaeded to Hampton, to investigota the report himself.

Colonel Kelly wos not killad at the battla ol Philippi. He was sevarely wounded in the breast, but the ball has boen extracted, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Colonel Anderson is not to take command of troops in Kentucky. On acconnt of failing health he will rapair to the mountains of Pennsylvania for invigoration.

Genaral Sterling Price, of Missouri, has issued a proclamation iutimating thot ba suspacts that the State is to be disarmed. Ha proposes to resist any such effort.

General Botlar has refused to be put on the regular army establishment, prefarriog to return to civil lifa when tha war ends.

It has been ascertained, by careful inspection, that the cannon balls firad by the Secessionists at Aqoia Creek, at tha Government flotilla, ara differaot from any projectiles in common nsa, and thore is much specolation on tha subject. It is ballaved thot the cannon and projectiles must heva come from Europa.

Colonal Landor has offared his services to Genaral McClalland.

Colonel Maigs is to be Quartermastar-Generol of tha army.

The Border State Convention adjournad finally, after adopting tha National aod Stata address.

Provisions are possiog through Kentucky for Tennessee. It is not known whether thay will be stopped or not.

James Watson Webb will leave in a few weeks for Brazil, by way of Eogland, thare beiog no United States ship that oan be sparad from the service now to convey him there.

Tha prisooers of war ara still on board tha Powhatan. Thay pass away thoir time mostly with sleeping end playing cards. Everythiog is dono towards their physicol comfort, hut they are strictly gnarded, and are not allowed to hold communication with any ooe.

Thoro has been insubordination among the Secessionist troops et Corinth, Miss. Soma of the soldiers refused to obey orders, aud a fight ensued, in which seven were killed.

THE MARSHALL HOUSE, CORNER OF PITT AND KING STREETS, ALEXANDRIA, VA., WHERE COLONEL ELLSWORTH WAS ASSASSINATED BY JAMES W. JACKSON, THE SECESSIONIST, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1861.

FRANK LESLIE

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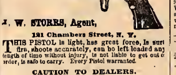
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

No. 291—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

THE BATTLE AT GREAT BETHEL.

Repulse of the Federal Troops.

General Butler having learnt that the Secessionists were fortifying Great Bethel and that they intended making a stand at Little Bethel, ordered Colonel Duryea's regiment to cross Hampton Creek, and march on Little Bethel. This order was promptly executed, and the regiment moved from Hampton at about half-past one o'clock, having been ferried over the Hampton Creek by Lieutenant Crosby's flotilla of boats, manned by recruits from the Naval Brigade. Colonel Townsend's Albany regiment followed an hour after, and at the same time Colonel Bendix's regiment and detachments of the Vermont and Massachusetts regulars at Newport moved forward to form a junction with the regulars from Fortress Monroe at Little Bethel, about half way between Hampton and Great Bethel. The Zouaves passed Little Bethel about four A. M. Colonel Bendix's regiment arrived next, and took a position at the intersection of the roads. Not understanding the signal, the German regiment in the darkness of the morning fired upon Colonel Townsend's column, marching in close order, and led by Lieutenant Butler, son and aid of General Butler, with two pieces of artillery.

The Albany regiment returned the fire, but fortunately without effect. The loss of the Albany Regiment was one man killed, two seriously wounded, and some other casualties. The unfortunate mistake was speedily corrected, and the troops advanced upon Great Bethel in the following order: The Zouaves, Colonel Bendix, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, Colonel Allen and Colonel Carr, at the point our regiments formed and successively endeavored to take a large masked Secession battery. The effort was futile, our three small pieces of artillery not being able to cope with the heavy rifled cannon of the enemy, according to some accounts thirty in number. The rebel battery was completely masked, so that no men could be seen, but only the flashes of the guns. There were probably less than a thousand men behind the batteries of the rebels. A well concerted movement might have secured the position, but Brigadier-General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, and the Troy regiment stood for an hour exposed to a galling fire, when an order to retreat was at last given, but at that moment Lieutenant Greble, of the United States Army, and in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon ball and instantly killed. He had spiked his gun, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command. Captain George W. Wilson, of the Troy regiment, after the order to retreat was given, took possession of the gun, and, with Quartermaster McArthur, brought it off the field with the corpse of the beloved Lieutenant. Both were brought to Fortress Monroe in the evening.

The loss of the Federal troops is said to be twenty-five killed and one hundred wounded. It is hard to tell whether indignation or grief predominated at the recall of this gallant attack, but it is certain that had the intelligence of the commander of the expedition equalled the daring courage of the men, the batteries would have been stormed and taken.

On the receipt of the report, General Butler mounted his horse and rode to Newport News, to remedy the want of judgment in the leader of the expedition if possible, and to take the batteries without a doubt, and with the least possible delay. We shall give the result of his action in our next.

THE MICHIGAN REGIMENT AND THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES WORKING AT THE INTRENCHMENTS OF ALEXANDRIA, FAIRFAX, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 87.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1861.

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We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

The State of the Nation.

Events crowd upon us so rapidly, events so significant in themselves, and yet so minute in relation to the whole, and so numerous withal, that it is utterly impossible to chronicle or even keep count of them all. On both sides measures are progressing towards a certain point, which is a deadly conflict between large masses of the Federal and Secession troops, now moving steadily on from various points towards each other. Untiring activity is displayed on both sides, and if we may believe the party presses a like determined hostility and deep-seated enthusiasm animate both. We know within a few hundreds the force which General Scott is throwing in and towards Virginia; at least a hundred thousand men will, in a few days be treading the sacred soil of the Old Dominion, and threatening the occupation of her proud capital, Richmond. Where their point of concentration will be is, of course, a profound secret, one not entrusted even to those safe depositaries of State secrets, the newspaper correspondents; but all conjectures seem to point towards Manassas Gap, where, it is supposed, the largest Secession force is now gathered, and where Jefferson Davis and Beauregard are said to be superintending in person. There are many reasons for favoring this movement, as a dislodgment of the Southern troops from that point would completely isolate the army at Harper's Ferry and would open the way up to Richmond.

It is impossible to arrive at any correct statement of the Southern troops now in the field. The amounts vary from forty-five thousand to ninety thousand and one hundred and forty-seven thousand soldiers, armed and equipped. The first estimate is probably as far below as the last is above the truth. Probably all told, and in various stages of efficiency, the Southern army will number from eighty to ninety thousand men, a force by no means to be despised, and although by no means sufficient to cope with the enormous masses of the North now in the field, and those ready at call, still enough to make a determined stand and cause the result of a general engagement to be by no means certain as to which side would gain the victory. The sure but cautious movements of General Scott prove to us, at least, that he has reliable intelligence of the strength of his opponents, and that he is determined not to risk the event of a general action until the necessary forces are in the field, and victory is assured beyond all probable peradventure.

The policy of the Southern Generals is said to be not unanimous. One is for throwing an immense force into Harper's Ferry, a second for concentrating the whole strength upon Manassas Gap, and a third for falling back upon Richmond, and there awaiting the approach of the Federal troops and defending the city to the last extremity. We dread the result of the meeting of the two armies; the conflict will be obstinate and deadly, and a vast amount of bloodshed will be the consequence, which all will sooner or later bitterly regret.

The movement of troops upon Harper's Ferry from the West, from Pennsylvania and from Washington, continues without abatement, and in sufficient force to either cage the Secession troops there or compel them to retreat. There is no action anticipated at H[illegible]'s Ferry. Warlike expeditions are in preparation all down [illegible]onroe, and a few days will bring out some decided steps in [illegible] quarter. Newport News, which has been recently seized and occupied by the Federal troops, is a strategic point of great importance, since it serves for a base of operations for advance movements both on Norfolk and Richmond the capital. The regiments sent there are doing an immense amount, they have already erected extensive breastworks and powerful stockades, and are now mounting heavy and effective guns, so that Newport News may at this time be reasonably allowed to be strong enough to repel any attack that may be made upon it.

Several of the leading New York papers are pouring out the bitterest and most vituperative invectives against the English Government for its course of conduct in the present crisis of our national affairs. The most terrible acts of retaliation are threatened against the British nation before a shadow of offence has been given. Ireland is told "this is the time to rise and shake off your oppressors;" Canada is invited to came in and take "pot luck with us;" France is advised to "go in" and avenge Waterloo. In short, every suggestion which could irritate, every expletive which could annoy, are lavishly used to heap contumely and contempt upon our great commercial rival. All this is wrong, weak and childish. It will not frighten England into friendliness, and it certainly will not conciliate her to favor the action of the North. Every reasonable man feels assured that the people of England are with the Federal Government heart and hand, and the Ministry will not dare to outrage the moral sense of the community, or set at defiance the will of the people. Enough tremendous paper pellets have been expended, "terror has been struck into Windsor Castle," so we can now afford to be reasonable and wait the course of events.

The vote in Tennessee went largely for Secession, as was expected, but there is a widely extended Union feeling, which will be more strongly developed when the Federal troops give the Tennesseeans the support of their presence.

The state of feeling in Baltimore and in other parts of Maryland is still very unsettled, and a violent demonstration is expected on the 13th inst., when the election takes place. The Government is fully prepared, and an overwhelming force, assisted by Fort McHenry, will be in readiness to control events. General Banks has replaced General Cadwallader, who leads a brigade into Virginia, and is now at Fort McHenry.

The death of Judge Douglas has created a deep and profound sensation throughout the whole country. North, East and West, all the municipal authorities recognised the melancholy intelligence by special demonstration, and public bodies passed resolutions of sorrow and sympathy. In most of the cities and towns in Illinois business was entirely suspended on the day of his funeral, and every possible token of respect was offered to the memory of the great statesman whose loss is so sincerely and deeply deplored.

The funeral of Judge Douglas took place at Chicago, Illinois, on Friday, the 7th of June. Business was generally suspended, the Board of Trade having adjourned from Thursday until Saturday. The banks, jobbing-houses and drygoods stores were all closed, and the streets at an early hour, on the line of march of the procession, were densely thronged with people, large numbers of whom arrived from the country by the morning trains. At eleven o'clock, amid the tolling of bells and the firing of minute guns, the procession moved from Bryan Hill, where, since Tuesday, Senator Douglas's remains had lain in state, through Clark and Lake streets to Michigan avenue, thence to Cottage Grove. The procession was about two miles in length, and occupied an hour in passing a given point. At a low estimate there were ten thousand persons in the procession, which was composed of the military, Governor, State officers, members of the Legislature, medical and legal professions, Masonic fraternity, Mercantile Association, Fire Department, Typographical Union, and all the benevolent societies, to do honor to the memory of the illustrious dead.

At Cottage Grove the services were conducted by Bishop Duggan, who delivered a brief but eloquent oration on the character of the deceased.

The following account of the last moments of a man so eminent in the annals of our country cannot fail to be of interest to every American reader:

LAST HOURS OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.

At about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning Bishop Duggan called at the request of friends to converse with Mr. Douglas, who was then, for the first time, perfectly rational. Mr. Douglas immediately recognized the Bishop, and expressed his gratification at the visit. Bishop Duggan soon asked,

"Mr. Douglas, have you been baptized according to the rites of any church."

Mr. Douglas replied,

"Never."

The Bishop continued: "Do you desire to have mass said after the ordinances of the holy Catholic church?" The answer was,

"No, sir; when I do I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then turned to Mr. Rhodes and said,

"Do you think he is fully possessed of his mental facilities?" Mr. Rhodes replied, "I do not know—perhaps you had better ask him again." The Bishop repeated his question, to which Mr. Douglas answered, in strong, full voice,

"You perhaps did not understand me. When I desire it, I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then remarked to Mr. Rhodes, "He is undoubtedly in his right mind, and does not desire my offices" He then withdrew.

During the day (Sunday) Mr Douglas seemed to be much better, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery; he slept most of the day, and in the evening seemed much refreshed. Mrs Douglas and Mr. Rhodes remained with him during the night. At about four o'clock on Monday morning he seemed to be much worse, and sank rapidly; his friends were sent for, and at the request of Mrs. Douglas Bishop Duggan again visited him. Soon after the Bishop entered he approached the bedside, and addressing the [illegible], said,

"Mr. Douglas, you know your own condition fully, and in view of your approaching dissolution, do you desire the ceremony of extreme unction to be performed?"

Mr. Douglas replied,

"No, I have no time to discuss those things now."

The Bishop then withdrew. After he had gone Mrs. Douglas requested Mr. Rhodes to ask her husband if he desired the ministrations of any other clergyman. Mr. Rhodes then said to Mr. Douglas:

"Do you know the clergymen of this city?" To which Mr. Douglas replied,

"Nearly every one of them."

Mr. Rhodes—"Do you wish to have either or any of them call to see you to converse upon religious subjects?"

Mr Douglas—"No, I thank you"

Soon after this, about five o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in slow and measured cadence, with considerable pause between each accent, he uttered,

"Death!—death!—death!"

After this he seemed to revive slightly, and Mr. Rhodes asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, or sister Sarah, or his boys, "Robby" and "Stevie," to which he made no reply, evidently not understanding the question. Mrs. Douglas then placed her arms around his neck and said,

"My dear, do you know cousin Dan?"

"Yes," he replied.

Mrs. Douglas continued:

"Your boys, Robby and Stevie, and your mother and sister Sarah—have you any message for them?"

The dying man replied,

"Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

At about five o'clock Dr. Miller came into the room, and, noticing the open shutters and windows, inquired,

"Why have you all these windows raised and so much light?"

"Mr. Douglas replied,

"So that we can have fresh air."

At Mr Douglas's request Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in the bed for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed, upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas,

"I am afraid he does not lie comfortable;" in reply to which Mr. Douglas said,

"He is—very comfortable."

These were his last intelligible words. From five o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few minutes before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and sobbingly asked, "Husband, do you know me? will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak, the movements of the muscles of his mouth evinced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request.

His death was calm and peaceful; a few faint breaths after nine o'clock; a slight rattling in his throat, a short, quick, convulsive shudder, and Stephen A. Douglas had passed from time into eternity.

The march on Philippi and the rout of the Secession troops there was a gallant affair, and but for the terrible roads and the want of proper guides would have proved of much greater importance. The attacking party on the Secession camp at Philippi consisted of four regiments in two divisions, one consisting of the First Virginia Regiment, part of the Sixteenth Ohio and Seventh Indiana, under the command of Colonel Kelly; the other consisting of the Ninth Indiana and Fourteenth Ohio, under Colonel Lander of Wagon Road and Potter of Pryor duel notoriety.

Colonel Kelly's division moved east by railroad to Thorntown; from thence he marched to Philippi, twenty-two miles. The Indiana regiment moved by railroad to Webster, where they were joined by the Fourteenth Ohio; from which place they pushed forward on foot to Philippi, twelve miles distant. The march of the two divisions was performed through darkness, rain and mud.

It was a terrible undertaking, but they all went bravely through it unshrinkingly, and without complaint. All night they toiled on through the darkness and storm, the soft earth yielding beneath their feet, till the gray dawn found them in the neighborhood of the enemy.

Colonel Lander reports that he arrived on the hill across the river from below Philippi, and commanding the town, before daylight. He at once prepared to open fire on the rebels at the appointed time. Four o'clock was the hour at which the attack was to be made simultaneously by both divisions.

Colonel Kelly was to attack them in the rear and cut off retreat, while Colonel Lander would assail them in front, but Colonel Kelly's division was behind the appointed hour, owing to the terrible fatigues of the forced march and being misled by guides.

When day began to dawn upon Colonel Lander's impatient forces it discovered to them the camp below in a state of commotion, evidently in great alarm and preparing for flight. The hour appointed for the fight came and passed, but still Colonel Kelly's division had not arrived.

Impatient to begin the attack, and fearful that the rascals, almost within his grasp, would escape without smelling powder, Colonel Lander ordered his artillery to begin the attack, and at a quarter past four the guns were unlimbered and dropped the first messenger of terror into the rebel camp.

Simultaneously with the roar of the first gun, Colonel Kelly, at the head of his command, came in sight across the river below the camp; and, comprehending the position of affairs, he rushed forward in the direction of the camp. Meanwhile, the battery having got range, played upon the camp with marked effect, tearing through the tents and houses at a fearful rate.

The Southern troops fled with great precipitancy, firing a random volley which did no harm. Colonel Kelly was the only sufferer, he having received what was feared to be a fatal wound. The last accounts, we are glad to say, announce his probable recovery. He was shot by an Assistant Quartermaster of the Confederate troops, named Sims, who was taken prisoner. The Secessionists left behind them fifty horses, five hundred muskets, a lot of handsome uniforms and all their camp equipage. Fifteen of their party were known to have been killed, as their bodies were afterwards found concealed in a thicket close by.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Twiggs, who surrendered his command to Texas, is in such disrepute with the Virginians that his command has been transferred to New Orleans. The New Orleans *Crescent* of the 28th May says that in future he will remain in that city.

Senator Green, of Missouri, has published a card in the St. Louis *Journal*, in which he pronounces the letter produced on the trial of Gen. Ogilvie Byron Young to be a forgery. This will place Mr. Yancey in the unpleasant position of having forged his name to aid the Secession cause. Senator Green adds: "Of Mr. Yancey, I will remark that I never saw him or corresponded with him, nor ever had any kind of intercourse with him, and could not have taken the liberty of writing to him as 'my dear friend.' From my information, I respect Mr. Yancey as a gentleman and patriot, and I do not, in this statement of facts, abate or qualify any of my views often expressed on State rights and secession, but I wish merely to vindicate myself against the vile slander."

Prince Orloff, of Russia, died in St. Petersburg on the 22d ult. He was one of Russia's most celebrated statesmen, and represented the Emperor Alexander to the Paris Congress, in 1858.

Tommy, the Japanese Idol of Gotham last year, was with Mr. Harris, our Minister in Yeddo, last March. Our correspondent says he looked as spruce as a young Fifth avenue beau.

Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, has adopted the wife and children of Jackson, the murderer of Col. Ellsworth.

The Springfield papers are full of the rivalry now existing between Mr. Bonner (*Ledger*) and Com. Vanderbilt. They are both enthusiastic in horseflesh.

The friends of T. E. Harvey, our Minister at Lisbon, and who is accused of sending telegraphic intelligence to the Secessionists, declare that it is susceptible of an explanation.

The Concert at Mrs. Mears Burkhardt's.—The principal event in the musical and fashionable world this week was the concert given in aid of the families of the New York Volunteers, at Nos. 222 and 224 Madison Avenue, corner of Thirty-eighth street, at the new residence of Mrs. Mears Burkhardt, who most generously threw open her elegant and spacious dwelling for this charitable object. The performers were all amateurs, with the exception of Mr. Perring, the accomplished tenor; but, *place aux dames*, Mrs Dalton, *née* Secor, is too well known to all lovers of music in this her native city to require particular mention here; suffice it to say her friends and admirers had no reason to feel disappointed at her efforts on this occasion. Can we pay a higher compliment to her vocal powers? Miss Foster and Miss Harris acquitted themselves with great credit. And last, but not least, we may mention Miss Annie Coles, who sang for the first time in public on Thursday last. Scarcely fifteen, endowed with rare beauty of face and form, her modesty and artlessness as she advanced to the piano impressed every one most favorably; but when her sympathetic voice was heard, combining exquisite sweetness with wonderful power, the tribute to her grace and girlish beauty was overshadowed by that paid to her great ability as a vocalist. Her rendering of an aria from the "Sicilian Vespers" was so fine that the compliment of an encore was extended to her—the only encore, by the way, of the evening—to which she responded by a *morceau* from "Traviata," which was sung with such tenderness and feeling as vividly to recall to our minds La Gazzaniga. The concert was attended by some three hundred of the *élite* of the city, two-thirds of whom were ladies in full evening dress, which lent additional brilliancy to the scene. All together we congratulate Mrs. Mears Burkhardt and the ladies who assisted her in this charitable undertaking, on the entire success of their efforts.

Mr. Schaus, of Broadway, has published a large and very accurate "Birds-eye View of the Seat of War." It is a large and beautifully executed map, which, besides showing the whole face of the country, exhibits all the principal points of interest and importance in the present state of the Southern campaign. It is a most valuable chart, and will be of infinite service to all who take an interest in tracing the lines of operation of the Federal and Secession armies in Virginia.

The Biographical Memoir of Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, published in Beadle's Dime Biographical Library, is just the work for the time. It is a clear, compact and comprehensive history of the career of the great soldier of the United States, and every American should have a copy in his house, that his children may know how to love and honor the patriot and soldier, Winfield Scott. The price is only ten cents.

Beadle's "Military Hand Book and Soldier's Manual" is a work of general information for the soldier. It contains the Articles of War, General Orders and Regulations, Pay Department, Ordnance, Rifles and their Use, Culinary and Health Departments, The Law of Prizes, Personal Hints to Volunteers, Dictionary of Military Terms, &c., &c. It is really a very valuable book, and will command a large sale at the very reasonable price of twenty-five cents.

Mowing Machines.—Among the many valuable implements for lessening the labor of the farmer, by substituting horse for hand power, the mowing machine stands prominent as one of the first importance. We take pleasure in calling the attention of our farming readers to the Buckeye Mower as a machine worthy of their notice. Trial has proved its merits, and usage its durability, and has earned for it its great reputation as the best mowing machine wherever it has been introduced. Having two independent driving wheels, it has a more steady motion and lighter draft, the weight being supported on the wheels instead of dragging on the ground, as is the case with one-wheeled mowers, and the knives continue in motion when turning either to the right or left. It has a double-jointed cutter bar, which adapts itself to all undulations

of the ground, and can be folded over into the frame by a boy, when the machine may be driven on the road as easily as a gig. When backing it is out of gear, making it very easy for the team to back. An excellent reaping attachment adapts it to the wants of those who wish to cut their grain by horse power. We would advise all of our readers who take an interest in implements of this description to see the Buckeye Mower. It is manufactured by C. Aultman & Co., at Canton, Ohio, and John P. Adriance at Poughkeepsie, New York. It can be seen at Mr. Adriance's New York warehouse, No. 165 Greenwich street.

Union Badges have become almost universal, and every one is eager to possess some symbol of loyalty and devotion to his country. We have seen a large assortment of Union symbols, manufactured by W. A. Hayward, wholesale manufacturing jeweller, of 208 Broadway, which is rich in material and tasteful in design. One is a combination of the shield, flags and eagle, and a miniature portrait of either Scott, Anderson, Butler, &c. Our readers, if they will pay Mr. Hayward a visit, will find a vast selection, and wholesale dealers can have their orders promptly supplied.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

The Ladies of New Orleans and Gen. G. T. Beauregard.

New Orleans, May 3, 1861.

General G. T. Beauregard, of the Confederate States Army:

General—The ladies of the Military Fair, held in this city, for the benefit of our volunteers, on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 29th, respectfully ask your acceptance of the accompanying sword, as a testimonial of the estimate we place upon your moral and professional fitness for the high and honorable position you fill as the military chieftain of our country's army.

We are assured that, in presenting it to you, we place it in the hands of a patriot and a General—such as the exigencies of our beloved country imperatively demand.

May victory, in the cause of the right, ever crown your efforts, and the laurel's wreath remain fresh and unfading upon your brow.

With great respect,
MRS. HARLOW J. PHELPS,
Secretary of Ladies' Military Fair.

Headquarters, Provisional Army, Confederate States,
Charleston, S. C., May 25, 1861.

Madam—I accept, with emotions of gratitude and pride, the beautiful sword presented to me, through you, by the ladies of the Military Fair, held in New Orleans on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 29th ult., for the benefit of the Louisiana Volunteers. I tender to them and to you, my warm acknowledgment for the very kind and flattering terms in which their precious gift has been conveyed. To receive the commendation of his countrymen would be the soldier's highest reward, were it not still surpassed by the approval of his countrywomen. May the victory, which is due them, as the fairest and noblest among the interests we are contending for, ever be upon the banner of the friends they bless.

I remain, with the highest regard,
Your very obedient servant,
G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

The Crops.—We don't think we ever saw the cane and corn crops looking in a finer condition than at present, and if the season continues favorable, the labor of our planters will be rewarded by a tremendous harvest. If the crops look as flourishing throughout the South as they do in this locality, it doesn't look very likely to us that Old Abe will be able to starve us into submission by blockading Southern ports.—*Bee.*

Blockading the Watering-Places.—The surmise that the watering places would be blockaded is groundless. What is there to blockade at Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, or Ocean Springs? A few oystermen comprise the extent of the marine. A dozen or two of sailing boats are scattered about. It is not known that they would be of any service to Lincoln, Seward & Co. Some alarm has been caused at the burning of the shanties on Ship Island. It was a telegraphic sensation dispatch that a great big steamer was seen in the harbor; it turned out to be a small cutter acting under orders of the commandant of Mobile harbor. "Nobody was hurt," but a good many old ladies and children were somewhat frightened.

A gentleman direct from New Orleans says, in regard to the entire commerce of the South, that it is in a most frightful condition. He says the States that will suffer most will be Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas. In regard to the latter State, he says he was in Galveston on the 15th of May. When he left there bacon was twenty-five cents per pound, and flour eighteen dollars per barrel, and a very limited supply at that. They were wholly dependent on New Orleans for means of subsistence.

The Blockade.—It was dull on the flags yesterday, not more so, however, than usual on the last day of the spring months.

The capture of the barque H. E. Spearing, Captain Rogers, from Rio, by the Brooklyn, was talked of freely. Whether she was taken in attempting to run in after being warned off has not been ascertained. However, the captors have got a tartar. The cargo of forty six hundred bags of coffee is owned by Rio, purchased on the credit of Brown, Brothers & Co. The vessel is owned in part here and the balance is owned in New England. The coffee would have paid well in our market at this time. It will be remembered that the Brazilian Minister at Washington protested against the blockade, contending that ninety days' time should be allowed for South American Governments to be notified. The blunder-headed commanders of Lincoln, Seward & Co. do not know what they are about. The week closing has been attended with favorable weather for the growing crops. The accounts of the staple are flattering.—*Crescent.*

Providing their own Cannon.—Messrs. Leeds, in New Orleans, have established one of the most extensive and complete foundries in the country for casting heavy ordnance. The *Bulletin* of that city says they are successfully casting columbiads, fieldpieces and breech-loading cannon, with hexagonal bores, something nearly similar to the Whitworth gun.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Movements of Troops.—The Charleston *Courier* of the 28th ult. says: "An almost simultaneous offer has been made from the volunteer regiments now in camp to enter the Confederate States service, and proceed at once to Virginia. Col. M. Jenkins's regiment, eleven hundred strong, which has been in camp on Sullivan's Island, drilling, for several weeks, will be mustered into service very soon by Assistant Adjutant-General D. R. Jones, and will start in a day or two. Col. Cash's fine regiment, at Florence, nearly nine hundred strong, are also ready to start for the scene of action. Col. Bacon's regiment, eight hundred strong, now encamped at Aiken, are ready for departure at a moment's notice. Col. Hampton's Legion expect to move early this week. Col. Williams's, Col. Hagood's and Col. Rion's regiments have almost unanimously volunteered and been accepted. Besides which other offers of men and means have poured in upon Gov. Pickens and Gen. Beauregard. In less than ten days those noble regiments will be on the march for the Old Dominion."

TENNESSEE.—The Memphis *Appeal* of the 4th inst. contains the following: "We learn that the Mayor is about to raise a company of men for the protection of the city, to be called the Chickasaw Pikemen. For this company sixty-four formidable Irish pikes have been already made. They are ten feet in length; at the butt there is a spike; the pike resembles a bayonet in size and appearance, and at the point where it joins the staff a hooked blade projects. The pike will cut with a thrust, the hook with a pull. On the approach of cavalry the butts are set on the ground and the pikes presented to the enemy."

Rumors from Memphis.—The Memphis *Bulletin* of May 30 contains the following items:

"A gentleman, who came from Montgomery yesterday morning, reports that he passed about 5,000 troops *en route* for Union city. This looks as if Cairo was to be taken, or an invasion was expected. Yesterday there were 2,500 troops there and 10,000 more expected.

"Gen. Beauregard, we understand, reached this city yesterday afternoon. His presence here indicates important movements looking to the defense of the Mississippi valley.

"Messrs. Quimby & Robinson, of this city, are engaged in making six brass cannon for a company of artillery in Mississippi, commanded by Capt. Burns. They successfully cast one yesterday, and it is said to be of the very best quality.

"The late flood in White River destroyed the new levee, extending from the highlands below Augusta to Peach Orchard Bluff, some thirteen miles. The levee cost the State about $100,000, and was pronounced one of the best jobs in the State. What is singular is that the river was not up to the extreme high water mark."

The last account reports that there are no troops and no batteries in Memphis, except an inconsiderable "Home Guard." A single cannon is mounted on the bluff for the purpose of stopping boats. The defence of the city is trusted wholly to Forts Wright and Randolph, some distance above, on the left bank of the Mississippi, and to a force of about 4,000 men at Union City, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, a mile or two south of the Kentucky line. The entire force available for repelling an advance from Cairo is stated as follows, and is, doubtless, greatly exaggerated.

	No. men.
At Jackson, Tenn.	8,000
At Union City, Tenn.	4,000
At Germantown, Tenn.	3,500
At Forts Wright and Randolph	2,500
At Corinth, Miss.	8,000
At Camp Rector, Ark.	2,000
Total	27,000

The only encampments geographically north of Memphis are those at Union City, Camp Rector, and the two fortifications on the river. The Jackson encampment, under command of Gen. Pillow, is about sixty miles north east of Memphis, on the Mississippi Central and Tennessee Railroad. The Corinth encampment is ninety-four miles south-west of Memphis, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, in the north-west corner of Mississippi. Gen. Beauregard had not been in Memphis when our informant left, but he had been at both Corinth and Jackson, and it was the general expectation that he would assume the command in Tennessee. Gen. Pillow was altogether played out. It adds that the blockade has prostrated business, and no one dreams of attacking Col. Prentiss in Cairo—but they tremble at the idea of his attacking them. Gen. Pillow is fast losing his authority, as his drunkenness increases every day. The price of provisions is terrible.

VIRGINIA, Petersburg, May 25.—I met ——— this morning. He informed me he was the military instructor of forty ladies, whose captain would be Josephine Swan. The women of Petersburg are resolved to fight.—*Mobile Advertiser.*

A Heroic Woman.—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Convention Hall, to aid those Marylanders who had left their homes to aid in fighting our battles, and who are now at Harper's Ferry without the bare necessaries of the soldier's camp.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of Capt. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland, and daughter of Judge Sanders of this city, was present, having encountered the dangers and fatigues of travel from Harper's Ferry, where she left her husband and his comrades, for her native State, to solicit aid.

Eloquent speeches were made on the occasion by Gov. Reid, Hon. Kenneth Raynes, Hon. T. L. Clingman, Hon. J. W. Osborne and Mr. Woodfin. At the conclusion of Mr. Woodfin's speech, he proposed that a committee of five be appointed to wait on those present and collect their subscriptions. Adopted.

The committee collected some $500, together with many names for large donations.

Mrs. Johnson will leave in the morning, having succeeded entirely in her noble mission, besides five hundred rifles, which the Governor has tendered to the husband of Mrs. Johnson and the men under his command.—*Richmond Examiner.*

Norfolk.—The Merrimac has been raised by the insurgents, and will be commissioned. If so, it is the only effect of ship they have got. On the 6th, the Confederate authorities sent the West Point, one of their steamers, under a flag of truce, to Fortress Monroe, with several loyal families. One of the ladies informed Gen. Butler that there were about 12,000 rebel troops there. Along the entire river from the city to Sewall's Point both sides are dotted with batteries, and no fear was anticipated from a sea invasion. The Norfolk and Petersburg and Weldon Railroads are heavily guarded by the Confederate troops. Reinforcements and provisions arrive daily, and on Monday last there arrived from the South two monster Columbiads intended for the battery at Sewall's Point. The rebels have now at this point three rifled cannon of long range. At Craney Island they have thirty eight cannon of heavy calibre, and thirteen Columbiads mounted. The Secessionists have also erected a battery a short distance up the James river, at the mouth of a small stream. It is the intention of the enemy to fortify the shore at points where the Federal forces may make a lodgment, fearing it may be Gen. Butler's intention to land a force on that side of James river, with the view of holding on to a point that will command the rear of Norfolk and cut off their railway connection with the South and Richmond.

Hampton.—There was a skirmish on Friday night, the 7th June. The pickets were driven in, when Gen. Butler ordered out Col. Duryea's Zouaves, who pursued the rebels. One hundred muskets were captured by our troops. The enemy fled, after firing a few shots, which did no damage.

GEORGIA, Liberal Contributions.—The Milledgeville *Federal Union* says Miss Henrietta Kenno, of that city, has waited on Gov. Brown, and in the name of herself and mother tendered to him, for the use of the State in conducting the war, all their silver plate of every description and their jewellery, including diamond rings, watches, &c., amounting to a very handsome sum in value.

Jeff. Davis's War Horse.—The Augusta *Constitutionalist* of the 30th ult. says: "President Davis's war horse passed through this city last night on his way to Richmond, Va. Accompanying the animal was the President's saddle, on the horn of which is a compass, to be used in case the rider should lose his way."

OUR CAMPS AND STRONGHOLDS.

Chambersburg.—There were on the 5th of June fifteen regiments stationed here, and the number was to be increased from 25,000 to 30,000 men. It is under the chief command of General Patterson. Capt. Doubleday, of Sumpter Fort fame, is to have command of the artillery. The Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, is one of General Patterson's staff. A most beautiful and retired building, conveniently located, known as Fusaldie Female Seminary, has been turned into headquarters for General Patterson. General William H. Keim has also taken a private residence on Queen street. Brigadier-General E. C. Williams and many of the regimental colonels are very comfortably fixed at the Franklin Hotel. Our streets are alive with army wagons attached to the Commissariat, and constantly engaged hauling from the railroad depot out to the different camps supplies and baggage of the troops. The Virginians have burned another bridge at Opequan station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, two miles below Martinsburg.

Newport News.—Since our last Hawkins's Zouaves have arrived, and other regiments are on their way. It is intended to form a camp of about 15,000 men at this point. It is about seven miles from Fortress Monroe and eighteen from Yorktown.

Trenton.—The three new regiments called for from this State are now encamped at Camp Olden, three miles from this city, awaiting proper arms and equipments prior to moving to the seat of hostilities. The clothing will be furnished next week. The Government has contracted for the alteration into the most approved manner of three thousand flint lock muskets, to render them efficient. It is the desire of the department here that the troops shall not leave until they are fully prepared with everything necessary. Additional ground for another camp has been selected, which will give a better opportunity for regimental drills. The troops are being drilled many hours each day, and are becoming pleased with camp life, and are in good health. Captain Herman, of the Hudson Rifles, and almost all his command have returned to Hoboken, in consequence of the shameful treatment they received in Trenton. They were obliged to sleep in the streets and on steps, and, after being kept without rations for two days, the meat given to them was putrid. Many are ill through privation and indignation.

Fortress Monroe.—Our illustrations of this famous stronghold in No. 281, and in our last paper, have given our readers so admirable an idea of its position and appearance that any further description is needless. Its water battery is capable of sinking any hostile fleet. Along the beach it commands a range of miles, where the columbiads and rifled cannon would soon prevent any approach in that direction. It will be impossible for assailants to set the garrison buildings on fire; and if they should do so, the area is so great their burning would not smoke out the combatants. The casemates are so large and well ventilated that they will allow the most constant firing without danger of suffocation. Captain Phillips, of the James Adger, who arrived from Fortress Monroe on the 7th of June, thus reports: The Troy Regiment are still stationed at Hampton, in full view of the fortress. Colonel Allen's regiment is a little below them, while Colonel Duryea's Advance Guard was stationed some two miles still further. As for the last named regiment, while in conversation on Wednesday evening with one of the officers, he stated that they were to start the next day for Yorktown, thence to Norfolk, and from there direct to Richmond. He says: "The Secessionists aver that they are not afraid of the Troy, Albany, Colonel Allen's or the Vermont Regiment, but they would rather keep clear of the 'red-legged devils,' as they call Duryea's Zouave Regiment." This same officer remarked that one day he took about two hundred and fifty of his regiment to capture a party of Secessionists, numbering over nine hundred men, and armed with cannon. Upon approaching them, they (the Secession soldiers) retreated in great haste.

Cairo.—The map and illustrations in our last issue have made this most important point palpable to all, while our portrait and biography of the heroic Prentiss cannot fail to have given our readers a personal interest in that glorious soldier. Our accounts are up to the 7th, from which it would seem that the Tennesseeans, under the command of General Pillow, were about to make an attack upon Cairo, for which Colonel Prentiss is prepared. On the 6th that vigilant officer, having heard that a camp of Kentucky Secessionists had been formed at Elliott's Mills, Ky., about ten miles from Cairo, sent two companies to dislodge them. The Secessionists, of course, fled without fighting. We append a list of the troops within twenty-four hours of Cairo:

Camp at Cairo and Village Ridge	6,000
The Congressional Districts Encampments in the State	8,3 0
The Arsenal at St. Louis, under General Lyon	5,875
St. Louis, at the Six Regimental Headquarters	6,390
Three regiments in Iowa	2, 66
Three regiments in Wisconsin	2,845
Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis (infantry)	1,150
Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis (cavalry)	445
Indiana troops now under arms	5,000
Total within twenty-four hours of Cairo	38,811

Of these about 800 are cavalry, 17,0 0 rifles, 35 heavy cannons, with 1,500 artillerymen, and the rest infantry. These figures do not vary materially from the actual facts.

Camp Corcoran.—The works beyond Arlington House, near Arover's Place, opposite Georgetown, are being rapidly and effectually strengthened by the United States forces there. Thirty-six guns have been mounted on the embankment. The troops are in expectation of an attack upon their line by the Confederates from Manassas Junction very shortly. Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, with a detachment of one hundred men, proceeded on the 7th June to Ball's Corner, five miles out, where he arrested a party of five Secessionists, one wearing the uniform of a Secession Sergeant; one, named Richard Motich, an employee at the Capitol as watchman, and one named Ball, a rich farmer, on whom was found a muster roll of a rebel company, and in whose house were found arms, bedding and cooking utensils for a company of at least fifty men. Nine hundred dollars in gold were also found, but returned by the mistaken generosity of the sergeant to Ball's wife, without the Colonel's knowledge until after their return to the camp. Three fine horses were also seized. The papers captured are oddly mixed—Breckinridge electoral tickets, Secession speeches, vouchers for Government money, and obscene books form the staple. The prisoners are now in Fort Corcoran.

THE BLOCKADE.

The Federal Government is drawing the blockade tighter every day. The United States steam sloop of war Brooklyn is now engaged in enforcing a strict blockade of the mouths of the Mississippi, and we hear very little more of prizes captured by privateers out of that port. The *Picayune*, of the 4th inst., states that the Brooklyn had ordered away several vessels, and had made a prize of one, the brig Creole, which had been sent North in charge of a prize crew. The various foreign consuls had paid a visit to the Brooklyn, and had an interview with Capt. Poore, her commander, respecting the blockade. It is not stated whether all the vessels on the bar at the time the fifteen days' notice was given had succeeded in getting away. Capt. Poore had made a full survey of the river and sounded it in every direction, a proceeding which indicates his intention to remain at that post for some time.

From the New Orleans *Delta*, of May 31, we glean the following items of interest:

"The Brooklyn, Capt. Poore, entered the river, day before yesterday, and sent out a number of boats, strongly manned with armed men, to board the ships lying on the bar, to acquaint them of the terms of the blockade. After some discussion it was agreed that the ships on the bar should have fourteen days to go out. Whether they may be able to get off in that time is very doubtful. Poore also made a full survey and soundings of the river, and intimated his purpose to bring the Brooklyn up as far as the Passes, and there anchor her. At present she is lying about a mile outside."

WAR ITEMS.

United States Forces in and about Washington, June 4.

New York State Militia.—Second Regiment, Col. Tompkins, 950 men, Washington side. Fifth Regiment, Col. Schwarzwaelder, 1,100 men, Arlington Heights. Eighth Regiment, Col. Lyons, 964 men; Arlington Heights. Ninth Regiment, Col. Stiles, 1,100 men; Washington side. Twelfth Regiment, Col. Butterfield, 1,550 men; Washington side. Fourteenth Regiment, Col. Wood, 960 men; Washington side. Twenty-Fifth Regiment, Col. Bryan, 800 men; Arlington Heights. Twenty-eighth Regiment, Col. Bennett, 650 men, Arlington Heights. Sixty-ninth Regiment, Col. Corcoran (Irish), 1,563 men, Arlington Heights. Seventy-first Regiment, Col. Martin, 1,100 men, Washington side. Seventy-ninth Regiment, Col. Elliott (Scotch), 836 men; Washington side.

Eighth Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, Col. Blenker (German), 1,000 men, Washington side. Eleventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, Col. Ellsworth (Zouave), 1,057 men, Alexandria. Twelfth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, Col. Quimby, 770 men, Washington. Thirteenth Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, Col. Warrath, 780 men, Washington. New York Garibaldi Guard, Col. D'Utassy, 1,050 men; Washington.

Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, Col. Lawrence, 925 men; Alexandria.

First Maine Regiment, Col. Jackson, 850 men, Washington. Second Maine Regiment, Col. Jameson, 800 men; Washington.

First New Hampshire Regiment, Col. Tappan, 750 men, Washington.

First Connecticut Regiment, Col. Terry, 800 men; near Alexandria. Second Connecticut Regiment, Col. Tyler, 780 men; Washington. Third Connecticut Regiment, (late) Col. Arnold, 780 men; Washington.

Sprague's Rhode Island Regiment, Col. Burnside, 1,300 men, Washington.

Four New Jersey Regiments, Brigadier-General Runyan; 2,700 men; first intrenchments.

First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Patterson, 100 men; road to Arlington Heights. Fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Hartranft, 780 men, Washington. Fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. McDowell, 1,014 men; Alexandria.

First Ohio Regiment, Col. McCook, 1,000 men; Washington. Second Ohio Regiment, Col. Wilson, 1,000 men; Washington.

First Michigan Regiment, Col. Wilcox, 780 men, Alexandria.

Five Batteries U. S. Artillery, 400 men; Washington and Virginia. U. S. Cavalry, 600 men; Washington and Virginia. U. S. Infantry, 2,000 men; Washington and Virginia.

Total, 34,015.

Of these there were, June 4,

Encamped and quartered in Washington and Georgetown	20,866
Encamped and quartered across the river	13,149
Total	34,015

So far as the safety of the capital is concerned, we may add to the above list about 9,000 volunteers and militia, regularly enrolled and partially drilled, but not required to go out of the district or to serve otherwise than for its defence. At the Relay House are stationed the Sixth and Eighth Massachusetts Regiments (formerly in Washington), together with the Boston Light Artillery—in all about 1,730 men.

Force of the Southern Army.

The Richmond correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* thus figures up the disposable forces of the Secessionists in Virginia:

Manassas Junction	8,000
Fredericksburg	4,300
Aquia Creek	700
Norfolk and its neighborhood	12,000
Yorktown	3,200
Williamsburg	2,100
Harper's Ferry	14,000
Grafton	several thousand*
Culpepper Court House	4,000
Total	48,300

* ot one man—all fled.

DIGGING ENTRENCHMENTS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF ALEXANDRIA, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA.

Our sketch represents the gallant volunteers of Michigan and the Fire Zouaves at work on a breastwork on the outskirts of Alexandria, in Fairfax county, Virginia, about a mile in advance of the town. These fortifications will effectually prevent a surprise, should any unforeseen reverse attend the Federal army. A gentleman who has just returned states that the volunteers are in the highest possible spirits, and perfectly satisfied with their rations, which occasionally includes poultry fit for the table of the F. F. V.'s.

CAMP CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

The gallant Sixty-ninth, New York State Militia now encamped on Arlington Heights, have been doing soldier's duty with a readiness and hardihood worthy of all praise. They have worked unremittingly, and with such success that their position is of immense strength; the breastworks thrown up by them are pronounced by military authorities to be perfect and admirable in every respect. Their camp, which is a model for soldierly neatness and completeness, is appropriately called Corcoran, in compliment to their Colonel, who is both trusted and beloved.

The Sixty-ninth have won the praise of all for their soldierly qualities, their alacrity and endurance, and for their admirable behavior as orderly and conscientious citizens. When they are found on the field of battle we shall hear of them as heroes.

THE HARRIET LANE ENGAGING A BATTERY

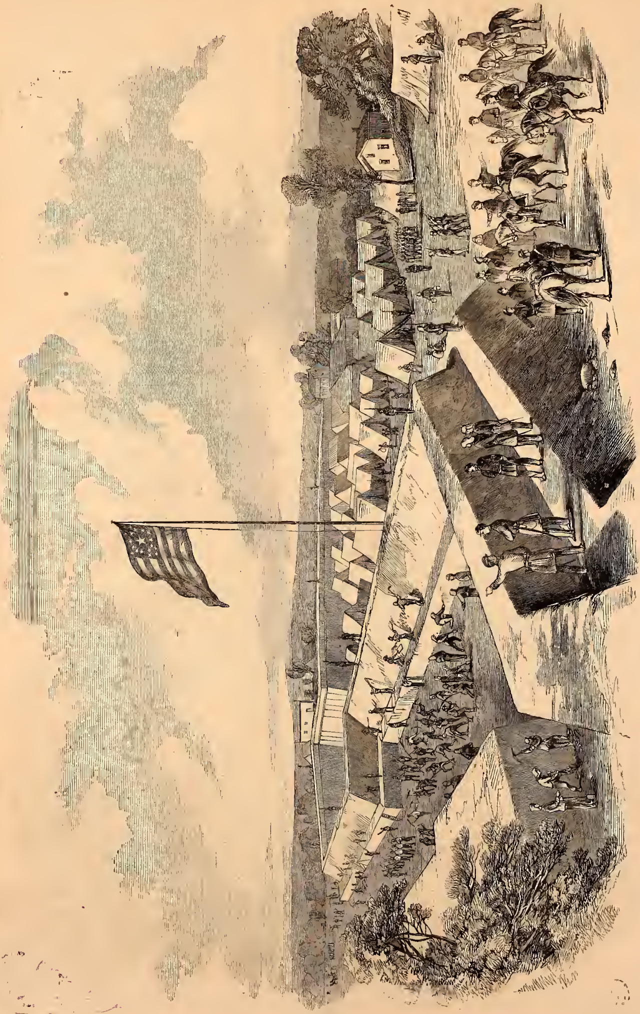
At Pig's Point on the Nansemond River.

The Harriet Lane had a smart action on Wednesday, the 5th inst., near Newport News, with a battery of seven guns, erected by the Secessionists on Pig's Point, where the Nansemond enters the James River. The engagement lasted nearly an hour, beginning at thirty-five minutes past eight A. M. The firing was quite brisk, the Harriet Lane firing some thirty shots, and the Confederates over fifty. The Harriet Lane received one round shot forward, near her long thirty-two pounder. It struck the shot tub, making a great scatteration of splinters and shot, and wounding five of the men, three of them severely, and passing entirely through the vessel. Another round shot passed through the fore rigging, and grazing the foremast, went out through the starboard bulwarks. The battery guns were well served, and had their range been more perfect they would have hulled the Harriet Lane every time. As it was, the armament of the United States revenue cutter was not heavy enough to silence the guns of the Confederate battery.

Foreign News.

The Adriatic brings us European intelligence to the 5th June of a very important character. Both England and France have invited our Federal Government to subscribe to the Paris Convention, which declared privateering to be piracy. Lord John Russell announced this in the House of Commons, and also that the English Government had resolved to close all British ports to privateers, thus putting an end to the Southern hopes in that direction. The general tone of the British press is much more friendly to the North than it was, as they begin to see the real bearings of the case. Mr. Gregory, member from Galway, and a personal friend of Jefferson Davis, gave notice that on the 7th June he should move, in the House of Commons, the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. There had been a meeting of loyal Americans in Paris, in which our Minister to Russia, Cassius M. Clay, had made a singularly foolish speech, which had afforded the London *Times* an excellent opportunity of sneering at American statesmen. Mr. Dayton and Mr. Fremont also made speeches, which were distinguished by admirable sense and ability. The entire of Europe sympathises with the Northern States.

Camphor, it is said, has been recently discovered to be an antidote to that terrible poison, strychnine.



CAMP CORCORAN, ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH, N. Y. S. M., DIGGING TRENCHES AND ERECTING BREASTWORKS—COMPANY INSPECTION BY SUPERIOR OFFICERS—GEORGETOWN IN THE DISTANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 67.

operations in both the hostile camps, he was enabled to make himself personally familiar with all the details, and every possible aspect of modern warfare on a gigantic scale. His report to the Government of the results of his observations forms one of our most reliable and interesting works. For several years past he has been actively engaged in superintending extensive railroad operations in the Western States, to which pursuit he exceptionally devoted himself after his resignation. He is the translator and compiler of the "Manual of Bayonet Exercise for the United States Army."

SEARCHING FARMERS' WAGONS FOR CONTRABAND GOODS.

The search for contraband goods at all the out posts and military stations is rigid and severe looking to allowing to pass into the enemy's coun try such contraband of war, such as munitions provisions, &c. Our Artist sketched an exciting episode on the Frederick road, Maryland, where the United States Volunteers make a thorough investigation of a large country wagon, in spite of the energetic protestations of the driver. The business was done in the most perfect good humor, and the man finding that no violence was intended, at length allowed every facility for the search, which, however, resulted in no warlike spoils.

GENERAL PRENTISS'S STAFF, AT CAIRO, ILL.

Major S. D. Baldwin

Has held commissions ranging to Colonel in the frontier regular service and the Eastern Militia. Connecticut. He it was who was next with the detachment from Chicago to this post (Cairo), to bring down "the forlorn hope." Thence did with such success as the world already knows. He has since taken rank on the General's staff as Brigade Inspector.

Captain William Hemstreet, Aide-de-Camp,

A young man, is a resident of Chicago, but recently from New York, where he was engaged as stenographic reporter, the experience of which craft has naturally qualified him for the arduous duties of Brigade Secretary. His military experience has been acquired in the Eastern schools, and upon one minute's notice from Brigadier-General Swift, who first occupied Cairo, he took the field already a soldier. His reporting and military qualifications have rendered his services indispensable, and he was immediately transferred to General Prentiss's staff.

Henry Binmore,

Military Secretary to the General, is known throughout the United States as a stenographer. In 1846 he came to the United States from France, where he was employed during the Revolution of 1848, and from Italy, where he was a party to the Papal exodus into Gaeta. At New York he was constantly in employ as a stenographer until he left for Nicaragua, where he attended in Walker's wake during the first campaign. Subsequently he went West, being appointed official reporter of the House of Representatives of Missouri in 1855. In this capacity he served two sessions. Shortly after he went to Kansas, and started through the troubles there. Thence to Utah in advance of Colonel Sumner's colonna. Ten days after his arrival at Salt Lake City he was on his road for the States, where he met Senator Douglas at Michigan City, and during the heated campaign of 1858 acted as one of the two of his private secretaries. In January, 1859, he was appointed official reporter of the House of Representatives of Illinois, and in 1861 this post was continued to him by a unanimous vote.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

MAP OF NORFOLK AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The strong force gathered in the vicinity of Norfolk, by both the Federal authorities and the Secessionists, gives a remarkable interest to it, and we therefore give a correct map, that the public may better realise our limited views. It is said that there are twelve thousand Secession troops now at Norfolk, and that there are two hundred and seventy pieces of cannon all ready placed. The great probability that an attack will be made upon this naval station by the Government forces throws a peculiar interest around it.

PLAN OF FORTRESS MONROE.

In No. 276 of our Illustrated Paper we gave two splendid pictures of Fortress Monroe, a strong hold for ever historical. We also, in our last number, published a sketch of it, showing the position of Sewall's Point and other places of interest. The diagram we now publish of the fortress itself will enable all to understand the shape and capabilities of resistance, saying nothing of the deep interest attached to a place whose so many thousands of our fellow-citizens are stationed to uphold the Union.

ACTION BETWEEN THE PAWNEE AND FLOTILLA

And the Battery at Aquia Creek, June 1.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of June the flotilla got under way, the Pawnee, commanded by Commander Ward, accompanying the steamer Anacosta Creek, the expedition being the Anacosta's first further down the Yankee was moving down the river, but she turned back.

At half-past eleven stood close in shore, rounded with the land all the time, till the Freeborn approached within two thousand yards, when she opened fire. Captain Wood, as Commodore-in-Chief, taking the post of honor and of danger. The fire from the Freeborn was followed by shots from the Pawnee, which was opportunely passed down from Alexandria just in the nick of time, forestalling Captain Ward in his despatches to the Navy Department to send her down.

The enemy opened soon after the Freeborn and the Pawnee commenced their fire, with rifled cannon, which were evidently removed from the upper battery to the lower during the night.

There was no firing from the battery on the hill, because the guns were removed from there. The Pawnee's guns were nine inch bore, and her shot and shell were thrown with great precision and deadly effect.

Shortly after the fire opened, the passenger depot at the end of the wharf was seen in flames. But whether it was set on fire by the enemy, as the supposition is that the flotilla had a force to land, or by shells from the Freeborn or Pawnee, is not known.

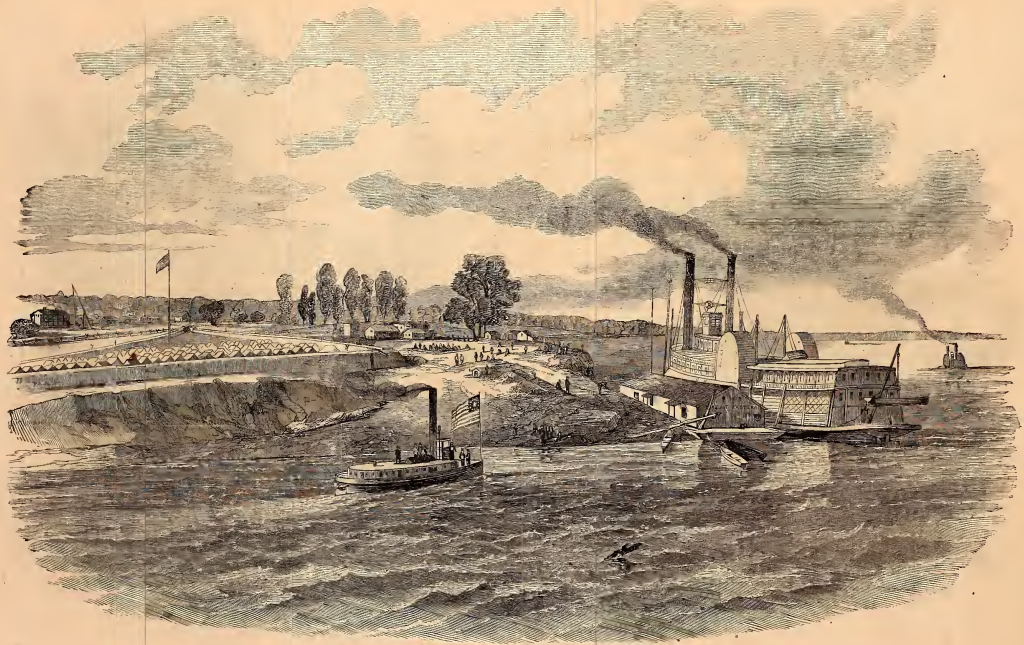
The fire from the Freeborn and Pawnee was so accurate and so deadly that not a man at the wharf dared stop in to extinguish it.

The Anacosta did good service with her long thirty-two pounder, worked by a detachment of the Seventy-first New York Regiment, under the command of Lieut. T. B. Prendergast. Several of her shots were seen to strike the battery.

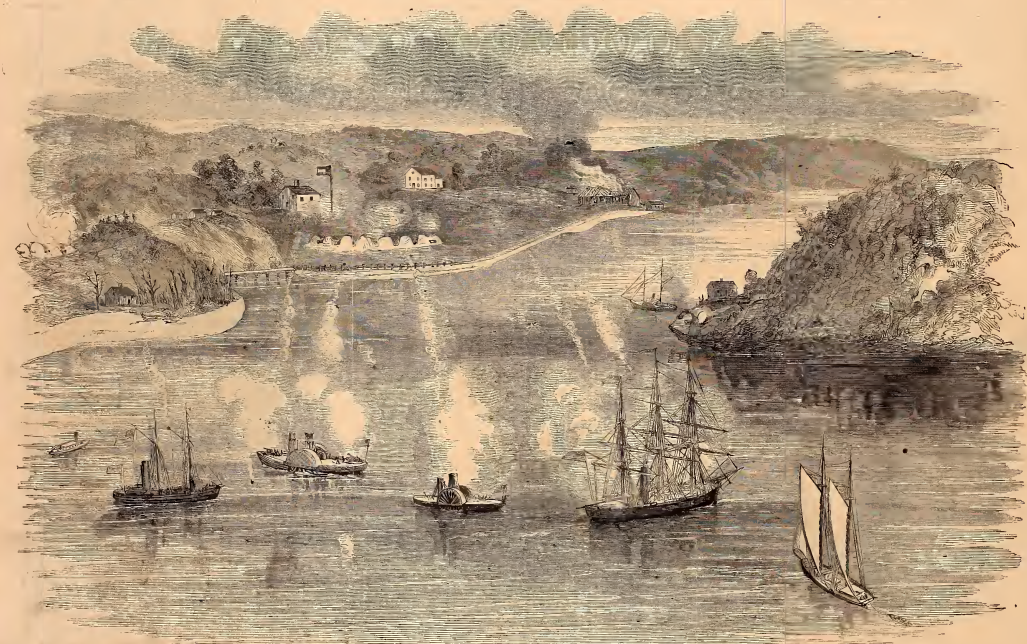
After one hour's firing, the Freeborn stood in within seventeen hundred yards of the shore, when shot and shell from the Freeborn and Pawnee poured in as thick as hops. The enemy returned the fire as briskly. But no deadly was the fire from the flotilla, that the enemy was at last silenced, with the exception of a single gun, which replied at intervals for about half an hour.

(Continued on page 74.)

PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS SEARCHING WAGONS FOR CONTRABAND GOODS, ON THE FREDERICK ROAD, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



OCCUPATION OF BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, OPPOSITE CAIRO, ILL., BY COLONEL SHUTTNER'S MISSOURI REGIMENT OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74



THE ATTACK ON THE SECESSION BATTERIES AT AQUIA CREEK, POTOMAC RIVER, BY THE U. S. VESSELS PAWNEE, LIVE YANKEE, FREEBORN, ANACOSTA AND LIONESS, JUNE 1, 1861.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.—PAGE 371.

(Continued from page 71.)

Every shot and shell from the Freeborn went into the freight and passenger depot and the battery, and men were seen carrying out bodies of apparently dead and wounded, and laying them under the shade of trees and covering them up.

At another time the rebels were seen running from the batteries at the top of their speed.

The fire was incessant for five hours, during which the Freeborn fired two hundred and sixty rounds, of which only sixty were shells. The Pawnee fired three hundred and fifty rounds. The Yankee only fired three or four shots, and then left on her mission. The Anacosta fired not many more. The Pawnee was farther out than the Freeborn, which really bore the brunt of the battle.

NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.

This spot, which will hereafter be famous as the site of Camp Butler, is the post village of Warwick county, Virginia, and is about ten miles from Fortress Monroe, eighteen miles from York-

CAPTAIN W. HEMSTREET, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GEN. PRENTISS, CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—PHOT. BY D. FORD, CAIRO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 71.

town, and forty miles from Jamestown. It is situated on the James River, nearly opposite the mouth of Nansemond River, the entrance of which is protected by a battery called Pig's Point, recently bombarded by the Harriet Lane, an illustration of which will be found in another part of our paper. It is the intention of General Butler to concentrate a large force in this encampment, for the purpose—so it is said—of occupying Yorktown, preparatory to co-operating with the invading divisions destined to march upon Richmond

At present there are about six thousand men in camp, consisting of the First Vermont, Colonel Phelps; Third Massachusetts, Colonel Richards, and the New York Fourth (Scott Life Guard); Seventh, Colonel J. E. Bendix's (German), and Ninth, Colonel Hawkins's (Zouaves) regiments. The Hawkins Zouaves arrived on Saturday morning, and came from Fortress Monroe on the steamer George Peabody. The troops are now fortifying this part, and it will soon be capable of withstanding any attack that may be made upon it. The camp is under the command of Colonel Phelps.

The Camp at Newport News.

The camp at Newport News is well arranged, every care having been taken for securing the comfort and accommodation of the men. Our illustration represents the quarters of the Vermont regiment.

Camp Butler, Newport News.

A formidable defensive work is being erected by the Fourth Massachusetts regiment at Newport News. It is situated at Camp Butler, and consists of an extensive and important breastwork. The labor necessary to its formation is very hard, but it is cheerfully borne by the gallant boys of the Fourth Massachusetts regiment.

Erecting Stockades at Newport News.

It is the intention of General Butler to strengthen the position of Newport News to the utmost extent afforded by the locality. The troops there, in addition to other formidable works, are erecting strong and effective stockades, which would be hard to carry, defended as they will be by the hardy and gallant sons of the North. Our illustration shows one of the stockaded positions already nearly completed.

Shipment of Columbiads at Fortress Monroe.

Our illustration shows the method of shipping the heavy Columbiads on board a schooner, intended for the defence of the entrenched position at Newport News. The greatest activity has been observed at Fortress Monroe during the few past days, and the great guns have been forwarded to their destination with the least possible delay.

OCCUPATION OF BIRD'S POINT, MO.,

By Colonel Shuttner's Regiment of Missouri United State Volunteers.

Bird's Point is nearly opposite the city of Cairo, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River, and, since the occupation of the latter place by the Illinois Volunteers, has become, in a military view, a point of some importance. It consists of scarcely half a dozen unpretending houses and a wharf boat, which latter is the principal feature of the town, inasmuch as it supports upon its floating bottom the chief store, grocery and commission-house of the town. It was thought, and seemingly with much reason, that the occupation of this place by the rebel forces from the South Western States would have been an immediate sequence of the occupation of Cairo by Government troops; and although such a purpose was entertained, yet the chance for its peaceful attainment no longer exists, from the fact that Colonel Shuttner's Regiment of Missouri United States Volunteers are now encamped here.

Standing upon even as low a situation as the deck of the wharf-boat, the housetops and spires within the Cairo levee are plainly visible, and within easy range of a battery at Bird's Point; and although the latter place is situated on low bottom land and subject to frequent overflows, yet the still lower situation of Cairo is so palpable that, to a spectator at Bird's Point, it seems as if the great rivers which here mix their waters had been displaced from their beds to make room for the houses, which are hugged within the huge embrace of the levee. The river here is very wide, and, but for the murky

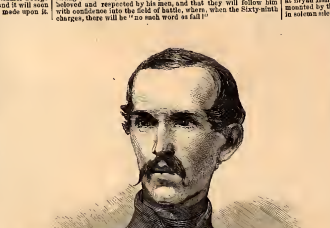
MAJOR S. D. BALDWIN, ON THE STAFF OF GEN. PRENTISS, CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—PHOT. BY D. FORD, CAIRO, ILL. SEE PAGE 71.

turbulence of its water, and the steady, onward motion of the current, would give one an idea of an arm of the sea.

The effect of the occupation of this place by Colonel Shuttner's command will be not only to strengthen the river blockade, but will throw an obstacle in the way of avoiding the blockade by landing freights destined for Southern ports at a point above Cairo, and transporting them by land through Missouri to a point below for re-shipment, which trick has been played upon at least one occasion.

COLONEL CORCORAN.

This energetic and fearless soldier, who at the first call of duty put himself at the head of his regiment, the gallant and famous Sixty-ninth, the pet of our Irish citizens, and rushed to defend the Federal capital, promises to make his mark on the military history of America. Our space will not permit us to give any account of his career, beyond the fact that his refusal to turn out with his regiment at the reception of the Prince of Wales showed the sturdy independence of his mind. The tedious Court Martial he subsequently underwent for his conduct is too recent to need any comment, and it is certainly to his credit that his only recollection of that annoying formula has been to quicken him in his devotion to our great Republic. Having recorded and illustrated in our previous number the career of the Sixty-ninth in Washington and on Arlington Heights, we have only to add that Colonel Corcoran is beloved and respected by his men, and that they will follow him with confidence into the field of battle, where, when the Sixty-ninth charges, there will be "no such word as fail!"



COL. CORCORAN, OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT OF N. Y. S. M.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'LEES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MOUNT PLEASANT, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS,

Now Fortified by the Federal Army.

The Federal troops having taken possession of Arlington Heights in force, have used every exertion to render the important position impregnable. Trenches have been dug and breastworks thrown up all along the face of the heights. All that the best military skill could suggest to strengthen the position has been done, and the whole line of defences on Arlington Heights may be said to be complete and capable of being held against any attacking force. The Federal forces at Arlington Heights are the Fifth regiment, Colonel Schwarzwaelder; the Eighth regiment, Colonel Lyons; the Twenty-fifth regiment, Colonel Bryan; the Twenty-eighth regiment, Colonel Bennett; and the Sixty-ninth regiment, Colonel Corcoran.

Our view includes Mount Pleasant on Arlington Heights, the Alexandria and Georgetown canal, the breastwork and camp, and distant view of the city of Washington.

HENRY BINMORE, MILITARY SECRETARY TO GEN. PRENTISS, CAIRO, ILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. FORD, CAIRO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 71.

THE BODY OF JUDGE DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE

At Bryan Hall, Chicago, Illinois.

The remains of Mr. Douglas were removed from the Fremont House at one o'clock, Tuesday afternoon, June 4th, under escort of the Chicago Light Guard, Sturgis Rifles and Scammon Light Infantry, the Committees of Citizens, of the Common Council, and Committees of the different Civic Associations. The processions were under the charge of Howard Priestly, Esq., Assistant Marshal. Upon arriving at Bryan Hall the remains were placed upon a pedestal, guard was mounted by the Chicago Light Guard, and the citizens commenced, in solemn silence, paying their last respects to the illustrious dead.

Under the direction of the Committee of Thirty, Bryan Hall had been most tastefully arranged and decorated. The pedestal for the reception of the coffin was dressed in black, ornamented with thirty-four stars, and placed under a canopy of black crape, trimmed with white, and relieved with a gilt border, the whole surmounted by an eagle. From the talons of the eagle the flag of the Union fell gracefully to the four columns supporting the canopy. At the foot of the coffin stood a broken column, at its head a vase of beautifully variegated flowers. The gallery itself was decorated with American flags. Around the middle of the stage were four large American flags looped in festoons with crape, in the centre of which hung a portrait of Judge Douglas, painted by Healy some fifteen years since. The front of the stage was beautifully ornamented with pots of living flowers from the Cemetery nursery.

ERLE GOWER;
OR, THE
SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Kingswood was, as we have seen, snatched from the very brink of shame and ruin by the sudden appearance of the seeming apparition of Lady Maud. At the very moment that her bosom was glowing with the rancorous pangs of a fierce jealousy, at the very moment that she was permitting the baser instincts of her nature to triumph over the most vital considerations of honor, truth, dignity—the very life and purity of her good name—as if by divine interposition, Lady Maud, pale, sad and *spirituelle*, stood before her, unconscious of the terrible nature of the interview she was interrupting, but yet a warning and a guardian angel.

Lady Kingswood instantly recognised the nature of this extraordinary interposition. Her suffocating agony, her burning cheeks and brow, her cowering, tottering form as she followed Lady Maud, clutching at her garment, not daring to awaken her, yet far less daring to permit her to quit the gallery without her, were strong testimonies of her sense of how deeply she had suffered her suspicions of her husband's truthfulness to commit her.

She passed her time with Lady Maud, her days in her society, her nights in her room. She would not see Lord Kingswood, would not receive a communication from him nor send one. At first, she refused to have an interview with her son Cyril, and when he accompanied her and Lady Maud to Brighton, she scarcely spoke to him, never raised her eyes to his, nay, when she could, studiously averted her face from him.

The somnambulism so suddenly displayed by Lady Maud developed by overwrought and excited feelings, served as an excellent excuse for Lady Kingswood to pass as much of her time as it was possible with her. She was, in fact, afraid to trust herself alone with her own thoughts; she feared to go over the past, for there still existed within her heart a latent bitterness at Lord Kingswood's presumed conduct to her, which made a desire for revenge grow stronger the more she brooded over her wrongs.

The society of Lady Maud, the change of air and scene at Brighton, the necessity for making some exertion to get abroad and assume a cheerfulness and ease she did not possess, was not without a beneficial effect upon her. What the eventual result might have been, had she stayed longer there, it is unnecessary to surmise; the effect, so far as it went, was abruptly checked by her suddenly encountering the object of her wildest and most terrible suspicions, and, immediately following, the unscrupulous tempter who had almost succeeded in accomplishing her earthly destruction.

To remain an hour longer in Brighton she felt to be impossible, to return to the Kingswood mansion in Belgravia she would not; and, therefore, to prevent false surmises and disingenuous reports, there was but one alternative open to her, and that was Kingswood Hall.

Cyril had disappeared; she did not ask how, when or wherefore, and Lady Maud's supplications not to return to that dreary pile, where Philip Avon could come and go at will, where he could persecute her with his hateful and terrifying wooing, were borne down by Lady Kingswood's impetuous desire to place herself where the Marquis of Chillingham would be unlikely to come, or her eyes could rest on the face of that youth whose advent at Kingswood Hall had shattered at one blow the whole fabric of her happiness.

The solitary, monastic character of Kingswood Hall did not help to tone or to calm down her mind as Brighton had done. There the variable sea, the everchanging human tide, and the sprightly bustle peculiar to a place at once so fashionable and so populous, did something to attract her thoughts from dwelling on gloomy and painful subjects.

She had fled from her danger at a critical moment, but there were certain acts of her own from which she could not escape. Nothing, it is true, had actually transpired between herself and the Marquis of Chillingham upon which an actual charge could be substantiated, but too much had been implied to be misunderstood. She was not unconscious of the guilt of the step she was about to take when the Marquis of Chillingham urged her to fly, but her proper perception of its infamy was obscured by her passionate hankering for revenge.

But she had erred, and the commission of error rarely fails to entail baneful consequences. She knew well that the Marquis of Chillingham would not, for a time at least, abandon his iniquitous purpose. She felt certain that if she remained in London she would have to meet him again, even if she avoided society, beneath her husband's roof and in her husband's presence.

These painful impressions mainly determined her to fly to Kingswood Hall, and they also urged her to remain there so long as Lord Kingswood's parliamentary and governmental duties kept him in London. She had no fear that the Marquis of Chillingham would follow her to the Hall.

At first she began to hope that the worst was over, and though she felt herself to be doomed to a life of sorrow, a life which would be tortured by a keen acute sense of the wrong inflicted upon her by her husband, the worst a woman can suffer, she believed that she should possess the consolation of not having forfeited her own self-respect.

But she suddenly, even while the first ray of consolation dawned upon her, remembered the man Pharisee.

A spasmodic shudder ran through her frame as a vision of his sallow face and furtive eyes, his sleek and insinuating manner presented itself to her. She recollected, with a groan of mortal agony how deeply she had committed herself to this man's power by employing him and by communing with him respecting Lord Kingswood's unfaithfulness to herself.

She, with a feeling of horror, recalled to mind that it was by the agency of Pharisee that the Marquis of Chillingham had been introduced into the picture-gallery. By no other means could he have got there, and at an hour when she was there by appointment. She wildly taxed her memory to reproduce the words of the note written by her in a moment of frenzied excitement to the Marquis of Chillingham.

The Marquis of Chillingham had no doubt received the note, and would, she felt sure, keep it secret, had, in fact, she hoped, destroyed it. But Pharisee had received from her a written communication addressed to the Marquis of Chillingham, and he had, according to his instructions, secretly delivered it, unconscious of its contents, and consequently prepared to place the worst construction upon them. What if he were to proceed to Lord Kingswood, and under a promise of a handsome reward, betray all!

He had succeeded, by a long course of service, steadily and seemingly faithfully performed, in ingratiating himself deeply in Lord Kingswood's favor. He not only seemed to be always aware of what Lord Kingswood wished to be done, but also how he desired that it should be done, and in this spirit Lord Kingswood usually spoke of his services.

It was natural, therefore, that Lady Kingswood, in believing her husband guilty of acts which would render a confidant essential, should assume that Pharisee would be the individual he would elect to that post. The man was in every respect fitted for the task, cunning, shrewd, reserved, and a slave to the will of his master; he, of all men, would be the most likely person Lord Kingswood should choose, and thus it was just as natural that Lady Kingswood should endeavor to extract from him the secret she believed he was mixed up with. But, in doing this, she had unhappily made a confidant and an envoy of him, and had so placed herself in his power.

Grievously as she felt she had been wronged by Lord Kingswood, bitterly as she resented it, she yet shrunk from appearing in his eyes as an equally guilty and unfaithful partner.

In her endeavors, out of a spirit of retaliation, to make Lord Kingswood jealous, under the notion that while making him angry she was herself doing no wrong, she forgot that every such act weakened his faith in her integrity and lowered the standard of her purity she had maintained in his estimation. She saw this now, and felt how fearfully it would tell against her should Pharisee, proving treacherous, reveal to Lord Kingswood not only that she had written a private note to the Marquis of Chillingham, but had given him a secret interview in the dead of night.

The more she reflected upon this, the more it appeared necessary that she should see Pharisee and learn what had transpired during her absence from Kingswood House, in London. She had an impression, from the earnestness which he had displayed in addressing her, that he would be faithful to the trust she had reposed in him, nay, he had sworn it. Still she had her misgivings, and she felt that without seeing him, questioning and probing him, she would only be plunged into a state of such harassing incertitude, that she would be unable to find peace or contentment anywhere. But how to contrive this interview? Pharisee was with Lord Kingswood in London; she could not at present go back to London; but under what pretext would it be possible to procure Pharisee's attendance at Kingswood?

As at Brighton she had kept Lady Maud's society constantly, so here, at Kingswood Hall, Lady Maud kept as constantly with her.

At only one period of the day did Lady Maud absent herself from Lady Kingswood, and that was in the morning. She would disappear then for above an hour, and Lady Kingswood knew only at these times that Lady Maud did not make it an occasion for a walk in the grounds. All, indeed, she knew was, that Lady Maud, in these morning absences, directed her steps, on leaving her, towards the ancient portion of the Hall.

It had not occurred to her to ask Lady Maud whither she went, or by what motive she was actuated in performing these regular daily visits. She was too much occupied with her own reflections to see anything remarkable in what Lady Maud did, but she was one morning induced to seek her during one of these accustomed absences by the arrival of Philip Avon, who, having sent in his name to Lady Kingswood, requested, with a kind of feverish earnestness, to have an interview with Lady Maud.

Lady Kingswood was aware that Maud entertained feelings of dislike for the uncouth, imperious young man, but she knew that Lord Kingswood had set his heart on a match between them. She knew how distressed Maud was at the thoughts of such a marriage, but she believed it would be a wiser plan to let matters take their course. It would be for Maud, at the last moment, to reject the proffered hand, or, induced to change her aversion into liking, accept it. She had not the slightest notion of the real impulse to Maud's hatred of Philip Avon. However, on the present occasion, it occurred to her that she had herself better seek Maud and acquaint her with the arrival of Philip Avon; it would prepare her to go through the scarcely unexpected but distasteful interview, an interview which the abrupt communication of a servant might prevent taking place.

Lady Kingswood having traced Lady Maud to the entrance of the old library, could not summon sufficient resolution to enter the solemn and silent antique chamber, uncertain whether she should find Lady Maud within it or not.

So she paused without the doorway, and in a low, husky voice called Lady Maud by name. She scarcely expected to hear her respond, even though she repeated her calls two or three times in a louder tone than before. She was therefore startled by the light pattering of swiftly-advancing feet, which seemed to trip briskly over the inlaid oaken floor, nearing her each instant. While she hesitated whether to remain or fly, Lady Maud suddenly made her appearance at the doorway, ran into her arms, embraced her, and then hurried her away from the place.

Lady Kingswood yielded almost instinctively to the direction of her young companion, and found herself in her own boudoir before she attempted to check her movements or explain her own mission.

Lady Kingswood noticed with surprise that a fresh color was upon Maud's cheeks, and that her eyes were bright, glittering, dancing and joyous.

"What has enlivened you, sweet Maud?" she inquired, tenderly. "You appear to be in lighter and better spirits than when we parted last night, and even when I watched you as you slept the tears stood thickly upon your cheek, and you moaned, and sighed, and uttered a name——"

"A name!" echoed Lady Maud, an expression of alarm creeping over her features.

"Yes. I could not, however, catch what it was," continued Lady Kingswood. "You muttered it twice or thrice, and wrung your hands as if in much anguish, but then you became calm and slept peacefully. Strange, Maud, it is that you should be attacked by that dangerous excitement to wander in your sleep."

"Wander?" repeated Lady Maud, with a sudden blush spreading over her cheeks, forehead and neck. "Do you mean to—to—to walk while sleeping, as I did at Kingswood House?"

"Yes—yes," faltered Lady Kingswood, turning pale at the recollection.

"Did I last night wander thus?" inquired Lady Maud, timidly, with her eyes bent upon the ground, and the crimson hue upon her fair cheeks and brow growing brighter.

"I almost fear to tell you," responded Lady Kingswood. "After I had quitted your side last night, and had retired to my own chamber to sleep, I was tortured by harassing and terrifying dreams, and abruptly started out of one which distracted me. I was horrified to find my room filled with a blue, lurid light, rendering every object in the room clear and distinctly visible. I was much affrighted, for there are fearful stories afloat respecting the ancient portion of the mansion, as you know, and my heart died within me as I gazed on this strange and unearthly effect. I was yet more painfully affected by fear when this light suddenly disappeared, and there rose up a furious rushing, roaring sound among the old trees of the forest, as though a tremendous tempest had sprung up. I cannot remember how I quitted my couch and relighted my lamp, which had, from some unexplained cause, expired, or how, in my agitation, I gained your room. I know only that I was overwhelmed when I discovered you were absent from the room. I searched hastily everywhere I could think, and then recollected that you had recently been seized with a morbid fancy to visit the old portions of the Hall. I could not dare to alarm the household, but I almost swooned at the thought of searching for you in the dead hour of the night in the haunted library."

"Haunted!" ejaculated Lady Maud, with white lips.

"Haunted!" repeated Lady Kingswood, clutching her by the wrist. "Haunted, it is said, by the weird Lady Maud. In the dawning, at eventide at the midnight hour, aye, and even at noon, those who have been there sitting in silence and alone have heard the soft sound of a female step, and the rustling of silk sweeping down the hall, although they have nothing seen."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Lady Maud, a spasm convulsing her frame.

She had heard the sound within that hour.

"So runs the legend," continued Lady Kingswood; "and you may conceive what emotions I suffered, as, with tottering steps, I made my way towards that terrible place. I had advanced but a few steps, when I heard an approaching footstep; another moment, and you appeared. I stood aside and let you pass; you returned to your room, and unrobing yourself, retired quietly into your bed, appearing to be calm and even happy, though you repeated several words."

"Distinctly?" inquired Lady Maud, confusedly.

"Most distinctly," returned Lady Kingswood. "You said, 'It is an old tale, but it is a true one. Love! He is noble and he is brave. Shall I not love him? I will! I will!' Your lips closed, and you uttered no more. I laid down by your side, and watched you until I slept myself."

Lady Maud trembled violently. She wondered whether she had muttered Eric by name. She dared not ask. She turned white and red by turns, and did not speak a word.

Lady Kingswood gazed at her in silence and in earnestness for a minute or so, then she twined her arms about her, and kissed her cheek.

"Maud, my beloved child, I hoped within my inmost heart, that you had as yet escaped that passion—faint to so many, favorable to so few. I fear now that you have not, and that you love only to love in vain!"

Maud was as silent as death and as white.

"When," continued Lady Kingswood, speaking with impressiveness, "Mr. Philip Avon came here, and appeared to be inspired with an affection for you, I perceived that he had made no very favorable impression upon you, but I thought, with a heart unscathed, you would get over that first distaste, and come to like him, if not to love him."

"Never!" exclaimed Lady Maud, with a sudden energy.

"Hush!" interposed Lady Kingswood, hastily. "I have lived to discover the folly of making strong assertions. You, Lady Maud, may do so too. Now, Maud, you were ever truthful, and you will be sincere with me. The words you uttered in your sleep represented the state of your heart. They were the true exponents of your real feelings towards one living being."

She was silent; Lady Maud was silent, too. She bowed her head low, but Lady Kingswood raised it gently, and looked her softly in the eyes. Maud, of the hue of crimson, drew her face away, and laid it upon Lady Kingswood's neck.

The latter bent over her, and whispered in her ear,

"Maud, you love!"

"I do," she faintly articulated, after almost a minute's pause.

Again there was a silence, then Lady Kingswood said,

"Sweetest Maud! I believe in very truth that you are deceiving yourself, and that you are converting the simple emotions of a natural affection into those of a higher and more passionate nature. You have been brought up with Cyril from childhood; you have been constantly with him; you have been treated by him, thought of by him, loved by him, as a sister—but with no other sentiment. I know a girl's feelings, and I can see that, even as I should have done, you have exaggerated them. Between Cyril and Mr. Avon there is, in your eyes, a wide interval. You fancy that you love Cyril—it is but fancy, as you will find—and of course you, in your romantic dreamings, believe that difficulties will eventually be cleared away, and his hand may become yours. No time is so proper as the present to disabuse your mind of this supposition—this hopeless hope. Mr. Philip Avon is now——"

"Dear Lady Kingswood," interposed Lady Maud, a little excitedly, "you are laboring under a misconception. I—I am attached to my cousin Cyril, of course, but——"

"But what?" inquired Lady Kingswood, with some surprise, not alone at the interruption, but the form it had taken.

"I say that I am attached to my cousin Cyril," continued Maud, in a low voice, and with a burning cheek, "but in no other way than as a cousin. I am very fond of him, and always shall be, but not with the hope, or even the wish, to be—to be—to be united to him."

It was with difficulty that she forced the last words out.

"But you have this moment told me that you loved!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, quickly.

"I did," faltered Lady Maud.

"But is it not Cyril that you love?" rejoined Lady Kingswood, with amazement.

"No—no—it is not Cyril," murmured Lady Maud, almost fainting.

Lady Kingswood drew herself up, and gazed at her like one thunderstricken; but recovering herself, she clutched Maud's hand, and exclaimed,

"Who is it you love—who?"

Lady Maud, to have saved herself from destruction, could not have answered that question. Before, however, Lady Kingswood, bewildered and astonished, could repeat her question, a servant entered, and said,

"My lady, Mr. Philip Avon desires me to remind you that he is awaiting the honor of an interview with Lady Maud, that he is impatient——"

"So impatient," interrupted a voice in the doorway, "so impatient, Lady Maud, to see you once again, that he cannot even wait the return of his messenger with your assent to receive him."

It was Philip Avon who spoke.

Lady Maud, all shrinking and trembling before, drew herself proudly up, and with a firm and even haughty attitude, prepared to go through and endure bravely a scene—for such now she knew it would be.

We must now return to Pharisee and his Albertina.

Pharisee, when he recovered from the inanimate condition into which, by the aid of a potent chemical agent for producing insensibility, he had been thrown by old Pengreep, was some time before he recovered his sentient faculties. At last he recalled the previous evening's occurrences *seriatim*, tracking event by event, until all further recollection faded with one which brought old Pengreep standing over him like a fiend, with his bony hands upon his throat, endeavoring to strangle him. With this memory came his consciousness that he had been outwitted, duped, made a helpless tool by old Pengreep, and had actually assisted at the accomplishment of some important object the old villain had at heart to the destruction of his own.

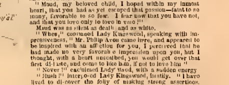
The ingrain of this man's composition was of a very base kind. Lord Kingswood had behaved liberally and well to him during the period of his servitude—liberally enough, indeed, to have raised in the breasts of some dependents a very large amount of devotion. But his lordship was irritable and passionate to his irritation. Pharisee had experienced, while in his service, many a gust of passion and its attendant consequences, and he nourished a feeling of revenge which had nothing to do with the base passion he had conceived for Lady Kingswood. The latter frenzy, indeed, was to him a means of gratifying the vindictive feelings which had been raised independent of it.

Now there was another being against whom he entertained the deadliest sentiments of revenge and that was old Pengreep.

This strange old man, whom he had met in so remarkable a manner, had extorted from him, under circumstances which appeared like a dream to him, all his dearest secrets. He had wrested Lady Kingswood's letter—or his own copy, and in the result there was little difference—from him, and had presented it to the Marquis of Chillingham, an act Pharisee was exceedingly anxious to have himself performed, in accordance with a plot he had concocted to bring the marquis and Lord Kingswood at arms' length, armed with deadly weapons, together, in the hope that the murder of the latter would screen him effectually from the consequences of his intended deed. Old Pengreep had, instead of him, obtained the interview with the marquis, and therefore had got him in his power. He must, too, have seen Lady Kingswood in the picture-gallery, and she must be also in his power, a fact which necessarily would go

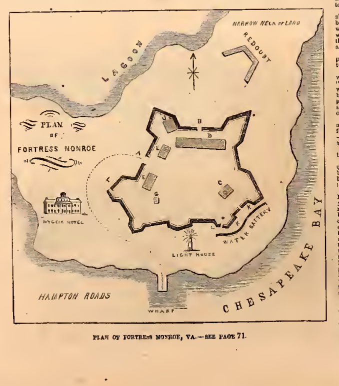
(Continued on page 78.)

MAP OF NORFOLK AND VICINITY.—SEE PAGE 71.



PLAN OF FORTIFIED CAMP

AT BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI.



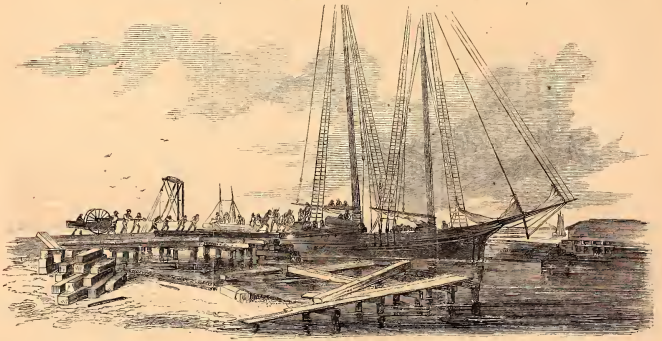
PLAN OF FORTRESS MONROE, VA.—SEE PAGE 71.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., NOW IN POSSESSION OF AND FORTIFIED BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS, UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL BUTLER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74

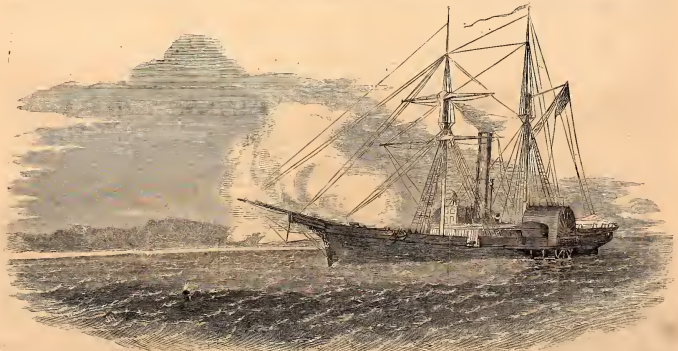
ENCAMPMENT OF THE VERMONT REGIMENT AT NEWPORT NEWS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74.

SECTION OF THE BREASTWORK AT CAMP BUTLER.—PARTY OF THE FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT WORKING IN THE TRENCHES AT NEWPORT NEWS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74.

THE REBEL BLOCKADE AT NEWPORT NEWS BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74



SHIPPING COLUMBIADS AT FORTRESS MONROE FOR THE BATTERIES AT NEWPORT NEWS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 74.



THE HARRIET LANE ENGAGING A BATTERY AT FOX'S POINT, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, OPPOSITE NEWPORT NEWS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WHO WITNESSED THE ACTION.—SEE PAGE 67.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

(*Continued from page 75.*)

er to weaken his own influence over her ladyship, if not destroy it. It was easy to conceive that Lady Kingswood, seeing old Pengreep, would believe him treacherous to her trust, and scorn him accordingly.

He sat upon his bed, with his elbows on his knees, and his talon-like fingers working nervously upon his teeth. It was not until he had cogitated for some hours that he seemed to have arrived at a decisive resolution. When he had done this, he rose up, made his toilet with very great care, and glided into his old place in attendance on Lord Kingswood.

He watched for Lady Kingswood as a cat would for a mouse; but was unable to get a glimpse of her so that he might speak with her alone.

One day he missed her; upon inquiry he found that she, attended by Lady Maud and Cyril, had gone to Brighton. He informed Lord Kingswood of this event, because, assured that he was ignorant of their departure, he believed it would take him by surprise, and elicit angry remarks from him, which he intended to blow into a flame, taking care that the fire should travel in one direction.

He wrote a line anonymously to the Marquis of Chillingham, imitating as closely as he could Lady Kingswood's hand. Its contents simply were,

"Lady K—— has retired to Brighton, to endeavor, in seclusion, to recover the health and spirits which for a time she has lost. She anticipates being much alone while there."

This note he contrived to place in the hands of the Marquis of Chillingham as one night he was passing out of the entrance of the House of Lords. But that he recognized the face of Pharisee, he would have flung the note from him, but as the latter fled instantly, as if he had been employed secretly to deliver this letter, he kept it, read it, and, as we have seen, went to Brighton, too.

Pharisee next seemingly let fall to Lord Kingswood that the marquis had, through his servant, been making inquiries after Lady Kingswood's health, and had been informed that she had gone to Brighton. Pharisee added, quietly, that not being, he believed, perfectly well, the marquis had paid a flying visit to Brighton, too.

Pharisee noticed the deadly pale-green pallor which spread itself over Lord Kingswood's face, and was not surprised to hear him say, an hour or two afterwards,

"Pharisee, look to my small travelling-case. I shall go to Brighton in the morning."

Pharisee's eyes glistened. It was precisely what he wished, for he hoped that, in a smaller mansion there, he should obtain his opportunity of speaking with Lady Kingswood alone.

"I am, I presume, to accompany your lordship?" he said.

"No," curtly returned Lord Kingswood; "I shall go alone."

Pharisee ground his teeth, but made no reply.

Lord Kingswood departed, and Pharisee was left for a time to amuse himself as best he might.

Aware that he could not now afford to let matters take their course, conscious that he must act quickly, secretly and surely, he determined that he would pay a visit to Albertina Virgo. He remembered her advice to come to the house at Gray's Mount at ten o'clock at night, and to whistle for admission.

She made her appearance abruptly at the door, with a jug in her hand, as if she had come there to take in the evening porter; she stood listening intently and watching with quick and eager eyes the flight of stairs leading up to old Pengreep's room, and the return of the person who had made the signal intended for a whistle.

Presently she perceived the form of Pharisee gliding, thief-like, by the iron railings which enclosed the area, and she beckoned him to her.

"Not a word now, my pet," she whispered. "He is prowling over the house like a wolf smelling about for a corpse. Come here on Thursday next, I know he is going out on that day, and be here at three in the afternoon. There will be no mistake next time. My turn must come some day or other, you know, and it will come on Thursday, I do believe and then you shall see that ——I'll take a pint of half-and-half, and mind it's a good measure, or you'll have it back; be off this instant, and bring it directly."

Pharisee heard a stair creak and a stealthy footstep follow. He understood Albertina's meaning as soon as it caught his ear, and she changed the tone of her voice. He fled away like a deer, keeping in the shadow of the houses, and contented himself with the belief that if he had at present been disappointed in the object of his visit, old Pengreep, with all his cunning, had failed to discover him.

A week nearly must elapse now before he could renew his visit, but more assured than ever that Albertina was bent upon obtaining for him the valuable documents in old Pengreep's possession, and that she would obtain them for him, he waited patiently—at least as patiently as he could.

During this interim Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud passed through London on their way to Kingswood Hall. Lord Kingswood had also returned to London, and seemed to be plunged deeper than ever in the manifold duties of the department over which he presided. He availed himself but slightly of Pharisee's services—nay, rather seemed to be vexed by his presence; made no allusions to what had passed between them, and, in fact, rarely spoke to him at all. When he did, it was in a distant, imperious tone—the tyrant addressing the slave.

Pharisee betrayed no change in his manner; he glided noiselessly in and out, was at his post when required, performed his duties with his accustomed ease and silence; but he was adding all the time to the sum of the reckoning he intended one day to make.

On the Thursday appointed by Miss Virgo, he attired himself in a costume quite different to any in which Pengreep had seen him, and indeed disguised himself as completely as he possibly could.

At three o'clock he was passing the door, and saw the face of Miss Virgo glowering over a card placed in the front parlor, informing the public that apartments, genteelly furnished, were to be let, and that all inquiries respecting them were to be made within. A thought flashed across the mind of Pharisee, and he ran up the steps before the door; he raised the knocker and gave a smart rat-a-tat-tat. The door was opened immediately by Albertina, with an air of grim dignity.

"Apartments to let?" said Pharisee, with a bow.

"Come in and inspect them," rather curtly responded Albertina.

Pharisee stepped upon the mat in the narrow hall. The door was slammed in behind him, and he felt himself seized suddenly round the neck, and a very rough, hairy and prickly substance, which afterwards proved to be Miss Albertina's chin, was rubbed about his face, distributing with it an odor which was not the essence of wood violets.

"Did you think to deceive the fond eye of your own devoted?" exclaimed Miss Virgo, as Pharisee, by a tremendous effort, released himself from her suffocating embrace. "Aha, a fond woman always knows the presence of the beloved object, let it come in what shape it may. I knew my pet the instant my eyes dropped on him, in spite of the ugly creature he's made himself, and——"

"But Pengreep?" suggested Pharisee.

"Oh, bless you, he's out, as I told you he would be."

"When will he return?" he inquired, with a serious, nervous, by no means loving expression of features.

"Oh, not for some time yet, I believe," she answered, smiling at him in a manner which somewhat bewildered him—it had so little of the aspect of affection. "There is yet time for an interchange of tender sentiments," she added, biting her thumb-nail, and giving him a poke in the ribs which sent him half way across the room.

He raised his hands deprecatingly.

"But business, my dear Miss Virgo," he cried; "business first, you know. We cannot tell one moment from another that Pengreep will not make his appearance, and——"

"You are right, my clever beauty!" she replied, and added, "still we may indulge in a chaste embrace, and you may receive one virgin kiss from yours ever affectionately, Albertina Virgo."

Pharisee had to submit, but at length breaking away, he gasped out,

"Oh, my angel!"

He leaned against the doorpost in a fainting condition.

But the object of his visit overcame all his weakness, and, in fact, every other consideration.

"The papers," he murmured, panting, "the papers. Our marriage depends upon my obtaining them."

She nodded, smiled her grim smile, and beckoned him up the stairs.

He followed her with nervous quickness, and when they reached old Pengreep's door, she said,

"Wait here till I come."

After he had waited a little while, feeling uneasy about old Pengreep, he knelt down and looked through the keyhole of the chamber door, but something pungent instantly attacked his eyes, and he rose up half blinded by the water that rushed into them, a violent fit of sneezing followed, and this appeared to bring Miss Virgo to his side.

"You have been looking through the keyhole," she said, sharply.

Pharisee, between sneezing and weeping, admitted that he had.

"You should not have done it; you had no need to do it," she rejoined, angrily, "when I told you, you stupid duck, he was not at home."

"Why did you leave me?" he exclaimed, with a groan.

"My precious," she answered, "I must leave you sometimes. I went to play 'Sister Anne' at the top of the house, but I could not 'see any one coming' that we need care about."

She now produced her master-key, and after a moment's intense listening she placed it in the keyhole and opened the door.

She withdrew the key and let the door fall slowly back.

Both rested upon the threshold of the door, afraid for a moment to enter, but at length Albertina caught Pharisee by the hand, and they sneaked into the room on tiptoe.

They gazed around them; Pharisee saw that the boxes and the furniture appeared to stand exactly in the same place as they did when last he was present.

He cast his eyes nervously and eagerly round him.

"Which is the box that contains the papers relating to the Kingswood family?" he asked in an undertone.

She drew him towards a corner, and pointed to a large iron chest. It had the name of Vernon painted upon it in white letters.

"Come, open it. Quick, quick!" he cried, anxiously. "Where is the key; open it, and give them to me."

"Softly, my chosen one," she rejoined insinuatingly. "Those papers are as good to me as a marriage certificate. With those papers in my hands, you would marry me—without them, you would as soon give your heart and hand to the Queen of the Gipsies at the age of a hundred and one——"

"My enchantress!" ejaculated Pharisee, expostulatingly.

Miss Virgo shook her head in a very cunning manner.

"Do you understand this," she said, emphatically. "Those papers once out of that box, I must depart out of this house with them. Pengreep is always glowering over them and will miss them very soon after they are gone. If I happened to be here when he missed them he'd throttle me if I did not tell him what had become of them; and if I told him that you had got them he'd get them from you, and your life would not be worth a pin afterwards; he'd poison you. So, when they go, I go too. They go with you, I go with you too. When we have been in the church together, before the parson, and you have put the ring on my finger in his presence, and called me your wife, then I give them up to you to do as you please with."

"My loveliest, I have already agreed to all this!" he exclaimed. "Of course I mean to keep my promise."

"And, of course, I mean to make you; so I will show you the papers in my hands, and I will keep them in my hands until we are married," she rejoined.

"Then you propose to quit the house with me," he said, gnawing his knuckles.

"I do," she replied, in a decisive tone, "for the reason I have already told you, as well as that it will be necessary to impress upon you the danger in which you stand as well as myself, as soon as the papers are gone. Pengreep will suspect you. He will hunt in every direction, and it will be necessary, therefore, to remain very close in some place, snug and secret, until to-morrow morning. Then you must go alone to Doctors'-commons, and get the license; then we must go to the first church handy and be married; then I will give up the papers to you, and then I will show you how to make use of them, set old Pengreep at defiance, and make him hang himself out of sheer spite."

Pharisee heaved a deep sigh, for he felt how very hazardous was the game he was playing. Then it suddenly occurred to him that, as he would be with his Albertina shortly in some remote spot alone, he would be able perhaps during part of [illegible] night to purloin the papers, and get safely away with them. If they were once fairly in his possession, he thought he might ridicule safely any attempt made by any one to get them from him until he had made them answer his purpose. He took her hand and raised it to his lips, and, with a sense of faintness and nausea, hastily released it.

"Do with me as you will," he said, and instantly exclaimed, "Hark!"

She jumped a foot high.

"What!" she cried, clutching him by the arm.

He pointed to the space between the windows.

"Something sounded there," he exclaimed.

She grinned horribly.

"Behold!" she said, and touching a knob, she opened it.

"Look in," she added.

Pharisee put his head into a kind of dark closet, and withdrew it with a cry of fright.

"There is a skeleton in there," he said, with a shudder.

"Yes," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "It is a fancy of Pengreep's to have that beastly object there; there's some mystery about it. A nice place, my dear, that would be for you to be locked up in if you didn't know that by pressing the other side of the knob I touched you could get out. Why, you would become a skeleton too," and she gibbered at him as she concluded.

He said quickly, as he turned away from the unpleasant receptacle,

"Let us get the papers."

She went to the box marked with the name of Vernon, and kneeling down, she applied the key to the chest and raised the lid. She drew forth a large, heavy packet, upon which was written only the word Kingswood.

Pharisee's eyes gloated as he beheld it, and he stretched forward his hands to take it. She made a gesture as if to draw it away from him, but stumbled over. His fingers caught in a loose part of it, and it was left in his hands.

At the same instant the lid of the chest fell with a crash.

At the same instant voices were heard in the hall below.

Albertina leaped to her feet with a low screech, and darted out of the room closing the door behind her, leaving Pharisee there with the packet in his possession.

He heard a heavy footstep ascending the stair, and his heart sickened and died within him.

Suddenly he remembered the closet between the windows. He touched the knob, the door flew open, he drew it after him, it closed, he heard the click, and he was confined in the dark and alone with a skeleton.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

A COOPER, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bunghole.

"Job Printing! Job Printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I larnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was he never could have stood it so long, no how."

JOHN JONES has no objection to the lick her law, when applied to Jane. Jane Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law, as applicable to John. Jane's argument is simple and conclusive. When John does liquor, he does lick her. When John don't liquor, he don't lick her; therefore, if John can't liquor, he won't lick her—the conclusion she wishes to reach.

A MEDICAL student who had been screwed very hard at his examination for admission to the faculty, on a very warm day, was nearly overcome by the questions put to him, when the following query was added:

"What course would you adopt to produce a copious perspiration?"

After a long breath he observed, wiping his forehead,

"I would have the patient examined before the Medical Society."

AN exquisite, who had ordered a pair of pants from his tailor, requested him to make them tight. The man tried them on after they were finished, and at once returned them with the complaint,

"They are too small!"

"Did you not tell me to make them as tight as your skin?" said the tailor.

"Certainly, I did," replied the dandy, "and I can sit down in my skin, but I cannot in my pantaloons!"

DRS. CHALMERS and Stuart must have been a "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said,

"I have not time to say any more, but you will find my views fully and well put in a tract called 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'"

"Why," exclaimed Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract! I published it myself."

AN enumerator in Essex, having taken the census, received a visit from an old farmer at whose house he had called a few days previously. The farmer fumbled awkwardly with his hat, and didn't seem to know exactly how to get at his business. The enumerator inquired after the health of his sixteen children, all under seventeen years of age, whose names he remembered to have taken, spoke about the weather, &c.; but the honest old farmer seemed to grow more and more embarrassed. At length the farmer blurted out,

"My old woman sent me down to tell you to come and take the census over again—she's got another one."

A FEVER prevailed on board ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw overboard the bodies of those who died from time to time. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man, who was violently struggling to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, 'cause he dead."

"Dead, you scoundrel!" said the captain, "don't you see he moves and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead; but he always lie so, nobody ever knew when to believe him."

"You carry your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe, when he poked his nose into the belfry.

IF a person catch hold of your ear, and demand [illegible] he has the wrong pig by the ear, would you answer yes or no?

"A LARGE man-eating shark was captured off Solway Frith." Another newspaper reports the circumstance as follows: "A large man, eating shark, was captured off Solway Frith."

IF an old hat sits uneasy on the head, will not the application of chloroform produce a comfortable nap? When a person's pocket gets *bill*-ious, is not change of some sort desirable? Do not doctors, generally speaking, *bleed* their patients too freely?

"You know, madame, that you cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear." "Oh, sir, please fan me. I have intimation of a swoon. When you use that odious specimen of vulgarity again, clothe it in refined phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the soft sex of the genus swine."

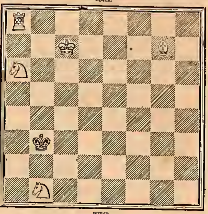
THE following dialogue is reported between two boys: "What do you think? My father, the other day, shot nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons with one barrel of his gun." "Oh, why didn't he say a thousand at once?" (Reply provokingly): "Do you suppose my father would tell a lie just for the sake of one pigeon?"

GENERAL GRANT, a Scotchman, was in the service of the great Frederick of Prussia, and was observed one day fondling the king's favorite dog. "Are you fond of dogs?" asked Frederick. "No, please your majesty," replied Grant; "but we Scotch have a saying that it is right to secure a friend at court." "You are a sly fellow," said the monarch; "recollect for the future that you have no occasion for any friend at court but myself." Grant rose afterwards with great rapidity, and was intrusted with the command of the most important fortresses in the kingdom.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 296.—By MEDICUS, Newburgh. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

One of the Match Games between Messrs. KOLISCH and MAUDE.

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	32 Kt tks R (ch)	Q tks Kt
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	33 Q R to K sq	R to K B sq
3 B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	34 R to R 4	P to Q 4 (g)
4 B to R 4	Kt to K B 3	35 R to R 5	Kt to K 5 (ch)
5 Castles	P to Q Kt 4 (a)	36 K to Kt 2	Kt to Q 3
6 B to Kt 3	B to B 4	37 Q to K 3	Kt to B 5
7 B to Q 5 (b)	Castles	38 Q to K 2	B tks P (h)
8 P to B 3	B to Kt 3	39 R to B 5 (i)	B to B 3
9 P to Q 4	P tks P	40 B to R 3	R to K sq
10 P tks P	Kt tks B	41 B to K 5	P to Q 5
11 P tks Kt	Kt to K 2	42 K to Kt sq	K to Kt sq
12 Q to Kt 3	P to Q 3	43 R to R 3	Kt to K 6
13 B to K 3	B to Kt 5	44 B tks Kt	P tks R
14 Q Kt to Q 2	P to K R 3	45 Q tks P	P to Kt 6
15 P to K R 3	B to B sq	46 B tks R	Q tks R
16 P to Q R 4	B to Kt 2	47 Q to Kt 3 (ch)	Q to K 3
17 P tks P	Q B tks P	48 Q tks Q (ch)	K tks Q
18 Q to Q 3	P to Q B 4	49 B tks P	B to K 5 (ch)
19 Kt to R 4	Q to Q 2	50 K to B 2	B to Q B 3
20 P to B 4	P to K R 4	51 B to K 5	B to B 4
21 Q Kt to B 5	Q B to K (c)	52 P to Kt 6	B to Kt 4
22 B to Q 2	Q R to B	53 B to Q 4	K to B 4
23 K to R 2	K to R 2	54 K to K 3	K to K 3
24 P to K Kt 4	B to K 3	55 K to K 4	P to R 4
25 Q to K 2	B tks Kt (d)	56 P tks P	P tks P
26 Kt tks B	P tks P	57 K to B 3	K to B 4
27 P tks P	Q R to K (e)	58 K to Kt 3	P to Q B 5
28 Q to Q 3 (ch)	K to R	59 K to R 4	K tks P
29 K to Kt 3	R to B 2	60 P to Kt 7	R tks P
30 R to R sq	Kt to Q 4	61 K tks P	K to B 4
31 Kt to Kt 6 (f)	Kt to B 3	62 K to R 6	K to K 3

And wins

(a) This move is condemned by all the authors, with whom we entirely concur. It weakens Black's right wing, and permits White's K's B to occupy a most important diagonal.

(b) The correct move here is P to Q B 3, obtaining a fine attacking game.

(c) This looks like lost time; we believe that Q to K 3 would have enabled Black to play the Bishop to K 5 with great effect.

(d) P to Q 4 would not have been good play, because then White could have effectively posted his Kt at K 5.

(e) Q tks K Kt P, sacrificing the Kt looks tempting, but White would capture the Kt, and on Black's playing R to K B 4, White could move Kt to R 4, and B to K sq with a safe game.

(f) Winning the exchange.

(g) A good move, the effect of which will presently become apparent.

(h) Much better than taking Rook.

(i) The game has now assumed a phase of great interest and complication.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 295.—B to Q 6; K tks R (a); Q to Q B 8 (ch); K tks Q; Kt mates.

(a) B tks R; Q to Q 4 (ch); K moves; B mates.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Detroit, Mich., 18th April, 1861.

M. PHELAN, ESQ.—Sir—I was playing a discount game, and receiving that odds. Towards the end of the game a small wager was made by a friend of mine with my opponent that I would beat him a love game; the score stood 87 to 59, the latter figure being mine, and it being my play. I ran the game out, but in making the last shot I scored 5, having but 2 points to go. The number of points made in my run was [illegible], the number I needed to make was 11; my opponent lacked 13 to make his game. Did I beat him a love game or not? Please answer in your column, and oblige, yours sincerely, M.

Ans.—You did not beat him a love game, as any point you made over and above the number you required to make your game goes for naught.

J. T. W., Boston.—A formal announcement to that effect has already appeared.

JUNIUS, Portland, Me.—The reasoning of your opponent is altogether fallacious. The whole proceeding is unwarrantable, and no amount of sophistry can make it otherwise.

B. B., Providence.—We have nothing later than the published intelligence.

M. T., Philadelphia, Pa.—"In playing a game with the agreement that one ball shall be out of the string when either player is in hand, if my opponent being in hand I put a ball out is he obliged to play on it, or has he the right to bank at any ball within the string?"

Ans.—He has the right to play as he chooses. He is not obliged to play on the ball that was put out of the string.

F. R., Scranton.—There is no such rule extant.

W. O'B.—In such a case the voice of the majority, in accordance with the recognized rules, should be accepted as decisive.

N. P. B., Chicago, Ill.—Neither of the parties can claim the game under the circumstances. They must win it by their next count.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Mr. Esmonde has added another of Phelan's tables to his establishment at this fashionable summer resort. He is making all necessary preparations for the coming season.

Mr. Ainsworth is also engaged in renovating his favorite establishment, where he will have seventeen of Phelan's tables.

BILLIARDS IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—The recognition of the important and most salutary influence of the game of billiards in mental maladies is continually and widely spreading. During the past year the physicians of several State and private establishments for the insane have, in their annual published reports, impressed this fact upon the public. The Butler Hospital for the Insane, Providence, R. I., has just been furnished with one of Phelan's billiard tables.

BILLIARDS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Bay State Hotel in Worcester, Mass., has just been supplied with two of Phelan's tables. Mr. Phelan intends visiting his friends in Worcester at an early day.

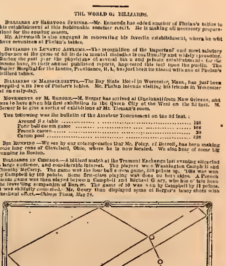
MOVEMENTS OF M. BERGER.—M. Berger has arrived at Cincinnati from New Orleans, and was to have given his first exhibition in the Queen City of the West on the 3d inst. M. Berger is to give a series of exhibitions at Mr. Tieman's room.

THE following was the bulletin of the Amateur Tournament on the 3d inst.:

Around the table	188
Four ball carom game	164
French carom	30
Carom pool	898

BIG RUNNING.—We see by our cotemporaries that Mr. Foley, of Detroit, has been making some long runs at Cleveland, Ohio, where he is now located. We also hear of some big running in Boston.

BILLIARDS IN CHICAGO.—A billiard match at the Tremont Exchange last evening attracted a large audience, and considerable interest. The players were Washington Campbell and Timothy McCarty. The game was the four ball carom game, 500 points up. This was won by Campbell by 109 points. Some first-class playing was done on both sides. A French carom game was then played between Campbell and Michael Geary, who has of late been the travelling companion of Berger. The game of 30 was won by Campbell by 11 points. It was skilfully contested. Mr. Geary then displayed some of Berger's fancy shots with excellent effect.—*Chicago Times, May 28.*



Shot made by H. Kearing, at Thompson's Billiard Room, New Haven, in a game of 63 points up; winning the game by a 67 off the two reds.

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The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers Leaving Jersey City Railroad Depot, for Washington, D. C., April 6, 1861; Lieutenant Slemmer, U. S. A., lately in command of Fort Pickens; Map of Pensacola Harbor, Florida; Reinforcement of Fort Pickens, from the United States Fleet, April 17, 1861; Landing Reinforcements on Santa Rosa Island, for Fort Pickens—Swimming Horses to Land; United States Fleet off the Harbor of Pensacola; Landing Horses from the Ships; The Sixth Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteers Firing into the Mob in Pratt Street, while passing through Baltimore, April 19, 1861; The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Troops Firing into the Mob at the Camden Depot, Baltimore, while taking the Cars for Washington, April 19, 1861; The Rhode Island Regiment Embarking at Providence, R. I., for New York and Washington; Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers Marching down Cortlandt Street, on their way to Washington, April 19, 1861; Burning and Scuttling of the U. S. Ships, and Destruction of the Government Buildings at Norfolk, Va., April 21, 1861; Landing of Troops at the Wharf of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland; Major-General B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts; Burning of Gunpowder Creek Railroad Bridge, on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, by Incendiaries from Baltimore; Burning of U. S. Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, night of April 18, 1861; Great Meeting of the Ladies of New York at the Cooper Institute, April 29, 1861, to organize the "Woman's Central Association of Relief," for the Northern Army; Governor John Letcher, of Virginia; Departure of the Fire Zouaves of New York, escorted by the Fire Department, for Washington, April 29, 1861; Colonel William Wilson's Zouaves taking their Oath to march through Baltimore; The Bodies of the Volunteers of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, killed in the Riot at Baltimore, received by the Authorities and Citizens of Boston; The Funeral Cortege, at Lowell, of the Massachusetts Soldiers killed at Baltimore; The late Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth.

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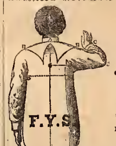

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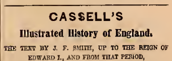

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

Lieutenant Crosby, manning the flotilla. That gallant regiment, the Zouaves, then marched by the road to New Market Bridge. One hour afterwards Colonel Townsend's regiment marched to support Colonel Duryea's advance. At the same time two regiments from Newport News, namely, Colonel Allen's Troy regiment, and the Seventh under Colonel Bendix, started from the camp at that place to join them within a mile of Little Bethel. Everything went on well till about three o'clock in the morning, when Colonel Townsend's regiment from Hampton, and Colonel Bendix's from Newport News, met at the fork of the road close to Little Bethel. Here occurred that unhappy blunder which defeated the whole plan, and revealed to the Secessionists that the Federal troops were in their vicinity. Colonel Bendix hearing the advance of Colonel Townsend's regiment, rashly jumped to the conclusion that they were the enemy, and fired upon the Troy regiment, who, of course, laboring under a similar delusion, returned the fire. Two were killed and twelve wounded by this fatal error. To add to the confusion, Colonel Duryea hearing the firing, also fired at Townsend's regiment, but, fortunately, owing to the darkness, without doing any damage. The mistake having been discovered, the forces combined and marched forward, the day having just dawned. Little Bethel was immediately attacked and captured, the Secessionists retreating towards Great Bethel.

The Federal troops, after having burnt Little Bethel, arrived at Great Bethel, at ten o'clock in the morning. Here they found the Secessionists in great force, under the command of Colonel Magruder, and strongly posted behind batteries of heavy guns, among which were some rifled cannon.

As the batteries were masked, the first intimation they had of the presence of the enemy was a heavy fire, which killed and wounded several. It was here that Lieutenant Greble made his presence of mind and skill apparent, for he worked his guns with such effect that in a very short time their fire slackened, and had Brigadier-General Pierce been equal to the emergency the expedition might have had a different termination, by an attack in the rear; for owing to a deep trench at the front and sides even the unterrified Zouaves were unequal to reach the batteries, which belched death upon their unyielding ranks. The same praise must be given to all the regiments engaged, for they stood their ground gallantly for two hours, and only retreated at the command of General Pierce. It was at this minute that the heroic Lieutenant Greble was killed, for having just discharged his gun at the enemy, and determined that it should not fall into the enemy's hands, he was in the act of spiking it when a ball struck him. The young hero fell dead by the side of his gun, his forehead being dreadfully shattered. His body was immediately placed on a gun carriage, and carried off the field by his sorrowing men. This gallant officer was in his twenty-seventh year, and leaves a widow and two children.

About this time also it was that Major Winthrop was killed by a Louisiana rifleman; the brave soldier was heading a charge when he fell. His body was found by the enemy, who gave it an honorable burial.

The retreat of the Federal troops was conducted with great order and deliberation, the dead and wounded being carried off by them, with the exception of Major Winthrop, already named, and two Zouaves of Duryea's regiment, who were found by the Secessionists on the field of battle wounded. These brave men died soon afterwards, and were decently buried by their foes. The latest accounts of this miserably managed expedition give the returns of thirty-seven killed and seventy-four wounded on the part of the Federal forces. It is, of course, impossible to ascertain that of the enemy. General Butler in his official report is very severe upon Colonel Bendix, and passes over Brigadier General Pierce's incompetency very lightly. Distressing as this affair has been, it may possibly have a wholesome effect upon the campaign, by impressing upon the Government and Lieutenant-General Scott the imperative necessity of placing at the head of every expedition, great or small, men who have seen actual service, or at all events those who have received a regular military education.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

The State of the Nation.

While political preferences and party obligations regulate the action of the Federal Government in respect to military appointments, the action of the ruling powers of the Southern combination is dictated solely by common sense, which is a true sense of the necessities of the position of affairs. While the Federal Government entrusts the most important positions in its army to civilians, good and true men doubtless, but mere experimentalists in the science of war, to the virtual exclusion of educated and efficient officers of the regular army; the Southern authorities entrust their important commissions, first, to thorough soldiers, graduates of military schools; secondly, to those men who, though not regularly educated to military life, have yet seen actual service in the field; and, lastly, to State militia officers and officers of the volunteer regiments. This common sense arrangement will insure a certain efficiency in every department, and though it may not always command success, reverse, at least, will not be the result of military incompetency.

The authorities at Washington seem to be perfectly terrified lest they should be compelled to acknowledge merit, and reward gallantry, in the members of the regular army. They seem to regard them with a jealousy which, to mere lookers-on, is perfectly incomprehensible. In the ordinary business of life, if we want a man to cut a coat, we employ a tailor and not a practical gardener; or if we want a professed cook, we rarely select a gentleman accustomed to carry a hod. But in our Government, the instincts of common sense, and the consciousness of the "eternal fitness of things," are utterly set at naught; a political partisan tailor being considered far more eligible to command a brigade than a practised officer and gentleman without primary election influence.

We exonerate General Scott, that true and noble old man, from all participation in the gross incompetency and shameful favoritism of the ruling powers; but we appeal to him, as a great soldier, not to allow a wanton sacrifice of life and a desecration of our national honor to be offered at the shrine of political and personal favoritism. Let the gallant and competent men of our army have a chance, and let our ambitious civilians go to the ranks. We should then have no more Bethel blunders.

Movements of great and significant importance have taken place since our last issue—movements which indicate that the Southern Generals are about to concentrate their entire strength upon some one point, and trust their fortunes to the chances of a great battle. The Secession troops have evacuated Harper's Ferry, leaving behind only a small force to guard their retreat. Before leaving they destroyed nearly all the Government property, and also the bridge across the Potomac. The wanton destruction of property, bridges, dams, &c., by the Secession troops is universally condemned. It is supposed that the retreating troops have fallen back upon Manassas Gap, a portion of them probably going up to hold possession, if possible, of Leesburg, the western terminus of the Manassas Railroad. In the meantime, a large body of troops, of which the Ninth New York Regiment, Colonel Stiles, is the advance guard, is advancing upon that place; indeed, rumors have reached us that the Ninth is already in possession of Leesburg. If such should be the case, and the Federal troops gain possession of the railroad, while immense masses of troops are ready to advance upon Manassas Gap from the South, there is every probability that the Secession troops will be compelled to evacuate that strongly fortified position. Telegraphic despatches on the 17th state that a retrograde movement of the Southern troops at that point had already commenced, and that the great body of the army would concentrate upon Richmond and there make a stand.

The line of defences of the Potomac is now considered complete. From Aquia Creek to Williamsport every point where a crossing could be effected is in possession of the Federal troops. Much has been said about the intended attack of the Secessionists upon Washington, and many persist in believing that the attempt will be made within a few days, but we feel satisfied that no such attempt will be made. The approaches to the capital are so well guarded, the danger of the Southern army being taken in the rear is so imminent, that we look upon the oft repeated threat as one of those military *canards* thrown out to throw a blind upon premeditated and real movements.

Fortress Monroe is constantly receiving additional regiments. By the end of the month the army there will number nearly twenty thousand men. In addition to the gallant regiments already there, within the last two days Colonel Weber's Twentieth New York Volunteer German Regiment arrived, and fifteen other regiments are expected immediately, together with an efficient corps of artillery and a regiment of mounted riflemen. Such a force in such a position threatens Richmond seriously.

There is every prospect of warm times in Missouri. The Secessionist Governor Jackson, of Missouri, was continuing his flight with great rapidity from the capital, Jefferson City, from which the arrival of General Lyon's forces drove him so hurriedly. An important movement of Federal troops is to be made at once towards St. Louis. Eight regiments are to be encamped within two hours' march of that city—four at Booneville and four at Caseyville. A camp of four more regiments meantime will be established at Quincy. It is said that the State militia (Secessionists) have full sway in the counties immediately bordering on both sides of the Missouri River, from the Kansas frontier to Booneville.

Cairo is threatened with an immediate attack. General Pillow is said to be on the move with twenty thousand men, to take Cairo and break the blockade of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. General Pillow, it seems, has been promised material aid and assistance from Missouri and Kentucky by Governors Jackson and Magoffin. This movement is not feared by General Prentiss, who feels confident in the impregnable strength of his position. The following correspondence has passed between General Prentiss and the authorities of Kentucky:

Paducah, Kentucky, Saturday, June 8, 1861.

To General Prentiss, Commanding Forces at Cairo, Illinois:

Sir—Inclosed please find a copy of my instructions from his Excellency the Governor of Kentucky, which, among other things, required that I shall restrain any infraction of the attitude of self-defence as assumed by the State. Especially you will restrain all movements looking to a disregard of the authority of the State in her sovereign relations.

The immediate occasion of this note is this: I have received positive information that a large body of the troops under your command, with arms in their hands, and under command of United States officers, crossed over from Cairo on Thursday last to disperse a body of unarmed militia, which had assembled for military instruction in the county of Ballard, agreeably to the laws of this State; that they placed guards around the houses and over the persons of our citizens on their march, to prevent intelligence of their approach from being communicated, and other steps, all wearing the appearance of hostile intentions.

The Governor and people of Kentucky had hoped that, after the declaration of their neutrality, they would have been left free from menace or taunt, to solve for themselves the momentous questions which so imminently threaten the peace of the State, and which in other States has resulted in the overthrow of the civil and the substitution of the military authority, and carrying in their train of evils bloodshed and anarchy.

I shall hope to hear from you by the return of Lieutenant Gerard, the bearer hereof.

I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,
JNO. M. JOHNSON.

The following is a copy of the instructions of Governor Magoffin to Dr. Johnson, to which he refers in the above letter:

Commonwealth of Kentucky,
Executive Department, May 2, 1861.

To Dr. Jno. M. Johnson:

Dear Sir—Rumors have reached me to the effect that a mass meeting of the Southern portion of the State will be held at Mayfield on Monday next, the 27th instant, and apprehending that measures may be taken detrimental to the domestic peace of this State, you are requested to attend its session, and lay before the citizens assembled there my proclamation of the 20th of May, and enjoin upon them a true and sincere observance of its recommendations. You will please exert your utmost influence to induce, upon the part of those citizens and others in that region of the State, a respect for the position held by Kentucky as set out in that proclamation, and to restrain from any infraction of the attitude of self-defence as assumed by the State. Especially you will restrain all movements looking to a disregard of the authority of the State in her sovereign relations. Report to me what you do in the premises.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) B. MAGOFFIN.

To these State Sovereignty documents, General Prentiss returned the following pointed reply:

Headquarters First Brigade Illinois Volunteers,
Camp Defiance, Cairo, June 8, 1861.

To Dr. J. M. Johnson:

Sir—I received your letter of this date, and have read it carefully. Permit me to say that I hold myself responsible to my Government for my official acts.

Trusting you will assure Union citizens of Kentucky that I am ready to render aid to them at all times when solicited, and believing that my Government will approve of my course in this,

I remain, yours respectfully,
B. M. PRENTISS,
Brigadier-General First Brigade Illinois Volunteers.

Shortly after these letters passed General McClellan issued a letter which follows, and which we consider both unfortunate and misplaced, as it disavows the energetic action of General Prentiss:

Cincinnati, June 7, 1861.

To Hon J. J. Crittenden, Frankfort, Ky.:

The papers of this morning state that General Prentiss, Commander United States forces at Cairo, has sent troops across the Ohio River into Kentucky. I have no official notice of such a movement, but I at once telegraphed General Prentiss for the facts, and stated to him that, if the report was true, I disapproved his course, and ordered him to make no more such movements without my sanction previously obtained.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General.

In the State Convention at Wheeling, Virginia, on the 14th inst., the Committee on Business reported a declaration, reviewing the unhappy condition of the State, setting forth the usurpations of the Richmond Convention, offering a bill of rights, repudiating allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and vacating the offices of all who adhere to it, whether legislative or judicial. Mr. Paxton, of Ohio county, offered a resolution, which was adopted, setting forth the grievances long suffered by Western Virginia, and declaratory of their intention never to submit to the Ordinance of Secession, but maintain rights in the Union.

As a great struggle is momentarily expected in Virginia, it will be interesting to our readers to know the relative forces which now stand opposed to each other. It must be remembered that the forces of the Federal Government are increasing almost hourly, and that the estimate of the Secession army is calculated solely from hearsay, and is in all probability greatly over-estimated:

Union Forces.

	Men.
Gen. McClellan's column from the West, *via* Cumberland, &c.	10,000
Gen. Patterson's column, moving from Chambersburg	22,000
Gen. Banks's forces, Annapolis, Baltimore, &c.	11,000
Gen. Cadwallader's column, *via* Rockville, Relay, &c., to Upper Potomac	6,000
Gen. Mansfield's reserves in Washington	14,500
Gen. McDowell's column, from Arlington Heights, Va., to Alexandria	20,000
Gen. Butler's division, near Fortress Monroe	14,000
Total	97,500

Reported Secession Forces.

	Men.
At Harper's Ferry, rear guard	3,000
At Leesburg, Winchester, &c.	15,000
At Manassas (railway) Junction	30,000
At Culpepper, Gordonsville, Staunton and Charlottesville	13,000
At Fredericksburg	12,000
At Richmond	15,000
At Burksville and Petersburg	11,000
At Norfolk and in that vicinity	15,000
At Lynchburg	15,000
On the York and Rappahannock Rivers and Aquia Creek, say	15,000
Total	144,000

We also give the total amount of the Federal troops under arms, in position or awaiting orders, together with their location and commanding officer:

	Men.
South side of Potomac, Alexandria, &c., Brig.-Gen. T. McDowell, U.S.A.	17,500
Washington, &c., Brig.-Gen. J. K. T. Mansfield, U.S.A.	17,000
Fortress Monroe, &c., Maj.-Gen. D. F. Butler	12,000
Troops leaving Washington for Harper's Ferry, Maj.-Gen. G. Cadwallader, U.S.A.	6,000
Pennsylvania, in neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, Maj.-Gen. Robert Patterson and Maj.-Gen W. H. Keim	20,000
Cincinnati and Western Virginia, Maj.-Gen. G. B. McClellan and Brig.-Gen R. Anderson, U.S.A.	25,000
Cairo, &c., Brig.-Gen. B. M. Prentiss	7,000
Missouri, near Cairo, Brig.-Gen. N. Lyon, U.S.A.	18,000
District of Annapolis, Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks	11,000
Troops in Camp:	
New York State, Maj.-Gen. John A. Dix and Maj.-Gen. James Wadsworth	30,000
Philadelphia	9,000
Massachusetts	7,000
Connecticut	2,500
Rhode Island	800
Vermont	800
Maine	2,500
New Hampshire	3,000
Michigan	4,000
Illinois	10,000
Indiana	10,000
Iowa	8,500
Wisconsin	8,000
Minnesota	2,000
Kansas	2,000
Camp Olden, New Jersey	2,000
Total	225,000

PERSONAL.

A private letter from Paris says that Mrs. Dayton, wife of our Minister to Paris, has convulsed the fashionable world in that "frivolous village," as Dickens called it, by her dress at Miss Gregory's marriage with the Marquis of Rochambeau. The *Tribune* gives this convulsive article: "White silk trimmed round the bottom with a broad plaited band of tulle, edged with silk of the new shade Marguerite, and surmounted with three narrow ruches edged to match, the whole set off with a superb flounce of black lace," &c., &c. We must say that the *Tribune's* millinery articles are written in Mr. Greeley's best style

Louis Dela, better known as the Bard of Tower Hall, expired in the lunatic asylum, Philadelphia on the 10th June, in his thirty-eighth year. He was a man of great versatility and talent.

Colonel Strother, better known as Porte Crayon, a mediocre artist and author, is now an officer in the Secession army. He inaugurated this moral sacrifice by marrying Miss Hunter, of Charleston.

Prince Napoleon Plon-Plon and the Princess Clothilde have started in their yacht on a trip to Algeria, Spain, &c.

Our fashionable readers, including the Princess Alice, of Windsor Castle, England, will doubtless be glad to know that the Prince Louis of Hesse, is convalescent of the measles.

Major Winthrop, who was killed in the battle of Great Bethel, was the author of the article in the last *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "The March of the Seventh" Another article from his pen will appear in the July number. It is called "The Camp of the Seventh."

That brave veteran, General Harney, who, though no match for Secession falsehood and cunning as exhibited by Governor Jackson and ex-Governor

Price, is an excellent and faithful soldier, is in Philadelphia. He is to be actively employed in the approaching campaign.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Tribune* demands, in its Sunday edition, the immediate execution of Jeff. Davis, Floyd, Beauregard, Stephens, Wigfall, Letcher and about a dozen others of the same way of thinking. This is too much for even the *Tribune* who reminds its correspondent that Mrs Glass could not cook a hare till it was caught. Lieutenant-Governor Raymond, of the New York *Times*, seems, however, to demand the instant execution of President Lincoln and his Cabinet. Let us hope that somebody will save these gentlemen from their friends. There is no truth in the rumor that Lieutenant-General Scott has resigned in favor of the editor of the New York *Times*

IF we may judge from the Charleston *Courier* of June 8th, South Carolina has so little sympathy with Southern affairs that it burlesques its tribulation. The *Courier* contains an announcement that on the 11th, at the Institute Hall, an entertainment will be given, and a new farce performed called "The Vigilance Committee; or, a Lover in a Box," in which the author "has given in a most happy sketch the leading events of Secession to the death of Ellsworth and the hero martyr, Jackson"

IF anything could more thoroughly show the utter despondency and degradation of the Southern cause in Louisiana it is found in the New Orleans *Delta* of the 3d, which contains an enthusiastic account of a *fête* given to free niggers, who had at their own expense formed a regiment of niggers, or "culled pussons," to assist the new Confederacy! The lion and the lamb fraternising is not a circumstance. What a frightful leveller is fear!

IT is said that Mrs. Page, *née* Dougherty, is not the original of her husband's Venus. She was his Juno. This correction will make her popular with the wives.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD has been detected in a trick which has disgusted even the Confederate troops. It appears that he has been in the habit of disguising himself at the places where he commanded, and returning after a few days absence with fabulous accounts of what he has seen as a spy in the Federal camps. He was detected at Manassas Junction—it being proved that these absences were occasioned by a visit to a French mistress whom he had concealed a few miles away.

MR. ANSON BURLINGAME, whose alcoholic speech in Paris showed how unfit he was to be trusted in any land where there was a free press, is to hide the disgrace of being rejected in Vienna by taking tea in China. He will do for the Celestials. Mr. Seward is very unfortunate in his foreign appointments. With the exception of Adams, Dayton and Marsh, they have all turned out addled egg-otists. We have yet to hear of Mr. Corwin in Mexico.

WAR NEWS FROM THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

WISCONSIN.—A Philadelphia paper says: "The Wisconsin regiment presents an appearance highly creditable to that young and patriotic State, both in the muscle and discipline of the men, and their comparatively perfect equipment. The superiority of their dress and equipment to that of the poor, defrauded Pennsylvania volunteers may be gathered from a little colloquy I overheard between the soldiers yesterday. One of them says,

"'I say, Gus, did you see them Wisconsin fellows this morning, down at the depot?'

"'Yes, I did; ain't they fixed up well though, and got good clothes on?'

"'That's a fact; they are not like the old things our fellows have to wear, that ain't fit for no decent man.'

"'There's Tom Brown, now, round the corner, drunk as blazes; and I don't wonder at it. He was a respectable man that wore good clothes at home as anybody but seein' how he's treated, he don't care a d—n for himself, he's only a common soldier, anyhow, and he takes what fun he can get.'

"Yes, gentlemen in authority, that's the way it works; degrade a man among his fellows and to himself, and you demoralise him.

"The Wisconsin boys are armed with the Minie rifle, and they are sharpshooters who know how to use that effective weapon.

"It is said that there are five lawyers, three doctors and two preachers in the ranks. The clarion voice of their martial-looking Colonel, Starkweather, will ring the knell of the traitors who get within rifle distance. The complete discipline of the regiment is evinced by the fact that, though the camp is in the suburbs of the town, not one soldier has been seen out of it, and all communication outside is strictly prohibited.

"General Patterson's command already numbers over 20,000 men, and has a good look for 30,000. The regiments have been re-brigaded."

ILLINOIS.—Orders have been received from the Government that the twelve regiments now organised in this State shall, on Tuesday, the 18th, rendezvous as follows: At Quincy, Cols. Smith's, Palmer's, Goode's, Scott's; at Alton, Cols. Ross's, Turner's, Marsh's, Heckers's; at Caseyville, Cols. Hyman's, Dougherty's, Mulligan's."

The correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Cairo on the 14th inst., says that Gen. Buckner, Commissioner from Kentucky, was here to day. He says that Kentucky intends to establish a grand encampment of State troops at Columbus. The Columbus people, he added, had no right to raise the Secession flag, and he had requested them not to do so again.

MICHIGAN.—This loyal State has sent its third regiment to Washington. It is from the Grand Rapids, and the material is excellent. An immense multitude of 15,000 men welcomed them at Detroit, and bade them good speed.

MISSOURI.—The treachery of Governor Jackson having been made apparent, General Lyon resolved to take possession of Jefferson City, and, consequently, on the afternoon of Saturday, 15th June, the Missouri Federal Volunteers entered the capitol of Missouri, but found the rebel Governor Jackson had fled. The citizens received the Federal troops as though they had been deliverers, which, in fact, they were, as the Secessionists had robbed and outraged the people to a frightful extent. So much so, that where there were a dozen Secessionists to one Unionist a month ago, there are now a dozen Unionists to one Secessionist. The whole city is now in possession of law and order. General Lyon is pursuing Governor Jackson, whom he threatens to hang.

CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.—The dates from California are to the 29th. The Union feeling there is as strong as it is in Massachusetts and the Northern States.

On receipt of the intelligence of the call by the President for volunteers, measures were put on foot to raise a regiment of volunteers. Recently stations were opened, headquarters established and drill-rooms hired, where the primary steps of instruction were imparted to the recruits. This latter department was placed under the charge of Lieut. Hamilton, of the Third regiment of the regular Artillery; he was specially detailed for this service by Gen. Sumner. At the date of our intelligence there were enlisted in San Francisco five companies of fifty-four men each; in San Jose, one company, in Sacramento, two companies; and in Oroville and Nevada, each one company; all of which it is intended to fill up to the full complement of eighty men each, by the addition of squads enlisted in places where a full company cannot at present be raised. The entire press, Republican and Democratic, are unanimous in favor of the Union.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

ARKANSAS.—The Arkansas State Convention, which has been several weeks in session, has adjourned. The misunderstanding between General Bradley and the troops in the Eastern section has been referred to the Military Board of the State for adjudication. The Convention has suspended all sales under execution. General McCulloch has taken command of the Western forces, and has made requisitions for six regiments upon Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana and the Indian Territory. Albert Pike goes with him as Indian Commissioner. Colonel Thomas C. Hindman, late Member of Congress from Arkansas, has reached Memphis with a regiment of 800 Arkansas troops, on the way to Richmond. He acknowledges, in the Memphis *Avalanche* of June 10, the present of a Confederate silk flag from Mrs. Jefferson Davis, sent from New Orleans. He also complains bitterly of the State of Arkansas for not furnishing his regiment shoes and blankets.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says: "News has just arrived here of another murderous and horrible outrage by the Secessionists, perpetrated at Mound City, Arkansas, this week. An old, gray-headed man, aged over sixty years, a watchman on board of the steamer W. M. Morrison, tied up by the rebels at that place, let slip some Union sentiments in their presence. He was soon surrounded by ruffians, who told him they were going to hang him forthwith. The poor old man thought they were jesting, and said, 'Gentlemen, surely you don't mean what you say; I am a poor, old gray-headed man—always have worked hard, and made an honest living; surely you would not hang me for the expressions of my old honest heart.' The poor old man could not believe that the demons could perpetrate such a murder until he felt the rope round his neck. The end of the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree, and the demoniac crowd of devils pulled him up, struggling and dying, until dead. Several who were commanded to assist slunk away in horror and dread. All these deeds will soon be avenged. These men regard not even gray hairs, the sacred rights of families, or the tears and graves of widows and orphans. There is no doubt about this fact being true, as it came from an eye-witness."

THE ARKANSAS GOVERNOR AND LINCOLN.—A facetious account has been given of Governor Rector's response to Lincoln's demand for troops—"Nary one—see you d—d first." We find the genuine dispatch embodied in his Message to the Legislature, as follows:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 22, 1861.

"Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, Washington City, D. C.:

"In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas, to subjugate the Southern States, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury.

"The people of this Commonwealth are freemen, not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity their honor, lives and property against Northern mendacity and usurpation.

"HENRY M. RECTOR, Governor of Arkansas."

GEORGIA.—Governor Brown, of this State, seems laboring under some strange hallucination, for he says in a recent proclamation: "It is said our enemies exempt cotton from blockade. Why? Because they cannot do without it. I appeal to our planters, therefore, to refuse to ship a bag while the blockade lasts. This will soon remove the blockade from our ports, and the increase in price will amply reward you for the loss you may sustain while keeping your cotton on hand. I trust our people will hold public meetings and petition the Government at Montgomery to lay an embargo upon cotton, permitting not one bag to pass out of the Confederate States while the blockade is maintained." He concludes by urging all to grow wheat, and to be very economical. Persons who have recently come from Augusta and other parts of Georgia report that Georgia is very languid in the cause of Secession. Should the tide of war roll from North Carolina not a Georgian will fight. The slaves are already on the alert.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Raleigh *Standard* says that when completed the contingent from North Carolina will amount to twenty thousand men. From reliable sources we hear at present there are only five regiments, none of which exceed six hundred men. The western and northern parts are by no means staunch in the cause.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston press is especially severe upon the actions at Philippi and Fairfax Court House. They also complain that their own coasting boats supply the blockading squadron with fresh provisions. The want of ice is frightfully felt. The Charlestonians were aware of the capture of the Savannah privateer by the Perry, and call upon Jeff Davis to hang every Northerner in his power should the Federal authorities hang any of the pirates. Their indignation at England's conduct is very great. They were convinced she would do anything for cotton.

The following, from the Charleston *Courier* of the 8th inst., shows that that port is now effectually blockaded: "The sea front of our harbor was quite an object of interest among our citizens yesterday, there being in sight of our port at one time no less than four armed vessels. During the day a party went down in the steamer Charleston, and approached them as near as prudence would dictate. Of the four vessels off the port one of them is the Minnesota, which has been off this place over a week; near her was a large steam frigate, apparently of the first class, and, as seen about three miles off, a much more sightly vessel than the Minnesota. If not the Wabash, she is no doubt the Roanoke or Colorado. The two frigates were anchored quite near each other, and apparently expect to stay for a time. The other two vessels seen in the morning were steamships of about six hundred to one thousand tons, and were both vessels that had been merchantmen, but are now part of Lincoln's provisional forces. Soon after midday one of the latter had disappeared, no doubt gone South, and at three o'clock P. M. the second was working in the same direction. The boat seen astern of the Minnesota on Thursday was not in sight yesterday, but as vessels of that class are sometimes employed as tenders to a fleet, she may be one of that kind."

VIRGINIA, MANASSAS JUNCTION.—A Lynchburg paper says seventy-five negroes arrived from the South to work at the fortifications. A correspondent to the *Republican* (Lynchburg) adds: "I was told, coming from one of the parties engaged (the captain), that a party of scouts, seven in number, under Captain McKay, commanding an independent company, late of the United States service, met with four Federal cavalry, also scouts at Falls Church, and taking deliberate aim at the Federalists, fired, killing three instantly and wounding the fourth so badly that he had to cling to the neck of his horse as he ran. This happened in distinct view of the enemy's camp, supposed to be dragoons, about six miles from Alexandria. The rangers made good their escape, having only one shot fired after them. This came from the captain himself, and was told to Lieutenant K., of the Artillery, from whom I got the information."

The Norfolk *Day Book* furnishes us, accounts of military operations about Cape Henry. It says: "The steamer Quaker City captured a schooner off the Capes and carried her into the Roads. She returned about four o'clock that afternoon and opened fire upon the Princess Anne cavalry, stationed on Cape Henry Beach. She fired six shots at the quarters, none of which took effect, except in the pine trees. Some of the balls were picked up, one of which is a thirty-three pounder. The cavalry captain, John Fentress, is daily exposed to the fire of the steamer, but so far, fortunately, no one has been hurt. If our men now had one or two of those heavy ordnance, say long thirty-two pounders, mounted on large carryall wheels, as we have suggested and urged repeatedly for the last month or two, this steamer could easily be sunk from the position she takes to annoy our troops on the beach."

LYNCHBURG.—Lynchburg was completely surrounded by camps, and looked like a place besieged. There is the camp of instruction. Among the ranks are to be seen beardless boys side by side with the gray-headed. As a general thing they were well equipped, and provisions were plenty. It is true the latter command exorbitant prices, as for instance, beef twenty cents per pound, ham twenty-five cents, flour nineteen to twenty-five dollars per barrel, other articles in proportion. In every direction the planters were much discouraged at the ruin before them.

Our informant passed within fifteen miles of Manassas Junction, and says that there were at that point not more than fifteen thousand troops, who daily expected an attack by the Federal forces. General Beauregard was to have taken the command there, but it was thought he would be sent to Norfolk, and General Lee left in charge. The Virginians have every confidence in the military skill and judgment of the latter officer, but Jeff Davis, influenced by the South Carolinians, prefers Beauregard. General Beauregard was to issue a proclamation to the troops on Monday last. He had given it as his advice to evacuate Harper's Ferry and hold the Junction. The re-enforcement would enable them to withstand any attack the invaders might make.

There were about one thousand men at Leesburg. Passing through Frederick, Md., he found the Secession element, to his surprise, quite strong, as it was currently reported in Virginia that Maryland had been completely Abolitionised.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* contains the following proclamation from General Beauregard:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF ALEXANDRIA,
CAMP PICKENS, June 5, 1861.

A Proclamation—To the People of the Counties of Loudoun, Fairfax and Prince William.

A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal and constitutional restraints, has thrown his Abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated.

All rules of civilised warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts if not on their banners, that their war-cry is "Beauty and Booty." All that is dear to man—your honor and that of your wives and daughters—your fortunes and your lives are involved in this momentous contest.

In the name, therefore, of the constituted authorities of the Confederate States—in the sacred cause of constitutional liberty and self-government, for which we are contending—in behalf of civilization itself, I, G. T Beauregard, Brigadier-General of the Confederate States, commanding at Camp Pickens, Manassas Junction, do make this my Proclamation, and invite and enjoin you by every consideration dear to the hearts of freemen and patriots, by the name and memory of your Revolutionary fathers, and by the purity and sanctity of your domestic firesides, to rally to the standard of your State and country, and by every means in your power, compatible with honorable warfare, to drive back and expel the invaders from your land.

I conjure you to be true and loyal to your country and her legal and constitutional authorities, and especially to be vigilant of the movements and acts of the enemy, so as to enable you to give the earliest authentic information at these headquarters, or to the officers under my command.

I desire to assure you that the utmost protection in my power will be given to you all.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Official—THOMAS JORDAN, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following is from a letter written from Manassas Junction to the Richmond *Whig*, under date of June 3.

"There are of course a thousand rumors in circulation here, but none sufficiently authentic to justify their transmission to your paper. General orders yesterday announced that General Beauregard had assumed command at this point. Some five or six prisoners of war, taken near Fairfax Court House, have been brought here.

"We are drilled pretty hard for this warm weather, but manage to endure it. The commissary stores are bad, but perhaps this is unavoidable at present.

"The real evil, however, and one easily corrected, is the working day and night in digging trenches and throwing up fortifications of dirt by men unaccustomed to labor. In cold weather it might be stood, but in hot weather the result is already seen in quadrupling the sick list.

"The volunteers have seen in the newspapers that many wealthy gentlemen have tendered their negroes for these labors, and they know that there are thousands of free negroes who might be so employed. I really believe that if this state of things continues ten days, there will be at least one fifth of the force here on the sick list or dead, for we have no real hospital here, and medicine is as scarce in the surgical department as money is in the camp. Besides this, it is difficult to get water enough to drink, and even officers cannot get it. Water is guarded and given out as provisions are given out. These are absolute facts. Cleanliness is essential to recovery from camp diseases, and without water cleanliness is impossible, especially in warm weather. On this very day some forty sick had to be sent to Culpepper Court House."

FORTRESS MONROE.—General Butler has asked for more men, and fifteen more regiments are to be sent forthwith, thus increasing his force to about 27,000 men. Its ultimate service is doubtless to advance upon Richmond, or else to retake Norfolk. The large rifled cannon just received from Washington has been placed upon the Rip-Raps, which are only three miles from Sewall's Point. Their range will be tried in a few days. The Union Gun, the monster cannon from Baltimore, will be mounted near the Floyd Gun. These cannons' mouths, like murder, though they have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ. Miss Dix took an advance guard of Nightingales (nurses) to Fortress Monroe on the 15th.

Capt. H. E. Davis, son of Judge Davis, Lieut. Charles H Seaman and Dr. Martin, of Col. Duryea's regiment, on Thursday, the 13th, entered the enemy's lines with a flag of truce, and went to within half a mile of Yorktown. They saw a formidable battery at Great Bethel, but were not allowed to examine the works, and from there to Yorktown were conducted by bridle paths. They were escorted by a sergeant and four troopers, who met them at New Market bridge, three miles from Hampton, to which point the Secession pickets now extend. They were courteously treated by Col. J. B. Magruder, who commanded at Great Bethel. There was a large encampment of cavalry at Yorktown, and the place was being strongly fortified. There are also batteries between Great Bethel and Yorktown.

MARYLAND.—The elections have been altogether in favor of the Union candidates, but the leniency with which such malignants as Ross Winans has been treated disgusts the Union men, whose zeal outruns their discretion. They should remember that this is not a war for Abolition, although it may end in it if the South is blind to consequences, but to preserve the Union. Winter Davis was rejected solely on account of his personal unpopularity. He is, however, to be consoled by the Mission to Austria.

Baltimore has still some Plug Uglies left. As two soldiers of Col. Moorhead's regiment were walking the streets they were fired at from a house, corner of Lombard and Gough streets. The house was searched, but the party escaped. The house ought to have been levelled to the ground.

MISSISSIPPI.—We may get some idea of what Secession has done for this State from the following letter: "Destruction is sure as the sun rises, yet we are helpless. Our property, that one year since would have been valued at over $100,000, could not now be sold at any price. There is no money among us. Our merchants and mechanics are doing nothing. Provisions are stopped from above, and I am truly apprehensive that starvation will be upon us. Many have enlisted for a support. Every man and boy is a soldier, and are drilling daily.

"Great uneasiness and alarm is felt from our peculiar institution, but I must say I have seen no indications of uneasiness among the slaves. They seem as cheerful and dutiful as ever, and mine never seemed more devoted to us than now. Times are so very hard that mine earn me very little, and I am fearful they will earn me less. The sober, thinking part of community begin to think we are to have desperate times, and perhaps to be subjugated at last. Of one thing I feel assured, that we are gaining nothing by Secession.

"Our crops look fine. My corn is shooting; potatoes fully grown and plenty. What I am raising will be ample for my family, unless my negroes come home for want of employment, and the suffering people do not rob me, which I fear, provided times do not improve. Provisions will be extremely scarce and high, and the laboring class can get no employment; they must live, and will not starve if it is in the country.

"We have just begun to feel the effects of the blockade. Provisions are rising, and I am now informed we are to have no more from above.

"I have no means, if I had the mind to move. I cannot collect one dollar in a thousand due me."

FLORIDA, PENSACOLA.—The correspondent of the Mobile *Advertiser* has the following in its Pensacola letter: "Another large steamer arrived in the fleet this morning, June 6, about four o'clock. She is probably the vessel that sailed from New York last week with rifled cannon, troops, &c., for Fort Pickens. There were eleven vessels, of all sail, in the squadron yesterday. This morning I missed a sloop-of-war that had been lying for a week near the frigate Sabine. She has probably gone to the Mississippi's mouth, or to Mobile, to swap ducks a while. There are now in sight four small steamers of the United States. They come and go—somewhere."

Business is so bad at Mobile, that the *Advertiser* and *Commercial* have become one concern.

The Richmond, Va., *Enquirer* of the 9th inst. says: "Colonel W. E. Starke, who has been connected with the army at Pensacola for three months past, left that post on the 1st inst., and arrived in Richmond yesterday. He reports General Bragg in good health and fine spirits, and the army well supplied, and in admirable condition every way. General Bragg is confident that when he attempts to take Fort Pickens the effort will be successful."

TENNESSEE.—The Memphis *Bulletin* has the following atrocious article: "To those of our people who entertain apprehensions of danger, we have to say that all fears are groundless. Our climate would protect us without a single soldier. Suppose Memphis captured. We can furnish deserters with the yellow fever within twenty days. We might poison our cisterns and put our enemies upon river water, and in less than a week they would have small alligators crawling through them; cholera would furnish an elysium compared with the delights of a vertical sun and the turbid waters of the Father of Floods." This is the very delirium tremens of war.

The same paper (June 8th) says:

"Including the forces at Fort Wright, there are now within one hundred miles of Memphis, Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee, on the four railroads converging at this point, not less than fifty thousand men, and under arms, ready to march to the defence of this city at a moment's notice.

"The military fortifications of this city are progressing rapidly. A battery has been erected at the mouth of Wolf River; a redoubt is in the course of erection on the levee in front of the Bradley block, wherein several Dahlgren guns, with others, ten in number, will be placed. Then the bluff has been barricaded with cotton bales and plank, and it is understood that every street below Jefferson, as far down as Beale, is to be barricaded. Thus our thoroughfares are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

"It is suggested by many that it would be safer for our fair city, in the improbable event of invasion, that all the roads leading to it, some miles from town, were fortified rather than the city itself. Everybody admits that our safety is out of the question when it becomes necessary to use these fortifications now being erected in our midst."

TEXAS.—Misery makes strange couch sharers. From the New Orleans *Crescent* we learn that the Texans are rejoicing over the prospect of making a treaty with those wretched savages the Indians. It says:

"After taking possession of Fort Arbuckle, it was garrisoned by a company of Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, under Captain McKinney. Fort Ouachita was garrisoned by the Dead-shot Rangers, under Captain Mayberry.

"Mr. Peel also informs us that the Chickasaws held a council on the 24th of May, and formally dissolved their connection with the United States Government, and issued a manifesto to the Choctaws, Creeks, Cherokees and Seminoles, and to the Reserve Indians, advising them to secede from the Old Union, and to petition the Southern Confederacy to be received as a distinct organized Territory, instead of an Indian Territory. The friendly Indians are all in favor of it." They had ordered off all the Yankee missionaries in the country. The Indians also took up two Abolitionists from Northern Texas, one of whom was a preacher, and hung them. The forts were all to be garrisoned in twenty days, in accordance with a treaty made with the Reserve Indians. Mr. Peel further states, in illustration of the spirit of the Texas troops, that within forty-eight hours after the news came across the border that the Kansas bandit, Montgomery, was coming down, there were 10,000 men under arms, who started immediately to meet him. He says that instead of there being any Abolitionists in Northern Texas, the people are unanimous for fighting, and all classes, including preachers, were eager for the fray."

LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans *Crescent* of June 5 hopes that the appointment of General Twiggs to the chief command at that station will have the good effect of putting an end to the plunder. Indeed, from its lamentations, not even our Albany lobby could be more corrupt than is the Southern one. The *Crescent* says, anent the blockade of New Orleans by the Brooklyn: "The commander of the Brooklyn has been graciously pleased to allow until the 9th inst. for outward-bound vessels, with foreign property, to proceed to sea. The military and marine defences of Louisiana ought to have been in a better position at this time than to allow one solitary steamer to dictate terms to the Southern Confederacy. Three months ago it was resolved to blockade the Southern ports. There ought to have been a sufficient force within the military department of Louisiana to have blown this Brooklyn out of water on her first appearance."

KENTUCKY.—It has become quite evident to the Union men in Kentucky that Governor Magoffin intends to use the Home Guard, when occasion requires, to aid the rebellion. Under this knowledge the Louisville battery last week voted almost unanimously to disband, and the commandant advises the men not to deliver up their arms or uniforms, but to keep them until they can use them in defence of the Union. Two military companies in Lexington have also left the State Guard, for the reasons above mentioned. The Governor insists that the "sacred soil of Kentucky" shall not be invaded by Federal forces for the protection of the Government, but when General Pillow sends rebels into the State to "pollute the sacred soil," the Governor "can't see it." The great trouble seems to be the conduct of the Governor.

ALABAMA.—Hon. R. H. Smith, in a speech at Selma, Ala., on the 4th inst., exhorted the people to take as much of the loan as possible, and stated that the simple feeding and clothing of the army of the Confederate States now costs $30,000 per day, to which amount must be added the whole immense cost of the civil Administration. He informed his hearers that not a dollar could be obtained from abroad, that the necessary amount could not possibly be raised by taxation at home, and that if the people would not contribute by loan the means of meeting the tremendous and constantly increasing expenses, the Government must perish even in its infancy.

In Mobile, and no doubt in many Southern cities, another expedient is resorted to for the replenishment of the exhausted treasury. The Mobile *Register* calls upon all the married women and widows, and maidens and little girls to step forward for the relief of the Government. It appeals to them to give up their little pin-money, their diamonds, their ear-rings, their finger-rings and all the other personal ornaments they have, to be turned into money for the carrying on of the war. And in the Richmond (Va.) papers, a Virginia matron, a worthy and excellent woman no doubt, earnestly asks all her sex to sacrifice their silver plate, their watches, their sofas, their costly furniture of all descriptions, everything, in fine, that they can spare, to aid in the payment of the half million of dollars, more or less, per day.

Mexico.—Dates from Vera Cruz, Mexico, are to the 28th ult. The news generally is unfavorable to the cause of law and order. There was a want of harmony between Congress and the Government, and it is asserted that Juarez, despairing of success in his attempts to ameliorate the condition of the country, had determined to resign and retire. Another change of Ministry had taken place, the following being now in office: Foreign Relations, Leon Guzman; Justice, Joaquin Ruiz; War, General Zaragoza. Don Francisco Verduzco was named for the Finance Department, but Congress refused to confirm the appointment, and the post had not been filled. A number of papers in the capital are making a great outcry against the Government for its alleged intention to demand extraordinary powers from Congress. The Church partisan leaders in the field grow bolder every day. Zuloaga, of eventful memory, is positively in the field, and up to the 14th was threatening Toluca, which is only a day's march from the capital. Marquez had actually entered Queretaro, but retired before Governor Arteaga. The Government troops were almost in a state of mutiny everywhere, being badly paid and fed, and numerous desertions in large squads from the garrisons of Mexico City and other important places were of daily occurrence. These men either join the Church faction or become marauders on their own hook. Discontent among the people was general, and even in the capital many articles of prime necessity were not to be had. The Vera Cruz papers say that "frightful misery" reigns throughout the land.

QUESTIONS FOR ACTORS.—Can a man be said to work when he plays? or to be a sound man when he is continually in pieces?

COLONEL DURYEA'S ZOUAVE REGIMENT FERRIED OVER HAMPTON CREEK BY THE NAVAL BRIGADE, BEFORE DAYBREAK, ON THE 10TH OF JUNE, *EN ROUTE* TO ATTACK THE SECESSION FORCES AT LITTLE BETHEL, VA.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist accompanying Gen. Butler's Command.—See Page 81.

THE BATTLE AT PHILIPPI, VA., BETWEEN THE FEDERAL TROOPS UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL DUMONT, SUPPORTED BY COLONEL KELLY AND COLONEL LANDER, AND THE SECESSION TROOPS UNDER THE COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PORTERFIELD.—SEE PAGE 86.

GENERAL GEORGE CADWALLADER.

THIS eminent soldier is the soo of Brigadler-General T. Cadwallader, and has, from his earliest yonth, devoted himself to a military life. Descended from an ancient Welsh family, in "whose veins for ever rune the blood of victory," to quote one of their hards, his instincts are those of a soldier. After passing through the usual routine of military etndy with great credit, he was first engaged in aotnal service in Mexico, where he commanded the Eleventh and Fourteenth regiments, infantry and voltigeurs. He particolarly distinguished himself on the 8th September, 1847, in the battle of Molino del Rey. He was made a Major-General for his gallantry at Chepultepec on the 13th September, 1847.

On the field of battle there is no more brilliant officer than the illustrious man who is now at the head of a gallant brigade, carrying law and order into the "sacred soil," but he is too honest and fearless to deal with the masked batteries of lying tongues and traitorous deceits. He is a true soldier, and scorns subterfuges. The Stars and Stripes will be nobly led by one of the heroes of Chepultepec.

CAPTAIN ROGER JONES.

THIS gallant officer, who, as Lieutenant in command of the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, took the responsibility of destroying the arms and munitions of war at that place, is the son of the late General Roger Jones, for many years Adjutant-General of the United States Army. He is a Virginian, as are most of his relatives. He has brothers in the army and navy, and one brother, a physician, in this city. He gradnated at West Point, in 1851, and is not yet thirty years of age. Colonel Lee, who is in command of the Virginian troops, who were on the march to Harper's Ferry when the Arsenal was fired, is not only a relative, but the former friend and instructor of Captain Jones at West Point; a man to whom, until his treachery, the Captain had looked up for counsel and advice. His brothers and relatives, except those in this city, are opposed to him in the present struggle. He keenly felt this defection, but finds consolation in his duties under the flag of his country.

While in command at Harper's Ferry, he received a warning from General Scott to be on his guard. Farther than this he received no instructions, and acted entirely upon his own judgment. He received secret information, unknown to all but himself and his informant, that Virginia had seceded, and that Colonel Lee was marching towards him. Immediately quantities of powder were placed in the soldiers' mattresses, which were distributed about the buildings. His men split kindling-wood and piled upon them, and otherwise prepared them for the torch. He had only forty-nine men with him. The approach of the enemy was made known by sentinel after sentinel, until Captain Jones thought they were near enough. He then ordered the combustibles to be set on fire, and seizing his pistols, which lay on his table, gave the order to depart. As they started, he saw that one of the matches had gone out, and he returned and relighted it with his own hand. Before he got out of hearing, however, yells and curses were loud and frequent as the traitors realised their disappointment. Neither Captain Jones nor his men knew the route they were to take; they only knew the directions. They started at half-past ten o'clock P.M., and marched all night through mud and water. At Hagerstown, where they arrived just too late for the train, they did not dare to tell what they had done, but hurried on to Pennsylvania. When they left Harper's Ferry, the traitors were only about fifteen minutes behind them, and they were obliged to leave everything except what they had on their persons. Captain Jones has not yet recovered from the fatigue and hardships of his journey. Government has rewarded his gallantry by promoting him to the rank of Captain.

MAJOR JOHN A. CREGIER OF THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES.

THE well-known and popular veteran fireman, now Major John A. Cregier, of the Fire Zouaves, had a narrow escape from the Secession troops shortly after the occupation of Alexandria. While riding along the outposts he lost his way, and on making inquiries of some people he met, was directed intentionally towards the enemy's force. In a few minutes he found himself close upon a Secession picket, and driving his spurs into his horse, dashed away in the opposite direction. He was hotly pursued, but his high-spirited steed soon bore him out of the reach of his pursuers and into the lines of the Federal troops. For a brief space during the pursuit a brisk interchange of shots took place, but without any fatal result. Major Cregier has determined to limit his solitary rambles to within his own lines, rightly judging that the only legitimate reason for risking life is the service of his country.

THE BATTLE AT PHILIPPI.

WHEN it was known that the Secessionists were in force at Philippi, measures were taken to attack and drive them out.

The programme laid down was for Colonel Kelley's command to surprise Philippi by way of Beverly turnpike. Colonel Lander, Aid to General McClellan, was to attack *via* Webster at precisely four o'clock A.M. Kelley's column had a march of twenty-two miles to make; that of Colonels Dumont, Steadman and Crittenden, led by Col. Lander, thirteen miles.

A terrific storm arose during the night, which impeded and distressed the men—some of whom fainted—on the march to reach Philippi at the appointed time. Colonel Lander's division marched the last five miles in one hour and a quarter, arrived promptly on time, and halted some time, expecting to hear from Kelley. But it appears that gallant officer, after pushing on through the storm and darkness during many hours, mistook the road, and entered Philippi by a side road, instead of the Beverly pike.

Meantime the rebel camp was alarmed by messengers from an adjoining farm-house. Colonel Lander, perceiving the certainty of the escape of the rebels, ordered an advance. The artillery opened on the rebels, and under cover of its fire, Colonel Dumont took the barricaded bridge across the river and the town at double quick step. The artillery, two pieces, was managed by a detachment from Colonel Barnet's Cleveland Artillery, who were much praised for their efficiency. By this time Colonel Kelley had arrived, and attacked the rear of the rebels. Colonel Lander now rode alone across the town to join Kelley, but just after he had passed K., a rebel brought Kelley down by a shot through the lungs. Lander at once charged among the enemy and chased the rebel into an angle of a fence, where he guarded him until the infantry came up. An unsuccessful charge was made by a few of the rebels to rescue the prisoner. On Kelley's men arriving they were determined to bayonet the prisoner, but were prevented by Colonel Lander, against their urgent remonstrances. The Quartermaster of the Virginia regiment took charge of him, becoming responsible for his safety. Colonel Lander maintained that the man had thrown down his arms and yielded himself to him as a prisoner of war, that if he had killed Kelley he would have done it in actual fight, and after our troops had commenced the engagement, and that he should protect him with his life.

Colonel Lander now rode back and brought up Colonel Dumont's regiment, which pursued the enemy vigorously and until they were utterly demoralized. The other troops scattered about the town and captured four Secession flags, five hundred stand of arms—part rifles—forty horses, several wagons, important prisoners, valuable papers and maps, provisions, camp equipage, &c. Sixteen of the enemy were killed—that many dead bodies being found—and many were wounded and disabled.

It is said that the march of Colonel Kelley's command during the night preceding the attack was unprecedented, and the greatest credit is due him and his command for the gallant manner in which they engaged and put the enemy to flight. The reconnoissance in advance of Colonel Dumont's column, by the experienced Ranger officer who aided that Commander, and his advice, enabled it to reach the town and take up its position in order of battle unseen.

Colonel Lander tells an amusing incident as illustrative of the spirit that governs the Virginia women. As he was ahead of the troops, riding down the road, reconnoitring, he came to a house by the roadside, where the woman of it was up, when, Yankee-like, he began to question her about the number of Secessionists in the neighborhood. She wanted to know what side he belonged to. He replied by asking if she supposed he would be in that neighborhood if he did not want to join the Secessionists. He learned from her that the rebels had no artillery. Before he returned from his reconnoissance of the town of Philippi the woman had discovered her mistake, and had a pistol in hand for him, which she discharged at him, without any damage, however. He took off his hat and bowed to her, and begged her not to shoot at his men, as they would kill her. Just then the advance of his reconnoitring party came up, when he ordered a couple of them to seize the woman's son, a lad of about seventeen, to prevent him informing the enemy of their approach. The boy was immediately seized, when the mother came at them with an axe and the fury of a savage, and they had to let the boy go to defend themselves, when he took to the woods and was soon lost to sight. As the main body of troops marched by she fired her pistol at them also, but without effect, her door receiving in return some half dozen rifle-ball perforations, to remind her that shooting was a dangerous business.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CADWALLADER, OF PENNSYLVANIA, COMMANDING THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE FEDERAL ARMY, NOW AT CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, COMMANDER OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY BEFORE FORT PICKENS.

GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG was born in North Carolina, and was educated at West Point, being a Cadet in 1833. He was breveted Captain in 1846, for gallant conduct in defence of Fort Brown. In September, 1846, he was breveted Major for gallant conduct in several actions at Monterey, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, in May, 1848. It was in this action that he stopped the charge of the Mexican cavalry, and it was to him that General Taylor addressed the well-known sentence, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." He is a resident of Louisiana, where he owns a large sugar plantation.

He is now in command of the Confederate army before Fort Pickens, directing the operations for the reduction of that strong fortification. He is esteemed by military men as more remarkable for vigor and determination than for strategical skill.

THE CAMP AT NEWPORT NEWS.

THE camp at Newport News is rapidly assuming a position of great importance. Regiment after regiment is detailed to that place, until now the force amounts to several thousand. These, with the camp at Hampton and the large force at Fortress Monroe, will, it is rumored, form an army to march slowly on towards Richmond, to support the other columns which from various points will concentrate upon the capital of Virginia. These rumors are, of course, vague and uncertain; but the fact that the position is deemed one of first importance is evidenced in the number of troops detailed to it, and the strength of the intrenched camps and batteries erected

and in the course of erection. The monstrous columbiads recently sent from Fort Monroe are now mounted in position at Newport News, and will be found formidable both as a means of attack and defence. The intrenchments are made on the most scientific principles, reflecting the greatest credit upon the energy and perseverance of the men and the engineering skill of the officers. The ditch in advance of the breastwork is wide and deep, and is commanded by pieces of brass ordnance at the angles. Colonel Phelps, of the Vermont Regiment, is in immediate command of Newport News, under the control of General Butler.

SEWALL'S POINT.

This spot, which has become famous from its actions with our naval flotilla, forms an extreme point of the promontory on which Norfolk stands, and is opposite nearly midway between Fortress Monroe and Newport News. Its exact strength is, of course, a secret to us, but there is no question it is very considerable, since the stores found at the Navy Yard were ample for that purpose. It has also been supplied with rifled cannon from the foundries now in full blast at Richmond. The width of the channel here, however, renders Sewall's Point of little importance as an offensive position, its only value being as a defence against any landing of the Federal troops in advancing upon Norfolk.

PIG'S POINT.

This is situated at the entrance of Nansemond River, and was lately attacked by Captain Faunce in the Harriet Lane, without any practical result. It is said to be well manned, and to be armed with heavy guns; but it will be remembered that in an action of nearly three hours with the above mentioned vessel, which was within range of its guns, only two shots were effective, the others either falling short or passing over. Like Sewall's Point, its only value is in a defensive point of view. About twelve miles from the entrance of Nansemond River is Suffolk, the chief town of Nansemond county, and on the direct line of the Norfolk and Richmond Railroad.

GOVERNOR SPRAGUE, OF RHODE ISLAND.

Among the earnest and patriotic men of the Union, there is no man more truly and earnestly patriotic than Governor Sprague, of the gallant and chivalrous little State of Rhode Island. He was among the very first to bestir himself in the cause of the Union. He entered into it with a determination which nothing could daunt, and from that moment to the present time his activity has been restless and unceasing.

He is now with the Rhode Island regiment at the seat of War. With his men his popularity is unbounded, and his return to the camp was a scene of the greatest enthusiasm and excitement. We have little doubt that Governor Sprague will be heard of honorably in the future operations of the army.

BATTERY LINCOLN,

Erected by the Federal Troops on Santa Rosa Island, Pensacola Bay.

In order to strengthen the position of Fort Pickens Major Brown, in command of that fortification, has caused several strong batteries to be erected upon the Island of Santa Rosa, which render all attempt at storming the position quite impracticable. Our illustration represents the interior of a new work called Battery Lincoln. It contains four eight-inch sea-coast howitzers, and is situated about six hundred yards from Fort Pickens, on the north side of Santa Rosa Island, nearly opposite the Navy Yard, which it commands. It is built of sand, and riveted with pine logs. The magazine, guarded by a door in the centre of the battery, is constructed in the traverse separating the second and third guns. It is a work of considerable strength, and will prove an effective work for offensive or defensive operations.

THE SAVANNAH,

A Privateer of the Southern Confederacy.

The first privateer, bearing a commission from the Government of Jeff. Davis, which has ventured to leave a Southern port was captured on the 2d inst. by the United States brig Perry, and arrived at this port on the 15th, in charge of Midshipman McCook and a prize crew from the United States steam frigate Minnesota. She is a small schooner, pilot-rigged, named the Savannah, and is said to have been owned by one McDonald, a pilot, formerly in the employ of Spofford, Tileston & Co.'s line. She was only thirty-six hours out of Charleston when she was captured, but meantime she had herself taken the brig Joseph, of Rockland, Maine, with a cargo of molasses from Cuba, bound to Philadelphia, and sent her into Georgetown, South Carolina. Her captain was detained as a prisoner on board the pirate craft, and was with her when she was captured by the Perry. The pirate crew consisted of twenty-two men, who, with one exception, are in irons on board of the United States frigate Minnesota. One of the number, who hails from New York, and asserts that he was impressed into the service, was sent here with the vessel. She was well armed, having an eighteen pounder on a swivel stationed amidships, a large quantity of small arms, such as sabres, pistols, muskets, dirks, bayonets, &c., on board, with a full magazine, and provisions and water for a two weeks' cruise. She was surrendered to the custody of the United States Marshal. She lies off the Battery, with the Secession flag flying underneath the Stars and Stripes, and attracts much attention.

AMERICAN IMPROVEMENTS

In Implements of War.

Since the French Revolution, almost every great campaign in Europe has resulted in some improvement in the art of war. Dickenson's steam gun and the effective engine just invented by McCarty, of this city, which, by centrifugal force, projects, with much precision, a deadly shower of 180 balls per minute to a distance of more than 1,000 yards, are among the numerous American improvements which will be tested during the present war, and, if they fulfil expectations, may modify the character and abridge the duration of the existing struggle.

Mr. Taylor, an ingenious mechanic of Roxbury, Massachusetts, has just invented a self-igniting fuse, which may, perhaps, come into extensive use, and prove of the highest importance for military purposes. He claims that the fuse is not affected by any conditions of the atmosphere, and ignites as readily under the water as in the air. It is not dependent upon friction or concussion for the generating of fire, but the time when this is produced may be calculated in advance, and may be set at five seconds or five hours, at the option of the operator. The many advantages of this invention will at once be obvious. It may be used in bombs, and their explosion regulated with certainty and accuracy, and secured against accident or contingency. It will produce explosions in a fort after its evacuation at any time desired. It may be operated under the keels of vessels in the water as surely as on land—and in this connection its utility in the explosion of sunken vessels or rocks in harbors will at once suggest itself.

Mr. Taylor is known as the inventor of an explosive mixture, a description of which, in 1851, he read in a paper before the Royal Dublin Scientific Society. Being put into use by the Russian Government against the Baltic fleet in its late war, it also was found in the Malakoff Tower by the French when they entered after its assault; but being dependent upon friction, and indicated by flags, which the Russians had placed to guard their own soldiers, it was removed before explosion.

CAPTAIN ROGER JONES, U. S. A., PROMOTED FOR DESTROYING THE ARMS AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT HARPER'S FERRY, ON THE APPROACH OF THE SECESSION TROOPS, APRIL 18TH, 1861.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

Napoleon was no dancer. On one occasion a ball was given him, in honor of one of his great victories. The temptation to dance with a certain countess, however, was irresistible. At it the conquering General went, and succeeded about as well as a horse-marine. He had no taste for light, fantastic movements. At the close of the dance he turned to his partner and thus addressed her: "I am very sensible, charming Countess, that I have acquitted myself indifferently; but the fact is, my 'forte' lies not so much in dancing myself as in making others dance."

The roulette-table of Wiesbaden—that fruitful source of disputes between gentlemen who are given to large profits as well as quick returns—has again been the occasion of a duel of truly German character. The offended party, being an invalid, actually insisted upon going through the campaign that was to follow the challenge while sitting in an easy chair. This arrangement saved the bed-ridden challenger from the trouble of falling to the ground; his opponent managing to shoot him through the head, the chair of the combatant proved his bier.

Singular Dream.—There was a curious circumstance connected with the case of John Ham, burnt to death at Dedham by his clothes catching fire from his pipe, and who, we learn, was the brother of Mr. Ham, carpenter, of Moulsham. At the inquest a gentleman residing at Dedham stated to the coroner that many years ago he had a dream of Ham's death by an event similar to that which had actually occurred; and that, knowing the man, he had felt it his duty to relate it to him, and caution him as to his mode of life, which he had frequently done; and that he only recently again reminded him of his dream.

Monster Egg.—The captain of a vessel trading to Madagascar one day observed a native using a vase which much resembled an egg, and, upon examination it proved to be one. The native eventually produced some enormous fossil eggs, from the interior of the island, and some fossil bones of a bird. The largest of these eggs is equal in bulk to six ostrich eggs, or 148 eggs of the common hen, and will hold two gallons of water. M. St. Hilaire, who described these marvellous eggs and bones in a report to the French Académie des Sciences, proposed the name of "Æpiornis" for the monster bird that laid the monster egg.

The fascinating but very fast-dancing Pepita was too much for the prudery of the Copenhagen moralists who visit the Casino Theatre, and they received her with a *charivari* truly continental. Pepita the Great stood her ground on tiptoe, and looked so provokingly fascinating at the *claque* that their hearts relented, and were as suddenly taken with a fire of enthusiasm for the petitoes of Pepita.

Presence of Mind.—On some occasions we are mournfully reminded of the name of "Presence of Mind," bestowed on a late dignitary of the Church in consequence of a story told of him by himself. "A friend," he used to relate, "invited me to go out with him on the water. The sky was threatening, and I declined. At length he succeeded in persuading me, and we embarked. A squall came on, the boat lurched and my friend fell overboard. Twice he sank and twice he rose to the surface. He placed his hands on the prow, and endeavored to climb in. There was great apprehension lest he should upset the boat. Providentially I had brought my umbrella with me. I had the presence of mind to strike him two or three hard blows over the knuckles—he let go his hold and sank. The boat righted itself, and we were saved!" Such "presence of mind" is, happily, by no means universal. We have heard a story of another Dean, who has left behind him a race of sons chivalrous as himself, who, on a raw and gusty day in December, and at the advanced age of seventy, leaped into a canal to save a drowning person.

The Bank of France, and several other establishments, recently discovered that many of the napoleons they received had been fraudulently reduced in value by scooping out part of the inside, and filling up the hollow with lead or brass. The perpetrators of this fraud first sawed off the head side of the piece, then hollowed out the inside, till only a mere pellicle of gold remained, and afterwards filled up the interior as stated. They then put on the head again, and so cleverly as to leave scarcely any mark on the edge. The police are endeavoring to discover the guilty parties.

A Pillar of Burning Gas.—Near the Featherstone station, about three miles and a half from Pontefract, and five miles and a half from Wakefield, boring for coal has been in progress for some time, and has reached a depth of one hundred and forty yards from the surface. At this depth the boring was advancing through a thick layer of blue sandstone, which overlies the coal-bearing strata throughout a wide area in that district. On Saturday, April 13th, while the borers were at work, a strong smell of gas was perceived, and suddenly an eruption took place which threw the muddy water from the borehole about thirty feet into the air. This continued, and put an end to the boring. Subsequently, some one applied a light to the gas, which then formed a fiery pillar of considerable height, such as would be formed by igniting the gas that would issue from a broken street main through a hole in the soil above it containing water. The gas has continued burning ever since it was lighted, but with a gradual diminishing flame, and it now ascends to about five feet above the level of the water.

The artesian wells in Venice, from which, at one time, water was expected in sufficient abundance and of such quality as to supply the wants of the city, have utterly failed to fulfil the purposes for which they were designed. Some of the wells have ceased to flow, others have given far less than they did at first, and the water of all has been found to contain from twice to three times the quantity of substances in solution, besides gas, of either river or rain water. The municipality of Venice are, therefore, obliged to seek from other sources the water necessary for the supply of the population.

A return from the War Office states that in the last financial year Enfield factory turned out 99,443 musket rifles (pattern 1853), made by machinery complete, and that the expenditure of the factory for the year was £216,055.

A few weeks ago the Marquis de Montmerillon entered a carriage on the St. Etienne railway, and a person in it would not move to allow him to reach a seat. As a return for this rudeness the Marquis began smoking a cigar, without asking the other if his doing so would inconvenience him. The person in an offensive manner desired the marquis to leave off smoking, and, as the latter refused, threatened to throw him out of the window. The marquis took no notice of the threat, and the passenger knocked the cigar out of his mouth. On that the marquis flung open the door of the carriage, and did what the other had threatened—threw him out on the line! As the train was going at a rapid rate, the chances were ten to one that the man would have been much hurt, if not killed; but, strange to say, he fell to the ground without sustaining any material injury. Getting up he shook his fist at the marquis, but the latter quietly responded by throwing out the man's cloak, which had remained on the seat.

The other day we heard the following astounding narration from a son of the deep, and, remarkable as it is, we give it credence, on the ground that the narrator was himself an eye-witness of the singular scene. Somewhere about longitude 70 E. and latitude 35 S., the crew of a homeward-bound East India merchantman caught what was supposed to be a large basking shark (*selache maxima*) a species very rare in the Indian Ocean. On pulling it on deck it was struck on the head repeatedly with a marline-spike, and when supposed dead its mouth was gagged and the tail chopped off. It was then opened up, and the heart and liver plucked out. After lying for about an hour on deck the animal was heaved overboard, and on gaining its native element (although its liver and heart were simmering in the cook's copper) it revived, and swam away with its usual vigor, apparently unaware of the loss it had sustained.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Pesth, May 9th: "It was unrequited love that drove Count Teleki to commit suicide. He was madly enamored of a beautiful Hungarian lady of very high rank, who spurned his addresses. He was specially impelled to the rash act by the frank avowal of the lady that her aversion to him arose from horror of his political principles. 'She would never,' she told him, 'give her hand to a traitor.' A few hours after the wretched man blew out his brains."

A new question has arisen, viz., whether the Southern Confederation can have the benefit of the Extradition law for the arrest of fugitives from justice in Canada. The United States have a treaty with Great Britain for this purpose, but if the seceded States have really separated from the Union they lose the benefit of that provision; in which case Canada will become as safe and popular a refuge for absconding debtors as for slaves.

A traveller who is now visiting the canal works of the Isthmus of Suez sends the *Siecle* the following details, dated El Guizer, 3d inst.: "The central service of the supplies and the administration for all the points of the isthmus is organized at Damietta. From 6,000 to 7,000 Arabs are now employed. There are upwards of 2,000 at Timsate, where the works are carried on with an intelligent activity which must secure sure results. I was surprised to see those masses of native workmen using with the greatest facility all the French tools and improved machinery. Courageous and persevering efforts were necessary to organize all these works, which are carried on with the greatest order and precision. The company advances towards its object, and it will attain it. The *materiel* employed is immense. The wheelbarrows alone are more than 14,000 in number, there are steam saw mills, machinery for cutting metal and wood, hospitals, bakehouses, butchers' shops—in fact nothing is wanting!"

"Don't rob yourself," as the farmer said to the lawyer who gave him a hard name.

MAJOR CREGIER, OF THE ELLSWORTH N. Y. FIRE ZOUAVES, ESCAPING FROM THE PICKETS OF THE SECESSION TROOPS NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

THE BATTLE AT GREAT BETHEL, BETWEEN THE FEDERAL TROOPS UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL PIERCE, CONSISTING OF DURYEA'S ZOUAVE REGIMENT, ENTRENCHED, UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL J. B. MAGRUDER, ON THE MORNING OF

TOWNSEND'S ALBANY REGIMENT, BENDIX'S STEUBEN REGIMENT, ALLEN'S FIRST NEW YORK VOLUNTEER REGIMENT, AND THE SECESSION TROOPS, STRONGLY
JUNE 10TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. BUTLER'S COMMAND. – SEE PAGE 81.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

It is wondrous indeed what miracles affection can surmount. Who that had before marked those white taper fingers could have imagined them capable of such a toilsome labor; it was a labor performed in silence, for the feelings of both, though widely different, were intense. At length the chain gave way to her perseverance; it was severed, and before she was aware of it fell with a loud clank to the ground. Both were on their feet together. With a trembling hand she put the chain in his, hastily replaced the cap she had taken from her hand, and for a few minutes the silence of death reigned in that prison room. At length she breathed again, though the blood refused to stain her lips with a single tint of its vermilion.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, earnestly. "The alarm rests with ourselves; we are still safe, and so much accomplished. Be brief, Jules; we have no time for parley. Batiste, with a carriage and fleet horses, waits outside. Dress yourself in this gown and cap, and without delay summon the jailor and follow him; he will lead you to liberty."

She then freed herself hurriedly from the dress she had worn on entering.

"And you, how will you pass?" he asked.

"I have said, think not, speak not of me," she replied, "there will be time enough for me to pass when you are safe. Here, throw on the gown, every minute enhances the danger. Surprised at our long interview, the governor may send, may come here himself. Haste, then, Jules; if this plan fails, we are lost, irremediably lost. I conjure you, by our love, our safety, to fly."

"Fly, and leave you subjected to the scorn and sneers of the wretches inhabiting this place?" said D'Almaine. "Never! I will not owe my safety to your danger! Go, Lucille, leave me to my fate, if it cannot be avoided but at such a price."

"Oh, this is cruelty!" she cried, dashing the tears from her eyes. "What have I to fear, though you leave me in a prison? I shall have honorable men to deal with; and when did they ever scorn or insult a woman thrown on them for protection? Go, Jules; for mine, for our child's sake, fly! for in our helplessness we shall both need your arm to defend us," and she put her hands together beseechingly.

D'Almaine wavered. "Dare I trust you?" he said, in a faltering voice, bending over her. "Can I trust you with those who, for an imaginary crime, have pursued me with such rancour? Will they not punish you that I may feel their vengeance more keenly than if inflicted on myself? Urge me not; the galleys, if it must be, a thousand times, rather than the sacrifice of such a woman!"

Lucille's face drooped over the hands resting on her knees. "To the galleys?" she murmured. "You will it, then, that we toil there together?" She raised her head slowly, their eyes met, she saw irresolution in the glance, and promptly acted upon it. "Ah, I have conquered!" she cried, rising and throwing the gown over his shoulders. "You will save us; the father will again clasp his child; we shall all be free!"

He caught her in his arms; but the knit brow, and the swollen veins in the forehead, told the workings of his soul.

"I go," he said, hurriedly; "I leave these walls; but not like a dastard, to fly far away while you suffer beneath them. No, I will hover round them, to shield you, should the slightest menace assail; be near, to give myself to them, should they dare detain you as a hostage. And now," he added, with a faint smile, "for the adorning, if you think it likely that the piercing eyes of the jailor will not detect the difference in our height."

"I forgot not so essential a point," said Lucille, a flush of grateful joy lighting up her pale, anxious face. "See," she added, pointing to the boots, "Batiste, ever watchful, had them raised, by means of cork soles, three inches. You have but to be firm to pass; escape is certain. Hark! the cathedral clock strikes eleven; ere its bell tolls midnight, you will be far, far beyond danger."

D'Almaine's dress was soon adjusted. Lucille wrapped herself in the travelling-cloak her husband had worn on her entrance, and with his cap pressed tightly over her thick, bright hair, she seated herself on the chair he usually occupied, and with a fluttering heart, but bold hand, rang the bell for the turnkey. But a few minutes elapsed, when his slow, heavy step sounded along the passages, and vibrated on the hearts of the husband and wife, as with throbbing bosoms, and hands clasped in each other, they awaited his coming.

D'Almaine's brow knit more closely when the key grated in the lock, and he clutched Lucille's hand more tightly; but she, though her feelings were perhaps more agonised, had more self-possession. Withdrawing her hand hastily, she whispered, "Courage!" and turned coldly from him. The door opened! D'Almaine passed the turnkey, and waited till the ponderous key turned and shot him out from Lucille, when for a moment caution forsook him; he forgot his own danger, remembering only that she was alone and a prisoner, and with an instinctive motion he turned and laid his hand fiercely on the lock.

"What has monsieur forgotten now?" said the man, surlily, who had been kept up beyond his usual time by the interview. "Methinks after such a long parley, a head long as monsieur's should have allowed his tongue to leave nothing unsaid that was necessary for the count's defence in the morning."

Recalled to his senses by the rebuke, D'Almaine shrugged his shoulders and went on.

While Lucille, as the key was withdrawn from the lock, started nervously to her feet, the blood, like molten lead, coursing through her heart, a cold, heavy moisture on her brow, she approached the door, and with form bent, till her ear nearly touched the keyhole, her hands clasped, stood in the attitude of listening, her lips compressing more firmly, her hands clasping more tightly, as the retreating steps fell lighter and lighter on her ear. Not a sound escaped her. Though so distant, she heard distinctly the key turn in the outer door, heard it creak on its heavy hinges, then close with a sound which seemed to bring the rushing air with a torrent through the passages and to the door at which she stood; then for a minute there was a deathlike silence, and then, oh, joy, joy unutterable, the smack of a whip was heard, then the rumbling of wheels, and all was again silent as the midnight hour.

The cold moisture left her brow; her lips half opened, for her breathing was now free as air, and with still clasped hands she sank on her knees, and in low, fervent accents murmured her prayer of gratitude and love to Him who had given her power to save her husband. The prayer, so full of sincerity and devotion, reached the throne of mercy, for when she arose from her knees she remembered not she was in a prison, but with a light spirit took up the cloak which had fallen to the ground, wrapped it round her, and throwing herself on the pallet, slept her first healthy sleep since her husband's committal.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lucille awoke not till the entrance of the man with the morning meal. Alarmed by the unusual noise, forgetting at the same time where she was, she half turned on the bed. The sight of him, busily employed in arranging the cloth, awoke her as well to reality as to life. She kept her face concealed till he quitted the room, when she arose and ate heartily of the comfortable meal, more welcome than any she had had placed before her for many days. It was the first time she had peace of mind, and it had brought appetite with it.

Having arranged her hair and replaced the cloth cap over it, as the only covering she possessed for her head, she waited, with a palpitating heart, the hour of noon, wondering, with a sinking dread, if she should be exposed to the rude gaze of the expectant throng anticipating her husband's trial.

She remained but a short time in doubt; at twelve o'clock the jailor appeared to conduct his prisoner into court. Lucille, who was aware she could not avert the evil hour, turned her full gaze upon him. Terrified, as if by an apparition, the man retreated a few paces, then rubbed his eyes and came again towards her. This second glance seemed to convince him of something too clearly.

"What is this?" he cried. "Where is the Count D'Almaine? Here is treachery! A substitute! and, by the Holy Virgin, a woman! The prisoner escaped last night in the garb of Monsieur de Calcote! I'll away to him—he must account for this treachery."

And, relocking the door, he ran through the long halls calling, at the height of his voice,

"Treachery! Monsieur de Calcote! the Count D'Almaine!"

Lucille sat in trembling expectation near an hour, when she heard the sound of many footsteps approaching. She wrapped D'Almaine's cloak more tightly round her, and drew the cap further over her face. But, alas! its dimensions were too small to conceal a single particle of her beautiful contour, or the varying color of her transparent complexion, or round red lips, or pearly teeth, which, as her lips parted with agitation, showed themselves small and even.

The door was thrown open with little ceremony, several men appeared, and with rough voice and rude gesture presented the judge's order to her to appear in court. She started as she read "appear in court." She said,

"Can I not be spared this exposure? Say I would speak to M. de Calcote."

"That is not allowed," was the reply. "You have used his name to find ingress here. There must be no further collusion."

"The judge, then, monsieur?" said Lucille. "Surely he will compassionate my situation and spare me appearing before the gaze of so many. Tell him I am the Countess D'Almaine, and crave his clemency."

"We must obey our orders, madame. You may be the countess; and now I look at you, you are certainly the lady who spent so much time with the prisoner. But that says nothing, you have connived at his escape, and must answer in court for it. Come, madame, follow us, or we shall be compelled to insist on——"

"Insist!" sighed Lucille, "and do you not do that now? Resistance will avail me nothing," she thought. "They will examine me, and in public too, so the sooner it is over the sooner I shall have my liberty. I am ready," she said, rising. "I have hard hearts to deal with, therefore contention is useless."

"Quite, madame," returned the men of office, as they marshalled themselves round her to conduct her to the court.

During the short journey to the court Lucille had been collecting her coolness and courage, but both vanished when she entered the court, crowded to excess, and that world of faces fixed upon her own, and those numerous inquisitive eyes following her faltering steps to the spot she was led to, subdued it all. She felt faint, falling, and caught at the railing to support herself.

"A chair," called out M. de Calcote, "and a glass of water!"

A chair was immediately brought, and several hands presented glasses filled with water. She sank upon the first, and gratefully wetted her lips with the water. On being sufficiently recovered to be interrogated, the counsel of De Peleron pompously demanded.

"Your name, madame?"

"Lucille D'Almaine," was the simple reply.

"D'Almaine!" repeated the counsel. "Are you certain that you have a right to the name of D'Almaine?"

She looked up a moment surprised, then answered, in the same quiet tone,

"As certain as I am that it is my husband's."

"Your husband?" said the counsel. "Then you presume to tell us that the Count D'Almaine is he?"

She bowed proudly, but spoke not.

"Speak, madame, if you please," continued the counsel. "We wish to know who you are, and before we question others would have it from your own lips. You say you are the wife of M. D'Almaine; now we have some doubts on that point, which we expect you to explain."

"Doubts?" she repeated, and the color spread itself vividly over her fair face, while her large eyes, which she raised to the speaker, sparkled with insulted dignity. "Doubts that I am the wife of the Count D'Almaine?" she repeated. "Monsieur, this is a ruse known too well to your calling, and your question one I should scorn to answer were it not for my situation. I repeat, then, I am Lucille D'Almaine, the wife of the count of that name, and I trust that the truthfulness of the reply will save me from further doubt or interrogation on the subject."

"But we have heard," interrupted the counsel, "that you are his mistress; that, encouraged by you, the late Duke de Peleron came by his unfortunate death."

Lucille rose proudly from her chair, and raised her tall figure to its full height.

"It is false!" she said in a full, clear voice. "You have never heard this falsehood; and if it has been hinted at among the base, it is falser still to say that any one believed it, monsieur. After your base insinuation, I am silent to your interrogations. I declare to you and the court I will not again answer you on this or any other subject."

A murmur of applause ran through the court; and the counsellor, though discomfited, joined in the admiration she excited.

A second counsel on the same side rose.

"Madame," said he, "you are charged with a serious offence—that of aiding and abetting the escape of a murderer."

"I deny it," interrupted Lucille, in the same proud tone. "I assisted the escape of the Count D'Almaine, an injured and honorable man, who, in defence of his own honor, fired too surely on the unfortunate and guilty Duke de Paleron."

"You own, then, to having assisted his escape?" said the counsel.

"I do," replied Lucille, "and glory in it, though my own life fall the sacrifice for his."

At this moment her eyes turned inadvertently towards the door. A tall, robust fisherman leant against the post, his eyes flashing beneath his uncombed hair on the men who were examining her. She turned quickly away, but not before her eyes had encountered the fisherman's, when she sank, pale and trembling, on the chair, and the next question put to her was unheard.

"Madame is ill—why is she thus teased?" ran in a displeased manner through the court. "Shorten the examination, gentlemen. Remember you have a woman, a delicate, an unprotected woman before you."

"It is something that madame has seen in court that has disturbed her, not what she has heard," returned the counsel of De Paleron, in a pointed manner. "Perhaps madame will inform the court what apparition has alarmed her?"

Lucille's eyes again glanced to the spot where the fisherman had stood—it was vacant. She drew a quick breath, and looked deliberately on the many faces gazing admiringly and commiseratingly at her. There was not one among them to excite a single emotion. The icy coldness running through her veins was succeeded by a warm glow of returning animation, and she said in the same clear, full voice,

"I am ready."

GOVERNOR SPRAGUE, OF RHODE ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 87.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE AT PHILIPPI, VA., SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE OPPOSING FORCES, AND THE LINE OF MARCH WHICH COL. KELLEY'S COMMAND SHOULD HAVE TAKEN BUT MISSED.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 86.

"You confess to having connived at the escape of your—of the Count d'Almaine," resumed the counsel. "Are you aware of the danger that may accrue to yourself from the bold, lawless deed?"

"I know not, neither do I care," replied Lucille. "I thought not of danger beforehand, when my husband was imprisoned wrongfully; why should I fear now, now he is at liberty, and secure from the venom of those false men who for money would take his life?"

The advocate showed symptoms of temporary uneasiness, but after a pause he continued his interrogations.

"It is my client's wish not to press a heavy charge against you; therefore if you will name the secret retreat of the count, you may expect your freedom."

"If my freedom rests on that foundation it is a poor one," said Lucille; "for I am as ignorant of his resting-place as yourself; but if I knew where he was it would be the same, for neither threat nor promise would move me to breathe a hint detrimental to his safety."

"We may or may not, madame, believe the whole of this statement," said the advocate, sternly. "Name your accomplices."

"Accomplices!" repeated Lucille, scornfully, "I have none—required none. I exchanged places with Monsieur d'Almaine—what need had I of accomplices for such an act?"

"But you did not drive the coach that brought you here in disguise. Who accompanied you?"

"A servant whom I could depend on."

"Name who was that servant?"

"That I will not do," said Lucille, determinedly; "not that I fear he would betray his master, but because I will not reward his fidelity by placing him beneath your merciless scrutiny; nor will I subject myself longer to it. I appeal to the court," she said, looking round, "if I have not answered your questions clearly and truthfully. I know nothing but what is known to the court. Then I beg to be spared further misery by this public exposure; and if I have honorable men to deal with my appeal will be heard. If I have committed a crime amenable to the laws of my country in rescuing my husband from an ignominious fate, let them punish me to the full extent. I pronounce myself guilty of the crime. Let me be removed hence then, if it be even to the deepest, gloomiest dungeon your walls can boast."

Another burst of applause was hushed by Monsieur de Calcote, D'Almaine's counsel, rising to address the court.

"Monsieur," he said to the judge, "this noble lady—for she is noble in mind and station—has been somewhat rudely examined, her title of wife cruelly questioned; but I will not detain the court by expatiating on a subject of no moment to her arraignment. She is before the court for the rescue of her husband, an act neither law nor nature can condemn; but, sir, we cannot try her for the crime the Count d'Almaine is accused of. Then why is she detained? Every moment she remains within these walls she is falsely imprisoned. I pray, nay insist that she be instantly set at liberty."

The judge nodded his head in approbation of the speech.

"You are right, Monsieur de Calcote," he said. "This lady, now she is examined, is free to depart. It was our duty to interrogate, as it is now our duty to discharge her. Madame," he said, turning to Lucille, "you can depart at your pleasure, and with the heartfelt wishes of your countrymen for your welfare. Though I cannot applaud your deed, it was an heroic one; and as such all hearts but the baser ones will acknowledge your worth."

Lucille bowed to him; and the tears which cold heartlessness had dried up blinded her at the words of kindness. And at the judge's words an uncontrolled burst of satisfaction burst forth, and twenty hands were held out to conduct her from her seat, and as many voices offered the use of a carriage to take her to the chateau. Confused, she looked round, scarcely able to discern objects through her misty eyes, when some one approached and offered his arm, saying,

"Madame, your own carriage waits. Have I permission to take you to it?"

"Oh, Batiste!" she uttered in joyful accents, taking his proffered arm, "this is happiness unlooked for. Take me quietly hence."

A line was instantly made for her passage amid a respectful silence, many following to the carriage to proffer their services.

Batiste thanked them, but promptly told them that at present nothing was required but the lady's removal from a place where she had been so deeply tried; and placing Lucille safely inside the vehicle, where Annette, the old servant of her father, was already with several trunks and packages, he jumped up beside the driver, and they were soon beyond the turmoil of the prison and the gates of the city.

CHAPTER XXV.

LUCILLE and her companions journeyed several miles by unfrequented roads till they stopped to change horses at a small, quiet roadside inn, when Batiste, telling the coachman, an old servant of the count's, that he would take the reins the remainder of the way, and that he, after well baiting the horses, was to return home with them, and meet him on the morrow at the same hour and place, and having written a few lines to Madeline by the same conveyance, without waiting to refresh either himself or Lucille, mounted the box, and the coach was again in motion.

Twilight was now deepening. Lucille saw that they were crossing a moor; but whither they were going she knew not, her trust was in Batiste; and though nervously anxious, she forbore to put any questions, when Annette, looking from the window, cried in a half-affrighted tone,

"What a dreadful place Monsieur Batiste is crossing! Neither house, tree, or the least thing habitable within sight; but what is that in the distance, my lady? If my eyes see clear, a horseman at full speed, and very like a brigand, too! Pray Heaven he may not be one, for there is much property in the trunks beneath the seats, which will surely not escape the observation of one of his class; and Madame Batiste packed up a quantity of plate and other things of value. What if he should be a brigand?"

Lucille looked timidly from the window. She had no fear for the property; she thought only that they were pursued, and, doubting not they were hastening to join D'Almaine, she was going to touch the checkstring to warn Batiste, when the horseman dashed up to the window. It was the fisherman she had seen in the court, and, as then, in him she recognized her disguised husband.

"Oh, Jules!" she cried, "is not this tempting Providence? I perceived the disguise in an instant, and others have as sharp vision as my own."

"No, no," said her husband. "I have faced both friends and foes for the last twelve hours unsuspected, but love penetrates all disguise. Had my life and my liberty, which I risked, been at stake I could not have kept from that prison house. I was hovering about it all night, and had you been in danger should have given myself up once more to their unholy fangs."

"It was folly, madness!" said Lucille. "What would such rashness have availed? Had they seen your flashing eye and knit brow, as I did in the court, you would not be here now to speak of your rashness."

"It was wonderful how I contained my passion when those baseborn curs were casting their base insinuations upon you," said D'Almaine. "How they must have tried your gentle nature, my Lucille!"

"Not a hundredth part as you did," replied Lucille. "When my eyes glanced upon you I gave up all as lost, and with all my boasted courage, had you remained, should have betrayed you."

"I saw it," he said, in a deep-toned voice; "but the horrors of it are over. Let us hope for a better future; that and poverty we have now before us."

He rode to the side of Batiste, and continued talking to him till they entered the small fishing town of Dunkirk, where Batiste had engaged a fishing smack to convey them to the Flemish coast, and Lucille, for the first time, learned she was to be the companion of her husband's journey.

"Would it not be better that I should follow?" she asked, in a timid voice. "You could travel more expeditiously alone, and I will join you in a few days when you are in England—the refuge of the oppressed!"

"You, dearest," said D'Almaine, hastily but peremptorily, "must accompany me wheresoever fate guides my footsteps; and it is but confirming your words to say, where I go there must thou go also!"

"But our child, Jules! You do not bid me leave France without her. You, I know full well, must hasten hence; every hour—oh! every minute—has danger in it while you tread these shores! but I—surely a few days may be given to me for my child's safety. Do not frown, Jules," she said, her eyes filling with tears, "it is a mother—the mother of an only child—who asks to delay her journey a few hours that she may be assured of its safety. Jules, think of our Birdie! If harm should betide her in the land that has treated her parents so harshly, should we not blame ourselves as in part the cause?"

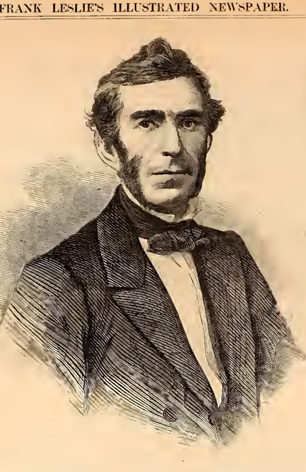
Man! selfish man! for selfish thou ever art, though love, and gentleness and generosity will group themselves with this vile passion in your bosom! The cloud deepened on D'Almaine's brow.

"It shall be as you wish," he said, "since the child is dearer than the father. But know, Lucille," and there was a stern determination in his voice, "that we quit France together. If you wait for the child, I will wait likewise."

Lucille's head sunk on her clasped hands; the mother's warm pure affection struggled with the wife's love, the husband's safety. The latter conquered. She uncovered her face, brushing, as she did so, the glistening tears from her pale cheeks, and gliding towards D'Almaine, who stood with folded arms regarding her, her hand nestled in his. She spoke not, but her eyes, as they met his, said, "Through all dangers I am yours." D'Almaine folded her in his arms.

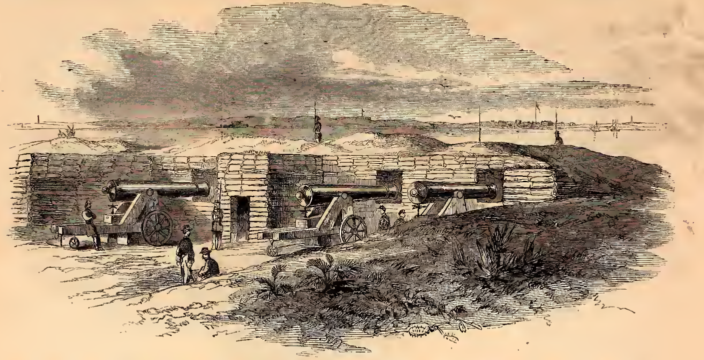
"I am unworthy of you, Lucille," said he, "but in this instance bear with me. Our Birdie is as dear to me as to yourself, and were I not assured that in the arms of Madeline and Batiste she is protected with the same care as our own, I would face more dangers than now menace me to put her in yours."

The good and zealous Batiste was lavish in his assurances of



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG, COMMANDING THE SOUTHERN ARMY AT PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, FOR THE REDUCTION OF FORT PICKENS, NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS.—PHOT. BY JACOBS, N. O.—PAGE 86.

MOUNTING THE GREAT COLUMBIADS, SENT FROM FORTRESS MONROE, AT NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.



BATTERY LINCOLN, ERECTED UPON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLORIDA, COMMANDING THE NAVY YARD AT PENSACOLA AND THE APPROACHES TO FORT PICKENS.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN FORT PICKENS. SEE PAGE 87.

everything he thought likely to soften the heavy weight he saw so clearly lurking at Lucille's heart.

"Have comfort, madame," said he, "this dear child is as precious to Madeline and myself as to her own parents. It is best you should go with monsieur; you have the discretion which he lacks; and I promise that as soon as you are settled Madeline shall bring her to you. In the meantime she shall be watched over, guarded as if she were indeed our own."

"I know it, Batiste," she replied, "I am assured of your worth. Bat—but—" and a look of anguish crossed her face, "the child's dream haunts me. Oh! Batiste, tell me if it was not strange, foreboding, that a creature so light-hearted, so young, should dream till the tears stood on her cheeks! Oh! why should one so young dream at all if not ominous of evil?"

"You are nervous, Madame d'Almaise, to allow so visionary a matter as a child's dream to disturb your usually strong mind," said Batiste; "the infant at the nurse's breast dreams, and from the expression on its features, sometimes of woe as well as weal. Discard this fancy from your mind; in less than a fortnight I promise you Birdie shall be safe under her mother's wing."

"Take my blessing to her," said Lucille, earnestly. "It may be my last blessing, for we have both to cross the deep waters before we can meet again; and this ring," she added, taking one of great value from her finger, which D'Almaine had given to her on their marriage, having the initials to her name, L. D. A., in brilliants, "take this, put a ribbon to it, and let her wear it round her neck; it may, at another period, be serviceable to her. And now I have nothing more to say, and they summon us to the boat."

D'Almaine, who had been at the waterside, entered. "The trunks are on board," he said, "the sails spread! Adieu, Batiste, my good and tried friend! Let our Birdie be your first care, as you hope for success and happiness."

"A hundred blessings for her!" murmured Lucille, trying to force a smile, but it died on her lips. She was leaving country, child, friends, a home surrounded with luxuries, for a precarious one, a land she had only heard of; the effort to smile was vain. The smack was in motion, the night was dark, a few dim stars struggling through the murkiness made the vault of heaven just visible, Batiste was no longer to be seen. She drew her cloak closely round her, and leant over the gunwale of the vessel; now her tears, so fought against, would come, and as her hands were pressed hard over her eyes, they fell drop by drop into the cold, rapacious ocean, mixing heedlessly with its white dashing foam.

The following day they reached Flanders, from whence they took water for England, and in an obscure village on the coast awaited news from France.

(To be continued.)

The Nantes journals state that, in addition to experiments with a steel cannon said to be invented by the Emperor, which have just been made near that city, trials have taken place with a new projectile weighing forty-five kilogrammes (99¼ pounds), and which is of such terrific power that it is believed that, in bursting in the midst of a mass of men, a hundred might be killed or wounded.

The English are to have a visit from young Dahomey, the Prince, son of the King of that name, who has such barbarous customs. Perhaps he will hear something that is not palatable to him, if the British men-of-war have not been engaged with conveying the fact to his parent.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

CHAPTER LII.

ERLE GOWER watched with earnest eyes the form of Lady Maud as she fled from him down the centre of the old library. He caught the sweet—and to him it seemed joyous—expression beaming on her fair countenance, as she turned it to him, while yet flying, towards the outlet.

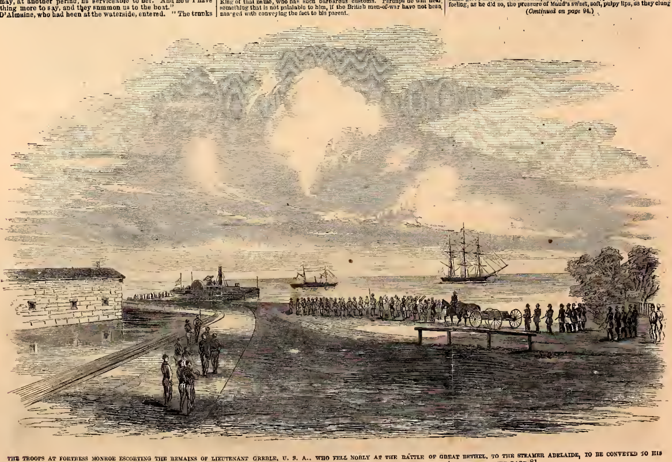
Securing the small box which he had brought from the old portrait-gallery, he made his way through the secret door by which he entered, and this time retaining the keys, he passed out into the Chace, not by that door which led immediately outside the building, but the passage and outlet which introduced him into a wild part of the Chace itself.

The day was fine, the sky blue, the sun shone brightly, the birds sang with sprightly notes as they perched upon branches and twigs or darted to and fro. A wind, fresh but not strong, played among the young leaves, making them rustle and hum as they waved gracefully under its pressure.

Erle, who was jaded and worn by his night's adventure and his morning's excitement, acknowledged gratefully the pleasant breeze as it cooled his heated brow, and he drew large draughts of it, like one who had suddenly escaped from a stifling vapor into a clear and fragrant atmosphere.

And now from the secret place nearest to his heart he again drew forth the small glove and the dried flower, and pressed them passionately to his lips, feeling, as he did so, the pressure of Maud's sweet, soft, pulpy lips, as they clung

(Continued on page 94.)



THE TROOPS AT FORTRESS MONROE ESCORTING THE REMAINS OF LIEUTENANT GREBLE, U. S. A., WHO FELL NOBLY AT THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL, TO THE STEAMER ADELAIDE, TO BE CONVEYED TO HIS FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 81.

THE BATTERY AT SEWALL'S POINT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, VA., WHICH WAS TWICE ENGAGED AND PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY A DETACHMENT OF THE NAVAL FLOTILLA OF THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 87.

THE BATTERY AT PIG'S POINT, ON THE NANSEMOND RIVER, VA. OPPOSITE NEWPORT NEWS, WHICH WAS ENGAGED BY THE REVENUE CUTTER HARRIET LANE, ON THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 87.

THE ENTRENCHED CAMP AT NEWPORT NEWS, JAMES RIVER, VA., UNDER THE COMMAND OF COL. PHELPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 86.

ERLE GOWER.

(*Continued from page 92.*)

to his own when they both in the library simultaneously discovered into what emotion their friendship had merged.

And thus, full of exulting thoughts, of rapturous imaginings, of glowing anticipations, he paced to and fro, entirely wrapt in ecstatic contemplation.

One thing struck him at this time with more painful force than it had ever done before. It was that his vague claims on Lord Kingswood were, according to the suggestions of Ishmael, of a character which, if substantiated, could only be subversive of his happiness and destructive of his position. In what light would Lady Maud regard him who ruined Lord Kingswood, destroyed the peace of mind of Lady Kingswood, and placed Cyril in a humiliating position—Cyril, in whom the whole happiness of Violet was bound up?

It was a question of immense moment, and he felt its force and responsibility. Yet he believed a path might be found, if he could influence others to be animated by the same feelings as himself, which would reconcile all opposing elements, and make them all one and united.

"It is imperative upon me to assert my rights, whatever they may be!" he exclaimed, while pursuing this course of thought; "but it would not cost me a pang to surrender all the glitter of rank, and wealth, and station, so that Maud—beloved Maud—shared my fate! Let Lord Kingswood keep his pomp and title—let him feed his ambition with the toys which make up high station—give to me Maud, and if it spares her sorrow, let him enjoy all."

He made his way through the silent intricacies of the forest, and emerged upon the borders of the small stream whose meandering form he at once recognized; but instead of pursuing its wandering course, he, in an impatient mood, leaped it, forced his way amid briars and brakes, turned into a narrow, leafy alley, sinuous, and crossed in all directions by straggling shoots of young trees, growing thicker and thicker as he proceeded, as if they were gradually gathering so as to impede his course, and ultimately yielding before his impetuous movements, to disclose to him that he had reached the old hunting-tower in the forest.

He started as he beheld the gray, moss-covered ancient structure, and regarded it with singular interest. He had often heard Violet speak of it in terms of affection, at other times with feelings of awe. Herein he knew existed the picture of which she had so often spoken, and herein he expected to discover, he knew not why, matters relating to himself.

He gazed up at the window, over which trailed dark ivy. It was closed, and seemed as though it had not for some time been opened.

Beneath that window was an opening, or rather a narrow slit in the thick walls, intended to admit air and light together. Narrow as it was, a massive, rusty, time-eaten iron bar divided it, intended, no doubt, to prevent bats or animals from entering, and it was too small to permit any human creature to squeeze through the fissure. Erle tried to examine it, but he found it beyond his reach, or he would have looked within.

He moved round to the doorway. The door was formed of planks of oak of immense thickness, banded with huge iron bars, and studded with thick knobs of the same material. There appeared to be no means of opening it from the outside. An iron handle, upright, and formed like that on a drinking measure, was affixed for the purpose of closing it, but he could find nothing, not even a keyhole, to betray how admission was to be obtained.

He tried the door, but it was firm; he pressed against it, and, by the aid of the iron handle, attempted to shake it, but it remained immoveable.

He was now only more anxious to obtain an entrance, but he could not see any mode by which to effect it. He thought of climbing to the window, but he gazed round in vain to discover anything which would assist him.

He walked slowly round the building, which occupied a much larger space than he supposed, with a view of ascertaining if there was any other mode by which ingress could be obtained; but he observed only another window, fashioned much in the same way as the first he had seen, and a narrow opening similar to the other for the purpose of admitting air.

Resolved not to be baffled, he examined the old building with attentive care. He approached closely the second window, and casting his eyes up the walls, noticed some iron staples driven into them at irregular distances, and ascending which, by the aid of a rope, would certainly enable one who was agile to reach the window above.

As it was his intention, when the night drew on, to return to Kingswood by the route across the park, he thought it would be possible to purchase materials, not only such as would enable him to reach the windows, but to force it, if necessary.

With this resolution on his mind, he, with slow steps, examining cautiously the crumbling wall as he went, came ultimately round to the arched doorway again.

He started back with a cry of astonishment, if not of alarm.

The old oaken door was open, and in the entrance stood, or rather cowered, an old woman, who bent a pair of piercing, brilliant eyes at him beneath a pair of slanting, bushy, but snow-white eyebrows. She leaned with both hands upon a stick, and stood motionless, watching him with considerable earnestness.

He, in turn, regarded her with wonder. She was decrepit from great age, but she was not bronzed or shrivelled so as to make her hag-like. On the contrary, her skin was white—a dull white, it is true—but not sallow. She had, indeed, rather the aspect of one who has for a long series of years been confined within a chamber, sufficiently ventilated so as not to be injurious, but yet so limited in the circulation of its air as to give to the complexion of those imprisoned within it a delicate but death-like hue. She was much wrinkled, but not offensively so; her long elf-locks, unconfined and white as her brows, hung straggling upon her shoulders, while her dress was a strange compound of a past and a present age.

Erle saw in a glance that in her maidenhood she must have been [illegible] and he could not divest himself of an idea that there was some floating resemblance between her and Violet.

There was a strange, weird-like look about her, yet he felt that much of that appearance was due to the circumstances under, and the place in, which he saw her, and her evidently extreme age.

He was so full of marvel, so occupied with wondering who she could be, for he never heard Violet drop the remotest hint that any such singular being as this dwelt with her in the hunting-lodge, that he stood, without speaking, gazing upon her.

At length she broke the silence, and said, in a harsh but almost shrill tone,

"Whom do you seek?"

He started, and replied,

"I do not seek any one here."

She eyed him keenly as he spoke, and the tone of his voice seemed to move her, for she pressed one of her hands upon her temples.

She withdrew it, and in a yet harsher tone exclaimed,

"Whom do you seek?"

"I have answered you," he returned, slowly, and with emphasis. "There is no living being I am seeking likely to be met with here."

"Shall I convict you of falsehood out of your own mouth?" she asked, with bitterness.

"If you can, in Heaven's name do, dame," he returned, with a curling lip.

"You stood before yon window and gazed long at it," she exclaimed, with energy, pointing at the one he understood to have been that which lighted Violet's room.

"I did," he replied, laconically.

"You tried this door—you have examined the outside of this tower to find a place by which to enter," she cried, rapidly.

"I have," he returned, calmly.

"And yet you profess to seek no one whom you hoped to find within!" she rejoined, with a sarcastic tone in her almost shrill voice.

"It is even so," he answered.

"Go to! You are a Kingswood!" she cried, bitterly; "and who of all breathing creatures should know better than myself how little of truth and of honor is to be found in any of your race?"

"Softly, dame," interposed Erle, raising his hand in a deprecatory manner. "How know you that I am a Kingswood?"

There was such a peculiar earnestness in the tone of his inquiry, despite his gesture, that the old crone could not help observing it.

She screamed rather than laughed,

"How do I know you to be a Kingswood—I!—I!—I!" she cried, shrilly. "Do you, a Kingswood, ask this of old Eldra?"

"If I am a Kingswood, still do I ask it," he responded, in a haughty tone, and a flush mounted to his cheek.

"If you are a Kingswood!" she repeated, sternly. "Do you deny it?"

"No!" he returned, in a loud, emphatic tone; then he added, in a milder voice, "But that is a different affair to making the assertion that I am a Kingswood."

The old woman shook her clenched hands at him in a paroxysm of fury.

"It is mean, it is base, it is contemptible to descend to such paltry artifices," she cried, in a choking voice. "Oh, but an angry God is degenerating the race. Lord Kingswood, villain that he is, would spurn such an ignoble subterfuge."

Erle looked at the old woman with amazement. The intensity of her excitement confounded him; he knew not how to reply to it so as to appease it, and he remained silent, feeling that any attempted explanation would only increase her fury.

"Not know you for a Kingswood!" she screamed. "Is there not stamped upon your features more impressively than upon those of any belonging to the accursed race yet born the resemblance to him who pulled down desolation, misery and crime upon the name of Kingswood? Can I not see in the broad, high, white forehead, the full, bright, haughty eye, the compressed, passionate lip, those marks which distinguish a Kingswood from all the world? Do I not find it confirmed by your acts?"

"What acts?" cried Erle, with a sudden, haughty impetuosity. "There lives not one who dares to say I am the author of an act tainted by aught derogatory to my honor."

"There lives one who dares do that," exclaimed the old creature, vehemently.

"Name him, then, to me," cried Erle, stung out of his intended calmness. "He will not dare face me with a lie so base on his lip. I would ram it with my knuckles down his throat."

"Brave words, bold words, with but an old woman and a forest aisle to echo them," retorted the old woman. "See, proud boy, before you the being who lives and dares to tell you that, young as you are, your acts are such as should shame even a Kingswood."

"Old woman, you are mad," cried Erle, indignantly. "How dare you utter an assertion so utterly without foundation? You know me not, I tell you. You do not even know my name, although you address me with such presumptuous familiarity."

The old woman scowled at him.

"Look at yon window," she said, with slow emphasis, pointing to the one above where they stood, "that at which you first gazed when you broke through yon covert. That window has enshrined the faces of maidens young and fair as ever the light of Heaven shone on. Woe for them! A Kingswood's eye has fallen upon them, even as, in successive years, they have sat within yon chamber, and a Kingswood's tongue has lured them down, down, down to their eternal destruction! Your father, true to the traditions of his house, has done this. The last bright and beauteous face but one of a creature as pure and innocent as she was beautiful, sat one day in happiness and purity at that window, listening to the music of the birds, chanting strange melodies herself, with her tender eyes fixed upon the green, growing, budding things. The present proud Lord of Kingswood passed and saw her there—he lured her away—destroyed her. You, oh, Cyril Kingswood, with the curse of your race clinging to you like a shroud, have seen one such face seated at that window. You, too, sought to lure it. You, the son of the author of the foulest wrong of which even a Kingswood could have been guilty, you seek to perpetuate the crimes of your house by the wanton annihilation of one whose only sin would be that of loving you too well."

"No!" cried Erle, with a fiery and impatient gesture.

"But I repeat my charge, miserable, degenerate boy," screamed the old woman, frantically. "Why, have you not seen her there, gazing out with soft, loving eyes upon the skies, and the flowers, and the woodland? Have you not met her in the unfrequented glades and in the covert? Have you not haunted her—a pure, innocent, forest fawn—like a hunter tracking his game to its destruction? Oh, but she is snatched from you now! You find her not there! She is gone—she is gone——"

"Woman!" shouted Erle, passionately, "I am not Cyril Kingswood. Your wild and furious charges are for other ears than mine. I repeat, I am not Cyril Kingswood."

Erle spoke with a rapidity and impetuosity which would not be denied, and notwithstanding the excitement which seemed to render her deaf and blind to all but her own impressions, the words, "I am not Cyril Kingswood," came thundering into her ears like a discharge of artillery.

The words seemed to stun her, not by the force with which they were uttered, but the sense they conveyed.

"Not Cyril Kingswood!" she muttered.

Then she placed her two hands upon her stick and peered up at him from beneath her slant and hoary brows. Her eyes absolutely glared as they perused and reperused every lineament of his noble features.

Once or twice she pressed her aged eyelids with her long and bony fingers, but it was for a moment, for she withdrew them again and gazed at him with a more steadfast crueity than ever.

"Not Cyril Kingswood?" she repeated, with evident emotion.

Presently she said, with sharpness,

"But you are a Kingswood. Yet Lord Kingswood has but one son! Are you not a Kingswood?"

"I do not bear the name," answered Erle, for obvious reasons deeply interested in all that fell from the old woman's lips.

"No?" she exclaimed, interrogatively. "Where were you born?" she asked.

A flush mounted to his forehead.

"I do not know," he answered, in a low tone.

"Where reared?" she inquired, almost authoritatively.

"At Avening," he replied.

She shook her head.

"What this may mean I cannot tell," she muttered, as she rocked her body to and fro. "There is a strange wild disorder about my heart, a tumultuous throbbing, which seems to forewarn me that some tremendous development of the mystery which hangs over the doomed race is nigh. What can it be? Nature seldom lifts its voice of warning in my breast but there is a fulfilment of its presage."

She again perused his features with earnestness, and presently beckoning him, she said,

"Enter the tower with me. It is the first time I have asked within its aged walls a Kingswood since—O my God! let me not recur to that—my sin, my sin, my mortal sin!"

She bowed her head upon her white, attenuated, wrinkled hands, and moaned as if in mental agony.

She, however, soon shook off her spasm of pain, and turning to him, said,

"Follow me! There is one in here whom you may recognise when your eye lights upon him."

She turned and entered the hunting-lodge. He followed closely upon her heels, and whispered in her ear,

"There is, indeed, one whom I know to be within here whom I expect to see."

She staggered round as if he had stabbed her.

"What is that you have dared to breathe in my ear after what you have denied?" she exclaimed, as she raised her stick to bar his further progress.

"Nay, dame, fear me not," he rejoined, quickly and gently. "There hangs within a portrait of one of whom I have heard. I wish to see it."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"It is a portrait I would have shown you," she said.

"And will," he responded. "I am not one of whom you at least should be in fear."

"And why not you?" she asked, as her bright eyes still rested upon his features.

"You shall know anon," he exclaimed. "Pray lead on; I am impatient to see the portrait."

In the centre of the tower within there was a spiral stone staircase. Though very old, it was built so massively that it was likely to last for ages. It was [illegible] and but one person could pass up it at a time. The walls seemed to [illegible] with moisture, though the interior of the tower was not damp, but [illegible] accounted for from the fact that the staircase continued up to the roof, where it was open and exposed to the sky.

There was a small handrail of wood, which ran spirally up the side of the wall, and to this handrail the old woman clung as she dragged herself up.

"Do not touch the wall! do not touch the wall!" she exclaimed, twice or thrice, and as she mounted the last stair, which paused at a door she unlocked and flung open, she repeated, "Do not touch the wall! Beware! do not touch the wall!"

"Wherefore?" asked Erle, as he stood beside her.

"Because there is blood upon it, the blood of one pitilessly slain, staining it, smearing it from this room to the ground," she answered, in a hollow voice.

"But I have touched it," he said; "for at first I did not see the handrail."

She clutched his hand, and looked at it; the light which came in at the window enabled her to see that amid the moisture and the crumbling particles of stone which had adhered to the palm of his hand, from pressing against it in his ascent, there appeared a bright crimson streak. She uttered a shuddering cry of horror.

"It is her blood—her blood!—the blood of Lady Maud!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Of whom?" cried Erle, in startling tones.

"Of the Lady Maud," she returned, with the same wild animation. "For three hundred years that streak has rested there, a record of her wrongs, a broad red brand of infamy on the name of Kingswood! Who are you whose hand should remove it from the place where it has rested for centuries?"

"See!" he cried, in a half-delirious voice, as, drawing with a sudden impulse a knife from his pocket, he made an incision across his hand, where the bright red streak yet shone. "I am he whose blood shall mingle with that of the Lady Maud's."

The old woman uttered a choking scream of frantic terror.

As he concluded his words, and towered to his full height, under the passionate impulse of the inspiration which had induced him to perform this singular and unprompted act, she shrunk back, contemplating his face and form, and turned it upon a large painting which hung against the wall.

To her intense horror she saw the picture move—swell—dilate. It might have been the rush of air which entered from the well-staircase and the open door that stirred it thus strangely. Of this she thought not; all she beheld or heeded was, that not only did it move, quiver and oscillate, but suddenly the cords by which it was suspended seemed to stretch to twice their length, and then snap, while the picture itself glided from the place where so long it had rested, and descended swiftly to the floor, with a noise resembling a low peal of thunder.

A cloud of dust rose up, but was in an instant whirled away in eddies to the ceiling, leaving the picture clear and distinct in the same upright position as it had maintained when hanging against the wall.

Old Eldra lay in a swoon upon the ground, her face bent towards her knees, and her hands clasped upon her forehead.

Erle stood firm and erect, gazing upon the pale face of the young hunter, whose large, stern eyes seemed to glare upon his own, and to search down into their very depths.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST WORDS OF MAJOR WINTHROP.

OUR readers will remember that brilliant article in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* describing the march of the New York Seventh Regiment to Washington. Young Winthrop was the author of it, and he purposed continuing his contributions to the *Atlantic* during the war. He accordingly sent a paper for the July number, full of admirable descriptions of "Our Camp at Washington," the closing portions of which have now a heart-saddening interest. We anticipate the publication of the new number of the magazine, by extracting a few paragraphs:

"The time had come for myself and my regiment to leave it by different ways. I should have been glad to stay and see my comrades through to their departure; but there was a Massachusetts man down to Fortress Monroe, Butler, by name—has any one heard of him?—and to this gentleman it chanced that I was to report myself. So I packed my knapsack, got my furlough, shook hands with my fellows, said good-bye to Camp Cameron, and was off, two days after our month's service was done.

"Under Providence, Washington owes its safety, first, to General Butler, whose genius devised the circumvention of Baltimore and its rascal crew, and whose utter bravery executed the plan; he is the Grand Yankee of this little period of the war. Second, to the other Most Worshipful Grand Yankees of the Massachusetts regiment, who followed their leader, as he knew they would, discovered a forgotten colony called Annapolis, and dashed in there, asking no questions. Third, and while I gladly yield the first places to this General and his men, I put the Seventh in as last, but not least, to saving the capital. Character always tells. The Seventh, by good, hard, faithful work at drill, had established its fame as the most thorough militia regiment in existence. Its military and moral character were excellent. The mere name of the regiment carried weight. It took the field as if the field were a ball-room. There were myriads eager to march, but they had not made ready beforehand. Yes, the Seventh had its important share in the rescue. Without our support, whether our leaders tendered it eagerly or hesitatingly, General Butler's position at Annapolis would have been critical, and his forced march to the capital a forlorn hope—heroic, but desperate.

"So honor to whom honor is due.

"Here I must cut short my story. So good-bye to the Seventh, and thanks for the fascinating month I have passed in their society. In this pause of the war our camp-life has been to me as brilliant as a permanent pic-nic.

"Good-bye to Company I, and all the fine fellows, rough and smooth, cool old hands and recruits verdant, but ardent! Good-bye to our lieutenants, to whom I owe much kindness! Good-bye, the orderly, so peremptory on parade, so indulgent off! Good-bye, everybody!"

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

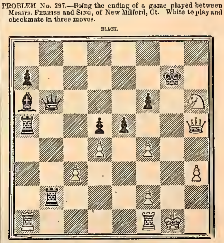
THE Charleston *Mercury*, after giving a very candid account of Lieut. Tompkins brilliant charge through Fairfax Court House, refrains from recounting the crowning achievement the night after, when he rescued the two men he had left behind him, in consequence of their being dismounted, and uses this ungracious but truthful language, so far as the reproaches are concerned: "It is said, in extenuation of this apparently dastardly conduct, that one company of the Virginia cavalry were without pistols. But what a vain and empty excuse! What is the use of pistols in a sabre fight? The sabre, not the pistol, is the weapon for a charge of cavalry upon cavalry. Still further, it is stated that the other company of Virginians had pistols. They were two to one against the United States troops, and backed, besides, by a company of riflemen. Good God! is this the sort of fighting Southern troops intend to make? Why, with their riflemen, and two sabres to one, they ought to have cut up the Lincolnites to a man, and pursued the last man into the very encampment of the enemy. Is the banner of the Old Dominion to be thus trailed in the dust? Are there men found in Virginia thus to rob her of her ancient prestige, and, more than all, her honor, her glory in arms? Unless our meagre accounts from the Richmond papers are strangely incorrect, the epaulettes should be torn from the shoulders of the officers who have thus sinned the honor of their State, and a court martial should expel them from the ranks of the Confederate army. That there are brave men in Virginia who will maintain her integrity, the gallant conduct of the single company of rifles, unsupported and without bayonets, who drove back the enemy with their bullets, will testify. Let those, then, who have no stomach for the fight be spurned from the ranks of the army—objects of contempt to mankind."

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 297.—Being the ending of a game played between Messrs. FERRISS and SING, of New Milford, Ct. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE

IN the following lively and interesting little game, Mr. SILAS ANGAS gives the Queen's Knight to Mr. F., a member of the Newcastle Chess Club:

(REMOVE WHITE'S Q'S KT.)

WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. F.	WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. F.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 Q B to K Kt 5	Q to K Kt 3
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	13 B to Q 3	P to K B 4
3 B to B 4	B to B 4	14 B to K 7	Kt tks B
4 P to Q Kt 4	B tks P	15 R tks Kt	B tks Q R (b)
5 P to Q B 3	B to B 4	16 Kt to K 5	Q to Q Kt 3 (c)
6 Castles	Kt to K B 3	17 Q to Q B 4 (ch)	P to Q 4
7 Q to Q B 2 (a)	Castles	18 Q tks P (ch)	B to K 3
8 P to Q 4	Q to K 2	19 R tks B	Q R to Q sq
9 K R to K sq	P tks P	20 B to Q 6 (dis ch)	K to R sq
10 P to K 5	B tks Q B P	White mates in four moves.	
11 P tks Kt	Q tks P		

(a) This was a favorite move with Mr. M'Donnell when giving these odds.
(b) After this it does not appear that Black can save the game.
(c) If instead he play

	16 Q to K R 4	18 B to K 2, &c.
17 Q to B 4 (ch)	K to R sq	

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHY should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

"WHAT are you conning over?" asked a friend of a law student. "My lex-i-con," was the reply.

AN advertiser in the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

A WESTERN paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are very rare.

IF you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear your watch-seals about the size of a brickbat.

A NEGRO, on being examined, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No, sir, he is a Member of Congress," was the reply.

"ISN'T your bill awfully steep?" inquired a spendthrift of his tailor. "You ought to know best, for it was run up by you," was the cool reply.

THE horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at a sale the other day, is now offered to be sold with the additional guarantee that "he will not move without whipping."

A MAN was suspected of stealing a horse and was taken up. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the constable. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the officer over, and bolted.

"I AM a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on the spree for a week.

"Yes," said the overseer, "you're a great gun, and half cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged."

"Well," said typo, "then I had better go off."

"I WISH you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end."

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of my love for you—it has no beginning."

FULLER, author of the "Church History," was famous for his love of punning. One day he invited Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rooke to dine with him, and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearance, he said, "Mr. Rooke, Mr. Crowe—I beg leave to introduce one Bird-more."

"HALLOA!" ejaculated a guardian to his pretty niece, as he entered the parlor and saw her in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question and sealed it with a kiss, "what's the time of day now?"

"I should think it was about half-past twelve," was the cool reply of the blushing damsel; "you see we are almost one."

"I HOPE you are not going to give this stuff to father," sobbed a little girl as she returned from the apothecary's shop, where she had been sent with the doctor's prescription.

"Why not, my child?" inquired the mother, somewhat surprised.

"Because," replied the child, "the man took the medicine out of the same bottle that he did the poison the other day for you to kill rats with."

"You don't understand science, my dear."

AN Ohio paper publishes the following item: "A deaf man named Taff was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning, half a mile north of Greenwich station, near Cleveland. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

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Mrs. Berry, of 76 Sevn. 2d. Street, says:

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Joseph Reed, Esq., of 65 6th St., Newark, says:

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PICTORIAL CONTENTS OF NO. 2.

The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers Leaving Jersey City Railroad Depot, for Washington, D. C., April 8, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel Seymour, N. S. A., lately Commanded by Fort Pickens; Map of Pensacola Harbor, Florida; Bon Accountant of Fort Pickens, from the United States Fleet, April 17, 1861; Landing Reinforcements on Santa Rosa Island, for Fort Pickens—Swimming Horses to Land; Duties Some Time Ago of Colonel Brown's Regiment; Landing Horses from the Ships; The Sixth Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteers Paying their Debt to Peter Ahrt, while passing through Baltimore, April 19, 1861; The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers Firing Into the Mob at the Camden Depot, Baltimore, while taking the Cars for Washington, April 19, 1861; The Rhode Island Regiment Passing through Pratt Street, on their way to New York and Washington; Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers Marching through Fourth Street, on their way to Washington, April 19, 1861; Burning and Scuttling of the U. S. Ships, and Destruction of the Navy Yard Buildings at Norfolk, Va., April 21, 1861; Landing of Troops at the Foot of the Navy Yard Avenue, at Annapolis, Maryland; Major-General B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts; Brown Stone Cottage Green Bolivar Bridge, on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Rail Road, Destroyed by Secessionists from Baltimore; Burning of U. S. Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, night of April 18, 1861; Great Burning of the Locks of New York at the Cooper Institute, April 20, 1861, to Prevent the Secessionists from Destruction of Relief," for the Northern Army; Governor John Letcher, of Virginia; Departure of the Fire Zouaves of New York, escorted by the Fire Department, for Washington, April 20, 1861; Colonel William Wilson's Reasons taking their Oath to march through Baltimore; The Police of the Volunteers of the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, killed in the Riot at Baltimore, received by the Authorities and Citizens of Boston; The Funeral Cortege, at Lowell, of the Massachusetts Soldiers Killed at Baltimore; Thomas Colonel Ennegh Sherwood.

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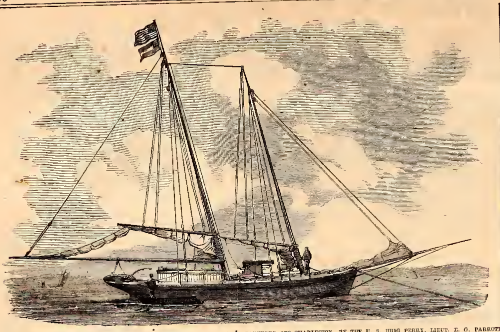

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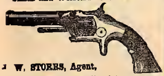

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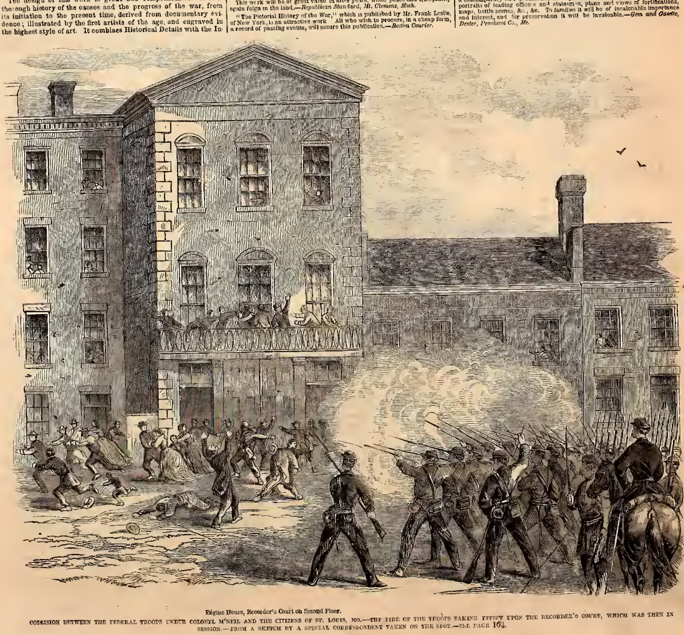

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Foreign News.

The European news is of little importance. The British press has considerably modified its tone, and has become friendly to the North, although it declares its neutrality. The ill-judged speeches of Cassius M. Clay and Anson Burlingame, taken in conjunction with the articles in some of our New York papers, recommending that we should indemnify ourselves for our loss of the South by robbing England of Canada, have naturally incensed the British, who swallow this buncombe as popular opinion. Gregory, of Galway, has been forced to abandon his motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, but has published a defence of the Seceding States in the London *Times*. The Great Eastern and Golden Fleece have been chartered to convey about three thousand troops to Canada. Louis Napoleon had issued a proclamation warning all French subjects from engaging in the war between the North and South. It is an echo of the British proclamation. It also terms the South a "belligerent power." Privateers are only allowed to remain twenty-four hours in a French port, according to their ancient custom. Baron Ricasoli is to succeed Count Cavour as Premier of Italy. The Southern Commissioners had left London for Paris.

State of the Nation.

Although no decisive action has yet taken place between the vast opposing forces in Virginia, the massing together of the scattered columns and their centralization upon one point forebodes an almost immediate collision, and probably a general battle, the result of which can only be a matter of speculation. That the Secession leaders have collected a vast army in the State of Virginia is now ascertained as a fact, and although reports reach us from various sources that a large proportion of them are poorly armed, the whole badly provisioned, and that a lukewarmness to the cause exists among some of the troops, we believe these reports exaggerated, and we do not doubt that they will make a sturdy stand and defend the soil of Virginia with dogged determination. It is still given out that the great object of the Southern Generals is to force the line of defences of the Federal troops on the Potomac, penetrate to the Capitol and carry the war into Maryland and Pennsylvania. It is also said that the reason why this movement has not been made earlier was the opposition of Jefferson Davis, and that he is still opposed to it. If this is true it gives us a higher opinion of his judgment, for it cannot be doubted that a defensive war is the true line of policy for the South, and that an attempt on her side to invade the Northern States would be an act of sheer madness.

The plan of the campaign of the Federal authorities is of course a profound secret, but an important meeting, at which many general officers were present, was convoked by General Scott at Washington, on the 24th inst., at two o'clock. It is probable that the plan of the campaign will be here discussed and finally settled, and that a faint shadow of the details will soon be seen in the operations which will assuredly immediately commence. Under any circumstances the events which are now crowding upon us will culminate in some startling action within the next few days.

The battle at Booneville, Mo., was fully as decisive as we announced, the Secession troops flying in all directions, but the loss of life happily was not so large as the first account intimated. One hundred will probably cover the dead and wounded on both sides. Its moral effect has been very great, and the energy of General Lyon has strengthened the Union feeling in Missouri, and has imparted a very good idea of the strong and determined power of the Federal Government. Governor Jackson is still flying, and probably by this time is safe with the sympathising Government of Tennessee. Energetic measures are being pursued by all the officers under the command of General Lyon, and there can be little doubt that the allegiance of Missouri to the Union will be secured by the Union men, supported by the Federal troops.

An important agreement has been entered into between Major-General McClellan and the Governor of Kentucky, Magoffin. The Governor agrees to preserve the property of the United States in Kentucky, to enforce the laws of the United States according to the interpretation of the Federal Courts, and to secure the neutrality of Kentucky with respect to the Southern States; and in consideration of this action, General McClellan agrees to respect the soil of Kentucky, even though Southern armies occupy it until called upon by the Legislature or Governor, in accordance with Article IV., Section IV., of the Constitution, to aid in effecting what the State cannot accomplish. There must be strong reasons for this action; the loyalty of Kentucky must be largely believed in, or we can see no reasons why such conditions should be granted to Kentucky, when they were rejected when asked for by the Governor of Missouri. Kentucky has been more active in the cause of Secession than Missouri; she has sent regiments to the aid of the Southern States, and thousands of her sons now stand in Virginia arrayed against the authority of the United States. Let us trust that the confidence reposed in the honor of her Government and her people may not be misplaced.

General McClellan has issued a proclamation, assuring the people of Western Virginia that the pledges of his proclamation of May 26 will be faithfully carried out. He concludes:

To my great regret I find that the enemies of the United States continue to carry on a system of hostilities prohibited by the laws of war among belligerent nations, and of course far more wicked and intolerable when directed against loyal citizens engaged in the defence of the common Government. Marauding parties are pursuing a guerilla warfare, firing upon sentinels and pickets, burning bridges, insulting, injuring and even killing citizens because of their Union sentiments, and committing many kindred acts.

I do now, therefore, make proclamation and warn all persons that individuals or parties engaged in this species of warfare, irregular in every view which can be taken of their attacking sentries, pickets, or other soldiers, destroying public or private property, or committing injuries against any of the inhabitants because of Union sentiments or conduct, will be dealt with in their persons and property according to the severest rules of military law.

All persons giving information or aid to the public enemies will be arrested and kept in close custody, and all persons found bearing arms, unless of known loyalty, will be arrested and held for examination.

The election by the delegates in Western Virginia has closed. Governor Letcher is deposed, together with all his officers, and Frank H. Pierpont has been elected in his place. The new Governor will at once assume all the Gubernatorial duties, and his acts will assuredly be recognised by the Federal Authorities, and be will be supported by all the power of the Supreme Government.

Steps are being taken by the Union men of Missouri to form a new Government. The disgraceful conduct and flight of Governor Jackson and his unscrupulous abettors, have determined the law-abiding citizens to take the government out of their hands, and following the course of Western Virginia, ignore their acts and elect a new Governor and new State officers, who will support the Federal Government, and put down every symptom of rebellion in their midst.

The attitude of most of the Northern press towards England remains both hostile and abusive. It is difficult to understand the policy of this course of conduct. If it is to offend her it will hardly succeed, for the interests of the two countries, both social and mercantile, are too closely connected to admit of severance for mere newspaper bullying. If it is to frighten her, the attempt is still more preposterous; she is too strong to be worried into a war by the barks of scribblers for the press. But if it is to afford her an opportunity by and bye, when cotton is imperatively needed, to force the blockade or make business arrangements with the Southern States, it is a design well conceived and carried out with an abusive ability and dogged persistency worthy of a better cause. It is probable, however, that the indignant Solons of the press will not be quite so down upon England now, but will honor France with a large share of attention. The Emperor has followed the steps of "perfidious Albion," and has issued the following proclamation:

His Majesty, the Emperor of the French, taking into consideration the state of peace which exists between France and the United States of America, has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the struggle between the Government of the Union and the States which propose to form a separate Confederation.

In consequence, his Majesty, considering Article 14 of the Naval Law of August, 1851, the 3d Article of the law of the 10th of April, 1825, Articles 84 and 85 of the Penal Code, 65 and following of the Decree of the 24th of March, 1852, 313, and following of the *Code Penal Maritime*, and Article 21 of the *Code Napoleon*,

Declares:

1. No vessel of war or privateer of either of the belligerent parties will be allowed to enter or stay with prizes in our ports or roadsteads longer than twenty-four hours, excepting in case of compulsory delay (*relache forcée*).

2. No sale of goods belonging to prizes is allowed in our ports and roadsteads.

3. Every Frenchman is prohibited from taking a commission under either of the two parties to arm vessels of war, or to accept letters of marque for privateering purposes, or to assist in any manner whatsoever the equipment or armament of a vessel of war or privateer of either party.

4. Every Frenchman, whether residing in France or abroad, is likewise prohibited from enlisting or taking service either in the land army or on board vessels of war or privateers of either of the two belligerent parties.

5. Frenchmen residing at home or abroad must likewise abstain from any act which, committed in violation of the laws of the empire, or of international law, might be considered as an act hostile to one of the two parties, and contrary to the neutrality which we have resolved to observe. All persons acting contrary to the prohibitions and recommendations contained in the present declaration will be prosecuted, if required, conformably to the enactments of the law of the 10th of April, 1825, and of Articles 84 and 85 of the Penal Code, without prejudice to the application that might be made against such offenders of the enactments of the 21st Article of the Code Napoleon, and of Articles 65 and following of the Decree of the 24th of March, 1852, on the Merchant Service, 313 and following of the Penal Code for the Navy.

His Majesty declares, moreover, that every Frenchman contravening the present enactments will have no claim to any protection from his Government against any acts or measures, whatever they may be, which the belligerents might exercise or decree.

NAPOLEON.

Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that information of the movements of our troops have been reported on many occasions, and especially on the night of the advance of our regiments upon Little, and subsequently Great Bethel. Also that much traitorous correspondence is carried on between the Confederate Government and ladies residing in Washington and the large cities North and East, and that letters are constantly carried into Virginia concealed in the clothing of ladies travelling. The utmost vigilance is now exerted, and it is supposed that this means of affording information to the enemy will henceforth be stopped. With regard to the male traitors who betray the secrets of the Government, if taken they should be summarily hanged. A strong and terrible example is needed, and no weakness should be allowed to interfere with the course of justice. The correspondents of the newspapers do undoubtedly most seriously embarrass the movements of the Government. They are eternally spying and eavesdropping, and their guesses frequently verge upon facts, which, published broadcast over the Union next morning, expose much that should be, and was intended to be, hidden from the public. Strong measures have been taken to remedy this, even to the length of having "Our Specials" arrested and imprisoned. It is well known that our papers travel South, and information is received in Virginia in advance of many of our near States.

Troops are literally pouring into Washington at the rate of one thousand and sometimes five thousand men a day. It is now stated from official returns that over two hundred and twenty-five thousand troops are mustered and in the pay of the United States Government. The largest portion of this immense force is now concentrating upon Virginia, and it is almost certain that the Secessionists have no adequate force to resist this immense army, directed by one of the greatest soldiers of the age. Let us trust that the magnitude of the power displayed may prove to the Secession leaders the hopelessness of resistance, and lead them to the consideration of the policy of forcing the blockade, and spending a few months at Baden-Baden. The Southern people left to themselves, and rid of those turbulent, pestilent, ambitious political leaders who have plunged the country into a bloody war and mercantile ruin, would speedily crush out this armed protest against the Federal authority, and settle the difficulty constitutionally in the Congress of the United States.

Jefferson Davis is said to be very sick. Why does he not take the ultra-ubiquitous Beauregard, the mighty Wigfall and a few others, and make the European tour? Floyd would supply the means, and would probably go himself, as the climate of the Western hemisphere may soon become unhealthy for him. If this suggestion is acted upon, it would relieve our Southern brethren of a useless and expensive crew of agitators, spare the shedding of oceans of gallant fraternal blood, and reunite our common country in that bond of brotherhood which has made it the wonder and dread of European monarchies, and the hope and the glory of freemen all over the world.

PERSONAL.

Ex-Alderman Briggs, the *fidus Achates* of the celebrated Branch, died of apoplexy on the 22d June. He was talking to a friend in the store of Haley, Sayre & Co., when he fell dead. He was an earnest, honest man. We can give no higher praise to an Alderman.

Baron Manteuffel and Herr Twesten (what horrible names these Prussian duellists have!) had a passage at arms recently at Potsdam. Manteuffel wounded his antagonist in the ball of his right hand, which stopped the fight. As Twesten had written a libellous pamphlet on Manteuffel, the punishment was appropriate.

George Vandenhoff, famous for his Shakespeare and his gallantries, was one of the passengers in the Great Eastern. During the voyage he opened the Atlantic Theatre, and gave an entertainment for the benefit of a sailor's widow. Vandenhoff is now doing good service in brushing the cobwebs from John Bull's eyes. He is showing up Floyd's gigantic conspiracy. He has lately written to a friend declaring, "Not one in a dozen go in for the slaveocracy. Pam would fall to-morrow were he to lean to the South. But John Bull is old, cautious and indomitable, and when he has made up his mind he means it. Believe one thing I tell you—every individual Englishman looks upon a Southerner as an infinitesimal Bombo. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's book is again uppermost, and I know that the Duchess of Sutherland has ordered a shilling edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to be issued immediately, paying the authoress and her London publisher a handsome sum to guard against loss."

The *Gazette de France* says that Dr. Schoelin has been sent for to London, to attend a consultation on Queen Victoria's health, to which the most celebrated English and German physicians have been summoned. This illustrious lady, the pet of America as well as England, being of a composite blood, requires a committee of physicians to ascertain "her equation." We most fervently hope that the best of all sovereigns will yet recover her mental composure. We must, however, add, *en passant*, that if anything could more endear this excellent feminine to the American people it would be a mental prostration caused by a beloved mother's death.

It has been suggested to us by several correspondents that the North will lose its character for prudence if it carries its gallantry much farther than it does at present. Colonel Magruder, who commanded the rebel assassins at Great Bethel, sent his wife and daughters (or sisters) to the North, and Brigand-General Beauregard has sent his wife and her adopted daughter (a niece) to Cambridge, on account of her delicate health. In mentioning this fact we regret to see a very flippant article in the New York *Times* calling attention to Mrs. Beauregard's want of personal attractions. Surely a warrior who would run ten miles after his bet at Solferino, would run to the antipodes after Mrs. Beauregard if her charms were felt.

The *Tribune* says "Mrs. Lincoln showed presence of mind recently. She drove over to Virginia, to have a look at the camps, attended by her two youngest sons, Mrs. Grimsley and General Walbridge. In descending a hill near the Twenty-fifth New York regiment, the horses attached to the Presidential carriage stumbled and fell, throwing the driver off the box and breaking the pole. Mrs. Lincoln clung to her youngest boy, and leaped safely from the carriage, while General Walbridge gallantly protected the other boy and Mrs. Grimsley." We venture to hope that Mrs. Lincoln's husband will show presence of mind and get rid of the "Weeds" who are now ruining that garden, the American Union. We congratulate Mrs. Grimsley upon her gallant protector, General Walbridge, whose tailor is a sly Fox.

Garibaldi's daughter, Theresa, is married at last. The happy or unhappy man is a Major Canzio.

The correspondent of a New York paper says: "One day lately, when the brilliant crowd in the Champs Elysées was thick, the horse of M. Kardi ran away, and in pursuing his fiery course would doubtless have severely injured some of the promenaders, had not a policeman, named Diskey, resolutely faced the steed and arrested him. The highest lady in the land happened to be driving by, and witnessed the intrepidity of the policeman, who next morning was astonished by receiving a gold watch bearing the cypher of one who, of course, was no less a personage than the Empress." The most serious of our readers will say, "This is a Discovery."

Major General Hall, the great musician, has ordered a grand parade on the 4th of July. He will be assisted by Colonel Lefferts, of the Seventh, and Colonel Le Clare, of the Fifty-fifth regiments.

Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, after a narrow escape of being assassinated by the Southern chivalry, arrived in Washington on Saturday. He received the compliment of a serenade in the evening, and made a speech urging all to uphold the Union. He said that the majority of Tennesseeans were loyal, but were under the control of armed and drunken Secessionists. In point of fact, the whole thing had been a gigantic conspiracy and surprise. He said that the rebels were men of desperate morals and fortunes.

We have received from Mr. Aug. B. Sage, a copy of the gold medal about to be presented to Colonel Anderson of Sumpter renown. It is the result of a joint subscription of one hundred of our most prominent citizens, among whom are Moses Taylor, P. Perch, R. G. Goodhue, Brown Bros., &c. On one side is a representation of Fort Sumpter in flames, under which is subscribed "April 12 and 13, 1861." On the reverse is "To Major Robert Anderson, U.S.A., from the citizens of New York city, as a slight tribute to his patriotism." This inscription is encircled with stars, around which is engraved, "Prudens, fidelis, et audax. Invictæ fidelitatis præmium." This medal is equally creditable to all concerned—as a work of art, of appreciation and valor.

WAR NEWS FROM THE NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

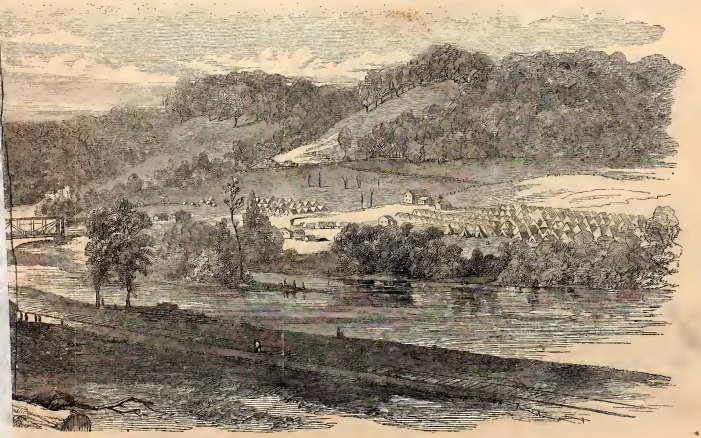
PENNSYLVANIA, Harrisburg.—On the 21st of June six thousand troops passed through for Washington. The same day two regiments were dispatched to the assistance of the men employed in forming the camp at New Freedom, York county, as Governor Curtin had telegraphed that the rebels had fired upon them and killed two.

Pittsburgh.—In the machine shop was a ten-inch Columbiad on the lathe whose bore seemed of sufficient capacity to put your head into it with ease, while on the other lathes were eight-inch Columbiads and a number of eight-inch howitzers. At these works the celebrated Rodman gun, now at Fortress Monroe, was cast, and still later another immense gun, weighing over 50,000 pounds, and carrying a fifteen-inch shell weighing nearly 300 pounds, and requiring nine pounds of powder as a charge. A number of the monster pills lay in piles around, while vast quantities of 6, 12, 24, 32, 64 pound balls and shells of various calibre were scattered in heaps around the building. A large number of eight and ten-inch mortars were being bored and turned, and iron mortar balls lay scattered in every direction, denoting great bustle and activity. On the 21st a number of eight-inch howitzers and two Columbiads were tested at the proving-ground, twenty miles above this city, with success, and will be shipped for the seat of war early this week. On Friday, the 14th, Knapp, Rudd & Co., received a larger order from Government for eleven navy guns of the Dahlgren patent, for sea service. There are several hundred men employed here, and the manufactory is in operation day and night. They have also at this factory a battery of six twelve-pound iron guns with which the workmen drill every evening. Though heavier than the brass pieces, they are a very serviceable cannon for light artillery.

KANSAS.—Governor Robinson has issued a proclamation calling all good citizens to organize into military companies. He says Missouri having declared war against the Federal Government, Kansas is liable to invasion by the rebels. He says one or two infantry corps will be sworn into the United States service for three months.

The Second Kansas regiment, in camp at Wyandotte, has been mustered in. Captain John's command will be organized as an independent company.

G, AT DOUBLE QUICK TIME, TO ATTACK THE SECESSION FORCES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 101.



Toggart's Valley River. Wilkes Eleventh Ohio Regiment.

L. G B. MCCLELLAN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 103

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

AT length news came. D'Almaine was decreed an outlaw, his estates confiscated; and the once rich, influential Count d'Almaine found that two hundred a year in the English funds, which he had settled on his wife at her marriage, with a stock of plate and jewels, was the whole of his worldly wealth—poor indeed, to one whose luxurious mode of living had been unbounded; but he had a light heart, a careless nature, and only said, on reading the documents from his counsel, transmitted to him through Batiste:

"Well, Lucille dearest, my news is better than none. This, bad as it is, will free us from the monotony of this wretched village, which, although surrounded and embellished with nature's greatest beauties, has been to me little better than a prison, from being compelled to be mewed up in it. We will quit it as soon as possible—in the morning, if you are ready."

"I am quite willing," she returned. "Whither shall we go?"

"To London, most assuredly," said D'Almaine.

"But will our means allow us to live in London?" asked Lucille, doubtingly. "They are small in a place where money is of so little value, I mean where it will not go far, and I do not know what kind of economist I am. And you, Jules, will require the whole for pocket-money."

"And a trifle, too," he said, smilingly. "Well, we will look out for a little place in the suburbs, and hope for the best."

Accordingly the next evening they were at an hotel in the metropolis, where they remained till they had taken and furnished a cottage at Fulham. It was a prettily fitted-up place, standing in a flower garden, and to those unaccustomed to little better might have been an Eden; but to D'Almaine, who had trod the spacious halls of his ancestors, the twelve-feet dimensioned floors which he crossed with his long strides were almost unendurable, and the more so as he possessed not the power to alter it, and it cost him many a bitter pang that Lucille, with all her beauty and worth, should be doomed to pass it in such obscurity; while she, satisfied with any home that he shared with her, wanted only the presence of her child to make her happy; but they had been three months settled in their cottage at Fulham yet Madeline had not brought Birdie to her, and to her repeated letters urging her to do so, some excuse was named, an early time which some other excuse terminated; but assurances always came of the child's health and happiness, and although anxious and nervous about her child, she was compelled to remain satisfied and hopeful.

Annette, who had come with her mistress to England, and who had nursed the little girl, pined to see her, and was loud in her complaints against Madame Batiste at her unnecessary delay.

D'Almaine, who had noble friends in England, was much sought after; his handsome person and gay fascinating manners making him always welcome wherever he presented himself. Lucille, on his account, had many invitations to fashionable assemblies. She visited two or three, where her uncommon beauty was the general theme, but she soon gave up these visits as suiting neither her inclination nor circumstances, and as D'Almaine was in his glory among the great and gay, she was for days, which increased to weeks, alone and sad in her small suburban home.

About this time Lucille's father and mother came to visit her. It was the first interview since her misfortunes, and of course was painful on both sides. Lucille was pale and thin, and her father imputed it greatly to the absence of D'Almaine, who was indeed more a visitor than a host. He mentioned his suspicions to his daughter.

"No, father," she replied. "I scarcely regret Jules's mixing in the world, as it is the element in which he was bred, and it is genial to him; it makes his home sweeter when he returns to it, and my presence more pleasing than if I were always near to admonish, or to remind him of his lost position. He is ever kind and loving, and I am satisfied with him and with my home. I want only my child to make me happy."

"And it is strange that they do not bring her," said her father. "The Batistes, usually considerate, are sadly at fault in this."

"He has a long lease of his farm," said Lucille, "which fortunately cannot in the general wreck be wrested from him, and in endeavoring to let it, which I understand is his desire, he is necessarily detained, and Madeline being so expert a housewife, her presence is essential just now; but though I sigh for my Birdie's sweet prattle, I know she is safe and happy as if with me."

"No, nothing is to be apprehended for her safety," said her father, "for I believe, and am certain, that the child is as dear to Madeline and Jacques as to any of us. But, my child, have you had any communication from the haughty countess, your mother-in-law?"

"Jules had a letter from her, which he scorned to answer," replied Lucille, "for she throws the whole blame of our reverse of fortune on me."

"Cruel woman," said her father. "Misfortune has no influence on her callous heart. Is she still in Paris?"

"Yes," replied Lucille, "she has her jointure, so that the late proceedings but little affect her pecuniary circumstances, further than she has been compelled to quit her mansion for a more humble abode."

"But her pride will be humbled," said her father, "if anything can reach her heart that will, and I trust she may yet suffer; for I fear it was her infamous report about you which made the unfortunate De Palgron the victim of his folly. Well, well," he added, soothingly, "I see I distress you. We will leave this wicked woman to her own reflections—they will be her punishment."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FORTNIGHT after Lucille had quitted France, Madeline Batiste with her little charge stepped into a chaise, which was to take them to Rouen, to meet the diligence to convey them to Paris, from whence they were to proceed to Calais and thence to England, Madeline preferring this long route to a shorter one to Dieppe, where the journey by sea to Brighton was so long that she refused to undertake it.

It was a fine morning in bright October, and the warm sun dispelling the night frost, shot his golden beams on the good-humored face of Madeline and on the beautiful one of the little girl, whose innocent but ardent remarks drew many a smile and fond reply from the quiet, staid Batiste, whose countenance was ever and anon tinctored with melancholy at the idea of the approaching separation, which, to his evident dissatisfaction, every minute hastened.

At length the lofty spires of the cathedral were in sight; Madeline's face lengthened, and the child's remarks remained unanswered. It was the first time Madeline had been separated from her husband more than a few days; now it might be for months, and gloomy anticipations of ill hung on her usually buoyant spirits; but they were entering the city, the diligence was in sight, and Madeline forced a smile on her lips, lest her melancholy should affect Batiste. But they had not time for long thought; by the time they and their luggage were placed inside the ponderous vehicle the driver had jumped into his immense boots, and was cracking his whip, the well-known summons for departure; and at last they had to take a hasty adieu, but handkerchiefs were waving from the window as long as the last sign of Batiste was visible, when Madeline with a deep sigh for the first time looked round on her fellow-passengers.

There were three passengers in the diligence; one a stout bluff Englishman with a round red face, betokening with his bulk the good cheer of merry England. He was very loquacious, and kept his neighbor, a serious-looking man with an Italian cast of countenance, about eight-and-twenty, in constant conversation, sometimes about the English stocks, at others—for he was somewhat learned—he dipped into the poets, which last subject seemed better suited to his companion, as he entered into deep controversy with him while on the money subject. When not silent, monosyllables were his only reply. The third, who sat beside Madeline, was a pale consumptive-looking man, apparently thirty-five, perhaps younger; for he was muffled up closely and shabbily attired; he was almost a silent auditor of the conversation passing opposite to him. Once he offered Birdie some bonbons, then returned to his corner of the diligence, where it seemed he would have slept but for his troublesome cough, which the lozenges he constantly had recourse to seemed little to appease.

They had gone about half their journey. Birdie had fallen to

DARING RIDE OF COLONEL LANDER AT THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 102.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS, MO., LATELY THE SCENE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF MISSOURI VOLUNTEERS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF BIRD'S POINT, MO., OPPOSITE CAIRO, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL LYON'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 103.

COLONEL DURYEA'S ZOUAVES SWIMMING ACROSS A CREEK DURING A THUNDERSTORM.—FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY M'ILLVAINE SEE PAGE 103.

sleep, and was carefully covered up with numerous shawls by her careful friend; the consumptive man had found a short cessation, and dozed also, and the two other gentlemen were deep in discussion. The diligence had stopped to change horses, when Madeline, unused to travel, was seized with faintness, and cried out rather suddenly,

"Some one let me out a few minutes. I am sick and giddy—the air will revive me."

The door was opened; she descended the steps, and staggered across the court towards the house. The conversation, slightly interrupted, continued; the horses were put to, and the diligence was again in motion, regardless of the absence of Madeline Batiste. The horses were changed, and again changed and though now her place was observed to be vacant, none noticed it, all probably supposing she had gone as far in the vehicle as she intended. The poor child, thus so unconsciously deserted, continued in its happy slumber, till the wheel of the carriage passing over a large stone, jolted heavily, leant tiltingly on one side, and as it crushed its impediment to atoms in revolving, made a loud cracking sound. It awoke Birdie, who starting up, threw her covering from her, rubbed her eyes, and looking round affrighted, uttered in half peevish, half affrighted tones,

"Where is Madeline? Take me to Madeline"

Had a pistol been fired through the vehicle more surprise and alarm could scarcely have been exhibited by the three men who occupied it, though each was differently affected.

"What!" exclaimed the Englishman, "a child belonging to the woman who quitted us three stages off? Gentlemen, it is palmed upon us, by all that is infamous!"

"I think," returned the young man who sat beside him, "the young woman was affected with giddiness, and merely left the diligence for air. No doubt she is in great tribulation at the loss of her child."

"No, no, nothing of the kind," said the Englishman; "these tricks upon travellers are often practised all over the world; and take my word for it this child has been left for one of us to take compassion on. For my own part, I wash my hands of it; I have a jealous wife, and dare no more notice the child than fly. My wife would suspect a thousand things, which might bring on a complaint, not only of the tongue, but of the heart. I repeat, I wash my hands of the affair altogether."

"I have not a jealous wife," said the young man, smiling, "but am, from other circumstances, quite as unable as yourself to take charge of this little helpless one. I may at present call myself a homeless man, with a long and uncertain journey before me."

The consumptive man, drawing the crying child towards him, tried by kind words, and the offer of his bonbons, to solace her. "What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Birdie," was the reply.

"Birdie," he repeated; "but what else? What other name?"

"No other," said the child. "But where is Madeline—my Madeline?"

"Is Madeline your mamma?" he interrogated.

"No," she replied; "mamma is in the box."

This was in allusion to Lucille's miniature, which she had seen Madeline place among the clothes in the trunk.

"And where do you live, my dear?" asked the young man.

"Once at the chateau," she replied, "now at the farm. Oh, take me to the farm! I must go to the farm!"

"If I take you to the farm, will you see papa?"

"No, no, papa has gone over the water, a long, long way. Will you take me over the water to papa?"

As she said this she looked so beseechingly in the poor man's face that he drew her still closer to him, saying, as he did it, "Poor child! is it possible they could desert you, so young, so beautiful, so helpless! I dare not think human nature so depraved. Here, take these *bonbons*, and let me wipe the tears from your cheeks. I will hold you in my arms; perhaps you can sleep again."

The child took the sweetmeats, but held them in her hand; her infant heart was too full to eat them, yet she nestled close to him, and touching his wan cheek with her plump, rosy fingers, said, "I will try not to cry, because you are good, and will take me to Madeline. Oh, pray take me, monsieur, if I do not cry."

Hiding her face in his bosom, her sobs were audible for a few minutes, then they sank into a low, plaintive moan, till they ceased altogether, and she again slept.

"Poor little girl!" said the stout gentleman. "A pretty child, a very pretty child. Monsters to desert her; probably her father has run away over the water, to get rid of the incumbrance, and the mother thinks of doing the same. It is obvious, quite obvious. I shall be glad when I quit this ill-omened conveyance. I suppose, if I leave it at the last stage it will not be difficult to get posthorses to Paris."

"Not if you pay for them," returned the young man, drily. "Any inn will supply you with them." Then turning to the consumptive man, he added, "Her troubles, poor thing, are hushed for a time, but at the end of the journey, if we all forsake her——"

"We will not all do so," returned the one spoken to. "I have an idea that accident, not design, has placed the child in this perilous situation, but be it which it may, for the present, I will take her to my own poor home. I have a little one of the same age; it will be no great charity to let her share the same bed. Here is my card. As I live, as you will perceive, fourteen miles on the other side of Paris, I may be out of the way of inquiries; if you should hear anything concerning this affair, as a man of feeling you will inform me."

The young man took the card, and the stout gentleman glanced at it, and both read, "Jean Perre, Saules, near Versailles."

"I leave Paris to-night," was the young man's reply, "but will preserve your card, and certainly will communicate any intelligence I may hear."

Little occurred worth notice the remainder of the journey, except that the stout gentleman took leave of them, pack and package, the stage before Paris, his doubts still remaining, spite of the tailor's assurances, that being the greatest personage of the three, whether the child might not be imposed on him ultimately.

On getting out of the diligence at Paris, a large trunk was taken from the boot. "It is the person's belonging to the child," said the young man; "and of course, as you take the incumbrance attached to it, it is yours. Probably it may contain a clue to unravel the mystery."

The trunk was put into the coach, a short stage one, which passed near the tailor's cottage, and with the child still in his arms, though scarcely able to bear the burden, the sickly man followed it.

"Adieu," said the young man, shaking hands with him from the window. "Yours is a kindly heart. May it meet its reward!"

"Yes, in heaven," said Perre, smiling; "for I am not long for earth."

"Long or short," said the young man; "you are an ornament to earth, and a beautiful example to man. Like yourself, I am not rich, but I can spare this trifle in a good cause." Putting a purse into Perre's hand, he turned into the courtyard as the coach drove off.

Perre looked at the purse with an eye that said, "I had rather not have it." He then let it drop slowly into his pocket, adding, "The poor should not be proud, nor grudge sharing a just act with another."

The coach stopped before his own door; his wife and child stood there ready to receive him; the former, a young woman, finely but slatternly attired; the latter a pale, sickly-looking little girl, five or six years old, with unnaturally large bright eyes, and rather precocious appearance.

Jean Perre alighted with his burden in his arms, ordered the trunk to be brought in, and setting Birdie on a chair, kissed his wife, and fondly embraced his child. A good fire blazed on the hearth, and the room, though small and cottage-like, seemed furnished with the remnants of better days; but all, with the exception of the bright fire, had the air of untidiness and mismanagement, and the tablecloth, spread for a frugal supper, bore the semblance of many weeks having passed since it had come in collision with soap and water.

As soon as the greetings were over, the wife, looking towards the chair where Birdie was deposited, exclaimed, "But, St. Beatrice, what have you here, Perre?"

"A child, Rose," he replied, with some emotion, "a poor deserted child. I had not the heart to leave her in the diligence when we had a roof to cover her."

"But, Jean Perre, you should have thought of our poverty," said his wife. "How can we keep other people's children when we can hardly keep our own, and you so ill, and Blanche wanting extra nourishment?"

"And she shall have it," said Perre in a husky tone, pressing the child in his arms; "but the coffee, Rose! Neither the little found-

THE NEW JERSEY BRIGADE AWAITING ORDERS TO MARCH, ON MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 3RD, ROUGH AND READY IN THE MIDST OF A RAINSTORM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 103.

BATTLE AT GREAT BETHEL, BETWEEN THE FEDERAL TROOPS UNDER GEN. PIERCE AND THE SECESSION TROOPS UNDER COL. MAGRUDER, JUNE 10TH, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 99.

THE VILLAGE OF FALLS CHURCH, VA.—ARRIVAL OF THE SECOND U. S. CAVALRY, COMPANY B, LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS, ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 103.

ling nor myself have had aught beside a few bonbons during our long and trouble-fraught journey.'

He took Birdie from the chair where she had remained in silent wonder, looking from one to the other, and taking her hat and shawls from her, turned her towards his wife.

"But she is a pretty child,' said Rose, setting down the coffee pot to look more closely at the little aspirant for her favor, "and, blessed Mary! how grand she is dressed!—an India muslin frock fine as a web, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and a Leghorn hat as good, and the ribbon on it at least three francs a yard."

Little Blanche stepped noiselessly up to the child, and touched with her thin white finger the articles her mother was expatiating on; then the fingers wandered to the long black curls of Birdie, and lifting them one by one from the graceful little shoulders, she smiled admiringly, and taking her hand led her to a seat beside her own.

Blanche retained the little hand she had taken till the supper was placed in equal portions before the children, when a large tabby cat put his broad velvety paws on the lap of Birdie, purring and rubbing his head against her hand for notice

"Go," said the child in a peevish tone, "I do not want you—you are not papa's Lion."

"It is Jose," said Blanche, who now for the first time spoke, in a soft, winning voice, "Jose, so large and handsome; he is all mine, and if you like you shall have half of him, quite half."

Birdie seemed to feel the weight of this generous offer, for she caressed the animal, and fed him, saying,

"Yes, he is very handsome; I will have half of Jose, and I'll take you to see papa's Lion when we go to the chateau. What's your name?"

"Blanche," she replied.

"And I am Birdie," said the child.

Blanche laughed gently, and repeated the name. The meal being concluded, Rose Perre proposed putting the children to bed, being anxious to learn more particulars of her husband's protegé. But on entering the room where the little bed of Blanche stood still unmade, and which in a hurried, careless manner she was smoothing, the color of the sheets was so unusual to what the delicate and sensitive Birdie had been accustomed to, that she exclaimed in the pettish tones of a child whose every wish had been studied,

"I do not like that dirty bed; I will not go to it. I want my own nice bed, with the muslin curtains lined with rose silk."

Rose felt almost as angry as her indolent disposition would permit at this reflection on her cleanliness, and answered sharply,

"Oh, you are a dainty puss, with your rose pink curtains! You have done with them now, miss; so jump into bed."

The child was inclined to be equally peremptory, had not Blanche, in a low, soft voice, said,

"It is a nice bed, Birdie, so soft and warm. It is my bed, all mine. Won't you have half, Birdie?"

"Yes," answered Birdie, still sobbing, "if it is yours, I will have half; but to-morrow we will go to the chateau, and we will both sleep in my beautiful bed, and go into my handsome bath with Indian birds and flowers on it. Have you a bath, Blanche?"

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST AND SECOND CONNECTICUT REGIMENTS AT THE VILLAGE OF FALLS CHURCH, NEAR VIENNA, VA., ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 19TH, SUBSEQUENT TO THE SURPRISE OF THE OHIO REGIMENT BY THE MASKED SECESSION BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 103.

"No," said Blanche, lowly. A bath was unknown to her, poor child, as water was almost a stranger in ablution, while it was perhaps the first time the other child had retired to rest without it.

Rose Perre returned to her husband; he was leaning his face on his hands, his elbows on the table.

"Jean," she said, touching him, "are you worse this evening? This adventure will do you no good. I wish you had left the child for some one else to take it up."

"If there had been another to have done so, I might," he replied, raising his head; "for, should there be no inquiries after the child, she will fare poorly when I leave you all."

"Don't meet trouble half way, Jean," said Rose, moved as much as her careless nature was capable of by this reflection. "I had hoped this jaunt would have done you good." While speaking, she took up one of the shawls the child had been wrapped in, and throwing it over her own shoulders, exclaimed, "What a beautiful shawl!—real Lille, and such a size, too large by half for such an infant, and exactly the thing I most want!"

The husband sighed at her vanity, saying,

"And to go to some of your nightly revels in, Rose. Ah! with the prospect before you, you should have other thoughts. A dying husband, and a child like our little Blanche, with the other world painted on her face, should bring other reflections"

Rose for a moment felt the force of his words, a tear strayed down her cheek; but brushing it away, she said with a sigh,

"They, dear Jean, will not give us a single day longer in the world; we are both sorrowful to-night. Let us divert these sad thoughts by looking over this little girl's things; we may find something to lead to her parents."

"Right, he exclaimed; "open the trunk."

Rose raised it on two chairs.

"A goodly-sized box for such a child," she observed, while doing it; "but where is the key?"

"I have it not," said Jean.

"Oh! a chisel will force the lock," said his wife, and suiting the action to the word she applied the instrument to the lock and wrenched it open.

The first articles which attracted her attention were two dresses of Madeline, a silk and merino; these she held before her with delight.

"Exactly my own size," she said; "fine fabrics, and well made. I shall look something like myself again, Jean, in those good clothes," she added, with pleased admiration.

The husband again sighed and turned from her; but, without noticing it, she took, with brightening eyes, the costly clothes of the little foundling from the box, expatiating on the beauty of each article as she displayed it to view.

"A fine stock of clothes!" she said. "The child must have rich friends to purchase such." And, without waiting an answer, she continued, "They will fit Blanche. I shall equally divide them between the children. Our own poor child is in want of a few of these superfluous garments. But what is this?" said she, taking up a small box, fastened with a clasp, which gave way to the pressure of the thumb, "a miniature, and of a lovely girl, by St Beatrice, as beautiful as the Virgin herself! It cannot be the child's mother—there is not the slightest resemblance. This is a fair, sunny beauty, like the native of a colder clime than ours, while the child's eyes and hair claim the south for birthplace." She turned the picture round, and exclaimed, "But what is this on the back? Two locks of hair combined and banded together with a knot of brilliants, one from the head of the sweet original of this picture, bright and golden as the sun at noonday, the other dark as night, but soft and glossy like the child's. It may be her father's."

"Too probably," answered Perre, and taking up the opinion of the Englishman in the diligence, "and the seducer of her mother, whom, perhaps, his desertion has driven to forsake her child. The little girl, when questioned, told us her mother was in the box."

"I observed, while undressing her, that she had a ring round her neck fastened to a black ribbon," said Rose. "I suppose it is a bauble put there to please her. But it shone many colors when the candle glanced upon it."

"Fetch it," said Perre. "Every trifle is of consequence in such an event; and if the poor thing is but unwittingly lost, my heart is wrung for the misery it will occasion her relatives."

Rose brought the ring. Her husband saw at a glance it was valuable, but wishing to impress his wife, who had placed it on her finger, with the contrary idea, and who with childish vanity was admiring how well it became her hand, he said carelessly, "A bauble indeed, a plaything for a baby. Take it from your finger, Rose, and deposit it in the box with the miniature. And I entreat that the box, its contents, and the clothes the child wore to-day, may be carefully packed up and sacredly kept, as they may some day be the only means of proving her identity."

"But if we have to support the child, the least return in my mind will be to dispose of these trifles," said Rose. "One good turn deserves another."

"They are valueless, I tell you, to dispose of," said Perre. "Ten francs would purchase the whole. Would you for such a trifle ruin the prospects of the poor innocent in after years being identified? Rose, you are a mother—do not let the love of finery and display swallow up the better feelings of your nature."

Rose felt the rebuke, and hastily fetched the clothes the child had worn when she came to the cottage, and setting before her husband a large sheet of paper and sealing-wax, they were securely sealed, and put carefully away. When completed, Perre took from his pocket the purse his fellow-passenger had put into his hand at parting, and handing it to Rose, said,

"Here is something that will buy those trifles twenty times over—the offering of a benevolent man, compassionating the child's forlorn situation, and who has promised to make inquiries, in the hope of tracing those bound to provide for her."

Rose took the purse, and weighed it with her thumb and forefinger.

"It is heavy," she cried. "Are its contents gold and silver?"

"I know not," was the reply; "it had escaped my memory till putting my hand into my pocket for a paper, it came in contact with it."

Rose emptied its contents on the table. "Both!" she exclaimed. "This is certainly a windfall. We can settle our rent in the morning, and then have many pieces to spare. This little girl has brought good luck with her, but she is very aristocratic. The bed, good enough for your own child, was not for the little puss. She made a clamor for her rose pink curtains and her bath."

Jean Perre sighed, his usual custom when his feelings were excited, and taking up his candle retired to bed. As he passed through the children's room he stopped to gaze on them. They had their arms round each other. The gentle little Blanche's lips were parted with a smile—Birdie's were compressed; a tear was on her long lashes. While he gazed there was a movement of the eyelids, and the drop rolled down her cheek. Her lips opened, and she murmured,

"Monsieur, I will not cry. Take me to mamma."

The good man again sighed, and retired, but he slept not; both children haunted his imagination. "What will become of them when I am taken hence?" he thought. "Blanche will soon follow me. Happy so; she will be spared the neglect she would be doomed to from her only parent; and the other infant—Heaven in mercy will protect it."

Rose Perre had some kindly feelings by nature, but they were unfortunately overbalanced by her love of dress and pleasure; these had been bred in her by an injudicious mother. Married young to a man twenty years older than herself, of a generous, complying disposition, and who thought her love of pleasure but natural to one so young and pretty, he rather encouraged than checked it; and not till it was too late to be eradicated was Perre aware of his error. He had on their marriage a good and thriving trade, a comfortable home, and was surrounded by many of the luxuries of life, all of which, through his own declining health and his wife's extravagance, one by one passed away from him; and, as a last resource, he had taken the small cottage they now inhabited, working as a tailor at a daily stipend. Even this, while he had strength to compass it, Perre would have cheerfully submitted to, for Rose was industrious at times, and could finish off a waistcoat with as much nicety as himself, had her love of dancing been eradicated by their change of circumstances; but, on the contrary, it appeared increased. Her home, and child—by nature delicate, and by neglect sickly—were left most evenings to provide for themselves, while forgetful or regardless of her duties, she laughed and danced with the gayest and lightest of the throng that met to celebrate their evening orgies at the nearest village from Perre's cottage.

To such a woman and such a home, through an unfortunate event, was the child of luxury and the fondest love now consigned.

(*To be continued.*)

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER LII.—Continued.

We must now return to the miserable valet of Lord Kingswood.

Pharisee had barely time to draw close the door of the dark little closet in which he had so hastily plunged, when he heard a key applied to the chamber door, and the next instant, by the pressure of air against the door of the recess in which he was confined, he could tell that it was flung open with a sudden force. Instantly he heard a shuffling step hastily perambulate the room in every direction, while light flashing through some crevices and cracks told him that old Pengreep was taking a rapid survey of his apartment, with a view of ascertaining whether it had been entered during his absence.

Pharisee's heart beat wildly when he heard Pengreep's voice exclaim:

"You may enter safely, we are alone."

A ray of light pouring through a puncture in the door, immediately close to his face, drew his attention, and he found that there was a small round of perforation which enabled him to gaze into the apartment without being himself observed. He immediately applied his eye to it.

He had no time to speculate, for his attention was engrossed by the face of the individual who accompanied Pengreep.

It was a countenance pale, stern and thin. There was something exceedingly refined and dignified in the melancholy which rested upon the features, and gave to the face an expression which precluded the possibility of forgetting after having once seen it.

Pharisee held his breath, and a thrill went through his frame on seeing it, for he recognised its owner as the companion of Erle Gower and the Wonder of Kingswood Chace.

This grave, stern man was about to confer with Pengreep, to reveal secrets, to make communications which to him would be invaluable, and only to think he (Pharisee) was safely concealed by accident where he could hear all without being seen, and where the chances of discovery were as a thousand to one in his favor.

Satisfied with what he had observed, he placed his ear to the keyhole and listened.

Yes, it was Ishmael who accompanied Pengreep into the latter's chamber, and who looked a shade paler and somewhat graver than when Erle had parted with him.

He cast his dark, sad eyes upon Pengreep, and said to him.

"I have sought you again, Pengreep, for though the work goes bravely on in one respect, yet in another it halts. The spirit of the wronged one, if it be the pleasure of Heaven to permit it to be conscious of what has already been done in the way of atonement, must feel that I have not faltered in my adopted task, that I have not weakened or grown faint in faith during the long years I have so patiently waited for the consummation of a great revenge. It must know and see that I faint not nor falter now, though my heart is lacerated by the hands of those I fondly expected would have bound up its wounds. I have done something towards mine end in one path, the falling off of those upon whom I most relied will force me upon another. I have appeared like a meteor upon the great world of London, the brilliancy of my appearance has dazzled and startled many. I shall disappear as I appeared, leaving the hollow herd to marvel at my going as it did at my coming for a space—brief as the duration of the meteor which it has gaped at. But there is one who shall in horror and trembling await my reappearance, and it is of him I would speak to you."

He only rubbed the palms of his hands slowly and gently together, and said,

"You allude to Lord Kingswood?"

"I do. What have you gathered respecting him and his family since last I spoke with you?"

"Who? I—a—well, really!" stammered Pengreep.

Ishmael's eye glittered.

"Why this hesitation?" he asked, transfixing Pengreep to the floor with a look.

Old Pengreep turned red and white by turns—a very unusual thing with him; but he had a few ugly things on his conscience in respect to his transactions with Ishmael, and he did not know to which especial piece of treachery he was alluding, and therefore was in most painful doubt, for the preservation of his own appearance of faithfulness, where to begin.

He cleared his throat, and said,

"It is very possible that, at the present moment, we may be a little separated in our present relations by a contradiction of terms. What I may consider little or nothing in the way of information you may estimate very highly."

"Pengreep, when you adopt such a preface, I am conscious you are on the brink of an attempt to deceive me," interposed Ishmael, in a cold, cutting tone. "I have already cautioned you to reflect, and I now bid you beware. What of Lord Kingswood, and from whom have you obtained your information?"

Globules of cold perspiration dropped down the forehead of old Pengreep at this remark. He hesitated no longer.

"Accident introduced me to Lord Kingswood's valet," he commenced, "shortly after you departed from my poor apartments, without informing me where I should have the honor of com—— I lured the fool, eaten up with self-conceit, here, and quickly discovered his secret, debasing sin—if any one sin could, more than another, debase such a scoundrel—it was strong drink; and I plied him with it, adding thereto a little ingredient which would have a very marked effect upon the knave."

Pharisee, in the closet, gnashed his teeth.

"As he began to drink he began to talk," continued Pengreep; "and I elicited from him that Lord Kingswood is in a state of continued torture, worse than any wretched criminal upon the rack. Since the introduction of Erle Gower to Kingswood Hall, he has known no peace night nor day. Lady Kingswood has by some means obtained an inkling of the truth, and her ladyship, eaten up by jealous suspicion and by the torments of outraged pride, oscillates between the outpourings of frantic accusations and a retaliative revenge of a character wholly subversive of her husband's honor and her own. The Hon. Cyril Kingswood——"

"I had thought to strike Kingswood helpless at my feet by the loud and universal condemnation of the carrion birds who wheel and flutter in the same circle in which he flutters, but I am baffled where I had hoped to triumph."

"There is talk and there are whispers afloat," suggested Pengreep. "If you will be patient, no doubt your expectations will be realised. Time, you know, works——"

"Aye, for others as well as myself," interposed Ishmael.

"You ought to be able to rely upon me without any such menace," exclaimed Pengreep, in a deprecatory tone.

"Aye!" responded Ishmael, with a bitter smile. "I ought—and still I menace you. However, let that pass. You well remember the circumstances attendant upon the false charge made against the mother of him whom I have named Erle Gower?"

Pharisee's heart beat quickly; he kept his ear closer than ever to the little hole in the closet door.

"I remember them all minutely," returned Pengreep. "The steps we took to find——"

"It is unnecessary to breathe her name," interposed Ishmael.

Pharisee bit his lips in rage.

Pengreep continued.

"I have down all the incidents of the trial, her acquittal and subsequent death, her burial, with a description of the spot where she lies, and all the necessary official registers and papers recording her death and burial."

"All the papers?" repeated Ishmael, in a questioning tone.

Pengreep looked around him.

"All," he reiterated, "even to the leaf of the register book, which extracted."

"Where are they?" asked Ishmael.

"In that iron chest marked with your name," returned Pengreep, pointing to the deed-box, on which the name of Vernon was painted. "Shall I show them to you?" he added, inquiringly.

Pharisee felt a deadly faintness seize him, and he clutched at the door for support. What if Pengreep should miss them and search within the closet in which he was secreted? The very thought made him tremble like an aspen.

Ishmael hesitated before he replied to Pengreep, and then he answered,

"No; let them for the present remain where they are. You have also the certificate of her marriage with Lord Kingswood, together with the name and present residence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony?" he added.

Pharisee waited for old Pengreep's answer with intense anxiety. He felt at this time a strange crawling, scratching sensation over his scalp, and he had a sense of a faint corpse-like smell in his nostrils, but in his eagerness to catch the reply of Pengreep, he paid no heed to it.

"The whole of the papers are contained in one parcel," responded Pengreep to Ishmael. "The present residence, however, of the clergyman who performed the ceremony of marriage between Lord Kingswood and—ahem! you know who I mean—is——" He hesitated for a moment, and then, in a low voice subjoined, "the grave."

It was not so low but that Pharisee caught it.

Ishmael groaned.

"It cannot be," he exclaimed. "Surely Heaven would not fight against me in the establishment of her pure fame and the incontestable right of her offspring to take its lawful place in Kingswood Hall?"

"I can give you proofs of it instantly," replied Pengreep.

"It is enough that you assert it," rejoined Ishmael, in a voice of pain. "This is a terrible blow indeed. Without this living witness Lord Kingswood can set the claim of his legal heir at defiance."

"Unless the documents we have can be substantiated by credible witnesses, yes," replied Pengreep.

"Does Sir Harris Stanhope know of the death of the clergyman he provided? He was his friend," interrogated Ishmael, musingly.

"I am convinced he does not," answered Pengreep. "Many years since an irreconcilable rupture took place between them. Subsequently the parson married a woman of property, and her father left him a fortune, with the proviso that he took his name with it. For years, therefore, he has borne another name, under which his death is recorded."

"He must not know it, nor must Lord Kingswood know it, or my revenge and his atonement will be crushed for ever in this world," said Ishmael, in a tone of excitement. "Your communication urges me to be yet more prompt in my proceedings. I have secured the services of the Attorney-General, for whose opinion I have drawn up a case. I am to attend a consultation this evening, and your presence will be essential—you must accompany me to his chambers. I hesitate no longer. If I touch not my thunderbolt now, the storm will pass over him, leaving him scathless."

"Shall I bring with me the papers?" inquired Pengreep, pointing to the chest.

Again Pharisee felt cold perspiration trickle off his forehead, while a horrible vibration tremulated down his backbone.

"We shall not yet require the papers," responded Ishmael, thoughtfully; "we will produce them in the order they may be called for."

He paused for a moment, and then said, in husky tones:

"Erle has left me. He—he, Pengreep, so deeply bound as he is to me, he has cast off my guiding control and quitted me. But for the mother who bore him, he might e'en go, ingrate as he is, to beg, starve, to do aught he might with that base taint of blood he has in his veins: but I cannot, as it is, part with him. I must find him—I must secure him, and you must aid me in the search. I suspect that I have a clue to him, and when once I put you on the trail, you must not leave it until you have run him down. I shall know then how to bring him back to my wrist. After the consultation of this evening, I shall require your presence at my residence. As for a time I shall disappear from society, to lead a wandering life, it will be needful to give you the information which will enable you to communicate with me at stated intervals. What of the Marquis of Chillingham?"

Old Pengreep staggered back.

"The Marquis of Chillingham!" he gasped.

"Even he," rejoined Ishmael, sharply. "You paid his lordship a visit—to communicate what to him?"

"Indeed, my noble benefactor, you are decidedly in error in this," urged Pengreep, with agitation.

"In that you paid him a visit at night—the hour nine?" asked Ishmael emphatically.

"In that a—a—no—," answered Pengreep.

"Look you," subjoined Ishmael. "You had an interview with him. You returned with Lord Kingswood's valet to Kingswood House. An hour past midnight, my lord the Marquis of Chillingham, muffled in a cloak, presented himself at Kingswood House, and was admitted. An hour elapsed, and you both reappeared hastily from the servants' entrance and fled different ways, the marquis in his carriage, and you on foot. Lights flashed through the mansion, and it was apparent an alarm had been raised. Now, mark me, Pengreep, neither you nor my lord marquis were there for the purposes of robbery. What were you there for? Speak quickly, and without prevarication."

"To serve your purposes," returned Pengreep, with a sudden gulp. "I wished to keep the affair a secret until the episode was completed, but since it is your wish to know all at once—well, I will repeat everything concerning the affair of which I am in possession. Lady Kingswood——"

"Is the matter between her and the Marquis of Chillingham?" asked Ishmael, abruptly.

"It is," replied Pengreep.

"Then explain it to me as we proceed to the Attorney-General's chambers," said Ishmael. "Follow me. We have some inquiries to make respecting Erle; they will absorb our thoughts and time until the hour for the consultation approaches. Come!"

Speaking thus abruptly, he quitted the room at the same time.

Old Pengreep seized up his hat, and prepared to follow him. He looked eagerly round him. There was a nervous quiver on his lip.

"Something wrong," he muttered, with a sniff. "Don't like the look of things. However, I'll lock the door this time with the bolt that can't be moved by any key or contrivance in the world but the one in my possession."

As he uttered the last words—and he uttered them aloud, too—he closed the door with a bang, and Pharisee heard a bolt shoot with a most ominous click.

The spiders already referred to scratched and tore his head more violently than ever; he raised his hand cautiously up and felt the loathsome finger-bones of the skeleton he remembered to have seen within the recess, and which, by some mechanical contrivance, were extended and pressing upon his head. He started aside, but precipitated matters, for the skeleton sprang upon him too, and clasped him in its horrid arms.

He yelled with fright. He raised his hands to feel for the knob which was to liberate him, but he could not find it; and in an agony of mortal terror, he continued screaming for help, struggling with the skeleton, and trying vainly to find the spot upon which to press his finger, and to cause the closet-door to fly open.

(*To be continued.*)

DRUMMING THIEVES OUT OF FORTRESS MONROE.

The usual routine of camp duty on the outposts toward Hampton was relieved on Thursday, June 20th, by a "drumming out" performance, which afforded the soldiers much amusement—the two culprits excepted, of course. The General Pierce brigade was drawn up in line, extending along between the encampments of Colonel Allen and Colonel Carr's regiments, to witness the ceremony. Two privates of Colonel Carr's regiment who had been sentenced by court martial for theft and other conduct of an unsoldierly character, had previously been stripped of their stripes and other military insignia for the event. Two boards had also been tied upon their backs with "THEFT" in large letters conspicuously placed upon them. In this novel and ridiculous regalia, with other incidental additions unreportable, they were marched through between the lines, preceded by a file of soldiers, and the fifers playing right merrily the Rogue's March:

"Poor old soldier, tarred and feathered," &c.

While several along the line audibly hummed the words for the gratification of the forlorn-looking pair of thieves as they passed.

The scene was one of great merriment among the regiments, and will undoubtedly have a salutary effect in the way of example. A soldier, with true soldierly pride about him, would scarcely prefer such an indignity to being shot.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

John Savage thus writes to the Philadelphia *Press*: "The other day I was, in company with some others, paying a visit to the camp and field fortifications of the Zouaves, or 'Pet Lambs,' at Alexandria. While at the entrance of the camp, and waiting permission to enter, they were diverted by the conversation of a drunken soldier on his way to the guard-house, who, on coming up, said,

"Boys, I am going to be shot—going to be shot early in the morning."

"What for?" was the natural inquiry.

"Intoxication—beastly intoxication! Didn't get drunk on liquor. No, sir! Got drunk on four loaves of bread yesterday and four puddings—the four puddings did the business. Intercede for me with the Colonel—intercede for me, for I am going to be shot early in the morning."

One of the gentlemen introduced him to the others of the party, and among them to a high functionary of New York, John A. Kennedy, the General Superintendent of Police. The Zouave then drew his cap upon the back of his head, spit upon his hand, rubbed it upon his pantaloons, and then, putting his hand out, exclaimed,

"John, how are you? I am brother of the foreman of No. 21 Hose."

"Do you remember Mr. Kennedy?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen his features in a pictorial. Good-bye! Intercede for me with the Colonel."

Henry M. Herman, of Albany, has been appointed First Lieutenant in the Army, in consideration of rendering valuable services to the Government. Henry M. Herman was a page in the Assembly, and while there had picked up a fund of political news, which he communicated to the New York *Express*, for which paper he acted as correspondent. The services rendered to the General Government, which procured for him his commission as First Lieutenant, is said to to have been as follows: Herman presented himself to the Secretary of War, and laid before him his plan by which he said he could penetrate the interior of Virginia and obtain important information. His interview with the Secretary satisfied that officer that he was a shrewd young man, and well fitted for the expedition he proposed to undertake. Being of a dark complexion, he made, when dressed for the character, an excellent Italian lad. He was furnished with an organ and a monkey, and, thus accompanied, he visited the prominent points in Virginia, "taking notes," and in due time reported to the War Department. The reward for his services was the lieutenant's commission.

It will be remembered that Floyd, during his outmapped career of larceny and treason, found a number of the heaviest guns belonging to the United States, which could not be readily shipped to the South, nor put into any other position where they would be unlikely to do that section injury, and that, as a last resource, he condemned and sold them as old iron. A Paterson firm bought a number of them for $2? per ton. Upon coming to inspect them, they were found worth, as manufactured iron alone, three times the price paid for them. Their hardness was such that it was found impossible to break them up for the furnace by the ordinary means and a few of them were finally wrenched to pieces in a lathe. The remainder were repurchased for Government by a Commission from the War Department, and found to be sound in every particular.

One of the New Jersey Volunteers writes from the camp of his regiment at the seat of war: "Sleeping on the floor, or any other hard substance, is a more agreeable operation than one would imagine, unless from actual experience. The security one feels, knowing that there is no danger of rolling out of bed, is a great satisfaction. Feathers having been recommended to us as a fine thing to lie upon, we purchased one the other day while in Washington, and gave it a fair trial. The first night we laid it down broadside, and found we had a slight feeling of rheumatism in the morning, probably owing to its softness. The next night we propped it up with the sharp end skyward, and found it to be just about the cheese. All the members of our company now use them in the same manner."

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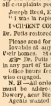

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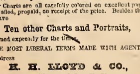

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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE, AT HIS HOUSE IN BALTIMORE, AT THREE O'CLOCK A. M., ON THURSDAY, JUNE 27, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS ON A CHARGE OF TREASON.—FROM AN SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL BANKS' COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 110.

Barnum's American Museum

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NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1861.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being *en rapport* with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, *in all cases*, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

State of the Nation.

THE extra session of Congress which commences at Washington on the Fourth of July will be the most important and eventful session held since America became a nation. The questions to come before it are of the gravest and most momentous character, affecting the honor and the destinies of this great people and the prosperity of the country for many years to come. We trust that all small sectional questions will be abandoned, that party feeling will be obliterated, that all incendiary and buncombe speeches will be omitted, and that the whole body of Representatives will discuss the mighty issues before them calmly, dispassionately but firmly. The nation is sufficiently aroused; it needs no strong language to perpetuate its enthusiasm. It requires calm, humane and brotherly counsel to direct its action in the directest road to an honorable peace. In such a course of consideration there need be no timorous yielding, no blinding subterfuge to patch up dissensions, no falling back upon a specious expediency; neither need there be recriminations, hot blood or hasty counsel, or implacable and bloody purpose. Its mission is to heal and not to aggravate the diseases upon the body politic.

A portion of our country is in a state of armed rebellion; that must be dealt with firmly. But whatever action is taken to that end, it must be borne in mind that in that very portion there are hundreds of thousands of citizens who are true and loyal to the traditions of the land, and upon whom will fall equally with those in armed hostility all the aggravated horrors of civil war. To strengthen and support these, to save their lives and property, and at the same time to quell most speedily the existing insurrection and punish the reckless instigators, should be the first thought and prompt action of the assembled legislators. Let not the precious time be wasted in heaping expletives on the opponents of the Constitution, but let the quickest remedy be devised, and let the action follow quick upon the decision.

It is reported that, at an early day of the session, Senator Wilson, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, will introduce a series of bills proposing the adoption of the following measures:

First—To legalize Executive action concerning the present defensive or warlike preparations.

Second—Giving the sanction of law to the plan already announced for a permanent increase of the army.

Third—Retiring infirm and disabled army officers.

Fourth—To organize from the militia a hundred regiments as a National Guard, to be all clothed and armed alike.

Fifth—To increase the number of cadets to the extent of sixty-eight, or to the number of Senators, and authorizing the President to fill the vacancies caused by resignation or otherwise in that institution.

It is also understood that $250,000,000 will be asked for, to enable the Government to complete the vast preparations necessary to repossess itself of the forts and other Federal property now in possession of the Secessionists, and put down the armed resistance to its authority. Let this be granted freely and without cavil, for every day's delay in resolving the issue not only widens the breach, but plunges the country into deeper distress and mercantile embarrassment.

These great measures settled, let the obnoxious Tariff be modified, so that some life may be imparted to our languishing commerce.

It should be the duty of the present Congress to impeach some of those high in power for gross malfeasance of office, in countenancing the most shameless swindling of pet contractors, and doubtless sharing in their unholy spoils. That social devil "Routine" weighed heavily on the English soldier in the Crimea, but a more heartless fiend in the shape of a Contractor preys upon the comfort and life of our gallant soldiers in the field. In times of peace the swindler is pointed at and despised, but what shall be said of him who coins untold wealth out of the necessities of his country—out of the life's blood of those arrayed in its defence? Language fails to furnish epithets sufficiently damning wherewith to brand the dastard, soulless wretch. And there are many such who starve our soldiers, who clothe them with rottenness dignified by the name of clothing, who furnish them with wretched, useless arms, thus imperilling their lives and the safety of the State, and yet who bask in the smiles of those who rule, with craft insidious, the rulers of the land. If the doom of traitors and pirates is to be the gibbet, let every gallows in the land bear its legitimate fruit of army contractors.

It is impossible to chronicle the progress of inaction, which is, simply, the present state of our affairs. Tens of thousands of men are almost within sight of each other, but policy restrains their ardor, directed doubtless by a wise and merciful counsel. The looked-for issue will too surely come, but every true patriot will look upon every delay which spares the effusion of kindred blood as a glimmering of hope that it may yet be spared altogether. There has already been a needless expenditure of life. The various boat engagements on the Potomac have been ill-conceived and always failures. Batteries have been attacked by vessels unfitted for the service, whose guns were of insufficient calibre, each attack resulting more or less disastrously for the Federal force. These petty actions, which would, in no event, result favorably, especially with a foe so well prepared, seems more like playing at war than serious resolve; they should be stopped; such efforts, if made at all, should be made with sufficient force to insure success. On each occasion had sufficient troops accompanied the expedition, the Secession batteries could have been taken and held or completely destroyed. The last of these trifling escapades at Mathias Point resulted in the death of an able and tried officer, Captain Ward, whose services we can ill dispense with, and whose loss we sincerely lament. There should be an end of them.

There is trouble brewing in the command of General Butler, who has arrested Colonel Allen, of the First New York regiment, without, as it seems at present, sufficient cause. The circumstances, so far as they have reached us by telegraph, which can hardly ever be depended upon, are as follows:

Colonel Allen and other officers have recently arrested a great many alleged Secessionists, particularly armed men engaged in conveying intelligence, by signals and otherwise, to the Southern forces at Yorktown. It is said that General Butler has released them, almost without any investigation.

On Thursday afternoon word was brought that negroes and white men were gathered in a field of wheat, five miles off, which was the property of Major Thompson of the Southern troops. It was to be conveyed to Yorktown; and some of the laborers came to Colonel Allen, asking for horses previously confiscated from the Virginians, to aid in carrying the wheat off. Colonel Allen not only refused to comply with the request, but sent a squad of men to prevent the wheat from being carried away. It was not long before the wheat field was on fire, and twenty acres of it were consumed.

On the supposition that the field was burned by Colonel Allen's directions, General Butler issued a special order desiring Colonel Allen to report himself at headquarters forthwith for court-martial, Colonel Allen's command devolving, in the meantime, upon Lieutenant-Colonel Dyckman of the New York First regiment.

Whatever the circumstances may be, it is certain that Colonel Allen has been arrested, and that a very general sentiment of dissatisfaction has existed against General Butler ever since the Great Bethel affair, where there was such a wanton sacrifice of life through the incompetency of the superior officers.

In our last we gave an account of an arrangement said to have been made between General McClellan and the Government of Kentucky, guaranteeing its neutrality providing the State Government resisted the presence of Secession troops on its shores. This statement is positively denied in a letter from General McClellan, and the absurd story set at rest.

The arrest of Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, well-known as a vigorous Secessionist, by order of Major-General Banks, and the substitution of Colonel Kenley as Provost-Marshal in his place, has created a deep and agitating sensation in that city. The revelations since made fully justify the action of Major-General Banks, for the Marshal's office and various police stations were found filled with concealed arms, cannons and munitions of war, besides traitorous correspondence. The Police Commissioners dismissed their force, which Colonel Kenley has replaced with trusty Union men, and have issued a strong protest against the assumption of authority by the military commander. To this protest Major-General Banks has issued the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ANNAPOLIS,
June 27, 1861.

To Colonel Kenley, Provost-Marshal:

SIR—My attention has been called to a resolution, purporting to have been this day passed by the late Board of Police Commissioners, expressing the opinion that "the suspension of their functions suspended at the same time the operations of the police law, and puts the officers and men off duty for the present."

You will take special notice, sir, that by my proclamation of this day neither the law nor the officers appointed to execute the laws are affected in any manner whatever, except as it operates upon the members of the Board of Commissioners and the Chief of Police, whose functions were and are suspended. Every part of the police law is to be enforced by you, except that which refers to the authority of the Commissioners and Chief of Police; and every officer and man, with the exception of those persons above named, will be continued in service by you, in the positions they now occupy, and with the advantages they now receive, unless one or more shall refuse to discharge their duties.

If any police officer declines to perform his duty, in order to avoid the anarchy which it was the purpose of the Commissioners to bring upon the city, by incorrectly stating that it had been by my act deprived of its police protection, you will select, in conference with such of the public authorities as will aid you, good men and true to fill their places and discharge their duties.

You will also take especial notice that no opinion, resolution or other act of the late Board of Commissioners can operate to limit the effective force of the Police law, or to discharge any officer engaged in its execution. If any provision of the law fails to be executed it will be from the choice of the city, and if any officer, except such as are herein named, leave the service, it will be upon his own decision.

You will cause these views to be made known as the rule of your conduct.

I repeat my declaration and my purpose—no intervention with the laws or government of the city whatever is intended, except to prevent secret, violent and treasonable combinations of disloyal men against the Government of the United States.

I am, sir, very truly yours, &c.,
NATH. P. BANKS.

The latest advices from Baltimore state that the plot of a general outbreak has been discovered, that all the Police Commissioners have been arrested and sent to Fort McHenry, and that the Federal troops have occupied the city and planted cannon in various commanding positions. It is to be feared that the turbulent spirit of Baltimore will not be quieted without a desperate and bloody fight; a result to be lamented, and if possible, avoided.

It is stated on telegraphic authority that Harper's Ferry has been reoccupied by Secession troops, who have destroyed all the remaining property, bridges, &c., and have driven every Union family from the desolated and ruined place.

Troops continue to pour into Washington by the thousand per day, from whence they are despatched to take up their positions in the ranks of the advancing army, which now numbers, within twenty-four hours of horseback travel, over eighty-five thousand men.

It seems to be the general opinion that no further advance will be made until after the meeting of Congress on the Fourth of July, after which date it is rumored that the General-in-Chief, Winfield Scott, will order a simultaneous advance of all his his columns upon the Secession positions in Virginia, and force the Southern army back upon Richmond. We give these rumors as they pass by; they may be true or false, but one thing is certain, that the present inactivity cannot, for grave reasons on both sides, last much longer. The feverish anxiety of the country upon the subject is natural, but the mighty preparations necessary to insure a successful issue to a grand movement move slowly, and we must patiently abide the action of the ripened judgment of the great soldier who controls the events.

PERSONAL.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been occasioned by the arrest of Frederick Littlejohn, brother to the Speaker, for bribing an officer of the State Legislature.

THE Hon. Frank Blair, Jr., was serenaded on the 28th at the Metropolitan Hotel. He made an eloquent Union and no-compromise speech, which was much applauded.

THE younger brother of Amodio, the celebrated baritone, died on his passage from Venezuela, of yellow fever.

PROFESSOR E. K. EATON, of this city, has invented a new rifle cannon, which was tested on Thursday, the 27th, at Long Branch. The results were very satisfactory.

MR. BURCH, the Chicago banker, whose divorce case caused so much excitement and scandal last year, has obtained a new trial.

PRICE ALFRED, of England, was at Montreal on the 28th June.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, of the London *Times*, was at Jackson, Miss., on the 18th, on a visit to Dr. C. Russell, a cousin. Dr. Russell is a physician there, and a man of considerable influence. He is a bitter Secessionist. Since then he paid a visit to Camp Defiance, Cairo, where he was received with great honor by General Prentiss. In the afternoon he made a speech, in which he professed the strictest neutrality. His report of the Southern troops is very disparaging to them.

CHIEF JUSTICE STORRS, of Connecticut, died at Hartford on June 25th, aged sixty-five years. He represented his native State in Congress on two occasions, from 1829 to 1833, and from 1839 to 1844. He was a very able and amiable man.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the Confederate Vice-President, made a speech at Warrentown, Ga.

AT a recent meeting of the Virginia Legislature it was proposed to change the names of the counties, named in honor of Scott and Buchanan, to those of Davis and Stephens, but Mr. Garnett opposed it, and the matter was dropped.

ON the 26th June Mr. Gilbert Wilson, Treasurer of the New York Central Railroad, threw himself out of a third story window in a fit of despondency, occasioned by the present depressed state of mercantile affairs. His integrity is unquestionable, and his accounts as treasurer are perfectly correct.

JOHN W. FARMER, of Ludlow street, the great philanthropist, has sent to the soldiers at Newport News and Fortress Monroe a most bountiful supply of pipes and tobacco.

FRANK VIZETELLY, the distinguished artist of the *Illustrated London News*, is now at Washington to sketch and chronicle the war for the great London pictorial—the *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of the Old World. He was the artist correspondent of the Italian war for that paper.

MR. W. H. HURLBUT, formerly editor of the New York *Times*, and the author of the celebrated article on "the elbows of the Mincio," has recently been arrested as a spy at Atlanta, Ga., and is now in Richmond awaiting his trial. As he is a Southerner by birth, and a decided southerner in opinions, he will no doubt be honorably discharged.

BEN MCCULLOUGH, whose ubiquity is almost equal to that of General Beauregard, is at present stationed in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

THE Charleston *Courier* indignantly denies Mr. Russell's statement that the South Carolinians want a British prince to rule over them. It says there are only two monarchists in all South Carolina, one an eccentric lawyer in Charleston, and the other an old planter who has voted for General Jackson ever since 1825.

CYRUS SHAY, a prominent primary politician, died at his house in Greene street on the 25th. He was a lieutenant in Kerrigan's regiment.

LIEUTENANT J. G. BENNETT, of the Henrietta, is cruising on the coast in search of privateers.

BISHOP SIMPSON has postponed his visit to California, in consequence of the critical condition of the Methodist treasury.

LETTERS from Paris say that Cassius M. Clay, Anson Burlingame and *hoc genus* have done more to advance the Secession cause in England and France than all the Southern Commissioners together. Lord Palmerston has had no interview with Mr. Rost, nor indeed with any of the Davisonians.

THE Metropolitan Hotel still retains its ancient supremacy with the more distinguished of our citizens. A short time since Mrs. Lincoln made it her home, and last week Frank Blair, Jun., whose exploits in Missouri have made him quite a household word with all loyal men, made it his resting-place during his brief stay. This preference is due to a variety of circumstances, such as its admirable central position, the courteous hospitality of the Leland *frères*, the excellence of the *cuisine*, and the irreproachable cleanliness reigning in every department of this model hotel of our commercial metropolis.

MAYOR WOOD had a most interesting task to perform on the 26th of June, and that was to review the Cadets of Mount Pleasant Academy. These youths are the flowers of our first families, and are fully equal to the much boasted F.F.V.'s. Their appearance and drill were excellent, and elicited loud applause from a Park full of ladies and gentlemen. Their training does Messrs. Benjamin and Phelps infinite credit. They were attended by a capital band.

BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL—A CORRECTION.

HEADQUARTERS, SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. V.,
Camp Butler, Newport News, June 24, 1861.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR—Permit me to correct a few statements made by your reporter in his article on the affair at Great Bethel, and published in your issue of June 22. Judging from his remarks, I am forced to conclude that he knew very little about the transaction. I claim that if a reporter professes to chronicle the particulars of any proceeding, especially where personal or professional reputation is involved, he should most assuredly ascertain facts, and write accordingly. Your informant states that he accompanied the expedition. If this be true, then I consider his observation at fault, and his strictures upon me unwarrantable. He names Duryea's, my command, Allen's and Townsend's commands, but says nothing about the Vermont and Massachusetts troops, who were also in the expedition. He states also that "Col. Allen's Troy Regiment and the Seventh" started from Newport News. Now, Col. Allen's regiment is not from Troy, and it was not stationed at Newport News. These facts plainly show that he did not even know where the various regiments were encamped. Secondly, he says, "Col. Bendix, hearing the advance of Col. Townsend's regiment." Now, sir, I positively aver that Col. Townsend had no advance. The column was headed by Gen. Pierce and staff and Col. Townsend in person, with two howitzers, drawn by four horses. He then states that I "rashly jumped to the conclusion that they were the enemy, and fired upon the Troy regiment;" also, that "Col. Duryea, hearing the firing, also fired at Townsend's regiment." These misstatements plainly show either that he was not there at all, or that he is attempting to make capital for some one at the expense of candor and fair dealing. I profess to know my duty, and I performed it in accordance with the orders I had received from my commander at Newport News. If we did not receive similar orders from both places, the blame rests not with me. All I have to say in my defence is this: That under similar circumstances, I should be likely to act again in the same way. Depend upon it, I shall never be found asleep when the Stars and Stripes are to be defended.

I remain, your obedient servant,
JOHN E. BENDIX,
Colonel Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers.

[EDITORIAL REMARKS.—We have, in justification to Colonel Bendix, inserted his communication, but we must state in justice to ourselves, that the mistakes of which he complains are not to be attributed to our reporter, as we had none on the field of action, but to that general and very false reporter, the magnetic telegraph. To those in far-off localities there is nothing more

difficult and delicate than the process of gleaning the truth from the various telegraph exaggerations which follow every trifling or important engagement. If we sometimes fall into error, it is because we are not universally ubiquitous. Our sources of information extend far and near, but under certain circumstances we are compelled to rely upon the public sources of information. We would remark, however, that in the very article of which Colonel Bendix complains we sustained him, while other journals, taking their cue from the telegrams, were cruelly unjust and severe.]

GENERAL WAR INTELLIGENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE.—Several volunteers have returned from Richmond and Norfolk. They report the health of the Confederate troops as good. A Disunion speaker was addressing an assemblage of persons in Louisville on the 23d, when the ladies rose *en masse* and sang the "Star Spangled Banner," effectually quenching the Secessionist.

W. R. Walker, the British Consul at Charleston, lately passed through Louisville on his way to New Orleans. It is said he had been sent by Lord Lyons to inquire into the facts contained in Mr. Russell's letter from that city. The British Consul at New Orleans is a great alder of the South, and not reliable.

The *Journal* says that the Colonel of the State regiment, who was to have been stationed at Columbus, has resigned, being unwilling to support the neutrality policy of Kentucky. He is a Secessionist. It is thought that the presence of the regiment at Columbus will produce much trouble, and that it is only a trick of Gov. Magoffin's to create a panic in that region.

The same paper has a letter from Paducah, saying: "The Union men did not vote their full strength on election-day; many of them were forced to vote for Burnett for Congress. Mr. Brigham, a Kentuckian, suspected of being a spy, was arrested, and shot at three times, and was about to be started for Union City, Tenn., to be tried for treason, when the mob desisted. The same day the Coroner of the county was killed. The Secessionists assert that every man must declare either for the North or the South, and that Northerners must leave. The day after the election the Southern flag was raised, and General Prentiss invited to come and take it down."

A fight occurred between two Unionists and two Secessionists in Graves county, in which one Secessionist was killed and the other had his arm shot off. Two companies, one Union and the other Disunion, were drilling near by at the time. The latter started in pursuit of the Unionists, when the Union company followed after. Nothing has been heard of the result of the affair.

LEXINGTON.—Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, made a speech at this town on the 19th. He was much applauded. It was a strong Union oration. He declared that East Tennessee would never leave the Union if the Federal Government would arm them. They did not want aid, but arms. A regiment left Lexington on the 20th for Columbus, Ky., to protect the Union men in the latter city. Many of the towns in Kentucky are requesting General Prentiss to help them against the brutal ferocity of the Secessionists. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, has written to Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, pledging himself not to allow any armed Tennesseean to pass through or enter Kentucky.

Arms and ammunition were sent on the 25th June from Louisville to East Tennessee. The Newport camp is to be got ready for three regiments of regulars.

A letter from Southern Kentucky says, that fat cattle, mules by droves, and loads of bacon are daily passing through Cumberland Gap to the rebels. The writer adds that if the people of that section of Kentucky were armed with legal authority to do so, they would soon put a stop to the business. A regiment or two could easily be formed in the neighborhood. Another letter says that Hoffman, the contractor to carry the mail from Lancaster to Richmond, Ky., is an open Disunionist, who enters Union villages shouting for Jeff. Davis and waving a Secession flag.

TENNESSEE, MEMPHIS.—General Pillow is still here, uttering large oaths and boasting what he means to do when he has taken Cairo. It is, however, certain that the violence of Secession is very much diminished, not from want of malignity, but disgust at the slowness of Jeff. Davis. Their hopes of triumph are also at an end. The gross vote in Tennessee was—for Secession, 99,172; for Union, 44,602; above 32,000 refusing to vote, or terrified from doing so. It is thus clear that there is a very strong Union feeling in Tennessee. The Tennesseeans were also highly irate with the Western States. The Memphis *Avalanche* threatens them with war to the knife. Eastern Tennessee gave a majority of 13,177 against Secession. Texas is sending supplies to Memphis.

As a significant proof of the enormous lying which is part and parcel of Secession, the Memphis *Appeal* says the French Government have agreed to advance $100,000,000 on the next cotton crop, which, when ready for delivery, will be shipped in the French fleet.

As a proof of how patriotic the Tennesseeans are, the *Appeal* has a severe and admirable article on the villainy of the tradespeople, who, it says, make a practice of charging the poor soldiers double price for everything, and then selling to them the worst of every kind. Thurlow Weeds are found everywhere! In consequence of the loyalty of East Tennessee, the postal facilities have been restored. The mail will pass through Cincinnati instead of Louisville.

The Nashville City Council has appropriated $750,000 for a residence for the President, as an inducement to remove the capital there.

MAJOR-GENERAL PILLOW has issued an order dated Memphis, June 21st, confiscating all Northern property. It says:

"Merchants, brokers, bankers and others so indebted to our enemies, are required to report to the Adjutant-General's office of the Major-General commanding, the amount of such indebtedness, deposits, balances, dividends in stock, stocks owned, &c., and in the mean time are ordered not to pay over the same to other than the State of Tennessee."

Many Tennesseeans who favored the Secession in order to swindle their creditors begin to think they might just as well have been loyal, since they have to pay their just debts to the wrong man. The infamous dishonesty of this man Pillow's conduct needs no comment. It is a shade worse than Floyd.

THOMAS R. NELSON, one of the candidates for the Legislature, has issued from Jonesborough a most stirring Union appeal to his misguided fellow-citizens. He concludes in these emphatic words:

"But it is said this is a war between the North and the South, and we are compelled to take sides. I do not so regard it. It is a war between the Government of the United States and rebellious citizens who have committed treason against that Government. Neither is it a war between Lincoln and the South. It is a war between the Constitution and those who have violated it; a war between law and no law—between order and anarchy—between freedom and despotism—between right and wrong."

HARRIS, the rebel Governor of Tennessee, has issued a solemn proclamation, declaring Tennessee out of the Union, and a free and independent State. He, however, strange to say, makes no allusion to the "one-eyed Confederacy of Davisdom," as the Charleston *Mercury* calls it.

The wonderful delusions under which the people of this State labor is admirably depicted by the following article from the Memphis *Avalanche* of June 24.

"We were shown last night a letter from a bearer of dispatches from the Southern Commissioners in Europe to a gentleman high in authority here, which contains the most cheering intelligence.

"He immediately dispatched a special messenger to General Pillow, with a letter to the effect that his documents, intended for President Davis, convey the cheering intelligence that the sum of $2,000,000 has been offered to be advanced upon our cotton crop alone and that the Southern Confederacy will soon be acknowledged as one of the powers of the earth. The letter also says that England and France have dispatched twenty additional ships of the line to our shores, and that the blockade will be raised by the 1st of November. He says that England and France are with us in sentiment, and that our flag will soon be recognized by their Governments.

"The bearer of dispatches, as before stated, passed through Indiana and a portion of Illinois. The following extracts from his letter, confirming the Southern account in regard to the victory at Booneville, will be read with interest.

"Wallace and his regiment, composed of 1,100 men from Indianapolis, have been cut off at Cumberland, Md., and are supposed to have been killed or taken prisoners. The news from Missouri you have by telegram, but the State troops were victorious—that is, they lost only four killed and wounded, while the Nationals lost twenty killed. The State troops number 900—some say 600—the Nationals 3,000."

VIRGINIA.—The latest reports confirm the rumor of the movement of General Wise down the Kanawha. General Garnett, with the Confederate forces, was encamped on the 21st inst. at Laurel Hill, twelve miles from Philippi, at which point Union forces were strongly entrenched.

Reports, *via* Richmond, to the 20th, state that General Beauregard was advancing from Manassas Junction toward the Potomac.

"WHY DON'T THE YANKEES PUSH ON TO RICHMOND?—RICH READING.—The Yankee despatches of the battle of Bethel—General Butler's confession that General Pierce, who commanded the invading horde, 'lost his presence of mind,' is exquisite. We hope the gallant Butler may long survive to chronicle our victories. He makes one strange omission. He could not have heard of the bayonet charge of the North Carolinians, otherwise, in the abundance of his candor and simplicity, he would surely have stated it. As he did not hear of the charge, it is more than probable he never heard of the stampede which followed it.

"The terrible fire of the batteries—masked at that—astonished the Yankees. In their bewilderment, they exclaim, 'It is thought Colonel Magruder must have had charge of the guns!' No very unreasonable conjecture of scared men! Magruder is a very devil in Yankee imagination, and if we could only have him in charge of all our batteries, we should not be long troubled with the Yankees.

"It will be seen that the loss is put down at 1,000. We had not rated it at so much; but they knew better than we do, though we incline to the opinion that their fears have exaggerated the number.

"We hear that later and fuller reports, made by officers from Fortress Monroe, give a still more discouraging view of Yankee affairs in that region than that contained in the *Sun*. We should judge from the representations, that the enemy's forces are quite demoralized; each officer blames the other for the disaster to their arms, and all of them concur in nothing except in condemning General Butler for not commanding in person. Gen. B.'s remarkable despatch to the Associated Press, censuring General Pierce for his conduct on the field of battle, is ominous of a change in his staff; but we hope there is no purpose of removing Butler himself. He has promised to visit Richmond, and it would be cruel to make him break his word."

RICHMOND.—The Richmond *Dispatch* has a most excellent and ingenious way of supplying themselves with niggers. It is this:

"We have heard from various sources that a large number of the negroes who have been captured by the Northern invaders on the Peninsula have been sent by them to Cuba to be sold, and that they declare their intention to make the sale of negroes one means of defraying the expenses of the war.

"The authorities of the South can only meet this procedure in one way. For every negro kidnapped, some Yankee prisoner must be put into the hands of the master who has been robbed, to supply the place of his servant till the negro is returned; and for every slave sold to Cuba or elsewhere, two Yankees must be enslaved. The time for forbearance with these wretches has passed, and the people of the South demand that they shall be treated as their crimes deserve."

The editor of the Richmond *Dispatch* had better avoid "Yankees and Irish," for they have a decided crow to pick with him.

VIRGINIA FICTIONS.—"A gentleman on this train says that he left St. Louis last night, and that Gen. Lyon and all his command were taken by our men at Booneville.

"It is reported that in a battle at Harper's Ferry the Federal troops were entirely routed, with the loss of 3,000. A. J. INGERSOLL."

A SECOND ENGAGEMENT AT PHILIPPI.—In the Lynchburg *Republican* of the 12th we find the annexed account of a second fight at Philippi, in which the Confederate forces achieved a complete victory over the Abolitionists:

"Through a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who arrived here yesterday from Manassas Junction, we learn that information, deemed altogether authentic, had been received there of another battle at Philippi, in which the most complete victory was achieved by our troops. Large reinforcements having been added to our forces, they made an advance on Philippi, where the enemy were encamped, and engaging them in battle, succeeded in completely routing them, with a loss to the enemy of over 100 killed and wounded, besides the capture of a number of prisoners, and the recapture by our troops of a large amount of arms, munitions, &c., together with several of the enemy's cannon. Our troops suffered but little loss, and now hold complete possession of the town."

ARKANSAS.—It would seem from the following extract that the slaves are yet destined to be a great trouble to the South. The Helena *Shield* of the 15th states that, on Sunday or Monday last, in Cypress neighborhood, Monroe county, about thirty miles west of Helena, several negroes were arrested upon a charge of attempted insurrection, and on Tuesday three of them—two men and a girl—were hung. One of those executed belonged to Colonel Lightfoot. He was a mulatto boy, a blacksmith, formerly owned by James Bush, of Big Creek. He was the ringleader of the plot, which, as detailed by himself and others, was most atrocious. The white male inhabitants were to be murdered, the females and children spared, provided they did not resist. Details of what they further designed doing we forbear publishing. Fortunately their fiendish purposes were frustrated by discovery of the plot.

GEORGIA, SAVANNAH.—The City Council has purchased of Mr. Crawshaw his beautiful mansion, at a cost of $50,000. It is intended for President Jefferson Davis. As Mr. Davis sent some three weeks ago a large sum of money to be invested in the English funds, his Georgian admirers had better purchase him a house in Belgravia.

ATLANTA.—Mr. Hurlbut, formerly of the New York *Times*, was lately arrested at Atlanta. He was sent on to Richmond, to take his trial as a spy. Mr. May, Mayor of Augusta, was very anxious to get him out of Mr. Yancey's hands, for the pleasure of hanging him; but his sanguinary purpose was defeated by the prudent humanity of Jeff. Davis, who peremptorily told Mr. Yancey to send him on to Richmond.

Hon. Alexander B. Stephens was advertised to solicit subscriptions of cotton for the Southern Confederacy, at Lincolnville, Ga., on the 20th of June.

The State Treasurer of Georgia gives notice that, on account of the war with the Anti-Slavery States, the interest on the coupons and bonds of the State, payable in New York, must be redeemed at Savannah.

An advertisement announces the reopening of the Confederate loan at several places in Georgia. It says that only eleven millions of the fifteen millions have been subscribed for.

MISSOURI, JEFFERSON CITY.—The energetic proceedings of General Lyon and Colonel Frank Blair seem to have laid the ghost of Secession, for Morrison, the State Treasurer, Mosely, State Auditor, and Boustoo, Register of Lands, took the oath of allegiance on the 29th, and were restored to their offices. Attorney-General Hayes refused and is a prisoner. The verdict of the Coroner's jury in the recent conflict between the mob and the soldiers was:

"That the subjects of the present inquest came to their deaths from gunshot wounds inflicted by Minie musket balls discharged by certain members of companies C, E, F, B and I of the Second Regiment United States Reserve Corps, while marching down Seventh street on the morning of the 17th inst.

"The jury further express it as their opinion that said wounds were inflicted without any provocation or discharge of firearms from citizens then present, and also without any order to fire having been given by the officers of the said companies."

BOONEVILLE.—This city is undoubtedly loyal. It has a decided Union Mayor, and upon the arrival of General Lyon with his troops they were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

ST. JOSEPH.—Colonel Curtis, who commands the Federal troops at this city, has issued a proclamation, promising protection to all the peaceable citizens, and declaring his intention of maintaining the Constitutional authority.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The news from Charleston is very gloomy. Business is at a standstill. Everything is dear excepting rice and cotton; shoes are quite a luxury, ladies' gaiters realizing four dollars a pair for the commonest kind, or four times their usual price. Salt is ten cents a pound. Governor Pickens is not at all pleased with the Jefferson Davis style of Government, and has issued a proclamation refusing to allow any more regiments to leave the State, alleging that their first duty is to defend their own State. The Charleston *Courier* recommends that all the South Carolinian regiments be recalled, as it is informed General Scott intends seizing Charleston. There are three South Carolina regiments in the Confederate army.

THE HERO OF THE ENFILADE BATTERY.—Lieutenant Jacob Valentine, Confederate States Army, who distinguished himself at the enfilade battery during the Fort Sumpter fight, has been placed in command of a battery at Manassas by his old commander, General Beauregard. The gallant Carolinian will give a good account of himself.

DIRECT IMPORTATION.—H. C. Covert, of the firm of D. R. Williams & Co., left for Europe last night for the purpose of obtaining a stock of hats and caps for this market.—*Charleston Courier.*

MISSISSIPPI.—There are reports of slave risings on some of the plantations, but no reliable accounts. As Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, has been on a visit to his cousin, Dr. Russell, of Jackson, we shall probably have his report very soon. In other respects this State suffers the least of any of the Seceding ones.

LOUISIANA.—If we may judge from Mr. Russell's letter in the London *Times*, the state of affairs in New Orleans is perfectly pandemonian. As Lord Palmerston is notorious for his defence of British subjects, we shall probably hear of a British fleet paying a second visit to New Orleans, and of its wiping out the defeat of 1814. British subjects have been beaten and forcibly impressed into the rebel service, and the French origin of the Crescent City has given the British a strong feeling of hostility to it.

JEFF. DAVIS, it is said, appointed Bishop Polk, of the diocese of Louisiana, to a Major-Generalship of the rebel force. (Doubtful.)

PIERRE SOULE has been communicating with Jeff. Davis about the defence of New Orleans and the Mississippi.

FLORIDA AND ALABAMA.—General Bragg has now only about 2,700 men at Pensacola, and these are in a very ill fed and ill clad condition. From Montgomery we learn that since the seat of Government has been moved to Richmond a spirit of sullen indifference has settled on the public mind. This has reacted on Mobile, and criticisms are daily indulged both in conversation and print that would not have been tolerated a month ago. The man, however, must be above suspicion ere he utters it. The Mobile *Advertiser* has a letter from Mr. Otis, formerly of the New York *Express*, in which he gives a glowing account of a speech he made on the presentation of a flag to the New Orleans Zouaves. Mr. Otis is a Northern man, and editor of the New Orleans *Picayune.*

WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE.—The effects of the war are becoming every day more visible. On the 24th of June a mob attacked several of the banks in Milwaukee, and destroyed all the furniture, books, and every other description of property. They endeavored to burn the State Bank. After several hours of mob misrule, the Zouaves and Police arrested thirty-three of the rioters, and quelled the disturbance. The offenders were principally farmers. The cause of offence was the action of the banks in question throwing out various bills, and refusing to redeem their own notes in specie. A clerk in one of the banks was much injured.

NEW JERSEY, TRENTON.—New Jersey is doing more than her share. On Thursday, the 27th of June, Regiments Nos. 1, 2 and 3—all volunteers for three years—left Trenton for Washington by the Camden and Amboy line. They looked very well, and their equipment was excellent.

Major Hexamer and his artillery battery are ready for their departure for the seat of war; but the Secretary of War wishes the State to furnish extra guns and extra horses to meet casualties. The Governor has written to the President on the subject.

Some surprise has been expressed that the Highwood Guard, one of the New Jersey crack companies, should have disbanded at the first sound of war. A few, we understood, entered into other regiments, but some explanation is due. Where are the Hoppers, the Joneses, Browns, Smiths and Robinsons gone to?

General Batfold is busy making experiments with a new kind of gun, which promises great results. It is very light, very certain, and of long range.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

THE following regiments have left for Washington since our last paper:

Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, Colonel McCunn.

Fifteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel McLeod Murphy.

Thirty-second Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Mathieson.

Sixteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Davis.

Massachusetts Fourth Regiment Volunteers, from Boston, Colonel Cass—ordered to Fortress Monroe, but sent on from thence to Washington.

Second Maine Regiment, Volunteers.

Fifth Maine Regiment, Colonel Donnell.

Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Clarke.

Twenty-second (Athens) New York Volunteers, Colonel Phelps.

In addition to these eight regiments, New Jersey despatched on Friday three additional regiments, viz.:

First Regiment Volunteers, Colonel Montgomery.

Second Regiment Volunteers, Colonel McLane.

Third Regiment Volunteers, Colonel Taylor.

These were forwarded to Washington.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

THE following singular document appears in the New Orleans papers:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NO. 1,
NEW ORLEANS, June 6, 1861.

1. Information having reached these Headquarters that some unprincipled sympathizers with the Black Republican despotism at the North are in the habit of furnishing the blockading vessels daily with fresh provisions and the daily newspapers, Colonel P. O. Herbert will give positive orders to the commanding officers at Forts Jackson and Pike, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller at the passes, to overhaul all boats, and take all fresh provisions which they may have in excess of all that is necessary for the use of their crews, and for such families along the coast as they may have been in the habit of supplying.

2. The regular mail boats and tow boats are not referred to in this order.

By Command of Major General Twiggs.

D. BELTZHOOVER, Major Louisiana Artillery.

A RIVERMAN, named Grisset, about ten days ago was engaged in taking in a cargo of wood in a sloop at a place about six miles up Mattox Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia, when his sloop was seized and he threatened with being held as a prisoner. He was, however, permitted to leave if he could get away. A Union man gave him a canoe, and with this he paddled out and over to the Maryland shore, and after about thirty-four hours of the hardest work he ever experienced he arrived at Marlow's Bay, where he was taken aboard a long boat and brought to the city. The distance he paddled in his chestnut dug-out was about sixty miles. Grisset discovered during his stay in Westmoreland county that provisions were very scarce. Coffee was worth fifty cents per pound. A party formed a Home Guard while he was there, and sent to Fredericksburg for ammunition. The amount obtained was twenty-five pounds of powder and fifty of lead in bars. Great dread is expressed, in that portion of Virginia, of an uprising of the slaves.

JOHN LETCHER, the tool of "One-eyed Davis," as the Charleston *Mercury* complimentarily calls him, now and then catches a Tartar. Some time ago he received a letter from Lieutenant Mayo, son to the present Mayor of Richmond, and a nephew of General Scott, in which appears the following passage: "John Letcher, I am not your mercenary, nor the mercenary of the 'Convention.' My primary and only allegiance is due and rendered to the United States. The United States has cared for me for many years, and its flag is endeared to me by too many associations to be lightly abandoned and turned against in this hour of its direst peril, particularly upon the promises to pay of an exhausted treasury and the promises of 'rank' from a State whose militia, by her own showing and invitation, is commanded by a foreigner who is a traitor to that Government to which the people of Virginia are faithful, despite the unholy and unpatriotic action of the 'Convention.' If, sir, I were to forsake the Stars and Stripes in this dread hour and join your banner, what assurances would you have that I would not betray you? Surely not that of honor, not that of patriotism."

WAR ITEMS.

DUTIES OF LOYAL OFFICERS TO DISLOYAL VESSELS.—On the 28th ult. Thomas Freno, United States Consul at Belfast, addressed a letter to our Minister, Mr. Adams, asking his instructions regarding the disposition to be made of two vessels which had arrived at Belfast, bearing certificate and clearance from the New Orleans Deputy Collector, who professed to act under authority "of the State of Louisiana and the Montgomery Government." On the 4th of June Mr. Adams made answer, as follows:

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
London, June 4, 1861.

"Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th May last, making certain inquiries touching the irregularities in the papers of the American bark Ivanhoe, of Bath, and the Cephas Starrot, of Rockland, Me., lately arrived at Belfast.

"It may be as well to establish the rule once for all, that no papers whatever, issued from a power in the United States purporting to be adverse to that known and established by constitution and law of the United States, can be deemed worthy of recognition by the officers of the United States. The people of the State of Louisiana are now known to be in a state of open rebellion. Hence, no ship's papers issued from any source established by them whatever, within the Custom House or outside of it, is to be considered as of more worth than if issued by an equal number of irresponsible individuals. The same rule may be held to apply to any similar case.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS."

IMPRESSMENT OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN THE REBEL ARMY.—Mr. Russell writes to the London *Times*, under date of New Orleans, May 26: "British subjects living in New Orleans have been seized, knocked down, carried off from their labor at the wharf and the workshop, and forced by violence to serve in the 'volunteer' ranks! These cases are not isolated. They are not in twos and threes, but in tens and twenties; they have not occurred stealthily or in byways, they have taken place in the open day and in the streets of New Orleans. These men have been dragged along like felons, protesting in vain that they were British subjects. Fortunately, their friends bethought them that there was still a British Consul in the city who would protect his countrymen—English, Irish or Scotch. Mr. Mure, when he heard of the reports and of the evidence, made energetic representations to the authorities, who, after some evasion, gave orders that the impressed 'volunteers' should be discharged, and the 'Tiger Rifles' and other companies were deprived of the services of thirty-five British subjects, whom they had taken from their usual avocations. The Mayor promises it shall not occur again."

"LINCOLN'S IMPUDENCE."—Under this caption, the Richmond *Enquirer*, of June 13, says: "A piece of impertinence, entirely in character with Lincoln's Government, was attempted towards Governor Letcher, which was promptly and pointedly repelled. A pardon was sent from Lincoln to the Governor for a convict in the Penitentiary, who had been sentenced for robbing the mail by the late Federal Court in this city, which the Governor returned with the following letter:

"'EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, Va., June 7, 1861.

"'To his Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

"'Sir—I am instructed by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia to return to you the accompanying documents from the Department of State, U.S.A.

"'The Commonwealth of Virginia not being one of the United States of America, the power of the Chief Executive of that nation is not recognised by by the Government of this State.

"'I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"'S. BASSET FRENCH,
"'A. D. C. to the Governor of Virginia.'"

THE citizens of Woodruff county will give Mr. Crittenden a grand festival near Versailles on Wednesday. From the preparations, it will doubtless be an outburst of love and respect to the distinguished statesman.—*Louisville Journal.*

WM. W. LAMB has been elected Mayor of Norfolk.

JACK HAYS, the celebrated Texas Ranger, is reported on his way from California with a party of picked men for the Rebel States. General Albert S. Johnson is supposed to be one of Hays's party.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

ALTHOUGH the Southern papers do not reach us regularly, there now and then strays one from that interdicted region which convinces us that the masterly longevity of Scott has half killed the rebellion. He has scotched the snake. The Richmond *Examiner* says:

"We have taken a great many Federal forts and hundreds of thousands of arms without opposition, and captured Fort Sumpter after the Administration had been engaged more than a month in measures to relieve it. No Seceded State is invaded, although Lincoln, his Cabinet and the whole North have been trying to do so for more than two months. * * * To preserve appearances they will no doubt make an occasional John Brown raid and shoot a few negroes, pigs and poultry, but they have no more idea, and no more ability to invade the South than to invade England."

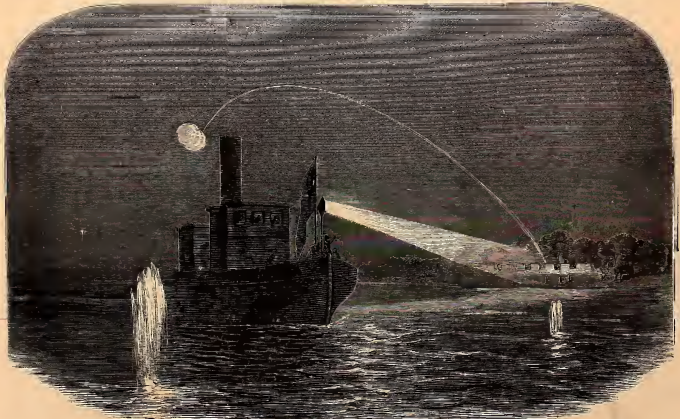
A gentleman who came from Richmond last week informed us that the common people there were not aware that the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion had been invaded, the military occupation being confined to Fortress Monroe, which they were told was so closely besieged that Butler was on the point of surrendering. A cause founded on such deceptions must indeed be in a perishing condition.

DR. CLARKE, the traveller, asked in Sweden what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine that he visited. "Became of her? said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh, "she became a pancake!"

A HALF SILLY basketwoman passing down Lord Dundrennan's avenue, at Cumbstone one day, he met her, and said: My good woman, there's no road this way." "Na, sir," she said, "I think ye're wrang there; I think it's a most beautiful road."

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE GUNBOAT FLOTILLA, FREEBORN AND RELIANCE, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN JAMES H. WARD, AND A SECESSION FORCE AT MATHIAS POINT, VA., ON THE POTOMAC RIVER—DEATH OF CAPTAIN WARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 118.

THE UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIA, LOUDON AND HAMPSHIRE R. R. AND AQUEDUCT ROAD FROM GEORGETOWN, ALEXANDRIA COUNTY, VA., COMMUNICATING WITH THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.



RECONNOITRING THE SHORES OF THE POTOMAC AT NIGHT, TO DISCOVER THE MILITARY WORKS OF THE SECESSIONISTS, BY MEANS OF PROFESSOR [illegible]'S POWERFUL CALCIUM LIGHT.—[illegible] FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL [illegible]'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118

ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE, IN BALTIMORE, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

Mr. Kane, the Marshal of Baltimore, has long been known for his Secession proclivities, and has been deemed a dangerous man in his official capacity, through the influence which his position gave him over the entire police force. He was suspected of treasonable correspondence, and of concealing vast amounts of arms. Important facts coming to the knowledge of Major-General Banks, he issued an order for the arrest of Marshal Kane, who was taken at his house, at three o'clock on the 27th inst. Marshal Kane offered no resistance, and he was at once conveyed to Fort McHenry, where he now occupies the same apartment as Mr. Merriman.

Colonel Kenley, of the Maryland Volunteers, was appointed Provost Marshal, and at once took possession of the Marshal's office. The Police Commissioners protested against the usurpation, and directed the police officers to take off all their badges, and in fact virtually disbanded the force. Colonel Kenley at once took measures to replace them, and commenced the same day swearing in new officers, so that Baltimore will now have a loyal and efficient guard sufficient to control all real demonstrations. In the meantime Marshal Kane is held prisoner, and the searching of his office has revealed an immense amount of arms and ammunition, and evidences of treason direct and incontrovertible. Let us trust that he will not be discharged and rewarded with a Major-Generalship.

THE U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINE.

The great inventions of the age are now brought in as assistants to the art of warfare. Whole regiments are moved from place to place by railroad; reconnoissances are made by means of balloons, and despatches are sent by the electric telegraph, and not by couriers. Everything is faster than in the time of our fathers, and we naturally expect that results should be rapid in proportion; that they are not so is probably owing to the new and popular science of "how not to do it."

The telegraph material was sent on with the advance of the army, and was laid down with as much rapidity as possible. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated, as every step in the movements of the troops can be reported instantly at headquarters, and orders and counter-orders be conveyed back without a moment's delay. The sketch which our Special Artist accompanying General McDowell's command has sent us represents the Bureau of the United States Military Telegraph Line, at the headquarters of General McDowell, at Arlington House, Va. The operator is busy at his work, and officers are awaiting the despatches as they arrive to convey them to the General in command.

RECONNOITREING THE SHORES OF THE POTOMAC

River with Professor Grant's Calcium Light.

It is a matter of military necessity to watch the operations of the enemy on the banks of the Potomac, as from time to time in various points batteries spring up as if by magic, and reveal themselves by firing upon the passing vessels. Reconnoissances by day are attended with considerable danger, and the observer can be observed and the works concealed. But at night the works go on without fear of observation, and it was to take advantage of this confident security that experiments were made with the calcium lights of Professor Grant. In the darkness of the night the vessel bearing them glides slowly and secretly along, and when it reaches some suspected point the full strength of the calcium light is suddenly directed upon it, lighting it up with a brightness like to that of day. It is said to be effective in the present operations, but in the harbor of Charleston before and after the attack on Sumpter it was tried and deemed not effective.

RECONNOISSANCE BY COLONEL MAX WEBER'S TURNER RIFLES.

The reconnoissance of the enemy's country is a service of no slight danger. It requires rapidity and secrecy of motion, and a great amount of caution. The reconnoissance by Colonel Max Weber's Turner Rifles was ordered in consequence of a report that the Secessionists were strongly fortifying the vicinity of Newmarket Bridge, on the road to Yorktown. This point being one of great importance, it was deemed necessary to learn the truth of the report, and the Turner Rifles were dispatched, accompanied by a battery of two pieces of artillery, manned by regulars, under the command of Captain Smith of the Topographical Engineers. After thoroughly scouring the neighborhood, no evidence was discovered to justify the report. A few mounted scouts were met occasionally, but these immediately took to cover on the approach of the reconnoitreing party.

GENERAL JAMES S. NEGLEY.

James S. Negley is a native of Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, of Swiss parentage, aged thirty-four years. He enlisted as a private in the Duquesne Grays of Pittsburg, to serve in the war with Mexico. At that time he was not of age, and left in opposition to the wishes of his friends, who tried to detain him by law, but without success. He was engaged in all the battles of the First Regiment of Pennsylvania, and was one of the few who escaped the terrible slaughter of the Duquesne Grays in Puebla on the 12th of October. While in Mexico he received a complimentary discharge from the Secretary of War, which he indignantly refused, and returned with his company at the close of the war. On his return a company was formed in his native village, of which he was elected Captain, and under his command the company was recognized as one of the best in the State. A portion of that same company is at York under the name of the Negley Zouaves. On the vacancy of Brigadier Generalship of Alleghany county, which had twenty-two military companies, General Negley was unanimously elected Brigadier-General, and, on the election of Governor Curtin, twenty-two brigades of the State unanimously urged General Negley's appointment as Adjutant-General.

When a call was issued for volunteers from Pennsylvania General Negley was one of the first to offer his services, and was appointed Third Brigadier-General, commanding the entire Western portion of the State of Pennsylvania. The business-like manner in which everything pertaining to his command has been arranged is ample proof that he is the right man in the right place. The Pennsylvanians have reason to be proud of this young General, and nothing can be more gratifying to him than the assurance apparent everywhere that he possesses the confidence of his entire brigade. They know and feel that they have a soldier for a commander, one who acts from experience and from a keen appreciation of all their wants and desires.

AWAITING THE ENEMY.

There is scarcely a more anxious period in a soldier's life than that which passes while awaiting in the deep midnight the attack of an expected foe. It is true that use becomes second nature, and that many of the soldiers settle themselves comfortably to sleep with arms in their hands, however imminent the danger or desperate the situation. But to the majority the interval between the expectation and the reality is a period of anxiety and serious thought, when the ear becomes painfully acute, and every nerve is strained to its utmost tension. Our Artist has sketched one of these night scenes when the gallant Eleventh Indiana Regiment of Zouaves were under arms, awaiting the attack of the Secession troops in the neighborhood of Cumberland Maryland.

COLONEL ROBERT COWDIN, OF THE FIRST REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

BIVOUAC OF THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEER

Regiment of Zouaves, Colonel L. Wallace, at Cumberland, Maryland.

Our Special Artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command has sketched the gallant Eleventh Indiana Zouaves in their bivouac at Cumberland, Maryland. Great interest is attached to this regiment since its brilliant attack at Romney, and as we last presented them in the midst of the action, we have pleasure in showing them to our readers roughing it in their distant camp.

CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER AID, OFF MOBILE, ALA.,

By the Boats of the U. S. Frigate Niagara.

The United States steam frigate Niagara arrived off Mobile June 5 to blockade that port, and on the same day took a schooner as prize which was anchored close under the land, wrecking on English ship, which had been ashore since last spring. At noon the steamer Mount Vernon took three of the frigate's boats, and having run in for the land as far as was deemed prudent, the boats were let go, and they then pulled for the schooner, being about one hundred yards off. They saw the crew attempt to raise the anchor, but a marine being ordered to discharge his musket across her bows stopped them from any further attempt to get away.

The vessel was taken quite by surprise, and it is probable that they hardly thought it worth while to keep a lookout in the heat of the day. The schooner's name is the Aid, of Mobile, formerly of Long Island. The captain and crew were allowed to depart in the schooner's boat, the former pleading very hard to save his vessel, but the lieutenant commanding the expedition told him that he would give him an order to take charge of the United States revenue cutter now at Mobile, and if he (the captain) would bring her out they would then make an exchange of vessels. The boat's crew then raised the anchor and towed her out some distance, when they set sail and anchored at five P. M., the Stars and Stripes flying from the peak, under the guns of the frigate Niagara.

ATTACK AT MATHIAS POINT, ON THE POTOMAC. DEATH OF CAPTAIN WARD.

On the 27th instant the steamers Freeborn and Reliance landed a small force upon Mathias Point, to erect a battery.

The Federal force which was landed at the Point consisted of only thirty-five men. They threw out pickets and worked all day in erecting a battery on the Point. During this time they were not molested, but while in the act of retiring to their boats at six o'clock in the afternoon, our men were fired upon by a force of six hundred rebels who had been concealed in ambush. The Federal force retreated in good order. Private Williams held a flag after he had been wounded. Part of the flagstaff was shot away by the rebels while in his hands. Fifteen holes were shot in the flag, but Williams continued to wave it defiantly at the enemy. The boats of the Federal steamers were riddled with ballets.

The steamers opened their fire to protect the retreating troops, and we deeply regret to state that Captain Ward, of the United States Navy, as gallant and as true a sailor as ever trod on deck, was shot in the chest while in the act of sighting a gun upon the enemy. The wound was fatal, and we have to mourn the loss of another good and brave man and able officer. Several of our troops were severely wounded one, it is supposed, mortally.

The Secession force numbered one thousand men, and it is reported that two thousand more were close at hand to support the attacking party. The fight lasted half an hour, when the vessels withdrew, the Freeborn returning to Aquia Creek, while the Pawnee came up to the Washington Navy Yard, bringing the body of Captain Ward.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.

This celebrated hotel, which vies with, if it does not surpass in size, any similar establishment on the Western Continent, is the home of all the distinguished families who make Montreal their temporary resort. Its selection by the Prince of Wales has given it a *prestige* of fashion which insures it the patronage of the titled, the wealthy, and the better classes of travellers. It is situated on Great St. James street, and presents a handsome front of three hundred feet, and a depth of over three hundred feet. In addition to numerous handsome parlors, reception rooms, family suites and dining halls, the St. Lawrence Hall contains over three hundred bedrooms, and the new dining hall, just finished, can accommodate over five hundred guests. The rooms are light, large well, ventilated, and furnished throughout with perfectly new and elegant furniture. The St. Lawrence is in all respects the model of a first-class hotel.

In the summer season most of the notable American families who pass through Canada make the St Lawrence Hall their resting place, and the American flag now floats over the building as the residence of the American Consul.

The present proprietor, Mr. Hogan, has managed for ten years past, and the popularity and esteem which he now enjoys is the best proof of his ability to govern its affairs, and of the entire satisfaction which his efforts to please have given to his influential titled and untitled guests.

COUNT CAVOUR.

The greatest statesman Italy has produced for centuries died in Turin, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 6th of June, after having achieved, by his wisdom, the independence of his country. It has been reserved for no other man in our generation to accomplish so great an end in so masterly a manner. At his birth, fifty-three years ago, Italy was an almost lifeless mass of irritable fragments—he has left it a great European power—he was the brain of Italian Regeneration, as Garibaldi was its right arm—both were necessary to its resurrection. The Lazarus of Nations was aroused from the torpor of ages by his voice, and with a rare good fortune Garibaldi was at hand to lead it at once from its grave to the throne. If anything could prove the vital genius of the once Mistress of the World it is the fact that, at one and the same time, it had two such sons as Joseph Garibaldi, the warrior, and Camillo Cavour, the statesman. It required both to render complete the unity and independence of Italy.

Camillo Cavour was born near Turin, on the 10th of August, 1807, and was educated with great care, and as a strict Catholic. Being of an ancient and wealthy family, he very soon received the appointment of Page in the Palace. There his independent spirit made him enemies, and he was dismissed. He then entered the Military Academy, where he obtained the rank of Lieutenant of Engineers. Here his liberal opinions made him enemies, and throwing up his commission, he went to England, where he remained for many years, studying its language, laws, national manners and political philosophy. When he returned to Turin in 1846, he went back an English Italian. To this fortunate fact the present regeneration of Italy is undoubtedly due. He went a theorist—an enthusiast—he returned a practical statesman. He saw that the foundation of permanence was moderation—unlike Mazzini, who "forgot nothing and learned nothing," he returned capable of mastering every position of political accident. A monarchist from philosophy, as well as by birth and education, he threw away, as idle dreams, the vague vanities and egotisms which have rendered French and Italian republicanism at once a failure and a scourge. In a nation where a small proportion only are educated, and where they are, more or less, under the control of a priesthood, he saw that the masses required the glittering bauble of a jewelled pivot to steadily revolve around; and looking at our present melancholy spectacle, it may be said, in the words of a great American writer, that even we are less adapted for a republican form of government now than we were in the days of Jefferson. Republicanism implies virtue, self-denial, simplicity, honesty and industry in the people, and patriotism and principle in our public men; we leave our readers to decide how far those two classes answer these requirements.

On his return to his native land he commenced the publication of a newspaper called *Risorgimento*, in which he developed his aspirations with singular force and moderation. In 1850 he became Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, but left the Sardinian Ministry in 1852. He took this opportunity to revisit England. Soon afterwards Baron Azeglio was compelled to resign, and Cavour became President of the Council, a position he retained, with a short intermission in 1859, till his death.

We have so fully detailed his measures in this paper that it is unnecessary to recapitulate how sagaciously he made Sardinia the *confrère* of England and France, by joining those two great and liberal nations in the war against Russian arrogance and divine right to do wrong. This was the germ out of which Italian Regeneration has since bloomed. If Garibaldi, the great gardener, mowed down the Austrian, Papal and

COL. JOHN E. BENDIX, OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, STEUBEN RIFLES, N. Y. V. M

Neapolitan weeds which threatened to overrun the fair plant of freedom, Count Cavour sowed the seed. Like all great men, when more far-seeing than their compeers, he was misunderstood by even his associates, and hence the misunderstanding between him and Garibaldi last December. It is gratifying to know that the great warrior was speedily convinced of his illustrious friend's equal patriotism and superior sagacity to his own, and sincerely mourns his death.

It is an interesting fact that Count Cavour and Louis Napoleon first met at Lord Palmerston's hospitable mansion, when the present ruler of France was a mere dreaming adventurer and the other a student. We may here mention that Count D'Orsay was their most intimate friend, and that this most remarkable trio were considered three of the fastest men in London. Count Cavour was at once a bachelor and an epicurean—indeed, if it be decorous to say anything disparaging of so great and noble a man, we might add that had he been as abstemious as he was patriotic he would have lived for many years. But he has done a good life's work, and deserves the heartfelt respect and admiration of every American. In person he was middlesized and corpulent—his countenance was somewhat heavy, with a pleasant expression. His eye was uncommonly brilliant, and though he talked with deliberation, he was fluent. In disposition he was magnanimous and generous, and although not a person of refined taste, he was a very liberal patron of the fine arts. We can add nothing more emphatic of the public sentiment than to say his death is a calamity for the world.

COL. ROBERT COWDIN,

Of the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

THERE was a brilliant reception given to the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers by the Sons of that State residing in New York. The regiment numbers one thousand and forty-six men, and is commanded by Colonel Robert Cowdin, whose portrait we give in the present number. Mr. Richard Warren addressed the regiment for the delegation, saying much that was flattering, kind and patriotic. The response to this was made by Colonel Robert Cowdin, who, being more a man of deeds than words, made the following brief and pointed speech:

"Some of your faces are familiar to me; one I know served with me in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. I am no speechmaker. I am here to do some work. But I speak from the bottom of my heart when I say that I am at the head of as brave a set of men as ever breathed. If dishonor happens to our colors, it will occur after we are all dead. We have volunteered for three years. We go to fight for liberty or death, and our bones will be left upon the battle-field rather than desert those principles."

Those remarks were greeted by loud applause, and all present felt, if ever the regiment had work to do, that, under the leadership of Colonel Cowdin, it would be heard of honorably and victoriously.

COL. JOHN E. BENDIX,

Of the Seventh Regiment, Steuben Rifles,

WAS formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Washington Rifles, the only rifle corps in the First Division of our regularly organised Militia. This regiment is composed of ten companies, in all seven hundred and fifty men, among whom are many of our best German citizens and some Americans. The men are armed with the long range Minie rifle, with sword bayonet, and are in the highest state of discipline, especially in the skirmish drill. The great military skill displayed in this regiment is highly creditable to Colonel Bendix, as he labored hard and sacrificed much to bring it to its present state of efficiency. The Colonel's military life has been a very arduous one, owing to his laudable ambition to become a well-skilled and thoroughly drilled soldier, both in the practical use of arms and in the various evolutions in the field. He has been a hardworking soldier for a period of over twenty years, and by his untiring exertions has secured for himself his present prominent position. He possesses a good military library, and has made himself familiar with military information from the best authorities. Colonel Bendix has taught military tactics to private classes, in which some of our officers have received valuable instruction in military matters. At the time the Colonel left for the seat of war he was engaged in translating "Hardee's Tactics" into German, for the use of the German military population of the United States. He had the work far advanced when he embarked. The Colonel possesses all that is requisite to make the soldier—bravery, decision and determination. He is a strict disciplinarian, with a kind and generous heart. He is forty-three years of age, has a good constitution and great endurance. He is an American by birth, of German extraction. The Colonel's friends have every confidence in him and his regiment, as it is one of the best volunteer corps that has left this State. All its officers have seen service in the recent European wars.

THE UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL, GEORGETOWN, D. C.

THE Union Hotel at Georgetown has been converted into the United States General Hospital, for the use of the sick and wounded soldiers of our army. It has been arranged with forethought and care for the comfort and well-being of the gallant victims of a terrible necessity. The hospital duties are rendered with all the tenderness and delicacy of woman's ministerings, and we doubt if the sufferers could be cared for more lovingly at the hands of their mothers, wives or sisters. The general arrangement of the hospital service has been entrusted to Miss Dix, who, in her ministerings to the afflicted, emulates the undying, though modest fame of Florence Nightingale. Her presence or supervision guarantees that all that can be done for suffering humanity will assuredly be done.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

IT is not often that we hear of any new musical publications from Spain—a country generally reputed [illegible] in music, politics and literature—but a cantata, the work of a native composer, Don Francisco Frontera de Valldemosa, entitled "El triste España," is spoken of as deserving special notice for its beauty and originality. The fortunate composer has already been distinguished by several marks of honor, being named Commander of the Royal Order of Charles III. and also Honorary Secretary to the Queen.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S AMAZONS.—Among the King of Dahomey's army there is a troop called the Amazon Guard. The *West African Herald* thus describes them: "The Amazon Guard, as they have sometimes been styled, are the most extraordinary troops that we have ever heard or read of. They are 3,000 in number, all females, and display such a degree of ferocious bloodthirstiness and hardihood as to bear a greater resemblance to a lot of mad tigresses than to human creatures. They utterly despise death; they show no mercy to any living in war; they are mad after blood, and seem not to know what fear means. They are in fact a troop of devils, so to speak, whose hideous wildness of manner and the savage madness of whose demeanor in times of excitement is so appalling and inhuman as to have led many well-judging persons to opine that these dreadful creatures are periodically subjected to the influence of some species of drug which has this effect. The dress of the Amazons consists of a pair of loose trowsers, an upper garment covering the breast, and a cap. They are armed with a gun, knives and daggers; some have blunderbusses, others long elephant guns, while the remainder carry the ordinary musket. In their military exercise they display good discipline, as well as wonderful dexterity and agility."

THE *Opinione* of Turin mentions a new kind of *lusus naturæ*, in the shape of two highwaywomen, who, a few days ago, attacked a female of Serravalle, near Florence, rifled her pockets of all she had, and struck her several severe blows with a stick.

A VERY tall flagstaff has been erected in Kew Gardens. It is of unrivalled height and symmetry, and made of the Douglas Pine from Vancouver's Island, British Columbia. The spar is one hundred and fifty-nine feet long, and its diameter is twenty-two inches at the base, tapering regularly to eight inches at the summit. There are two hundred and fifty concentric rings, or layers of wood, indicating as many years of growth; its weight is three tons, and it contains one hundred and fifty-seven square feet of timber.

THE *Journal de la Vienne* gives an account of a singular hunt in the neighborhood of Poitiers, in that department. "An ox of great ferocity, belonging to a farmer at Civaux, escaped a month ago from a stable in which it had been confined, and sought refuge in a forest near Lussac. On several occasions it pursued people passing through the forest, and caused great alarm in the neighborhood. At length the sub-prefect of Montmorillon gave orders that a general *battue* should take place for the purpose of killing the animal. Accordingly, three days back, some gendarmes went to the village of La Tour, near which it had been last seen, and obtained the assistance of a number of inhabitants. A search was then commenced, and the ox was after awhile found in a clump of brushwood. Two gendarmes, advancing to within about thirty paces, discharged their carbines, and five or six of the villagers who were armed with guns also fired, but though wounded in several places, it appeared disposed to rush at the gendarmes, when the flashing of their bayonets frightened it, and it took to flight. The gendarmes and villagers pursued, and again fired and wounded it as before. Once more the animal fled and was chased a long time before it could be caught. The gendarmes then discharged their carbines, and it fell dead. Altogether, the hunt lasted several hours.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—Everybody is aware that wild beasts abound in the jungles of the Punjaub, but we suspect very few people entertain the remotest idea of the frightful number of human creatures, especially children, that are destroyed year after year by these animals. In the past two years, no less than nine hundred and ninety-nine children were killed, principally by wolves, as will be seen by the subjoined extract: 1859—Killed, six men, one woman and four hundred and sixty-seven children—474; injured, thirty-three men, three women and eighty-three children—119; total, 593. 1860—Killed, nine men, four women and four hundred and thirty-two children—445; injured, twenty-four men and thirty-one children—55; total, 500. The number of wild animals destroyed is not so considerable as one would expect, seeing that Government has paid in two years fourteen thousand three hundred and eighty-six rupees as rewards for the destruction of four thousand two hundred and twenty-five, which includes a large proportion of cubs. The total number of each description of animals killed stands thus: In 1859, tigers, twelve; leopards, one hundred and ninety-two; bears, one hundred and eighty-seven, wolves, one thousand one hundred and seventy-four; and hyenas, two; total, 1,567. In 1860, tigers, thirty-five; leopards, one hundred and sixty-three; bears, three hundred and fifty; wolves, two thousand and eighty; and hyenas, thirty; total, 2,658. The wolves, we understand, do the greatest mischief. The wolf is probably the most cruel but most cowardly animal in existence, and a blundering, stupid beast, devoid of the cunning which many wild animals display. He does not sneak up to his prey like the tiger or fox, or attempt to conceal himself till the moment of his spring, but advances in the open, at a deliberate pace, until he arrives close to the object he has in view, when, if he experiences the least resistance, a blow on the head, for instance, or a thump from a man's fist, he will immediately show his teeth and snarl, but at the same time turn tail and be off without inflicting injury.

THE LATE COUNT CAMILLO CAVOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

BRIGANDS continue to infest alike the dominions of the Pope and those of Victor Emanuel. The diligences which lately arrived at Rome from Florence and Bologna, had both been overhauled by marauders. The Bologna vehicle was stopped near Macerata by a rope drawn across the road, which brought the horses down to the ground in a heap, and awoke the passengers in a trice. A lady inside was possessed of so much presence of mind that she lectured the brigands upon their incivility in requiring her to get out as well as the gentlemen; and she subsequently upbraided them for their cruelty in such terms as to prevent them from carrying into effect their purposes of killing two Piedmontese passengers, who were less tractable than the others in giving up their watches and money to the spoliators.

THE *Nazione* of Florence announces that a considerable number of jewels, stolen from the gallery of the Uffizi, a few months ago, have at length been discovered in a most singular manner. A hen belonging to a farm not far from Porta Romana (Roman gate), in scratching up the ground in the yard, picked up something shining, which caught the attention of a person present, who happened to be well acquainted with the jewels in question. The bit of shining stuff turned out to be a precious stone from one of the necklaces which had been stolen. The authorities were immediately sent for, and a search being made, a large bundle of jewels, all belonging to the same collection, was dug up. It is confidently believed that this discovery will lead to the arrest of the thieves.

MR. FLINT, a Leeds manufacturer and picture collector, has recently bought Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ," for £3,000, Mr. Gambart being allowed to retain it for ten years for exhibition and engraving. Upwards of 100,000 persons have paid their shilling to see the picture, and the engraving list is growing prodigiously long. Mr. Flint is a rough Yorkshireman, and when first he saw the painting, expressed his admiration of it aloud and in homely language. "I mun hae that pictur'—I mun hae it." "But," said the gallery-keeper, who did not recognise a wealthy manufacturer in the coarse figure before him, "but it will cost a deal of money, sir." "I dunna care, I mun hae the pictur'. Where's Muster Gambart?" He saw Mr. Gambart, and in five minutes the bargain was concluded.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.—Summing up the results of his four years travel, M. du Chaillu says: "I travelled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about eight thousand miles. I shot, stuffed and brought home over two thousand birds, of which more than sixty are new species, and I killed upwards of one thousand quadrupeds, of which two hundred were stuffed and brought home, with more than eighty skeletons. Not less than twenty of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science. I suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking to cure myself more than fourteen ounces of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, it is not worth while to speak. My two most severe and trying tasks were the transportation of my numerous specimens to the seashore, and the keeping of a daily journal, both of which involved more painful care than I like even to think of."

IN order to show the enormous increase in the value of land in Paris, it is mentioned that four acres of ground adjoining the Passage Saudrié was rented by M. Jérôme Saudrié, in 1769, for ninety-nine years, at six hundred francs an acre. This ground, let on those conditions ninety-two years ago, is now sold at a minimum price of four hundred francs a mètre, and consequently represents a capital of six millions of francs, which, at five per cent. produces a revenue of 300,000 francs.

JULIA CANDEILLE was famous in our great-grandfather's time, and she had a stage friend, as fair as herself, named Lange, who had captivated the son of M. Simons, the wealthy coachbuilder of Paris. To break what he thought a disgraceful marriage, the coachbuilder hastened to Paris, to remonstrate with Mdlle. Lange, at whose house he found, on arriving, only Julie Candeille. This couple discussed the question, and with such decisive effect that the actress returned to Brussels the wife of the elder Simons, at whose residence the other pair of lovers were also united.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO AT HENGLER'S CIRCUS.—The Sheffield *Daily Telegraph* says: "We regret to announce that on Friday evening a circumstance of a painful and exciting character occurred at this popular place of amusement. During his engagement at Hengler's establishment, Mr. Dan Castello has been exhibiting his beautiful and highly-trained horse Ducrow, and a ponderous buffalo, which he bought on the prairies of America, and which the Indians had named 'Yellow Thunder,' after one of their chiefs, who was of huge proportions. In order to provide against accident in the event of the buffalo turning violent, Castello held the animal by a rope, which was fastened to a hook through its nose, and whenever it exhibited symptoms of obstinacy he applied a whip. On Friday evening the buffalo gave evidence of more than ordinary stubbornness, and did not perform some of the customary tricks, and when it came to that part of its programme at which it should leap over a number of bars placed against the side of the arena, it cleared one, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, turned upon Castello, and knocked him down. It fell heavily upon him, and attempted to gore him, but Castello being an active and powerful man, struggled to free himself, and succeeded in avoiding much of the injury which would otherwise have been inflicted on him. The horns of the brute struck several times against the side of the arena, and tore down some portion of the red cloth covering. The utmost alarm was created in the place, and great fears were entertained for Castello's safety. The audience, which was very large, screamed and shouted, and several people ran out of the place. At length Castello succeeded in escaping from his powerful assailant, and jumped into the boxes. The buffalo, on losing its victim, immediately ran out of the arena the same way that it entered, and order was soon afterwards restored. On inquiry we are informed that Castello was not dangerously hurt, that he was able to walk to a cab, and that the most serious injury is a wound in the fleshy part of one of his legs."

M. MARIETTE is said to have made a new and important discovery in the ruins of Memphis; it is a list of sixty-three Egyptian kings, engraved on limestone. The Paris Library and British Museum are in possession of similar tablets, but they are not nearly so complete as the one lately discovered, which is to find its place in the new Museum in Egypt. This tablet of Memphis will determine the Egyptian dynasties of the ante-pyramidical period.

THE well-known stained glass windows of Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, have been restored, and it has been ascertained that some of the glass is English manufacture. Tradition has always asserted that a ship was captured at sea with these identical windows on board, intended for some foreign church, and that the merchant who owned the privateer brought the glass to Fairford, and had the church built to receive it.

A NEW instrument of destruction appears to have been invented in France. A letter from Nantes says: "At present an experiment is being made with a new projectile, of which the effect is said to be terrific. It weighs ninety pounds, and it is estimated that, should it fall among a body of troops in close column, it might kill or wound a hundred men."

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

"Look well before you leap." Very good advice, in its way, but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

"You need not sit up for me, to-night," said a wag to his wife, "but can put the street-door key on the first floor window-sill." "What do you mean?" "Why?" answered he, "I expect to come home a little elevated, and shall be able to reach it right enough."

AN Irish foreman to a stevedore, discharging a ship's cargo in London, required some extra help on deck, so he went to the hatchway and shouted down the hold to the men working there, "Now, thin, how many ov yo's down there I dar say?" "Three of us," was the reply. "Then, come up here the half ov yez, directly," says the foreman.

A PRETTY girl stepped into a New York store and asked the price of a pair of mits. "Why," said a gallant but impudent clerk, "you may have them for a kiss." "Agreed!" said the young lady, pocketing the gloves, and her eyes speaking daggers, "agreed; and as I see you give credit, you may charge it to your books, and collect it the best way you can."

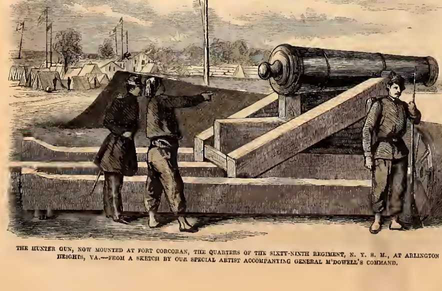
A BOSTON clergyman, meeting one of his congregation who had recently come into possession of a handsome property by the death of his brother, inquired how he was getting along in the settlement of the estate. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time! What, with getting out letters of administration, and settling claims, I sometimes almost wish he hadn't died."

SYDNEY SMITH was, on one occasion, waited on by a lady, who lamented her inability to make her child pronounce his words correctly, and said that in a Scripture lesson lately given to him, the youngster called Abraham and the other sacred characters in the passage which he was reading—instead of patriarchs—"partridges." "I see," responded Sydney, "the young rascal was making game of them."

LOUIS XIV., who loved a laconic style, met a priest whilst travelling in the country, and ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you? Where are you going? What do you want?" The priest, who knew perfectly well the king's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges—to Paris—a benefice." "You shall have it," replied the king, and in a few days he presented him to a valuable living.

A FASHIONABLE lady who, from having been a laundress, was raised to the height of upper-ten-dom by a fortunate marriage with a millionaire, being one day besieged by a flatterer, who treated her as if she had been born to royalty, said to him, half laughing, half seriously, "Sir, you owe me for some washing I did for you some time since." "I had not forgotten it, madam," replied the no ways disconcerted flatterer, "but I was afraid to pay you." There are few persons, men or women, in society, who would dare to have so good a memory.

THE CAMP OF THE RHODE ISLAND REGIMENTS, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.—REVIEW OF TROOPS



THE HUNTER GUN, NOW MOUNTED AT FORT CORCORAN, THE QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., AT ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.

THE RHODE ISLAND CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

From the Rhode Island Camp the view of the surrounding country is vast and beautiful in the extreme. It embraces the whole of the City of Washington with its magnificent buildings, Arlington Heights with its long line of glittering camps, the Female Academy at Fairfax, Virginia, the Virginia shores of the Potomac, the Long Bridge and Alexandria, and a portion of Maryland. It is a panorama of rare and exceeding beauty, and one of absorbing interest. The Rhode Island camp is indeed finely located, pleasant and healthful, and ample for all military purposes. Our Special Artist, accompanying General McDowell's command, has sketched the Camp at a happy moment, when the gallant Rhode Islanders were on parade and the efficient artillery coming up in martial array. It was a scene full of animation, and has been spiritedly transcribed by our Artist.

THE HUNTER GUN AT FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.

The immense line of works excavated and made by the Sixty-ninth Regiment of N. Y. S. M., under Colonel Corcoran, is now nearly completed, and will be one of the strongest defences on the whole line of the Potomac. It will be mounted by many heavy guns, some of which are already in position, and among them the splendid Hunter Gun, which will speak most effectively for the Union. Colonel Hunter is active in his supervision, and cordially approves of the successful labors of the gallant Sixty-ninth.

Professor Wise, of Lancaster, Pa., it is understood, has been engaged by the Government for war balloon operations. He will commence his service immediately.

Postscript—Latest In

The news from Washington indicate
forward movement will be made forth
an order was issued to supply the whol
the Potomac with extra rations for si
their regular supplies. It is believed
will be initiated on the glorious Fourth.
The Government has determined to
East Tennessee with arms, ammunitio
cessary to place them in a defensive
Major-General McClellan is now in
thousand men in the very heart of Virg
ment, headed by the General, is ob
few days will reveal some startling
effective cavalry force and several po
General Fremont has received ord
per's Ferry, to command the division
of General Patterson.
Treason is still rife in Baltimore.
steamer St Nicholas was seized by the
by a man in disguise of a woman. The
passengers were seized and landed
when one hundred Tennesseeans were
St. Nicholas then proceeded up the Poto
Pawnee, hoping to find her unprepare
her. The plot, which was well execu
Baltimore.
The Government most cordially appr
of Major-General Banks with referen
traitors. His prompt and decided a
saved the city from a scene of slaughte
On the 1st July the Sixth and Thirte
Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, on the
The same day the Fifteenth and Seven
ments moved from Indianapolis, while
Fourteenth regiments are ready to fo
ment's notice. These regiments have c
a corps of fifty sharpshooters, two pie
hundred rounds of shot and shell, and
Governor Morton (Indiana) has ordered
to rendezvous at Lafayette, on the 4th,
to march upon Virginia. These troo
bility, join the force under General McC

A schoolboy having good-naturedly
difficult cyphering lesson was angrily
Dominie. "Why did you work his lesso
his work," replied the youngster

Capitol, Washington. U. S. Arsenal. Alexandria, Va. New Jersey Camp Arlington Heights, Va.

AND ARTILLERY EVOLUTIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.

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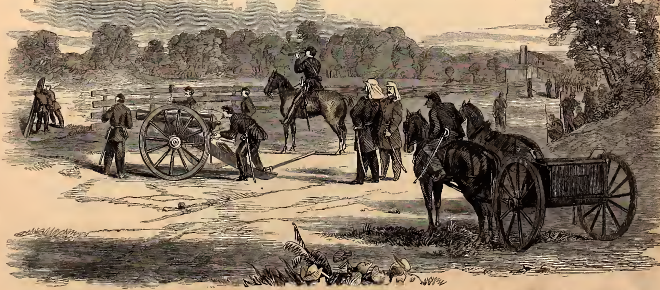

RECONNOISSANCE BY COL. MAX WEBER'S TURNER RIFLES IN THE VICINITY OF NEWMARKET BRIDGE, ON THE ROAD TO YORKTOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Poor Madeline, who shall portray her distress, or what language can give expression to her misery? When the diligence drew up to change horses, she had descended from the vehicle, intending merely to seek to overcome the giddiness which depressed her by breathing the fresh air, and by a change of position, which the opportunity seemed to offer; but her giddiness increased as she alighted from the diligence, and she tottered towards the house in attempting to mount the steps, of which her strength entirely failed her. She felt herself falling, and to save herself endeavored to reach an iron palisade which surmounted the steps; she had not time before she became insensible, and fell heavily against the rails. She was carried into the house, where she recovered but from one fainting fit to fall again into insensibility; and on sending for a surgeon it was discovered that in her fall her arm had struck violently against the iron railings, and was broken.

Madeline, feverish and unconscious, after the fractured limb was set was conveyed to bed, and not till the night had far advanced was she aware of being in a strange place. She looked wildly round the room, and seeing a woman dozing on a chair by the fire, demanded in an alarmed voice where the child was.

The woman, who knew nothing of any child, and thinking she raved, understanding she had fever, and having been told by the doctor she was to be kept free as possible from excitement, replied carelessly,

"Safe, madame, quite safe; and now you are awake, let me give you this composing draught."

"What is the matter with me?" cried the bewildered young woman, for the first time noticing the splints on her arm. "Why is this?"

"Compose yourself, madame," said the woman; "take this draught, and to-morrow you will know all."

"But my arm," said Madeline. "Oh, it is broken! How came it? Was it done by the fall which I now remember I had?"

The woman nodded, again offered the medicine, which Madeline, unconscious of the cup of misery in store for her, swallowed, and turning on her pillow fell into a perturbed but long sleep. She awoke not till near mid-day. Breakfast was brought her, and while partaking of it she again asked for her child.

Finding from Madeline's conversation and manner that she was now perfectly sane, it was their turn to demand to what child she alluded. On naming the diligence, it was at once explained; it had carried the object of her care on to Paris.

Madeline in an ecstacy of grief and terror sprang from the bed at this intelligence, and entreated them in heartrending accents to assist her to dress and let her have some conveyance, no matter what, that she might hasten in pursuit of the lost child.

It was in vain they urged her inability to undertake a journey, or endeavored to soften her anguish by telling her on the return of the diligence next day no doubt the child would be brought back with it, or that the doctor persisted that it would bring on an attack of fever. Madeline was firm in her determination to hasten without a moment's hesitation to Paris.

"What will become of me?" she cried. "How can I face her parents!—how return to tell Batiste that I have betrayed the sacred trust all have reposed in me! I cannot, cannot show myself again to them but with the child; they would scorn me, spurn me as I deserve, for daring to undertake a charge I had so ill fulfilled. Oh, Monsieur d'Almaine! bereaved Lucille! Batiste, trample on me, crush me, for having in my madness quitted for a single moment your beloved—your lost child."

It was useless offering consolation or whispering hope; she would not hearken to the first, and could not admit the second an inmate to her bosom; and in a state of torture commenced her hopeless pursuit in a state of mind incapable of acting with either decision or promptitude, or indeed with even discretion.

Her head was continually from the window of the carriage, as if she expected to see the child on the wayside, left there by the merciless hand of some cold-hearted stranger, or as in reality she would have considered it, the noble deed of the benevolent and kind hearted.

A ray of hope for the first time dawned in her heart as her quick eye discerned in the distance the heavy, tottering vehicle that had occasioned her agony and self-reproach. She had descended from the carriage long before it was near, her impatience giving her the idea that she could reach it sooner on foot than riding; and certainly with the speed which nothing but her perturbed mind could have bestowed in her present weak state, she flew, rather than ran, to meet it. On reaching it, breathless with speed and anxiety, she cried out to the postilion,

"Stop, monsieur, and tell me what you have done with my child—where you have left it—who has got it? Oh, tell me what you have done with my child, if you would not drive me mad!"

"That you are already," said the man, "to ask me about your child. What should I possibly know about anybody's child but my own?"

"It is false—you have stolen it!" returned the frantic Madeline. "Will none assist me to recover my child? Are there no Christians present?"

The postilion smacked his lips, an intimation for his horses to proceed; but a gentleman, struck with the all but maniacal appearance of Madeline, ordered him to delay a few moments, while he interrogated the person, who evidently had some deep meaning in what she had said.

A few words from the unfortunate young woman acquainted him with the transaction, and questioning the postilion, he found he was not the one who had conducted the coach on the fatal day; but he readily gave his fellow-servant's address, which the gentleman, writing down, put into the hand of Madeline, telling her at once to go to him, and act according to his statement; at the same time recommending her to take the opportunity, if unsuccessful with the man, to have handbills printed, and distributed through Paris and its environs.

Madeline, too wild to bestow her thanks, promised to do as he advised; and, with dread and impatience, which were enfeebling both mind and body, allowed him to hand her to the coach, which, slow and rumbling, little suited to the passionate excitement of its inmate, proceeded on its way.

It was late at night, the rain falling heavily, when Madeline was set down at a hotel in the Rue de Richelieu. Without waiting a moment for refreshment, she hired a person, and proceeded to the lodging of the postilion. She learnt nothing from him. He could tell her nothing but that one of her fellow-passengers had left the diligence a stage from Paris, and that the others, having arrived in the city, each of them had taken the way to his own destination, but to his belief neither of them had a child with him, but that certainly one of them had taken her luggage—which he could not say.

It is impossible to describe her distraction at this news, one moment imagining they had destroyed the child for the sake of the supposed value of the contents of the trunk; the next that she had been dropped on the road, and was enduring the sufferings of cold, hunger and desertion. She told the man to conduct her to a printer's, where she gave an order to have bills posted with a description of the child, and also of her dress.

Madeline had scarcely strength to follow her guide to the hotel. On reaching it she desired to be shown a sleeping room, where, exhausted by fatigue and pain, and tortured by grief and anxiety, she threw herself on the bed, in the hope of finding a temporary relief in slumber; but there was too much deep emotion in every throb of her heart for sleep. She tossed restlessly from side to side many hours, the hot current coursing through her veins like molten lead, and daylight found her feverish and helpless, alike incapable of acting or resisting.

In this fevered state Madeline lay several days. Her first words on consciousness returning were in a low, feeble tone,

"Have you found her? Say you have—oh, say you have found my child!"

They shook their heads.

"Not found!" she exclaimed; "then they have killed her. Dress me; let me go to Batiste; he will search into it; he will find the child of his friend. Do you not see I am weak, and cannot use but one arm? Will no one dress me that I may go to my husband?"

The doctor, who had entered while she spoke, insisted on silence; and on her taking a composing draught, assured her of her inability to leave the house at present, but offered to write to her husband, or any friend she would name.

Madeline shuddered.

"No, no," she murmured. "I must go. No one must write the dreadful news. Give the draught if it will give me power to quit this place."

The next day her anxiety was so great that even the medical man thought she might as well be removed, and die with her friends as there, which he prognosticated would be the case if her fever continued.

Accordingly, on the following day, propped by pillows, and accompanied by one of the domestics, Madeline departed from Paris. During the journey the same restlessness assailed her as when before travelling the same road; she frequently raised herself to look from the window, in the vain hope that she should see something of the little creature who, like herself, though not so intensely, was suffering the pain and privation of being torn from those she had never before for a day been separated from, and it was only in the endearments of the gentle little Blanche, and the particular regard of the handsome Jose, that she could find consolation.

At length the form of Batiste was in sight. Madeline's trembling increased. The candles were lighted, but the curtains undrawn, and the figure of her husband bending over some papers was distinctly visible. She groaned; her weight of misery was heavier than it had been yet, as she looked on him.

"He is assiduous," she murmured, "to get all he can for them; he has toiled day and night for it, but what will be all to them without their child? They had before lost wealth and station, and now, now——" her agony prevented her finishing the sentence.

Batiste had heard the carriage approaching. He listened a moment; then rose hurriedly, opened the door, and looked out.

"Who is it," he demanded, "that comes at this late hour?"

"Batiste!" said a faint voice.

"Madeline!" he cried. "What has brought you back? No new misfortune, I trust? I had expected and hoped you were in London."

Madeline groaned more audibly. "Take me home," she said, "though I am not worthy to cross its threshold."

Batiste lifted her from the vehicle, carried her into the house, and placed her carefully on a sofa. The lights then gleamed upon her, and he started with wonder and alarm at her altered appearance; scarce a week had passed since she had left him, buoyant with health and vivacity; she had returned broken in spirit, pale, haggard and helpless as an infant, with dishevelled hair and dress, scarcely a vestige of her former self remaining. Something dreadful he knew had happened, and some minutes elapsed after he observed all this before his strong mind recovered the sudden shock it had received, to ask its meaning. He put his arm round his suffering wife, and in a tone of assumed calmness said, "Speak Madeline; what has caused all this? You are ill; your arm in splinters; but neither is so bad to me, though you suffer from both, as the wildness of your look and manner. Quiet yourself; feel that you are at home with me near you; that, whatever may have occurred, now nothing can harm you."

"You are right, Jacques," said Madeline; "I am ill, my arm broken; but what of it? I feel not my physical ailments. Would that I had died in receiving them!"

"Speak," said Batiste; "this suspense is unendurable! What of the count, Lucille, and the child?"

Madeline screamed slightly. "The child! the child!" she cried, wildly. "Ah! it is that that maddens me; she is lost—gone!—irrevocably gone! Upbraid me, crush me; I will bear all!"

Batiste started to the other side of the apartment, where for a moment he glanced almost as wildly as herself on the unhappy Madeline.

"Lost!" he exclaimed. Then, modulating his voice, and drawing near her, he added, "You rave, Madeline. This accident," pointing to her arm, "has bewildered, unnerved you, and you fancy what is impossible to have happened."

She covered her face with her hands, sobbing, "Oh! it is true, it is true; I have had a precious trust and have abused it!—no, no, not abused it! I was ill; I stepped from the diligence a moment to recover myself, when I became insensible, fell and broke my arm. Meanwhile the diligence with Birdie in it proceeded without me. This I knew not till I recovered. What could I do but follow it? I did this, but without success, without hope, for none knew how she was taken from the carriage, not even the porters that attended it."

"But there were other passengers," returned Batiste, after a pause, in which he had endeavored, and not unsuccessfully, to gain a glimmering of comfort. "Surely they can be discovered, and in the trunk there might have been a clue to induce them to guard her; her name or residence may have been there, and D'Almaine is a name well known to every Frenchman. Take comfort, Madeline; we know not but even now this child, the child of all our affections, may be safe with her parents."

Madeline's heavy eyes brightened a moment; a tint of color passed over her pale face. "If I could but think so," she uttered, nervously, "if I could but believe that she was not hurt, I would try to find consolation in the thought; but I have such dire apprehensions that none but the darkest fears assail me."

"You have not slept for some nights. Go to bed now, and do your best to compose yourself," said her husband. "You require advice and medicine. I will ride over to our friend Dumont, take his opinion on this unfortunate affair, and send him to you. In the meantime, should I not return to-night, consider I have gone forward to Paris. All seems mysterious, but with God's help I will fathom it. Ah, Madeline, why did you not come home at once? It would have saved the delay of a week, and the passengers in the diligence might have been easily found. They may now be many hundred miles off—all undoubtedly in different directions."

Madeline could but weep and bewail her want of foresight. Her husband embraced her, whispering, "Courage, my dear, pray for my success, and be well on my return to receive me. Adieu."

Madeline followed him to the door. She heard him give orders to the servant to follow with his horse to the village. The moon shone bright, and raising herself on the trellis-work of the verandah, she watched him with a beating heart till the orb, obscured by a dark cloud, shaded her husband, the fields, and nearly the trees from her view. She still hung to the trellis-work till the moon again shed her pale light on the landscape—Batiste was gone. With trembling limbs she dropped from her resting-place and entered the house. She looked round the room, it seemed desolate and deserted.

"And I have made it thus!" she cried, in a faint, hollow voice. "I have made the home once so happy hateful to me! And Lucille, what will her home be when she knows she is childless? Oh, mercy me, that is a scene I cannot look upon. The bare idea freezes up the best attributes of life. Hope and energy are extinguished by it."

Exhausted by her illness and her emotion, her head sank listlessly on her folded hands, till aroused by a servant, who, by soothings and persuasions, got her to her apartment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The sad anticipations of poor Jean Perre had been but too quickly verified. Within a year of his kind-hearted adoption of little Birdie, both he and the little Blanche were at rest from the struggles and sorrows of this world; and little Birdie, the cherished pet—the bright, carefully tended blossom—was left to the care of Rose Perre, whose natural indolence and incapacity were now heightened by the poverty in which her husband's death had plunged her. The clothes of the little foundling had long since disappeared, or become ragged and shabby; her scanty and coarse diet was beginning to affect her health and looks; and though her lovely features and beautiful hair could not but attract the attention of the most casual observer, no one could have recognized in the half-fed, half-clad child the lovely, elegant little heiress of the proud Count D'Almaine. She had sorrowed with far more bitterness and permanence than was natural to her age for her little playfellow Blanche; and her chief consolation appeared to be in visiting the lowly grave, on which many a flower bloomed, plucked by her little hands, and in roaming in the fields and roadsides, always accompanied by her faithful Jose, who never left his little mistress day or night.

She was sitting on the bank of a lonely lane one morning, amusing herself with ornamenting Jose with a garland of wild flowers, which unwonted gaiety he received with more polite submission than pleasure, when a footstep near her made her look up, and she saw a gentleman of very pleasing appearance, looking with a kind smile upon her occupation.

"So you are trying to make a May Queen of your pet, my little girl," he said. "I think you had better put the flowers in your own sunny curls. I am afraid pussy does not appreciate the honor."

She shook her pretty head decidedly, as she replied, "No, no, I give all the flowers either to Blanche or Jose."

"And who is Blanche?" he inquired.

"Blanche is dead," replied Birdie. "She lies in the churchyard yonder. She was Jose's mistress as well as me."

"And who is your mother?" he asked.

"Madame Perre," was the quick reply.

"Madame Perre!" ejaculated the young man. "Good heavens! is it possible? What is your name, my child?"

"Birdie," she replied.

"Birdie," he repeated. "Can it be—can this poor little child be the little beautiful creature that good man received only one short year ago? Merciful Providence! what would her parents feel could they see her. Is M. Perre living, my little girl?"

"No, he died before before Blanche," she replied.

"Will you take me to your mother?" he asked. "I was a friend of M. Perre's, I should like to see her."

Birdie willingly complied, and in a few minutes they were in the wretched habitation of the poor tailor's widow.

The young man quickly explained to her what the reader has doubtless already guessed, that he was the person who had sympathised so fully in Jean Perre's benevolent act, and aided him in it, to the best of his power, by his purse. He added, that though unable at that time to do more than give that small assistance to the worthy Perre's good deed, circumstances had since changed with him as well as Madame Perre, and he was now willing and able to take the burden of the little creature's maintenance off her hands.

"But you are yet young, monsieur," said Madame Perre, "and have, perhaps, no wife or mother who could take charge of the child."

"I have a sister who will be a mother to her," he replied, "and who will live with me. You are right, Madame Perre, to be particular on that head; but I assure you she could not be in better hands. My sister will bring her up to be in all respects in the way I believe her birth entitles her to."

Madame Perre still hesitated; but though her really kind heart clung to the child, the only thing left her to love, her judgment and her poverty at once counselled her to consent to an offer so advantageous for Birdie, and which would relieve herself from a deep source of anxiety.

"Well, monsieur," she said, "I cannot doubt your assurances; and as I am little able to give the poor child either comfort or education, I will consent to give her up to you, though I shall be sadly lonely without her." And Madame Perre, catching the little Birdie in her arms, covered her with tears and kisses.

"I will bring my sister to see you the day after to-morrow," said the young man kindly, "when we will take the child with us; and meanwhile, get her some clothes to take the journey in till we can get her fitted out."

He gave the good woman a couple of gold pieces as he spoke, and then took his leave, after a few more directions as to the collection of any articles which could lead to the identity of the little girl being discovered at some future time.

At the appointed day the stranger again appeared, and this time accompanied by a lady of singularly mild and pleasing aspect, who was at once won by the loveliness and grace of the little Birdie, who now, dressed in a neat though plain dress, looked more like her old self than when her kind protector last saw her.

"Here," said Madame Perre, when the first salutations were over, "is the dress in which Birdie came to us when she was lost, the ring which hung round her neck, and a picture she always said was her mamma. It is the only clue we have ever had to help in discovering her parents. I have packed them up in this parcel, and now give it into your keeping, monsieur. You will not betray your trust."

"Rely on me," returned the young man, "and I have still confidence that some day the truth will come to light. But what is in that basket?"

"It is the cat," said Madame Perre, "I could not pacify Birdie till I assured her he should go with her."

The lady smiled good-naturedly, and though by no means anxious for this addition to their travelling party, she consented to the arrangement, in compassion to the tearful looks of the little girl, who was thus about to be torn from all she had known or loved since losing her natural protectors; and Birdie nestled up to her side and put her little hand in hers, in loving gratitude for her goodness. And now the moment of parting came. The carriage which had brought the brother and sister to the cottage, had received both the basket containing Jose and the small packet, which was Birdie's sole luggage, and the travellers rose to depart. Birdie clung to Madame Perre in an agony of childish grief, and the good woman herself was little less moved.

"You will be kind to her madame," she said. "She is a loving little creature, and needs little severity, though I have been cross to her at times. Heaven forgive me!"

"She shall be to me as my own child," said the lady. "So God prosper me."

"Amen!" added her brother. "From this hour I consider myself her father. Till her real parent shall be discovered, I will provide for her as such."

Madame Perre smiled through her tears at these assurances; then gently disengaging the clinging arms of the little girl, she placed her in the carriage. The elder travellers entered it, and it quickly drove off.

Rose Perre watched the carriage till it was out of sight, and then re-entered her cottage. It had never looked so dreary before.

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LIII.

When Lady Maud and Lady Kingswood turned at the sound of Philip Avon's voice and beheld him standing in the doorway, they both shuddered, not so much at his unexpected as at his actual appearance.

He stood, drawn up to his full height, sternly regarding both. His form was gaunt and spare, looking, as it was, fearfully wasted; his face was thin, his cheekbones stood out, and were unpleasantly prominent.

"Ladies," he exclaimed, "you will extend your pardon to me if I have made a too liberal use of the free licence which, perhaps, unenviably distinguishes our country manners. I must honestly confess at the same time, however, that the freedom many complain of suits my wild, intractable disposition, and I constantly avail myself of it from choice, and not from ignorance of what is due to good breeding. To be sure, I ought to have sat patiently below and awaited your coming, I could have looked out of the window into the park, or gazed admiringly at the ornamental grounds, criticised the engravings upon the wall of the apartment, hummed a tune, if nature had deigned to have given me a musical ear to distinguish between a country jig and the National Anthem, or have beat a tattoo with my heels, as a tenant does in the steward's office when he wants his rent lowered. I could, probably, have done all this had I not been a love-sick swain; but then I have come a wooing, and in my wooing patience is not my mood; hence, as Lady Maud came not in search of me, I appear thus abruptly in search of Lady Maud. Lady Kingswood, I have, I hope, your pardon for this seemingly rude intrusion, but which, I hope, my frank explanation will have proved to have been a very natural one."

He entered the room as he spoke, and tendered his hand to Lady Maud, who, however, stood like a statue, motionless, without heeding it.

Lady Kingswood, extremely proud and exacting in all the observances which etiquette demands, reddened slightly, and gave him but a cool inclination of the head.

"Now, Mr. Philip Avon, after tendering you the usual greetings," commenced Lady Kingswood, with an assumption of self-possession which she might hardly have been expected to have exhibited, "will you favor us with the object of your visit?"

"Lady Maud is the object of my visit, unquestionably," he said.

Lady Kingswood felt Lady Maud shudder. Philip's mode of speech was offensive even to Lady Kingswood.

"I know, as a boy, that I liked young Lady Maud better than any other maiden I had seen, and I thought it was because she was prettier, more graceful, and, somehow, pleasanter than any of them. When I had sprung into manhood and found that she had leaped from a mere girl into maidenhood, my heart, Lady Kingswood, my heart, which, till then, beat only for myself, told me the nature of the preference I entertained for her. I loved her not with a holiday liking—not a mild, milky longing at a distance, but a fierce, burning, impetuous, ungovernable—why should it be governable?—frenzied passion, but no less love, that love which places her peerless above all women that ever lived, and will keep her unalterably there the highest, the brightest, the proudest——"

"Never to change?" murmured Lady Kingswood, with a face of ghastly paleness.

"Never to change?" repeated Philip Avon. "Why not ask me to change from what I am to the merman who pirouettes in a ballet? As mine, my wife, Lady Avon, she will be a part of my own heart, my own life, of my own honor,

THE ST. LAWRENCE HALL, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA. HENRY HOGAN, ESQ., PROPRIETOR.—SEE PAGE 118.

a creature apart from the rest of the world. Change! Trample down my name in the ashes of my pride, lash me through my own lands by the hand of my own groom, compel me to bend the knee to him who strikes me, to bow down humbly before him who basely wrongs me, then ask me to change, I may then, but not before, Lady Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood rose up and paced the room in a perturbed manner. There was a spasmodic sob in her throat, but her head and form was proudly erect, and she paced the apartment with the carriage of an empress.

Philip watched her beneath his brows.

"I have struck the right trail," he thought, "to this proud woman's heart. Lord Kingswood has played her false for a thousand! I'll make her my friend at least."

He waited until she approached him again, and then arresting her steps, he said,

"Are you, Lady Kingswood, wonder-stricken that where I have set heart, honor, life, soul, all upon one stake, that I should be jealous, suspicious, mistrustful; that I should watch the ideal of my love, though in clay, with burning, feverish eyes; that I should deem mine enemy him who would rob me of a glance which should belong only to me, that should lay snares to entrap smiles which are mine alone; that should spread nets for honied words sung with the sweetest music with which human voice ever charmed mortal ear; that I should, moreover, regard him as my most deadly foe who would to attempt to seize the prize which I claim to be mine—and mine alone upon earth—by every mortal right?"

"Save one!" exclaimed a low, clear voice.

Both Lady Kingswood and Philip Avon started as the tones reached their ears. Lady Maud it was that spoke. She had risen suddenly and turned towards him.

She stood firmly, her arms hanging loosely by her side, and she herself, it seemed, calm and impassible, notwithstanding the painful emotions which were seething within her young bosom—all too young to be the receptacle of so much grief, a grief that must be hidden from all eyes except those of One to whom all things are revealed, and to whom in her bitter agony she had prayed.

"What right is it that is reserved, dear Maud?" inquired Lady Kingswood, putting the question Philip shrank from suggesting.

Lady Maud raised her eyes to Lady Kingswood, and pointed to Philip Avon.

"Mr. Avon has been speaking to you of me, Lady Kingswood," she said.

"Rather of himself, Maud," observed Lady Kingswood, a little hastily.

"But I am to understand, Mr. Avon, that when he is speaking of the one stake upon whom he asserts that he has set his heart and honor, I am the being alluded to," she rejoined.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. S. NEGLEY, COMMANDING THE THIRD BRIGADE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVANS & PRINCE, YORK, PA.—SEE PAGE 118.

"You are!" cried Philip, impetuously; "and my life for your hand!"

"I am the prize, therefore, which he declares, by every mortal right to be his, and I interpose one which—perhaps the only one left him to omit, but yet is the one which belongs to me—is insuperable—my consent!"

Philip's lips trembled, his eyes flashed fire, and his eyebrows fell over his eyes so as almost to exclude them from sight.

"I have already explained away your fancies—a mere girl's fancies—upon that point," he exclaimed, in low voice, as though he dared not trust himself to raise it.

"They are not to be explained away by reasons which touch not my convictions," answered Lady Maud, coldly and firmly.

Lady Kingswood laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"My darling Maud," she said, in a tone of surprise.

Certainly she regarded Maud with wonder. That Maud should assert such a right to think for herself, even in the choice of one to whom for life she must link her happiness, filled her with astonishment.

Lady Maud turned from her. Yet more surprised, she wound her arm about her waist.

"My beloved child," she continued, in an urgent voice, "obedience is your first duty; remember that Lord Kingswood——"

Maud disengaged herself sharply and suddenly.

"I remember, too," she said, drawing herself up erect, "that I am a Kingswood. That I bear the name of her of our race who knew how to ally death with outrage."

Lady Kingswood fell back in fear. Before her, the very counterpart of the figure in the old library, which but once in her life she had seen, stood Lady Maud. Pale, with knitted brows and compressed lips, she faced Lady Kingswood, the very incarnation of high determination, which death might level, but persuasion against the promptings of her own heart never.

It seemed but the other day that she was an artless, timid, shrinking girl—a child full of play. As Lady Kingswood gazed upon her now she could scarcely credit her eyes, she looked so tall, so proud, so majestic.

It was in the unpleasant pause which followed this extraordinary assertion of right by one usually so shrinkingly timid that Philip Avon interposed.

Although Lady Kingswood could find no words to respond to Lady Maud's startling remark, so like the expression of inspiration, yet he addressed her as though she was about, in somewhat harsh terms, to correct Lady Maud for what she had uttered.

"Let me speak, Lady Kingswood," he said, hastily. "Leave Lady Maud to me, I will woo her and win her in my own fashion. Although her eyes are blinded to my qualifications, and her heart has not yet opened its portals to

ENCAMPMENT OF THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEER REGIMENT (ZOUAVES), COLONEL LEW. WALLACE COMMANDING, AT CUMBERLAND, MD.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL G. B. MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND. See Page 118.

THE SEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEER REGIMENT (ZOUAVES), COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE COMMANDING, UNDER ARMS, AT NIGHT, AWAITING THE ENEMY, AT CUMBERLAND, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 118.

THE UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL AT GEORGETOWN, D. C., FORMERLY THE SUMNER HOTEL—VOLUNTEER NURSES ATTENDING THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 119.

receive the smallest intake of my affections, I do not despair of yet bringing her round to wish to be Lady Avon, and when Lady Avon, as desire to be no one else."

"Enough one of a thousand times," muttered Lady Maud, speaking as if addressing nothing. "I am not fated to reach a crown so dear."

"Is all preliminary for prophecy over all, Lady Maud," responded Philip, "and may I now submit a request? I have a favor to ask of you, and as Sir Harcourt has your hand in keeping, I know the Exponents to be a thousand more. In asking you since I willingly accept my share of the load during—may I say it?—my vacation years here. It is not that the Lady Maud of Kingswood haunts the Close, that at times his form appears within it, that there is a sense of pleasure in the air, that I feel I am in a position to entertain errant to his aggressors under particular circumstances. For years, Lady Maud, I have had a fancy to be a student of the Close, and to become the subject matter of its history. Come, and there are many days in the year when visitors are few and the gentle evenings and rambling attainments, to the effect that at times, in the dusk, there are those whose friends I have not the pleasure to know, who have become there the students of the trees in the workshop, and who become there the students of the trees in the workshop, and who have grown in the Close. Perhaps the fellow, ignorant and superstitious, has not the power to see the spirit of the Kingswood Lady Maud, but I have, and I may be excusable in the eyes of the Exponents to be a student of the Kingswood, assert that the spirits of the dead appears in the precincts of Kingswood, and that they have enough to do to keep their spirits in the house of Kingswood. Now, it is usually asserted by many whose duties take us to involve ourselves in a knowledge of the spirits of the dead, that it is upon the events that the phantom of the once-living Baron of Kingswood, about whom there is a mystery, and whose spirit is said to walk the Close, is the identity of the mysterious Knight of Kingswood, Sir Harcourt Rivers."

A half-smothered shriek burst from the lips of Lucy Kingswood.

"Sweetheart! Lucy, darling! What is the matter? Are you sure?"

"Sir Lucy, Lucy Kingswood," continued Philip Avon, with a vindictive gratification of the word, "you are a fool. I am the last person in the world to permit to be honored guest of one who was said to be originally like this and who has been known to be subject to such attacks as you have had."

And what more was to have been said by Philip Avon, and what more emphatically expressed Lady Maud, can be easily and another word.

There was a pause of what workmen generally call a breakfast, indictable really in her intense pain, and within a definite aspect, when disturbed him. He, however, gently recovered himself, and, with a slight cough, which was carefully prolonged the suppression that he would make her his at any and at.

"It is indispensable that you be by, he said.

Beloved Lady Maud, you have rather surfeited me with these confessions. I am anxious as to what you have to say, and I am sure that you will be glad, and I will not trouble you with an really possible reception. If you so far on, and your gracious permission to be present at your interview with Philip, I will present with the object of my discussion from the moment that you have concluded your interview with Philip Avon."

Lady Maud looked at him, but made no reply. She turned to Lucy Kingswood, and said Lucy Maud, in the would a moment previously have considered, Miranda-like, beyond all mere loveliness.

"I said," presented Philip Avon, "that in November but the phantom harm appeared and disappeared, and with the appearance of the Lady Maud would, what, perhaps, in—or, by the way, may not be—a mistake, is the case of the Kingswood Lady Maud, and the disappearance of the Lady Maud, and the disappearance of the Lady Maud, and the disappearance of the

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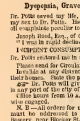

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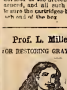

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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 295—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS OF BALTIMORE, MD.

Major General Banks has acted with great promptitude and decision since he assumed his military duties. He acts out the old saying that "prevention is better than cure," that a rebellion prevented is better than a rebellion put down. In this faith he promptly arrested Marshal Kane as the most active rebel in Maryland, and incarcerated him in Fort McHenry. He supplied his place by Colonel Kenley, a tried and trustworthy officer; and as the Police Commissioners put all the police officers off duty, and, in a measure, disbanded them, he first swore in a body of loyal men as substitutes and then arrested the Commissioners, and sent them to keep company with Marshal Kane in Fort McHenry. Symptoms of disaffection among the populace were too manifest to be disregarded, and, to quell it before it ripened to a revolt, Major General Banks stationed troops, with artillery, in the principal streets of the city of Baltimore, and thus effectually subdued the spirit of insubordination and restored confidence to the loyal citizens.

In the meantime, Provost-Marshal Kenley actively pursued his search after concealed arms. He took possession of the late Marshal's office, the entrance to which was guarded by a cannon planted in the hall, and officers with drawn swords, a precautionary measure rendered necessary by the disturbed state of the city, and the fact

ENTRANCE TO THE PROVOST-MARSHAL'S BUILDING, HOLLIDAY STREET, BALTIMORE, GUARDED BY CANNON TO PREVENT THE INCENDIUM OF THE MOB—COLONEL KENLEY ACTING AS PROVOST-MARSHAL IN PLACE OF MARSHAL KANE, CONFINED IN FORT M'HENRY, ON A CHARGE OF TREASON, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GEN. BANKS—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

that this building was the principal point of excitement. Thus guarded, the business of the office was carried on without interruption.

The search after arms was eminently successful. In an old back building of the City Hall, recently used by Marshal Kane, was found two six-pounder and two four-pounder guns, half a ton of assorted shot, four hundred weight of balls, eight hundred rifle ball cartridges, gun carriages, &c. In the office and under the Marshal's office, in the floors and in the ceiling, arms and ammunition were found, among them a case of splendid pistols, two hundred and fifty muskets and rifles, twenty-five of which were Minie, besides several muskets which were supposed to belong to the Massachusetts soldiers disarmed by the mob on the 19th of April. There was no lack of evidence of the traitorous sentiments of Marshal Kane and his coadjutors. The prompt action of General Banks has been of vast service at this time, when it is highly important to preserve peace in our midst whilst our army is engaged with a powerful and active foe in the field.

Barnum's American Museum

HAS on exhibition the wonderful Virginia Dwarf Family; the What is It? or Man Monkey; the Great Sea Lion, Albino Family, the Aquarial Garden, Relics from Fort Sumpter, &c., &c. Patriotic Dramas every afternoon and evening. Admission, 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

JULY THE FOURTH.

SENATE.—The following Senators were present: Messrs. Anthony, Bayard, Bingham, Breckinridge, Bright, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Cowan, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howe, Johnson of Tennessee, Kennedy, King, Lane of Indiana, Latham, Morril, Nesmith, Pearce, Polk, Powell, Saulsbury, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Thomson, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson and Wilson.

Mr. Grimes presented the credentials of James S. Lane, Senator elect from Kansas, who took the oath.

Mr. Doolittle presented the credentials of S. C. Pomeroy, Senator elect from Kansas.

Mr. Trumbull presented the credentials of Orville H. Browning, Senator elect from Illinois, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Stephen A. Douglas.

Mr. Latham presented the credentials of James A. McDougal, Senator elect from California.

Messrs. Pomeroy, Browning and McDougall then had the oath administered to them.

Notices of several bills to indemnify the President for certain acts were then given, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—When the House organized, the election of a Speaker was proceeded with. Mr Colfax having resigned, the contest was narrowed to Blair and Galusha Grow; the latter was elected, and conducted to the chair by Blair and Richardson. After Mr Grow had expressed his thanks in rather a long but patriotic speech, the House proceeded to elect a Clerk, the result was the election of Mr. Etheridge (Tenn.), by ninety-two votes over Mr. Forney, who numbered forty-one. After some unimportant business, the House adjourned.

SENATE.—On the 5th the President's Message was received. On the 6th after the election of Isaac Basset as Assistant Doorkeeper, Mr. Wilson presented the several bills of which he gave notice on Thursday. The bill to Promote the Efficiency of the Army was referred to a Special Committee, consisting of Messrs. Wilson of Massachusetts, Hale of New Hampshire, Latham of California, Sherman of Ohio, Powell of Kentucky, Cowan of Pennsylvania, King of New York, Kennedy of Maryland, and Howe of Wisconsin, and the other bills were referred to the Military Committee. A message was then received from the President, and the Senate went into executive session.

HOUSE.—On the 5th the Message was received, and the Members then adjourned. On the 6th the death of Mr. Scranton, of Pennsylvania, was announced and appropriate remarks were made by several members, after which the House adjourned, in accordance with the usual custom on such occasions.

Foreign News.

THE Great Eastern brings us the text of the neutrality proclamation of Queen Isabella of Spain, on the subject of the American rebellion. It is similar in import to that issued by Napoleon. Privateers may have a shelter of twenty-four hours duration in Spanish ports, but no longer, except in case of urgent necessity. Spaniards are forbidden to engage on either side, but they may, if they wish, take service and its consequences.

Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, had written a letter in reply to the Paris speech, we presume, of Cassius M. Clay. Sir Archibald asserts that the American Constitution has failed, and sagely recommends the establishment of a national church, with a monarchy, as a cure for our difficulties and quarrels.

Lord Palmerston defended the shipment of English troops to Canada against remarks made in the British House of Commons by Mr. Disraeli and other members. He declared that it was not an unusual course to pursue when hostilities existed in a neighboring nation, and denied that the act was of itself calculated to give offence to the United States Government.

The Sultan of Turkey died on the 23d, and Lord Chancellor Campbell on the 25th.

The greatest fire that had occurred in London for many years broke out on the 21st. The damage was estimated at two millions of pounds. Several of the large warehouses in Tooley street were destroyed.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon has officially recognised the Kingdom of Italy.

Nothing definite has been announced about the Pope.

The Empress of Austria is very ill, and is at Corfu, to try what effect the change of air will have upon her exhausted frame.

State of the Nation.

THE President's Message and the Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Navy, to the Congress now in extra session, have been subjects of general discussion for several days past. It was not to be expected that the President's Message would give satisfaction to every one, but few public documents have been so generally approved as the one presented by Abraham Lincoln on the 5th July. It has been looked for with intense anxiety; for during two or three weeks past rumors have been frequently pointing to a probable compromise—to a patched-up reconciliation with the South. This was so entirely at variance with the sentiment of all loyal men, so poor an ending to the great drama of the uprising of the North, that men paused, wondering if such weakness could prevail in the Cabinet at Washington. The President's Message has dispelled all such doubts; a stern and vigorous policy is there indicated, and the people have become reassured.

There can be no doubt that the Army now will be moved forward, that the various columns of the grand army will be speedily concentrated, and that the rebel force will either be brought to a great and decisive battle, or that it will retreat before the forces of the Federal Government.

On Saturday, the 6th, ten regiments were ordered to leave Washington, to join General Patterson's division at Martinsburg. It was supposed that this order was issued upon information received at headquarters that the rebels were more numerous in that vicinity than was at first believed. Generals Patterson and McClellan are pushing their column forward to make a junction at a point south of Winchester, so as to be able to cut out General Johnston's force, and, it is thought, with a view to co-operate with a column which is to be moved from the Potomac line, near Washington, to meet them in the vicinity of Richmond. General McClellan's forces are now at Buchanan, and it was said that the rebels were assembled in considerable force very close to them, at a point a few miles west of Beverley, but that the main body, under Governor Wise, was at Laurel Hill.

A report was conveyed to headquarters that the rebels were extending their lines in the direction of the outposts of the Federal army near Falls Church. It was also reported that the Secession troops stationed at Fairfax Court House were making preparations to resist the advance of the Government troops. These movements were known and guarded against by General Scott, but it is hardly likely that he will invite a general attack in that direction for a day or two, the advance movements of the western flank of the line, comprising the divisions of General Patterson and General McClellan, being necessarily slow, and yet all important to the safe conduct of the programme so skilfully laid down.

The army of General Lyon, in Missouri, is steadily advancing southwards, while the rebels from Arkansas and Tennessee are reported to be moving up to meet them. Colonel Montgomery, with his Union troops from Kansas, crossed the line into Missouri on the 27th ult. No further collision has occurred in that quarter, though the rapid concentration of troops on both sides would indicate the probability of an engagement in the south-western portion of the State before long.

The Indiana troops are ever on the alert. The Eleventh, under Colonel Wallace, seem indefatigable in pursuit of the enemy. The following despatch will best describe a gallant skirmish which shows the metal of our troops:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Hagerstown, June 30, 1861.

General Orders, No. 29.

The Commanding General has the satisfaction to announce to the troops a second victory over the insurgents by a small party of Indiana volunteers, under Colonel Wallace, on the 26th inst. Thirteen mounted men attached to the regiment attacked forty-one insurgents, killing eight and chasing the rest two miles. On their return, with seventeen captured horses, they were attacked by seventy-five of the enemy, and fell back to a strong position, which they held till dark, when they returned to the camp, with the loss of one man killed and one wounded. In the last skirmish, a captain, two lieutenants and a large number were wounded.

The Commanding General desires to bring to the attention of the officers and men of his command the courage and conduct of this gallant little band of comparatively raw troops, who met the emergency by turning on an enemy so largely superior in numbers, chastising him severely, and gathering in retreat the fruits of victory.

By order of
Major-General PATTERSON.

J. F. PORTER, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Another victory of the Federal troops has been thus briefly recorded by Major-General Patterson:

BLACK RIVER, near Martinsburg, July 2, 1861.

To Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General.

I left Williamsport at six o'clock this morning for this place, and drove and routed the rebels, who were about ten thousand strong, and who had four guns. I now occupy their camp, with the loss, I regret to say, of three killed and ten wounded.

(Signed) R. PATTERSON,
Major-General Commanding.

General Lyon, whose prompt action at St. Louis did much to assure Missouri to the Union, has been, we are pleased to say, promoted to a Major-Generalship. Men of his stamp are worthy the best favors of the Administration.

The Reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, Army and Navy will be found in another column.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THIS important document was presented to the Congress now in session on Thursday, the 4th inst. It is a document remarkable for its directness and simplicity, for its grasp of the whole subject which now agitates the country, and for its ability in meeting the various subterfuges upon which the Secession leaders have based their action. After reviewing the position of the country on the 4th of March, 1861, when six States had declared their independence, had seized the forts, custom-houses, arsenals and other Federal property, and had ceased to acknowledge fealty to the United States, and had further issued a formula for instituting a combined government of those States, and under the character of "Confederate States," were already invoking recognition, aid and intervention of foreign powers, the President proceeds to say:

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made and declared in the Inaugural Address.

The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before resort to any stronger one—it sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion and the ballot-box; it promised a continuance of the mails, at Government expense, to the very people who were resisting Government; and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbances to any of the people or any of their rights, of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case. Everything was forborne without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

On the day after the President's Inauguration a letter was received from Major Anderson—then in Fort Sumpter—stating that provisions were running short, and that reinforcements could not be thrown into the fort with a less expedition than twenty thousand men. General Scott concurred in this position, and was satisfied that no such force would be raised before the supplies in the fort would be exhausted.

In a purely military point of view this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort. It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends to the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that in fact it would be our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it would be reached Fort Pickens might be reinforced.

This last would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumpter. As a military necessity, an order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship Brooklyn into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and surer route by sea.

This expedition failed, and before another could be attempted Fort Sumpter must either be provisioned or fall. In the meantime, preparations had been made to relieve Fort Sumpter, and it was decided to despatch the expedition forthwith, and to notify the Governor of South Carolina that an attempt would be made to provision the fort, but that neither arms nor men would be thrown in, unless opposition was offered to the peaceful expedition or the fort was attacked.

This notice was accordingly given, whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumpter was in no sense a matter of self-defence on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them; they knew they were expressly notified that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more.

They knew that the Government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution, trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion and the ballot-box, for final adjustment, and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object, to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union and thus force it to immediate dissolution; that this was their object the Executive well understood, and having said to them, in the Inaugural Address, "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains, not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so far from ingenuous sophistry as that the world should not misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumpter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort sent to that harbor years before, for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful.

In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue—immediate dissolution or blood. And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy, a government of the people by the same people, can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the Administration according to the organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretences made in this case or any other pretences, or arbitrarily without any pretence, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth.

It forces us to ask, "Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness?" Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the Government, and so to resist the force employed for its destruction by force for its preservation.

The President then describes the great uprising of the people of the North; the wonderful response made to his call for men, and the unity of the vast masses in the cause of the integrity of the Union. Then follows a review of the traitorous action of Virginia; her illegal compact with the Seceded States; her invitation to their troops; her permission to the transfer of the capital of the so-called Confederate States to Richmond, and her voluntary transfer of the battle-ground to her own soil. He also alludes to the true Union men in Western Virginia, and to their call upon the Federal Government for protection.

Those loyal citizens this Government is bound to recognize and protect as being in Virginia. In the border States, so called—in fact, the middle States—there are those who favor a policy which they call an armed neutrality. That is, an arming of those States to prevent the Union forces passing one way, or the Disunion the other, over their soil. This would be Disunion completed. Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation; and yet not quite an impassable one, for under the guise of neutrality it would tie the hands of the Union men, and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do as an open enemy; at a stroke it would take all the trouble off the hands of Secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade.

It would do for the Disunionists that which of all things they most desire—feed them well, and give them Disunion without a struggle of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution—no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is nevertheless very injurious in effect.

Recurring to the action of the Government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for seventy-five thousand militia, and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal.

At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering. Other calls were made for volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the regular army and navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then as now that Congress would readily ratify them.

It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress. Soon after the first call for militia, it was considered a duty to authorize the commanding General, in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety.

This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who is sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed should not himself violate them.

Of course some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted upon. The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted, and failing in execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that, by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty, that, practically, it relieves more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated?

To state the question more directly—Are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself to go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even, in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the Government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it?

But it was not believed that this question was presented—it was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it, is equivalent to a provision that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ, which was authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the Executive, is vested with this power.

But the Constitution is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power, and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented—as was indeed the case—by the rebellion.

No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation on the subject, and, if so, what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of this Government had been so extraordinary and so long-continued as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our national Union was probable.

While this, on discovery, gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of Treasury, War and Navy will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the departments will stand ready to supply omissions or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and $400,000,000. That number of men is about one tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where, apparently, all are willing to engage, and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole.

A debt of $600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution when we came out of that struggle, and the money value in the country bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money.

The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction, and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency.

One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their Government, if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well.

It might seem at first thought to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called Secession or Rebellion; the movers, however, well understand the difference.

At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to any

respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law; they knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in the reverence for the history and Government of their common country as any other civilised and patriotic people.

They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind; they invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents of the complete destruction of the Union.

The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may consistently with the nation's Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union without the consent of the Union or of any other State.

The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice. With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their State out of the Union who could have been brought to no such thing the day before.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole, of its currency from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State—to each State—of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a State out of the Union.

The original ones passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence was never designated as a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence.

Therein the united colonies were declared to be free and independent States. But even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another and of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time and afterwards, abundantly show.

The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen States in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual is most conclusive, having never been States, either in substance or in name, outside of the Union—whence this magical omnipotence of State rights, asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself.

Much is said about the Sovereignty of the States; but the word even is not in the national Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions. What is a sovereignty in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it a political community without a political superior?

Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, was a sovereignty, and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of States, have their status in the Union made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law.

The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this they can only do so against law and by revolution.

The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty by conquest or purchase. The Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has.

The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union.

Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States formed their Constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union. Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the national Constitution, but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the Government itself had never been known as a governmental. As a merely administrative power, this relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole General Government, while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State.

This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the national Constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy is not to be questioned. We are all bound by that defining without question. What is now combated is the position that Secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they should go off without leave, and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums in the aggregate—I believe nearly a hundred millions—to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes.

Is it just that she shall now go off without consent or without any return? The nation is now in debt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called Seceding States in common with the rest. Is it just either that creditors shall go unpaid, or the remaining States pay the whole? A part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave and pay no part of this herself? Again, if one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts.

Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognise this doctrine by allowing the Seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go, or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The Seceders insist that our Constitution admits of Secession. They have assumed to make a National Constitution of their own, in which, of necessity, they have either discarded or retained the right of Secession as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that, on principle, it ought not to exist in ours; if they have retained it, by their own construction of ours, they show that, to be consistent, they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts, or effecting any other selfish or unjust object.

The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no Government can possibly endure. If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of Seceder politicians would at once deny the power and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called driving the one out should be called the seceding of the others from that one, it would be exactly what the Seceders claim to do; unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do.

These politicians are subtle and profound in the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution, and speaks from the preamble, calling itself "We, the people." It may well be questioned whether there is to-day a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of Disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one of the so-called Seceded States.

The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee, for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating public sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once for the Union and against coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union. It may be affirmed, without extravagance, that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and impressive illustration.

So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the whole world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries, in this contest. But it is so much better the reason why the Government which has conferred such benefits on both them and us should not be broken up. Whoever in any section proposes to abandon such a Government would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people.

There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some Declaration of Independence in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words, "all men are created equal." Why? They have adopted a temporary national Constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit "we, the people," and substitute, "we, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why?

Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people? This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life, yielding to partial and temporary departures from necessity.

This is the leading object of the Government, for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that, while in this, the Government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with offices have resigned and proved false to the hand which pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates, but the greatest honor, and the most important fact of all, is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors.

To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand, without an argument, that the destroying the Government which was made by Washington means no good to them. Our popular Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have settled—the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains. Its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets, that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election neither can they take it by a war. Teaching all the folly of being the beginners of the war.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government towards the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the Laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and the people under the Constitution than that expressed in his Inaugural Address. He desires to preserve the Government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it.

Loyal citizens have the right to claim this of their Government; and the Government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion, any conquest or any subjugation in any just sense of these terms.

The Constitution provided—and all the States have accepted the provision—that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government. But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so, it may also discard the Republican form of Government, so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable means to the end of maintaining the guarantee mentioned; and when an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him; he could but perform this duty, or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure—not that compromises are not often proper—but that no popular Government can long survive a marked precedent. That those who carry an election can only save the Government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves and not their servants can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish, much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him, he felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow.

In full view of his great responsibility he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your actions may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and Laws; and, having thus chosen our cause without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

July 4, 1861.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

SECRETARY CHASE's estimates make the total amount required for the fiscal year which ends on June 30th 1862, $318,519,581 87.

Of this amount the War Department requires $180,296,307 19, the Navy Department, $30,609,520 29—being a total for the defence of the nation of $217,168 850 15.

For civil list, foreign intercourse, &c., the estimate is $631 496 90; for the Interior Department, $431,525 75. For redemption of treasury notes, $12,639,861 64.

It is proposed to raise $80,000,000 by taxation and $240,000,000 by loan. To raise this sum the Secretary proposes to Congress that a duty of two and a half cents per pound be laid on brown sugar; of three cents per pound on clayed sugar; of four cents per pound on loaf and other refined sugars; of two and a half cents per pound on the syrup of sugar cane; of six cents per pound on candy; of six cents per gallon on molasses, and of four cents per gallon on sour molasses; and it is also proposed that a duty of five cents per pound be imposed on coffee; fifteen cents per pound on black tea, and twenty cents per pound on green tea.

These duties, he estimates, will produce a sum of not less than twenty millions per annum. In addition, he estimates the revenue from "duties of the present tariff not affected by proposed changes" at not less than thirty millions; with an additional seven millions from "proposed duties on articles non-exempt, and from changed duties on articles now either lightly burdened or so heavily taxed that the tax amounts to a prohibition." This makes a total estimated revenue from duties on imports of $57,000,000.

Twenty millions can be raised by levying a small tax upon real estate. He gives it as his opinion that the needed sum may also be obtained from moderate charges on stills and distilled liquors, ale, beer, tobacco, bank notes, spring carriages, silver ware and jewellery, and legacies. And he suggests that "the property of those engaged in insurrection or in giving aid and comfort to the insurgents, may properly be made to contribute to the expenditures made necessary by their criminal misconduct."

Of the war loan of $240 000,000, he proposes that $100,000 000 be raised by a national loan to be issued in Treasury notes or exchequer bills, of the denominations of $50, and the multiples of 50 up to $5,000, to bear interest at the rate 7 3-10 per cent per annum to be redeemable at will after three years from date of issue, to be received at offices to be established at convenient places throughout the country; the sums subscribed to be paid in cash or in instalments of ten per cent. down, and ten per cent. on the first and fifteenth of every month after, till all is paid.

"In case it shall be found inexpedient to provide the whole amount needed ($240,000,000) in that mode," the Secretary suggests the raising of a regular loan from capitalists abroad and at home, to the amount of another $100 000,000, redeemable by the Government at will after thirty years, and bearing seven per cent. interest, payable in London or at the Treasury of the United States.

Lastly, he recommends the issue of $50,000,000 in Treasury notes, of denominations of ten and twenty dollars; to bear interest at the rate of 3 05-100 per annum and be exchangeable at the will of the holder for exchequer bills bearing 7 3-10 per cent interest, and redeemable after three years.

He finishes by a touching allusion to the difficulty of collecting revenue in the Rebel States—a somewhat unnecessary remark.

ARMY REPORT.

MR. SECRETARY CAMERON'S Report is a very able one, and it meets the difficulty boldly. After a fair statement of the manner in which his department had been crippled by Mr. Secretary Floyd, he naturally claims credit for what the present Administration has done. At present there are about 315,000 troops of all periods. The discharge of the three months regiments, numbering about 80,000, will leave the Federal army at 235,000. It will be for Congress to decide how to raise and equip the additional forces. He estimates the expenses of the army at $185,300,000.

THE NAVY REPORT.

As usual, our Secretary of the Navy's Report is a very meagre one. It is this year rendered more than usually humiliating by the fact of civil war, and the destruction of part of the Norfolk Navy Yard.

Of the sixty-nine vessels, carrying 1,346 guns, available for service on the 4th March last, the sloop Levant has been given up as lost in the Pacific, the steamer Fulton was seized at Pensacola, and one frigate, two sloop and one brig were burned at Norfolk. These vessels carried 172 guns. The other vessels destroyed at Norfolk were considered worthless, and are not included in the list of available vessels.

The losses left at the disposal of the Department sixty-two vessels, carrying 1,174 guns, all of which are now, or soon will be, in commission, with the exception of the—

Vermont, ship-of-the-line	81
Brandywine, frigate	50
Decatur, sloop, at San Francisco	10
John Hancock, steam tender, at San Francisco	3

There have been recently added to the navy, by purchase, twelve steamers, carrying from two to nine guns each, and three sailing vessels. There have been chartered nine steamers, carrying from two to nine guns each. By these additions the naval force in commission has been increased to eighty-two vessels, carrying upwards of 1,100 guns, and with a marine complement of about 13,000 men, exclusive of officers and marines. There are also several steamboats and other small craft which are temporarily in the service of the department.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

LOUISIANA.—A Richmond correspondent of the *Picayune* writes to that journal to say "the enemy are hard pressed on the Potomac," and that:

"Passengers just in from Washington report the greatest alarm at the Federal capital on account of the advance of General Beauregard. The archives of the Government, books, records, &c., were being moved out as rapidly as possible."

The *Picayune* is indignant at, and over, the "outrages" of the Abolitionists, who land from the blockading squadron, and "commit all sorts of outrages on the coast." The presence of these "impudent wretches," the editor says, "is an intolerable insult as well as injury, and should be borne no longer, especially as the means of ridding ourselves of it are abundantly practicable."

Among some of the intolerable results alluded to by the *Picayune* is, "decoying unsuspecting craft by concealing their numbers and force, and even going up to the wharves at the landing places and stealthily possessing themselves of luggers and other small vessels."

The *Picayune* of 27th ult. announces that the British steam sloop-of-war Jason, twenty-one guns, arrived off the bar on the day previous.

Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, advertises for a loan of $250,000, to be appropriated for the defence of the city. Certificates are to be kindly issued in sums of $25 and upwards, "in order to allow all our people to take part in the movement."

The ship S. F. Pettigrew had been condemned by Judge Morse, in the District Court, as a lawful prize. The question of cargo was reserved.

The fire at Donaldsonville, Louisiana, previously reported by telegraph, destroyed property to the amount of $200,000, of which only $11 000 was insured. The fire commenced on the morning of the 21st of June, and raged so furiously that in an hour and a quarter a whole square on Mississippi street, except one house, was consumed.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NO. 1,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 26.

General Order, No 15:

Communication of any kind, and on any pretence, with the Black Republicans is positively and peremptorily forbidden.

Any citizen detected in communicating with them will be arrested and prosecuted.

By order of Major-General Twiggs.

D. BELTZHOOVER, Major A.A.A.G.C.S.A.

MISSOURI.—INDEPENDENCE, July 1.—The report reached here yesterday that the State troops, 10,000 in number, had crossed the Marais des Cygnes, a branch of the Osage River, one hundred miles south of this place. The Union forces were twenty miles in the rear, 2,000 or 3 000 in number. They had also encamped, it was thought, for reinforcements.

This information is derived from a gentleman just from the State camp, who also came through the Union camp.

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—Official information received here says that Colonel Sigel is at Mount Vernon, Lawrence county, with a strong force, and that Governor Jackson is supposed to have crossed the Arkansas line.

The *Republican* learns from letters dated Springfield, June 30th, that Governor Jackson, with 1,500 men, was at Montevello, Severn county.

The line of the Federal troops had been extended to Sarcoxie, Jasper county, through which Governor Jackson would have to pass to reach Arkansas, and the opinion is confidently expressed that he would be taken prisoner unless he receives larger reinforcements than he is likely to obtain.

Major Phelps is delayed at Springfield by important events there, but will be in Washington in time for all important business this session.

VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Convention has passed an ordinance authorizing an issue of treasury notes, providing for borrowing four millions of dollars, two of which shall be issued by the Auditor in form of treasury notes.

The Convention also passed an ordinance declaring holders of office under President Lincoln, after August 1st, aliens and enemies.

The Convention adjourned on Monday, until the second Wednesday in November.

Prince Camille de Polignac is regarded in Richmond as a second Lafayette. He will join the rebel forces, and has already had a personal interview with Jeff Davis.

Ex-Governor Smith's appointment as Colonel in the Virginia army has been confirmed by the Convention.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—Soon after the passage of the Virginia ordinance of Secession, Governor Letcher sent the following despatch to the Mayor of Wheeling.

"Richmond, April 20, 1861.

"To Andrew Sweeney, Mayor of Wheeling:

"Take possession of the Custom House, Post Office, all public buildings and public documents in the name of Virginia. Virginia has seceded.

"JOHN LETCHER, Governor."

Mayor Sweeney replied in the following laconic style:

"Wheeling, April 21, 1861.

"To John Letcher, Governor of Virginia:

"I have taken possession of the Custom House, Post Office and all public buildings and public documents in the name of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, whose property they are.

"ANDREW SWEENEY, Mayor of Wheeling."

The correspondence here closed. Mayor Sweeney continued to hold possession of the Federal property until the organization of the new State Government at Wheeling. Governor Letcher made no further attempt to seduce him from his allegiance.

A gentleman just arrived from various points in Virginia gives us the following account of the war movements in that State:

Our informant also states that Norfolk is now considered in such a state of defence that it would defy the combined navy of Europe and America to take it. The vessels sunk in the harbor render it altogether impossible for any enemy to come up to the city, as nothing but small boats can get inside the river.

The man-of-war Plymouth, that has been raised, is in excellent condition and will be got ready for sea in a very short time. The Germantown is also expected to be raised in a day or two, and can soon be got ready for sea. The Merrimac will be converted into a floating battery. The developments of vandalism that have been made since the possession of Norfolk by our troops exhibit a malignity of spirit truly astounding. Thirty kegs of gunpowder, of one hundred pounds each, were found under the Dry Dock, intended to blow it up. Had the fiends succeeded, Portsmouth and Norfolk would have been one mass of ruins. A merciful interposition of Providence alone saved them.

The fuse burned down within two inches of the shell and then went out. The vandals destroyed some of the largest columbiads, knocked off the trunnions with sledge hammers, &c. An extensive factory of lint has been in successful operation for some time past, and they have been turning out from forty to fifty gun carriages every twenty-four hours. Work is kept up day and night.

At Manassas and Fairfax Court House the military movements of General Beauregard are progressing with great rapidity. Our informant thinks that a decisive blow will be struck by our troops this week. When he left the opposing armies were within six miles of each other, almost face to face. Our troops are scouring the country in all directions. Our informant states that on his return he encountered daily from 600 to 1,000 troops on their way to the seat of war.—*Charleston Courier.*

KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE, July 1.—The Owensboro' *Shield*, a Secession paper, reports the probable return of one of the Kentucky companies which went to Richmond, where they were unreceived. They have been living at their own own expense.

By a special order of General Pillow, dated the 27th, it appears that he now thinks it was feared that, owing to the pressure on the enemy's resources in the East, and the belligerent attitude of Missouri, the enemy will not find himself in a position to make a descent upon the valley this summer.

A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal* of the 29th June says: "Colonel Hardee is to operate on the western banks of the Mississippi, in concert with the force on this side."

From the same, it appears that the $2,000,000 British loan is not yet consummated, and says that J. M. Vernon had arrived at Richmond, direct from Europe; although not bearer of despatches, he brings Government intelligence of a highly interesting character. He speaks hopefully of the market being opened at the proper season for tobacco and cotton.

July 5.—The *Democrat* of this morning states that a Secession flag, raised yesterday, was torn down and burned by the citizens in the neighborhood.

The *Courier* says that a company of 110 men from Trimble county passed through here last evening, going South, and that another company of 110 men will leave to-day.

The *Democrat* says that a company of 40 men from Lexington left yesterday for the South.

The Unionists celebrated the 4th enthusiastically; the military generally paraded, a national flag was raised at Walker's Exchange, and patriotic speeches were made by Messrs. Cassidy and others.

The Memphis *Argus*, of the 3d inst., says that 700 Missourians, with arms, are in camp at that place; and a special dispatch to the same paper from Little Rock, Ark., says that General Montgomery's and Lane's force are marching for the Indian country; also that a proclamation has been issued by Ben McCulloch, calling on the citizens of Arkansas to sustain the Missouri troops on her frontier, and ordering a rendezvous at Fayetteville.

The Augusta *Constitutionalist* thinks it certain that the Confederate Constitution will be defeated in that State.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Georgia have invited the Southern Lodges to meet at Montgomery and dissolve their connection with the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation calling on the State officers to collect all the arms, rifles, shot-guns, &c., new and old, in and out of order, and send them immediately to Jackson. All the citizens in the State are notified to arm themselves with double-barrelled shot-guns.

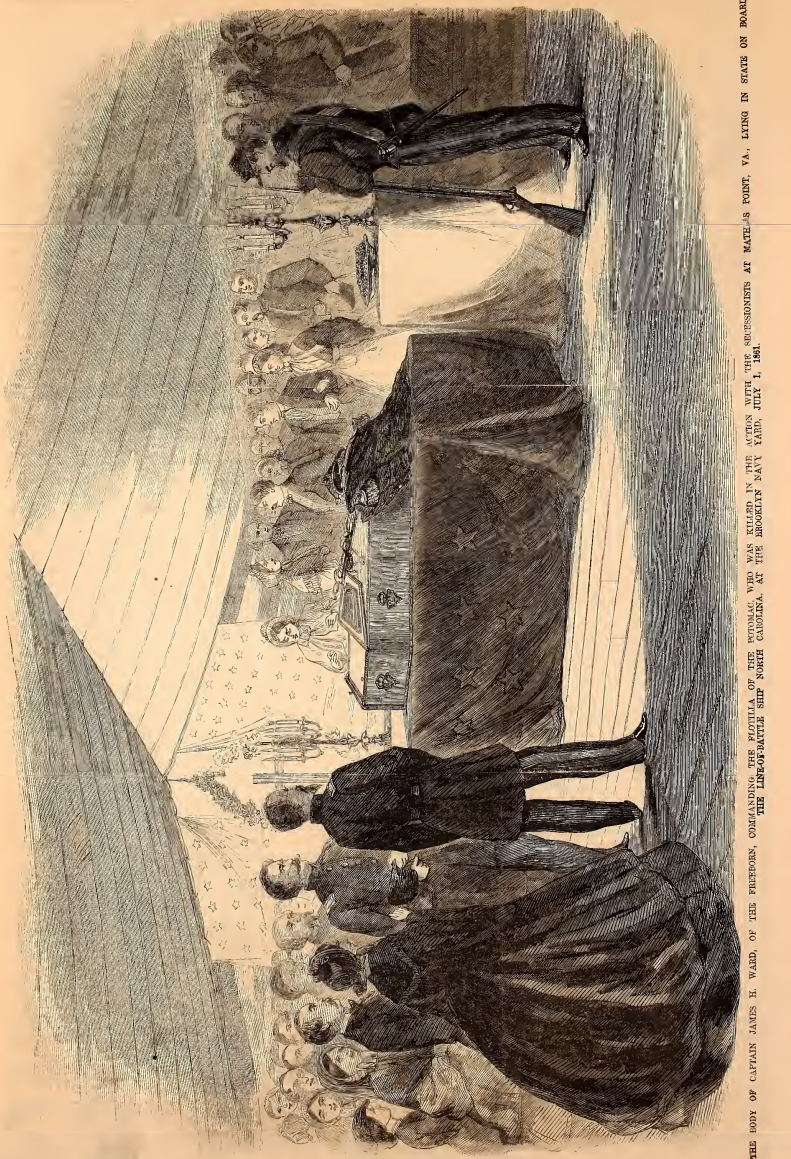
FLORIDA, PENSACOLA.—On the 24th June the Vanderbilt arrived with the Wilson Zouaves. If any credence is to be put in the information given by prisoners and deserters, the force at Pensacola is under four thousand men. These, it is well known, from Mr. Russell's letters, are in a very demoralised condition.

A letter received at this office from Pensacola, dated June 14, says: There were near ten thousand of us who envied the Georgia and Louisiana regiments and Zouave battalion their superior fortune in being ordered to the field of glory in Virginia. Many are still hoping to follow them at an early day. As an indication of our health—since we left home over two months since, the regiment has lost but one member by death. There are rumors of yellow fever in Fort Pickens; but whether true or not, I cannot say.

ARKANSAS.—Capt. McCrie, formerly of South Carolina, is now raising a force of two hundred men in the wilds of Arkansas, for the purpose of joining Ben McCulloch's Rangers. One of the conditions of their enlistment is, that each recruit shall be a single man. Another condition is, that no man shall be admitted into the company who cannot prove, by disinterested witnesses, that he has killed his bear with his knife.

GEORGIA.—Hon. M. A. Cooper has manufactured a lot of splendid bowie knives, and has gone to Virginia, says the Atlanta *Confederacy*, with a sufficient number of the implements to furnish one to each of the "Atlanta Grays." These knives were made at the Etowah Iron Works.

NEBRASKA, FORT KEARNEY, July 1.—Reliable information from Denver, June 27th, says, a rebel force set out from their rendezvous, twenty miles up Cherry Creek to-day, for the avowed purpose of taking Forts Wise and Garland. They are well armed and equipped, and expect to be joined by a majority of the forces inside. There is much valuable property and money in the forts. The movement is watched, but we are comparatively powerless and totally without authority or leadership.



THE BODY OF CAPTAIN JAMES H. WARD, OF THE FREEPORS, COMPANIONS THE FLOTILLA OF THE POTOMAC WHO WAS KILLED IN THE ACTION WITH THE SECESSIONISTS AT MATHIAS POINT, VA., LYING IN STATE ON BOARD THE LIGHT-DRAUGHT SIDE WHEELER NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, JULY 1, 1861.

BURNING OF THE TRANSPORT STEAMER CATALINE OFF THE LANDING AT FORTRESS MONROE, WHILE STARTING ON HER RETURN TRIP TO NEWPORT NEWS, ON TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

THE LATE CAPTAIN WARD.

AT one o'clock P. M. Saturday, 29th nlt., the remains of the late Captoin Ward, of the steamer Freehorn, whe was killed in the skirmish with the Secessionists at Mathias Point, Virginio, were token to the depot at Washiegton, accomponied by the following escort: Engioecr-Corps of the Seventy-first, Dodworth's Brass Band, Seventy-first regiment, detachment of marines, Marine Band, hearse ond bearere, General Harris, Major Reynolds, Captain Dohlgren, Captain Rowao and officers of the Yard, io carriagee, and citizeoe. The processioo marched from the Navy Yard, aud the flags of the shipping were at half-mast.

The coffin remaieed io Philodelphia a brief time when it was forwarded to New York, arriving bere on Sondoy evening, June 30, at eleven o'clock. A few of Captain Ward's relatives weot to Jersey City, to receive tho remaine. Captain Ringgold, of the Uoited States Navy, came on in charga of the body, ond Lieutenant Hontington, with seven marines and a coxswain ond six Freehorn sailors, accompanied him.

The officers et the Brooklyn Navy Yard were waiting to receive the body. Commaodant Breese, of the yord, and Commander Meade, of the North Carolina, had made all the necessary arraogements. The poop deck of the North Carolino wae fitted np as a chapel, aed the entire canvae wall draped with American flage. The coffin wos placed on the stage aod opened. The hody was enclosed in a zloc case, with a gloss over the foce, and the case was within o heautiful mahogany coffie. As the air had been exhausted from the case, the body was in ao excellent state of preservation—ootnral end life-like. His sword eod cocked het were ploced on the coffin, the candclohra at the head and foot were lighted, ond heaotiful wreaths ond crosses of flowers decorate the chapel.

The men on the North Carolina were deeply affected at the loss of their late commaoder. They were grotified on Mooday moroing with the sight of hie remains, and e large oumber of visitors viewed the hody as it lay in state.

The fnneral procession left the North Carolino at three o'clock P. M., the 1st inst., and marched through Water street to the Fulton ferry. The romsies were token to the steamhoat Granite State, which left at four P. M., for Hartford. Captain Ringgold, the North Carolina marine baod, twenty-four men, and a detachment of marines, escorted the hody to Hartford.

At ten o'clock Bishop Langhlin, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, aod Father Keogen, of the Church of the Assomption, went on board the North Carolina and celebrated a funeral mass.

In Hortford the funerol ceremonies took place at St. Patriok's Cethedral on Tuesday, July 2.

HEADQUARTERS OF COL. MAX WEBER, OF THE GERMAN RIFLES.

THE Artist stationed at General Butler's command has sent ns e sketch of the headqnarters of Colonel Max Waher, end which is at the conotry residence of the famous ex-President, John Tyler. This heantiful residence, although not very spacious, is very comfortable, and is most elegantly furnished. It is sitoated on the banks of Hampton Creek or River, and is huilt in the semi-gothic style. A few days after the gallant Colooel of the German Rifles took np his quarters at Tyler's honse, he gave a mnsical party to the principal officers of General Botler's command, where the faast of melody and flow of wioe relieved the stern aspact of war. We question if the Virginian's house had ever truer patriots in it than were there and then assemhled.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER CATALINE AT FORTRESS MONROE.

OUR Artist has sent ns two most interesting sketches of the burning of the Cataline, which is thus described hy an eye-witeess:

The treusport steamer Cataline, Captain I. Phillips, chartered hy the Government for the term of three months, two of which had expired, wos totally destroyed hy fire Joly 2nd, at about nioe o'clock, the officers and crow harely escaping with their lives, leaving all their worldly effests to the mercy of the devouring flames. The hoat had just returned from Newport News and landed General Butler and staff, who had been reviewing the troops there, also the Geeeral's wife and family, and wos hacking out from the pier to retorn, in order to make her regular morning trip down; the pilot had given the signal hell to go ahead, and finding no response, tnrned to examioe into the matter, when he saw a hlaze issuing from the woodwork eronnd the smokestack, and the first engineer retreotieg from the flames and emoke. In five minutes all the woodwork amidships wae in a light blaze, which spread with rapidity for a few miontee, when the hoat from the pilot-house was one sheet of flome, illumining the eky and snrrounding shipping. Purser Larkin, Dr. Brodley (tate of the Massachnsetts regimeot), and Engineer Simmons, retreoted hy the stern and got dowo to the rudder of the boat, where they remained until picked up hy hoats which came to the resouo. Storekeeper Parks jomped overhoord, hut, not heing ebla to ewim, called for help, when Dr. Brodley, of Massachnsetts, swam for him aod hnoyed him np until resenad. Captain Phillips and his pilot, Steward Graham and others of the crew, took refuge forward and were rescued hy the propeller Fanny, just hefore the flamee enveloped thot portion of the deck where they were standing. Steward Graham was severely bnrned on one of his haode. As soon as the flames were discovered hy the war veesels in the Roads, all the hoats were manned and fnlly armed for oction, not koowing but that the enemy had commanced an ettack. The first to arrive olongside the hnrning hoat was the one from the Cumherlend, led hy Lientenaet E. Gordon, who ordered his men to uolimher end place in their hoots e twelve-pounder rifled coonon, with which tho Cataloe was armed, also to throw overboard an ammnnition chest containing shot and shell. This heing done, and the flames making rapid advances towords the place where the hrave sailors were, the command to "man hoats" was given, aod they reterned to their vessel. The flag ship Minesota, frigate Santee, and gnnhosts Anacosta and Alhatross, had hoets et the scene ready to co-operate if necessary. The scene was truly grand as the lerid flames bnrst forth, illumining the water and land for five miles around. The enemy's position at Sewall's Point was clearly visihle, and hy the eid of a glass the rehels in large nnmhers were eeen on the heach. The beoch in the vicinity of the fortress was olso covered by hnndrads of soldiers, negro servants and spectators geoerelly, all nnahle to render any aid in consequence ot the lack of fire apparatus. After berning for three honrs the dehris sonk in fifteen feet of water. The Cataloe was an old hoot, and was formerly employed on tha East River, New York. Her owoers, at the time ol her loss, it is alleged, were Thurlow Weed, M. M Freeman ond E. S. Dickerson. She was ohertered to the Government at the stipnlated sum of ten thonsond dollors per month. The ohorter wos effected through a third porty, and not hy the owners. The value of the hoat was not more thon eighteen thousand dollors. The Cataline, while she was in the service of the Government, did good service at Annopolie, Woshingtoo, aod latterly hetween this point end Newport News, steom having heen kept up in the hoilers neerly all that time, hoth night ond day. Captain Phillips's individnal loss in stores and personal property is obout twelve hoodred dollars; First Engineer McNamara's, one hundred ond fifty dollars; Second Eogineer Simmons's, in money aod clothing, two hnndred ond fifty dollars; Purser Lorkin's, two hundred aod fifty dollars; Steward Grahum's, three hnndred dollars; Dr. Bradley's, two thoneand five hundred dollars, in notes and personal effects; and the crew, of which there were teo or twelve men, from one hondred to one hnndred and fifty dollars each.

LIEUTENANT GORDON, OF THE FRIGATE CUMBERLAND, RESCUING THE 9-INCH SAWYER GUN FROM THE BURNING STEAMER CATALINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

GOVERNOR CURTIN.

THE election of Cortio as Governor of Penesylvonia, lost Octoher, wos the first significont sign of the revolution which has culmineted in the Secession of nine of oor States. Taken in conjunction with the then approoching Presidential election, it plainly showed that the North had resolved no longer to truckle to the South, and that the sceptre hed departed from Judah. On that emphatic day the great State of Pennsylvaoia had declared, hy a majority of above thirty thonsond votes, that the Slaveocracy had for a time ceased to control tha Executive, aod thet tha unanimity of tha Democratic Party alone could save it from a crushing defeat. As the pioneer of this movement, Governor Cortin is a most remarkahle mon, a distinction which his energy and success in raising the Pennsylvania Contingent has emply confirmed. The coll of the President for men was hardly issued hafore Governor

ENCAMPMENT OF MAX WEBER'S GERMAN TURNER RIFLE REGIMENT, TWENTIETH N. Y. V. R., AT HAMPTON CREEK, VA.—OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF EX-PRESIDENT TYLER, FROM WHICH THE UNION FLAG NOW FLOATS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 133.

Curtin had regiments formed and equipped. His conduct in this matter was characterized by the most unceasing and untiring energy. The Pennsylvanians were the first in the field at the call of their country, and how nobly that State, with Governor Curtin at the helm, has poured forth its gallant sons to vindicate the integrity of the Union, the history of our great struggle against rebellion will assuredly record to its undying honor.

COLONEL CARLOS A. WAITE.

WE have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of this able and gallant soldier, and regret that our space is so limited as only to allow a very brief record of the most emphatic facts of his life. Trained from his boyhood to the service of his country, he was gazetted as a Second Lieutenant of Infantry on the 28th of January, 1820, and, after serving in this position with great satisfaction to his superior officers, he was made First Lieutenant in May, 1828. In 1836 he received the rank of Captain, and two years afterwards was made Assistant Quartermaster. On the 16th of February, 1847, he received his commission as Major, which rank he held on the breaking out of the Mexican War. He so distinguished himself in Mexico, that he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel for "his gallant and meritorious conduct," specially mentioning the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. For his brilliant behavior in the battle of El Molino del Rey he was made Colonel, in which battle he had the misfortune to be severely wounded. Our space will not permit us to follow him since then, and we must therefore confine ourselves to the present year, when he was sent by the Government to supersede General Twiggs in Texas, of whose treason it had received sufficient proofs. Before, however, Colonel Waite could reach Texas, General Twiggs had already surrendered to the Confederate commander, a calamity which would not have occurred had the gallant and loyal Waite been appointed in time.

FEDERAL TROOPS GUARDING MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE arrest of Marshal Kane, and subsequently of the Police Commissioners on a charge of treason, had so excited the populace of Baltimore, that an outbreak seemed imminent. To guard against this, and to protect the city from outrage, Major-General Banks ordered the Federal troops to take up commanding positions in the city, in order to control the principal avenues.

Monument Square.

Monument Square, Baltimore, so called from the imposing monument erected there in memory of the gallant and devoted men who fell while repelling the British invaders under Ross, contains some of the handsomest buildings in the city, such as the City Hall, the Gilmore House, Barnum's Hotel, &c. This important position was occupied by two sections of Major Cook's Boston Artillery, supported by several companies of Colonel Lyle's Nineteenth Pennsylvania regiment. A more weather-beaten, soldierly-looking body of men it would hardly be possible to find. The square was thronged with people, and although there was some murmuring, the general feeling was one of satisfaction and security.

The Troops at the Post-Office.

The Custom-House, which includes the Post-Office, the latter, or west wing, having the honor of being covered by the dome of the structure, is situated at the corner of Gay and West Lombard streets, a very convenient location for mercantile purposes. General Banks, apprehending that an attempt might be made by the disaffected to obtain possession of these premises and seize the valuable archives therein contained, ordered a detachment of infantry to occupy that building at six o'clock in the morning. About half past eight, a section of Major Cook's battery was detailed to the post, and with two brass six pounders, facing up and down Lombard street, in front of the Custom-House and adjacent public buildings, was prepared to rake the street in both directions in case of hostile demonstrations. A detachment of the Twentieth Pennsylvanians (Company H) occupied the rotunda and the interior balconies of the Post-Office, and, without seriously interrupting the progress of business with either the Post-Office or Custom House, performed guard duty with untiring zeal, amid a bristling array of bayonets and an ample supply of bread from their three days' rations. The troops were orderly, and did not appear disposed to interfere with the free ingress and egress of all orderly persons.

CAMP PRINCETON, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA,

Headquarters of General Runyon and the New Jersey Brigade.

OUR Artist furnishes this week a sketch of the New Jersey camp at Arlington, Va., designated as Camp Princeton, in honor of one of the Revolutionary battle-grounds of New Jersey. At the head is a portrait of the Brigadier-General, Theodore Runyon, of Newark, New Jersey. At his right stands his Aide-de-Camp, Captain James B. Mulligan, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. At the left is a representation of the officer's tents of the Jersey City Zouave Company, acting as guard of honor to General Runyon. Below is a general representation of the camp, taken from the entrenchments constructed by the brigade, at the junction of the Alexandria and Columbia roads.

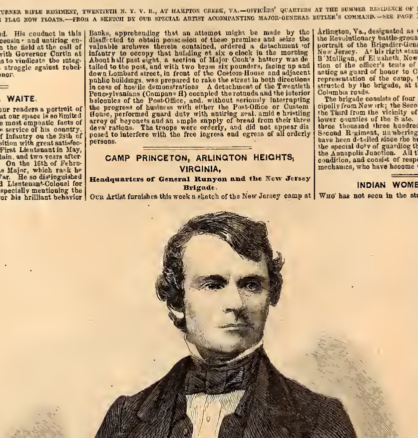
The brigade consists of four full regiments, the First drawn principally from Newark; the Second from Hudson and Bergen counties; the Third from the vicinity of Trenton; and the Fourth from the lower counties of the State. The force of the brigade is about three thousand three hundred men, but four companies of the Second Regiment, numbering some two hundred and fifty men, have been detailed since the brigade reached Annapolis (May 6), on the special duty of guarding the railroad between Washington and the Annapolis Junction. All the regiments are in a very effective condition, and consist of respectable citizens, chiefly farmers and mechanics, who have become well qualified soldiers.

INDIAN WOMEN OF MONTREAL.

WHO has not seen in the streets of New York, at Saratoga, at Niagara, and especially at Montreal, those short, round, strangely-dressed, half Chinese looking women, whose appearance puzzles foreigners so much, but whom our world unites in terming Indian squaws? Always clad, in the warmest weather, in one vast blue blanket, covering the whole figure from head to foot, always bearing a basket, always quiet, they illustrate, after two centuries of life in contact with white people, the original state of woman among savages—that of uncomplaining, patient endurance. Come upon them in one of their gipsylike encampments, and you find them at domestic duty, or patiently working their moccasins and baskets; see them abroad, there is still the same animal-like endurance.

Many of these squaws, especially those who have some French blood in their veins, are very beautiful. We have seen one at Niagara who was both sprightly and graceful, and for several years Nancy, at Sharon, was quite a belle, selling her horsehair ear-rings at preposterous prices to young gentlemen. But, as a rule, the half-breed squaw, or the Indian, is a rather plain, Mongol-mulatto-looking person, somewhat giving to sulking, and seldom very lively; "Ugh!" and "Two shillin'!" forming the average limits of her English conversation.

Our engraving represents two extremely well known moccasin and pincushion sellers of Montreal, who will at once be recognised by such of our readers as are familiar with that city. Like the *fiorare*, or flower-girls of Florence, they are general acquaintances, but seek their special patrons in strangers. Many of their wares are really beautiful, and are regarded as the most characteristic and charming presents which can be sent from the New World to the Old.



ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'OLEES, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 133.

A BRITISH CONSUL AMONG BRIGANDS.—A letter from Genoa says: "The English consul at Palermo has been placed under ransom by some brigands. Mr. Rose had left the city with his family and when he arrived at Porazzi his carriage was stopped. He was made prisoner, and a ransom of 2,000 gold ounces demanded. Mr. Rose disputed the sum, and got it reduced to 200, which he pledged his word as an Englishman to send to his captors. Mr. Bastoggi, the Minister of Finance, will have to reimburse the 200 ounces."

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHILST Birdie is proceeding with her new friends, we will glance back to the day when Batiste left Madeline in search of the lost child. He mounted his horse, which had followed him to the doctor's residence, whom he immediately dispatched to Madeline, merely touching on the incident which had caused her malady, deeming it best for the present to keep the unfortunate abduction of Birdie from spreading too widely before he had prosecuted the strictest inquiries, lest it should reach the ears of the unfortunate parents, who were daily, nay hourly, expecting their child.

It was near midnight when Batiste reached Rouen, too late to make even a single inquiry that night, and with an impatience almost uncontrollable he flung himself on the bed, not to sleep, but to turn over in his clear, well-regulated mind the best way to pursue his inquiries. Alas! there was but the straightforward course—advertisement and search—he would willingly have foregone the first, but how spread the intelligence without it? and how give the necessary details without its meeting the eye of D'Almaine, who regularly read the French papers. After weighing it in his mind some time, he wrote for the press the following:

"If any of the gentlemen travelling in the Rouen diligence to Paris, on the 23d of last month, will kindly come forward and give what intelligence they are able of the little girl, five years old, who, by mistake, was carried on in the vehicle, the distressed friends of the child will feel everlasting gratitude to them, and if money can reward them for their trouble and kindness, the whole fortune of the child's friends will be freely and gladly bestowed on them. Apply, or by letter, to J. B. S. at the Henri Quatre Hotel, Rouen, or at Place Louis Quinze, No. 43, at Paris."

This advertisement was ambiguous, but should it meet the eyes of any person cognizant of the event, would be thoroughly understood, without awakening the fears of D'Almaine, should he come across it, and Batiste, as he lodged it at the different offices, felt sanguine that good would result from it.

After making diligent inquiry through the city where he had passed the night, he mounted his trusty nag, and proceeded slowly towards Paris, stopping at every town and village to make strict and searching inquiry. He was three days on his journey before entering the capital, where for a week he waited, prosecuting the same diligent inquiries, but without gaining a particle of real information on the unhappy subject, although many fruitless journeys were taken both by himself and the several persons he employed, regardless of expense, to share his toils, though not his anxieties.

After a fortnight his thoughts bent on returning to his home, and on going homeward his horse was stopped at nearly all the inns, and indeed cottages on the roadside, but not a clue could he reached to guide him where else to wander, and harassed and dispirited he dismounted at the door of the abode which four years previously he had taken possession of, glowing with health, hope and every prospect conducive to happiness. How changed was now the scene! Health was waning, hope had nearly lost her anchor, and happiness, alas! for happiness, it seemed gone irremediably and for ever. He looked towards the parlor, all was darkness. He glanced anxiously at the chamber of Madeline, through the closely-drawn blinds a glimmering light was visible.

"She is ill," he murmured, in a subdued tone. "My poor Madeline! and I bring you no comfort. Oh, this last affliction that has fallen on us is heavier than all besides, and will prove more fatal in its consequences. It will prey like a worm on the heart of Madeline, for, though innocent, she will blame herself as the unhappy cause; and Lucille, the sensitive but heroic Lucille, there is the worst grief of all. I cannot dwell upon that thought."

And shuddering, he leant against the door-post, and for a short time gave free vent to his feelings. The pawing of his horse, the bridle of which he still held, aroused him to the consciousness that after a hard day's journey he was prolonging the animal's absence from her rest and food.

"Poor Dido!" he said, patting her, "though you partake of our toil, you shall not be debarred from the comforts of rest and enjoyment of your stable. Ho, there!" he cried to a farm servant just leaving the back of the premises, "take Dido to her stable and see to her well, for she has had but small rest and little care bestowed on her since she quitted home, and—and——" he hesitated, "your mistress, how is she?"

The man shook his head. "Better now, master, they say, but she has been bad enough since you left us, something like mad, they say, talking about Mademoiselle Birdie as if she were dead, or lost, or something of the kind. I hope nothing has happened to the child, master, for she was such a pretty little creature."

"Who is up in the house?" asked Batiste, anxious to turn the subject.

"Rosalie and Agatha," was the reply. "But how bad you look, master," he added suddenly. "Holy saints protect us all, but I fear there is more in the wind than rain, or my name is not Joseph Montaigne. Come Dido, poor beast, you do not look over stout; if you could speak you'd tell a tale that would set us all talking."

Batiste had only heard the commencement of this speech; he opened the back door and passed through the kitchen to the parlor. Everything looked cold and deserted, and totally without order.

"Who is with your mistress?" he asked of the servant who brought candles.

"None but Agatha, monsieur, at present. The doctor's lady has been with her nearly ever since you left; but as mistress was better to-night she went home."

"Thanks for the good lady's kindness," said Batiste with emotion, and taking a candle he repaired to Madeline's room. He tapped lightly on the door, fearing to alarm her by his too precipitous presence; Agatha opened the door, and on hearing his wife slept, he advanced towards the bed.

Madeline was in an uneasy slumber; he shaded the candle with his hand, and gazed on her. She was pale and thin, and seemed to have suffered much, and dismissing the attendant he seated himself on the bed to await her waking. He watched her some time with painful feelings, wondering what would be the result of the loss that was weighing them both down.

"Batiste!" exclaimed Madeline, faintly, when she awoke; but she smiled and stretched out her hand to him. He pressed it between both his own, and unable to speak bent his face upon it.

"What news?" said Madeline, after a pause, forcing herself to speak.

"Do not think of it to-night," he replied. "You shall know all to-morrow."

"But is it satisfactory?" she asked.

"I have said I will tell you nothing, either good or bad, until you are able to bear it," said Batiste. "Exert yourself then, dearest Madeline; do not nourish sorrow to disarm us both from action; try and be yourself, pray for courage, and if God wills we will put our shoulders to the wheel. Let us work in unity, in health and in strength."

"Right," she replied, "at best it is but selfish to feed upon one's grief, it makes us but inert and feeble. The task will be hard, but my best shall be done to surmount it, or at least to subdue it; but you are changed, Jacques; you have rested neither in mind or body since we parted. Go to bed and practise what you have preached to me. Good-night; I would sleep, do you go, love, and do likewise."

They parted, but not to sleep; they lay on their couches, turning in their minds what next was to be done; for although Batiste spoke not on the subject so near to both, Madeline knew by his manner and look that he had returned unsuccessful from his search.

The following day letters came from Lucille, saying she feared something untoward had occurred to prevent Madeline's journey to England, and asking if she should send Annette for the child, as it was hard to live without her so long, in a country where all was strange, cold and sad, so far from friends and kindred.

The husband and wife sighed over the perusal of this letter, and unable to write the painful news to the anxious mother, made Madeline's illness the excuse for not being with her at the time appointed.

Then came a severe winter; the roads were blocked with ice and snow so many weeks. This was a veritable detainer, and even Lucille, who had long counted the days and hours with forlorn hope, felt that her child was better and safer in the house of the Batistes than exposed to a long journey amid wintry winds, and the danger of crossing the Channel. But had she seen her little Birdie that cold winter, with her small toes peeping through her shoes and stockings, and huddled close to a sickly child, both crouching near the dying embers of a turf fire for warmth, she would have sickened with the misery it would have occasioned her that her child, so lovely, so delicate, so tenderly nurtured, should thus so early in life be exposed to such great privations.

Batiste and his wife were not idle this cold winter. Both at times were exposed to its inclemency, in a fruitless, toilsome endeavor to discover the lost one; but the winter passed, and spring again robed the valleys and woods with her green mantle, but its smiling aspect brought only tears and misgivings to Madeline and her husband. Hope scarcely lived in their bosoms; the truth must out, subterfuge would no longer avail them. Their farm was vacated, the new tenant installed in it, and with overwhelming sensations they prepared to take the dreaded journey to England.

It was a bright morning in April when they entered their post-chaise. Madeline's eyes filled with tears as she cast them for the last time on the dwelling she had taken possession of five years before with such smiling anticipations.

"Adieu!" she cried, "I leave you for ever; and the chateau, Jacques, let us take a last glance at its old walls, where Lucille passed a few years of happy wedded life."

Jacques ordered the chaise to stop, and opening a small wicket leading to the grand walk, the noble mansion stood before them; every shutter was closed, and it looked changed as the fortunes of its late possessor. The glass of several of the lofty windows had been broken by design or accident. Rose trees and vines swept the overgrown gravel walks in luxuriant helplessness, clinging for support to the fragile spring lilies blooming gracefully and profusely amid the reigning desolation. He knocked at the large entrance. The furniture had been removed from the Hall, and the melancholy reverberation of the knock sounded on the hearts of Madeline and Batiste. They gazed in deep meditation on the massive walls; the night showers had wetted them, and as the water slowly trickled from the ornamental fissures, it appeared to their melancholy observation like tears falling for the cruel and unjust sentence that had forced their master to fly from his rich inheritance. As their eyes were raised to the window of Lucille's chamber, a raven, that had built her nest in one of the eaves, burst over their heads, followed by her progeny, with a loud and dismal croak.

They both instinctively shuddered, and Madeline, whose illness had made her superstitious, said, "What is that an omen of, Jacques?"

"Why," he answered, trying to smile, "it is an omen that carrion have dared to build their nest in the best window of the old castle."

"If that were all, it would be nothing," said Madeline. "It is an omen of death, Jacques. If monsieur should be reinstated in his rights, Lucille will not return with him; she will find a grave in England; she will rest with the stranger."

"Silly girl!" exclaimed Jacques, "what can a bird have to do with death, and the death of one so distant from her? Come, let us hence. I regret we came here, for the sight of so much desolation in so short a time would give a pang to the stoutest nature, much less a weak woman, scarcely recovered from delirium and fever."

Taking her hand, he was hurrying away when the raven, returning, alighted, with his disagreeable "caw, caw!" just at the feet of Madeline, then rising, in his flight nearly touched her head, and whirling in the air, again alighted before them.

With his handkerchief and a loud shout Batiste succeeded in driving the bird away.

"Something has attracted the bird to this spot," he said. "I must reconnoitre it, if only for your satisfaction, or you will leave here impressed with the idea that a trouble deeper than what has yet smitten us is hovering over us."

He stooped, something red attracted his attention; it was embedded in the gravel, and undoubtedly had drawn the bird to the spot, taking it for prey. Batiste with some difficulty extricated it. It was a string of small coral beads that had once looped up the sleeves of Birdie's frock. Madeline caught it up hastily; she remembered well the child was with her when it fell from her dress, and she had assisted in looking for it, and finding this, pointed out as it were by the bird, tended rather to increase her nervous irritation than subdue it. But she spoke not, and taking the arm of her husband, with mutual satisfaction they quitted the ground.

CHAPTER XXX.

MADELINE's agitation increased as they approached London, after landing at Dover. Every child or group of children she beheld made her heart throb, her eyes kindle, and the chaise was stopped that she might reconnoitre them, for she remembered that an Englishman was her fellow-traveller in the diligence, and a vague hope had assailed her that in England she should learn something of the lost child.

On arriving in London they took up their temporary abode at an hotel, and writing a note to the Count D'Almaine, left it at the club-house he frequented, and in anxious suspense awaited his answer.

The following morning it was answered in person. D'Almaine's hasty, nervous footsteps were heard by the listening Batiste; and without waiting to be announced, he flung open the door and stood before them.

Batiste met him midway on the floor, and received the friendly shake of the hand of the count, and the animated welcome to England; but Madeline had sunk powerless on the sofa, and D'Almaine, who knew that she was ill, kindly saluted her, then, looking round, cried

COLONEL C. A. WAITE, U. S. A., DETAILED TO SUPERSEDE GEN. TWIGGS IN THE COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL FORCES IN TEXAS.

"But my darling—where is she? Have you sent my sweet Birdie already to inhale the smoky atmosphere of a London midday?"

There was a pause almost awful, for D'Almaine, looking on the fallen countenances of his friends, saw that he was to expect something that was to crush the high-raised hopes with which he had entered the hotel.

"What is it?" he said at length. "This suspense is terrible. Is my child dead? If she is, let me know it. Speak, Batiste—it will be mercy to speak. The will of Providence be done! Ah! Madeline's emotion tells all. Another, and the heaviest affliction, has fallen upon us. My child is no more. Alas, for her mother—alas, for my poor Lucille!"

"She is gone," answered Batiste, "but not dead, monsieur. She is lost, but the lost may be found, though hitherto our search has been weary—unsuccessful; yet had we not hope we should not be here to tell you the melancholy truth."

A flash of fierce reproach darted from the dark eyes of the unhappy father.

"What!" he cried, "have you betrayed the parents' trust in you? Have you allowed my child to be stolen—basely decoyed from you?"

"Not so—not so, count!" interrupted Batiste, with trembling voice. "Never was a child better or more fondly guarded, till one unhappy minute. But I entreat you, if possible, to compose yourself—at least sufficiently to hear the detail—a few words will tell it."

After several agitated strides across the room, D'Almaine seated himself, and covering his face with his hands, said,

"I am ready. Say on—quick—let me know the worst!"

The narrative was short, and D'Almaine, ever sanguine, felt relieved. His child lived. The single word "lived" had a cordial balm in it.

"She will be restored to us," he said. "In fear that the painful truth should reach us, you have failed to give it full publicity. We will commence a new process, and she will be restored to us."

"She shall!" exclaimed Batiste; "for I will not rest in any spot long until she is found. Health, fortune, domestic comfort—sweeter than all!—shall be expended to discover where she has been sheltered."

"But Lucille, how can we pacify her feelings?" said the count. "She must know it—it will be impossible to keep it from her."

"She must be told all, monsieur," said Batiste. "It would be cruel, doubly cruel, to keep a mist before her eyes; she must know how uncertain will be the period when she may see her child."

D'Almaine again paced the floor dejectedly. After many turns he stopped before Madeline, who still drooped her head on her hands.

"Madeline," he said, "despair not so deeply; the fault cannot be alleged to you. What has happened might have occurred to me or Lucille herself. I am going home. Will you follow? for Lucille will need sympathy, and who can give it better than yourself?"

"But will she see me?" asked Madeline, looking up, timidly. "Oh, if she would, and forgive me, it would lighten the load of remorse that weighs me down. Her reproaches I can bear, if she will but see and pardon me."

"She will do both," said the count; "and though her regrets may be keen, she is too just to blame the innocent. This affliction on us is a chastening from above. Follow me quickly. Batiste, had you not better come?"

Lucille was at the window. When D'Almaine entered the garden his hat was drawn low over his eyes, and his slow, unsteady gait, so different to his natural alert, dashing tread, surprised her, and going to the door was there to receive him when he had slowly mounted the steps leading to it. His pale lips and the forced smile that parted them alarmed her, and following him into the parlor, where he flung himself on a chair without removing the hat from his head, she closed the door, and approaching gently, took his hat, and then, more struck with his dishevelled hair and ghastly paleness, said,

"You are ill, dear Jules."

"No, not bodily," he said, trying to speak calmly. "I have been distressed—that is, surprised by some intelligence this morning."

"Some intelligence!" said Lucille. "What intelligence could thus alarm and distress you? Is it from our country?"

D'Almaine tried to arm himself with courage to speak out, but he glanced towards her, saw her look of anxiety, and remained silent. She poured out a glass of water, but he waved it away.

"A moment," he said, "and I will tell you. But collect your fortitude, dearest, for you will need it."

"My fortitude!" she said. "What new misfortune has fallen on us? Speak, D'Almaine, when I share it with you I can bear much."

"Ah! this we share indeed together, Lucille. I repeat, have fortitude, for I must tell you of our child."

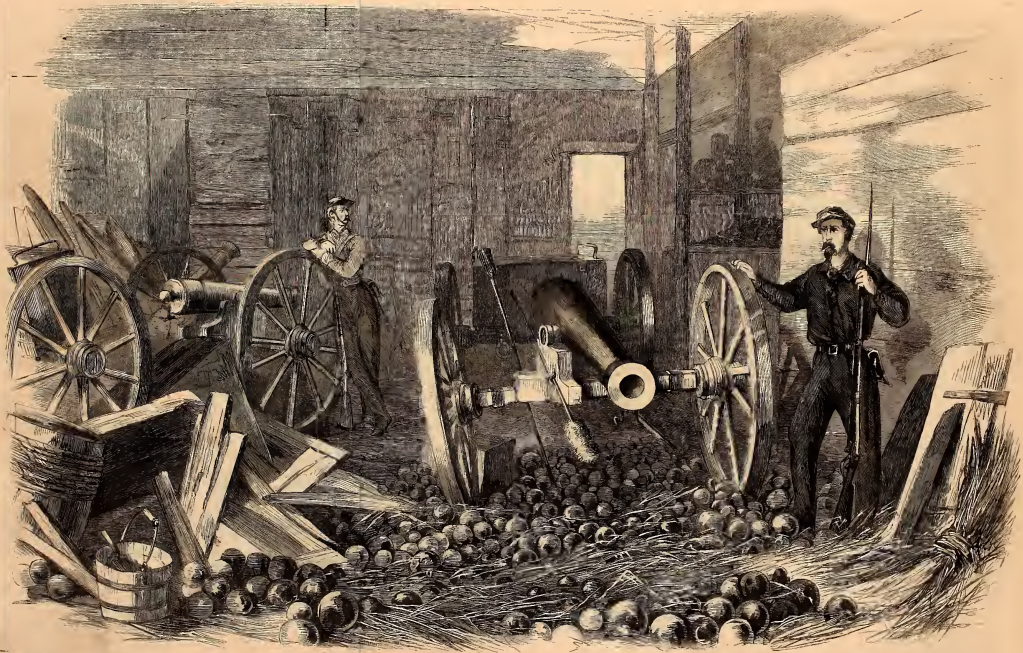
"Our child!" she said, starting from him, and speaking in a sharp, breathless tone. "What of her? What has happened to her? She was safe with Madeline as if my own arms clasped her. Jules, Jules, what of our child?"

"I cannot tell you when you are in that excited state," he replied. "Sit down here beside me, that I may tell by the beating of your heart when you are sufficiently composed."

"Composed!" repeated Lucille. "How can composure come

(*Continued on page* 138.)

MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD.—SECTION OF COOK'S BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY WITH ARTILLERY IN POSITION, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GEN. BANKS, TO QUELL AN ANTICIPATED RIOT ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.



Hole in the ceiling disclosing concealed munitions.

INTERIOR OF THE OUTBUILDING ATTACHED TO MARSHAL KANE'S POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HOLLIDAY STREET, BALTIMORE—DISCOVERY OF CANNON, MUSKETS, BALL AND AMMUNITION INTENDED FOR THE SERVICE OF THE SECESSIONISTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 129

LUCILLE DE VERNET.

(Continued from page 135.)

when all the scenes are up in arms! How can a mother's heart be still while she breathlessly waits to learn the fate of her child?"

She leaned her head on the arm of the chair and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Ah! now you weep, my wife," said D'Almaine, patting his arm round her. "Though your tears are bitter drops, and fall like fire on my own heart, I can tell you what far a time will cast a deeper shadow on our path of life."

"Weep for my child," she said, in a low, broken voice. "I am childless—the link between mother and child is snapped asunder, and I cannot even drop the tear of affection and regret on the sod that covers the dear remains!"

"Do not talk so, dearest!" said D'Almaine. "Dearest Lucille, Heaven forbid our child should sleep in her grave. It is not of her death I have to speak—no! other fate than mine must have told you that. It—"

"What—what is it, James?" she interrupted. "Is she sick, and you hesitate to tell me? You have heard from the Babies—pray me the letter. Oh, I must away to them immediately! My destiny believe me, she is blameless, like Batiste, in all but not having given greater publicity to the loss of our Birdie at the commencement of the unfortunate affair. But I am sanguine, with our united efforts we shall do much, and, ere long, I trust the truth will be found."

He went to the door, for he knew that Madeline and Batiste stood without. The sight of Madeline, so altered, the mere shadow of her former self, dark and humble before her, told Lucille, if she had suspected the wholly likeness, she had suffered long and much, and at the sight, remembering only the days of childhood, when Madeline was sister, mother, friend, all to her, she stretched out her arms and called upon her by name.

Madeline rushed wildly towards her, and catching her hand, cried, in a scarcely audible tone,

"Lucille, I am unfortunate, but not guilty. Can you believe that I have not betrayed your trust in me?"

"I do believe it," said Lucille. "The fault is not yours; it is my own unhappy fate. And the child's dream, Madeline—do you recollect her dream, when she told me not to leave her, or she should see me no more? Oh, why did I not, with her words still haunting me, bring her with me?"

Madeline embraced her, and whispered the hope mutter felt, but they found silence in each other, while D'Almaine and Batiste were energetic in their means to obtain intelligence, however vague.

INDIAN GIRLS IN HURONIA, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 134.

—my little Birdie—I will soon be with you! Oh! even in sickness to have her head once more nestled in my bosom will be bliss."

She rose precipitately. The count drew her gently towards him, and she shielded her saying, impressively.

"Our child is in Heaven's blessing, is neither dead nor in illness, but—hush—my brother. Have courage, do not breathe so short nor look so wildly, for what with overweening emotion continues I suffer more on your account than on my child's—she may be in health, happy, while you, if you do not command yourself will die, or, worse, your reason will be endangered by it. For, after all, through an unfortunate indiscretion of Madeline's, we have lost, and, perhaps, in no kind nor heartless keeping as our friend."

"Lost!" she exclaimed, starting from him. "Lost! It is impossible—sabbeyfor! They have stolen her, James—those who have robbed you of your birthright have taken from you your child! But there is redress in this country. Who dare keep a child from its parents? Jules, Jules! we must recover this lost treasure."

Her energy had returned. She stood before him restless, but the deep flush of injury and strong will deepened on her cheek.

D'Almaine's spirit brightened, the Princess left his lips, he was glad that she had taken this view of it, although he did not himself for a moment imagine there was any ground for the supposition. A low, humble rap was on the door, he rose and looked from the window.

"Here is Madelipe," he said. "Poor Madelipe, worn in body and spirit. You will see her, dear Lucille, and learn all from her; for I remember you well; there were three of you in the diligence—say which took the child?"

Mr. Logan looked at her, but Madeline, if he had noticed her then, was too much changed to be recognized now, and he referred.

"I do not recollect you, madame, though I do the child perfectly. May I ask which is the mother?"

"I am, sir," said Lucille, "and if you know aught about her I entreat you to reveal it to me at once."

"Why, madame, it was by mere chance I beheld the advertisement, that being a department of the newspaper I seldom bestow a glance on; but hearing one of my clerks remarking how often the same thing had appeared, I had it pointed out to me. You may be sure I was much struck with it, and without a moment's delay went to Comte D'Almaine's agent, who gave me your address."

"Yes, sir; but my child," said the agitated mother, "tell me, is she safe? At once let me know all."

"I think I may venture to say the child is safe, if the kind-hearted fellow in still alive who took her, as he thought, a deserted, forsaken object, to his arms as if she were his own."

"Heaven bless and reward him!" murmured Lucille and Madeline together.

"Where can we find him?" said Madeline. "Oh, sir! where can

CHAPTER LXIII.

SIX months had passed away, and still no tidings of the lost one. Hopeless against hope makes the heart sick, for not a clue beyond what Batiste had formerly obtained with such unsatisfactory results was to be met with, when, by a strange coincidence, a gentleman called at the house of the count, and demanded to speak with him or Monsieur D'Almaine. Lucille and Madeline were together in the parlor when the servant brought in his card.

"Mr. Logan, solicitor," said Lucille. "I do not know him. But, admit him. He brings news, or he would speak to either D'Almaine or myself."

The man concluded the gentleman ordered. He was a stout, red-faced personage, and at a glance Madeline recognized him as one of the passengers in the diligence. She half rose, but was unable to speak, and sank down again.

Mr. Logan, with his small eyes fixed admirably on Lucille, who still beautiful, though much altered since the time when Birdie brought the fresh bloom rose to mantle her blooming cheeks, was a little too much an object of admiration not to strike even a common observer, said, as he seated himself upon the chair to which Lucille motioned him,

"Excuse me, madame; I have been directed here by the count's agent concerning an advertisement."

"But the child, sir," said Madeline, who now found her voice, and spoke in great agitation; "tell us where she is. You must know, for I remember you well."

"Be calm, madame; I am here with three of you in the diligence—say which took the child?"

Mr. Logan looked at her; but Madeline, if he had noticed her then, was too much changed to be recognized now, and he referred,

"I do not recollect you, madame, though I do the child perfectly. May I ask which is the mother?"

"I am, sir," said Lucille, "and if you know aught about her I entreat you to reveal it to me at once."

"Why, madame, it was by mere chance I beheld the advertisement, that being a department of the newspaper I seldom bestow a glance on; but hearing one of my clerks remarking how often the same thing had appeared, I had it pointed out to me. You may be sure I was much struck with it, and without a moment's delay went to Comte D'Almaine's agent, who gave me your address."

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"Heaven bless and reward him!" murmured Lucille and Madeline together.

"Where can we find him?" said Madeline. "Oh, sir! where can

neither wife nor home; and the good Jean Perre so willingly taking charge of her, exonerated us both from any want of humanity, and from what I saw of him, I think you have nothing to fear for the child's safety, who with childish accents and streaming eyes clung to his neck as if she had been accustomed to him for years; while on his part he declared that while he had a home the forlorn one should share it."

"Oh! nothing on earth can reward him for such disinterested kindness," cried Lucille; "Heaven only can and will duly appreciate it. Madeline, let us hasten to this good man's hearth; it must be a blessed one, and I long to press his hand, to give him a mother's thanks and blessing. A village tailor, only a village tailor!" she added. "And he voluntarily, and with such uncharitable ideas as were expressed by his fellow-passengers, took a child whose tender years he was assured would long be a permanent burden to him! Oh! he shamed the rich and influential by such a deed, and has earned a reward in Heaven if not on earth. To you, sir," she said, turning to the lawyer, "I offer my best thanks for your information, and Count D'Almaine's agent will see that you have the advertised reward, which, believe me, will be delivered to you with the most heartfelt satisfaction; but excuse me if I say it would have been but humane if you, being the only rich man of the three, had made this case public; think how many tears it would have saved; and you, as a lawyer, had your supposition been just in imagining my child had been left by design to the charity of strangers, I say, sir, as a lawyer, you would but have done your duty in doing your best to bring the authors of such a crime to justice."

Mr. Logan's face assumed a deeper hue while listening to the latter part of this speech, for he was obliged to acknowledge the truth also that, had the advertisement not mentioned the handsome reward he would have, it would have been ninety-nine to a hundred if he had noticed it at all; but indifferent to the rebuke, as the reward was a golden one, as Lucille rang the bell he bowed himself from the room with a wish that the child might be found well.

"What had we better do?" said Lucille, as the door closed on Mr. Logan. "Set off immediately for France, I think, for hours will seem days till I see my child again."

"Write immediately to Monsieur Perre," said Madeline. "It would not be well-judged to go before we see the count and Batiste; they will be home to-night. In the meanwhile, let us pack up a few things in readiness to be off to-morrow. Dear Birdie! after a year's absence, at her tender age, she will scarcely recollect us; but the extreme strangeness of all connected with this unfortunate affair thickens with all we hear. First, that she should have been so near to us, while Batiste and I were severally making such searching inquiries at Paris; then, that so intelligent a child as Birdie should not have told her father's name and his place of residence, which, if she had done, none would have presumed to detain her long from her parents. I hope this lawyer has told us all the truth."

"Dear Madeline," said Lucille, "do not raise a single doubt if you would not crush my best hopes. Oh!" she added, laying her trembling fingers on her throbbing heart, "if it be not truth, may I not live to prove its fallacy."

"Amen," replied Madeline, devoutly. "Write, dear madame, and though we shall reach them soon after the reception of the letter, it will be better to warn these kind-hearted people of our approach than to take them entirely by surprise."

Before Lucille's letter was despatched D'Almaine and Batiste returned. It was indeed joyful tidings to them; but the count, amid his joy, regretted deeply the necessity which precluded him going with his wife to embrace his recovered child. "But you will hasten back with her, love," he said, earnestly. "I shall see you to Dover and wait there your return, being so selfish that I cannot permit you above a single night at Paris."

"Nor will I permit myself an hour to elapse away from you that is not reconcilable to my mission," she replied. "Oh, Jules! yesterday I was overladen with sorrow, to-day I have flung it to the winds; yesterday I thought the world made up of clouds, to-day it is all sunshine. When thus, how lovely is life!"

He looked at her animated countenance; the smile of other days was on it, and as he leaned over her with fondness, he prayed with fervor that it might not be blighted.

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

It would be idle to deny that Erle was affected by any superstitious imaginings. It is true that he had no positive belief in what is termed the supernatural.

As he stood before the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood in the old hunting-lodge, its sudden gliding from its position affected him with awe, not from the fact of its falling from the place where it had for so many years hung immoveable, but from the coincidence. He instinctively ascribed the accident to a sudden rush of wind, which agitating the picture, caused, by its abrupt motion, the rotten supports to give way and the portrait to descend to the ground. The effect was a natural consequence of the cause, and the event ought not to have surprised him; under ordinary circumstances it would not, but he had not forgotten the wonders of the previous night, and the recollection that the portrait in the picture gallery of this same remarkable ancestor of the Kingswood race had fallen with a tremendous crash while he and Lord and Lady Kingswood were gazing upon it, made him view the similar occurrence in the hunting-lodge as a concurrence sufficiently startling to thrill every nerve in his frame.

There was a remarkable identity between the two pictures; they were apparently painted by the same hand; the costume was the same in both; and though one might have been a copy of the other, there was a degree of exactness between them which Erle could not avoid noticing. Here, however, he had a better opportunity of examining this singular portrait, for the light which fell upon it was bright and almost dazzling, presenting indeed a remarkable contrast to that semi obscurity in which he had contemplated the counterpart in the gallery at Kingswood Hall.

The form was that of one young and vigorous, of an age but little exceeding his own. The features, like those of the portrait in the picture-gallery, were regular and strikingly handsome.

The figure was attired in a hunting shirt, fastened about the waist with a richly ornamented baldrick. Immediately behind it was painted a complete suit of armor, to show that the baron was a warrior as well as a hunter. In his right hand, half raised, he bore a spear, while his left hand in the picture in the gallery hung down by his side in repose. Its position was the same in the portrait upon which Erle now gazed, save that it partly rested upon a small ebony box, now scarcely decipherable.

Faint as it was, however, it caught Erle's eye, and he recognised it. He withdrew from beneath his cloak the one he had brought with him from the old library and compared it with the one in the picture. They exactly resembled each other. Upon both appeared the date, 1555, and a throng of strange thoughts were called up into his half bewildered brain by this discovery.

Nor was this all, he was singularly and painfully moved as he contemplated this vivid resemblance to the evil spirit of the race whose doom he felt that he was to share—or to end, perhaps by his own violent death.

How long he looked upon the picture, and how far his thoughts ran wild with him, he seemed not to consider; but he was aroused from a reverie—the deeper into which he sank the paler became his face—by the slow rising of a figure by his side.

He started, and turned half round to behold the aged woman who had accompanied him into this chamber, staggering, tottering back, with her white, wrinkled face towards him, her eyes, expressing indescribable terror, bent upon him.

He moved towards her, with a view of supporting her enfeebled frame, but she waved him off.

"Back! back!" she cried, wildly. "You have no power over me now, that I know. Your malignant influence fell like a withering blight upon me in the brightest hour of my youth, as it did upon her, thou accursed! I sinned—I fell. I have borne my cross, and I am passing on to my eternal rest with the memory of the past clinging to me and inflicting upon me earthly pain, which no unearthly torments can surpass. The destiny which your crimes have originated has fallen upon me as upon others, it has implanted its most deadly blow; it is not in human nature to endure greater suffering than I have borne, and it is not in your power, wandering restless, accursed and evil spirit, to wreak upon me one grief, one throb of passionate agony to surpass it. That I know, therefore I defy you. What do you here? Avaunt! Even though this may be my last hour, I acknowledge not thy summons. I have cried to my anguish to Him whose power alone is infinite. When the last flutter of life trembles on my lip it is He who will summon me hither, not thou! That I feel! Away! You have blasted my life, why now attempt uselessly to embitter the short remnant of my tottering captivity on earth?"

The old woman tottered to the wall as she spoke, and covered her eyes with her trembling hands.

Erle at first thought she recovered from the swoon only to fall into a state of delirium; but as soon as he caught the tenor of her expressions, he gathered that she was laboring under the same delusion respecting him as Tubal Kish had hitherto done, and modulating his voice to a gentle tone, he said,

"Fear not, dame, quiet your agitation. Look up. I am no spirit, but one come hither only for a simple purpose, which has been fulfilled."

At the sound of his voice she quickly withdrew her hands from before her eyes, and gazed upon him with a sharp and eager scrutiny.

"I remember now," she said, passing her fingers across her forehead. "I remember you said you were not Cyril Kingswood—but yet——"

"I am not he," interposed Erle in the same quiet tone; "and if you will conduct me to another apartment I will explain to you, as far as I am able, what I am and why I am here. It may, perhaps, lead to the discovery I so wish to make."

"What is that?" asked the old woman in a somewhat faint voice.

"Who I am!" he exclaimed, with a strong emphasis upon the pronoun.

"It is strange," she muttered, as her singularly bright eyes ran over his lineaments, "very strange that you should profess ignorance upon that point. You are a Kingswood—that I see."

"So have I heard that I am, dame," he answered. Then a scarlet flush mounted to his cheek, as he added, "but under what circumstances I know not—I have that important discovery yet to make."

The old woman approached him with a tottering step, and laid her white, shrivelled hand upon his arm and looked into his face. Presently she said,

"What is your age."

"I am in my twentieth year, I believe," he returned.

"And—and—Cyril Kingswood?" inquired the dame, eagerly and quickly.

"Is my junior by nearly twelve months," he replied.

The old woman gasped for breath.

"Great Heaven!" she muttered, "can it be that this boy is——"

She paused, and again interrogated with a shrill sharpness.

"Have you no knowledge of your place of birth?"

"I have told you, no," he replied.

"Nor of your parents?" she asked.

"No," he replied laconically.

"But of those who reared you?" she continued.

"A schoolmaster and a schoolmistress," answered Erle, "to whom I was nothing but a pupil, whose quarterly bills were regularly paid, and so far entitled to their consideration. Yet there was one who had a life interest in me, who, I am sure, is acquainted with my true history, but refuses to put me in possession of it on the plea that it is not yet time. He cannot be, I imagine, unknown to you."

"To me?" she cried.

"To you," he repeated.

"His name?" she exclaimed.

"Ishmael Malpas," he replied, fastening upon her a searching look.

"Ishmael! Ishmael!" she repeated, with evident astonishment. For an instant she appeared convulsed, and her body rocked to and fro, but presently she mastered her emotion, and said,

"Has he been your guardian, your protector, from your childhood?"

"I believe so," answered Erle.

The old woman seemed as if she were about to choke. She pressed her hands upon her throat, and then tossed them wildly in the air.

"If it should be so," she murmured hoarsely, "then surely is the dawning nigh!"

"You still reside beneath the roof of Lord Kingswood?"

"No," he returned, laconically.

"No!" she iterated. "He did not cast you forth?"

"No," repeated Erle, thoughtfully, and somewhat sadly. "A chain of circumstances, forced upon me by influences over which I had no control, compelled me to quit it suddenly and secretly."

The old woman started.

"Are you he who drew blood from the son of Black Walter of Hawkesbury?" she demanded, in an eager tone.

"If you mean Phil Avon," he replied, in a stern tone, "yes. Stung by his ignoble insults, I met him in fair combat. I could have slain him, but I spared his life in very scorn of him and his boasted power."

"But it was your weapon which crimsoned the pure green sward of the Chace with his blood?" she exclaimed with singular earnestness.

"It was my weapon," he replied, laconically.

She rocked herself to and fro, and murmured,

"It is written—

> He bears the Kingswood brand
> Who has blood upon his hand,
> Yet for him there will be grace,
> Who within the old lone Chace
> Shall wound Black Walter's heir,
> And though his life he spare,
> Shall thrust a venom'd dart
> Deep in his serpent heart.
> Soul-slain, yet not to die,
> Shall be his destiny.
> The Kingswood who does this
> May win a path to bliss.

If you are a Kingswood truly and legitimately born," she added, bending her penetrating eyes upon him, "so much of the prediction have you fulfilled."

The broad scarlet band which appeared always upon the brow of Erle when any question respecting the integrity of his origin arose, appeared there now brightly and vividly.

A groan escaped him.

"Woman!" he said, "it is this, to me tremendous fact, that I have yet to learn. You may help me to it. Will you?"

"I may," she answered. "If it is within my power to do so I must. You have spoken of Ishmael; have you seen him since you fled from Kingswood Hall, after leaving the heir of Black Walter stretched in the semblance of death upon the sward, ensanguined with the foul blood he has inherited from his race not less accursed than that of Kingswood, for their destinies are intertwined?"

"I have been living with him in splendor, and might have been in content, if wealth could have given it," rejoined Erle. "But not there existed what I seek, what my soul yearns to know, nor the emprise upon which I have set my heart; so I have even quitted him to fight my battle with the future, guided alone by the promptings of my spirit and the energies belonging to my nature."

"Were you alone with Ishmael?" inquired Eldra, displaying eager interest in his answer.

"No," he replied, in which excitement was blended with feeling. "No, there was with us one fair, gentle, lovely as an angel and as innocent; ay, and sad as beautiful, for within this leafy Chace she left her young heart."

"You speak," said Eldra, sharply, "of——"

"Violet," he ejaculated.

"Aye, another sacrifice immolated upon the altar of Kingswood," screeched the old woman, with malignant bitterness.

"Not yet," exclaimed Erle, folding his arms and regarding the old dame steadfastly. "In this I feel as I have felt in other matters, that Violet's fate is linked with mine. As I dwelt in comparative desolation in the old school-house at Avaling, so Violet dwelt within this drear old building, equally unconscious with myself of our origin, mere puppets in the hands of him who has assumed the right, without possessing the power, of controlling our fates. I regard Violet as a sister in my isolated fate, so do I look upon her in whatever may betide in the future. If I spring up into fortune and to happiness, she shall ascend with me; aye, and it shall go hard, too, but she shall win and wear him upon whom her young, pure, loving heart is set!"

"Cyril Kingswood?" exclaimed Eldra, in a hoarse voice.

"Even him," returned Erle, firmly.

"It must not, cannot be; I say it," cried the old woman.

"And if it can, it shall be; I say it," cried Erle, almost passionately. "It is not for you, woman, to interpose your voice between the decrees of Heaven and their fulfilment."

"Nor for you!" retorted Eldra, sharply. She waved her hand. "Nor is it for us to dispute between the possible and the impossible. You know not who she is. I do!"

"From whom is she descended? In Heaven's name, I pray you to tell me," he cried with earnestness.

"Why should you seek so anxiously to learn this?" she inquired, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Because, as I have told you, I believe her fate and history to be closely linked with mine," he replied. "To be frank with you, I wish it not alone for her sake, but because it may afford some clue to my own origin."

"In this supposition," observed the old crone, musingly, "you may not be far wrong, but I dare not reveal yet a history which must be disclosed only when the object for which the secrecy has been maintained shall have been gained."

Erle gazed at her with earnest attention for a few minutes, during which a profound silence obtained. He broke it by saying,

"You have repeated some doggerel rhymes respecting a Kingswood. I have heard others such from a rough fellow whom I have met in the Chace, and I have heard them——"

He paused, and placed his hand thoughtfully upon his brow.

"Where?" inquired Eldra, as he hesitated.

"In—in dreams—strange, mysterious dreams, by which I was much disturbed when I slept within an antique bed chamber in the ancient part of Kingswood Hall," he replied.

"A chamber in which hung a portrait of the Lady Maud, whose blood stains the walls of this doomed building, and yet rests—aye, see, it sleeps with your own from the wound you inflicted upon your hand and drips upon the floor—already blood-stained," the old woman cried, in a tone of excitement.

Erle started, and bound hastily his bleeding hand with his handkerchief.

"Aye," he muttered inwardly, "they commingle, as they shall commingle the first with the last."

"I am a Kingswood," she said, in tones of singular bitterness. "The withering mantle of their shame has clung to me from girlhood until now, and will until the reluctant earth receives me into its cold arms to bear the doom no longer."

"You a Kingswood?" echoed Erle, with an air of astonishment.

"Aye," she replied, in clear but hollow tones. "Listen. This old tower, known in past centuries as The Wonder of Kingswood Chace, has been so called because there exists no record of its first erection or of him by whom it was built. The archives of the race of Kingswood go not back so far as the building of the tower nor its original occupiers. All that is known is, that it stood in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, and was held by a powerful chief, who ruled over a vast body of followers, by name Erle."

Erle started and would have spoken, but the old woman waved her hand, and continued,

"This Saxon chief was followed by descendants who still held this tower in common with other possessions, and eventually that which is now known as Kingswood Hall became the castle of the first Baron of Kingswood; it occupied once an extensive site, it suffered partial demolition through the contumacy of one of the race, and has since become what you see it; but this tower has undergone scarcely any change. Such as it was in the time of the Saxon chief, you see it now——"

"One moment," interposed Erle, his heart leaping within his breast, "the Saxon name you have mentioned is one which interests me more nearly than you perhaps imagine. Are the Barons of Kingswood descended from the chief you have named?"

"This is a fact which is hidden in obscurity. There is a gap in the history of the house which it has been found impossible to supply. If any archives were written which could have thrown light upon the point, they have been lost. It is known that yon baron," she pointed to the picture as she spoke, "he who has wrought so much dire misery upon his successors, was named Erle, Baron of Kingswood, but since his time that name has not been borne by a Kingswood."

"Until now," thought Erle, not a little moved by the impression her statement made and the suggestion it forced upon him. He did not make any allusion to this suggestion, but he said,

"Has the name of Gower ever been mixed up with that of Kingswood by marriage or otherwise?"

The old woman shook her head.

"It has its significance," she replied, "when mentioned with the name of Kingswood. It is one of the family names of Vernon, of Huntingford."

Erle understood now why Ishmael had given to him the fictitious appellation of Erle Gower, for each name was to Lord Kingswood a symbol of doom and retribution.

"This old hunting tower of Kingswood Chace, the scene of a dreadful deed of former days, has been my home for many a weary year, as it has been the home of others similarly circumstanced to myself. Though it belongs to the barony, it is only held by the baron for the time being, under certain conditions, one of which is, that it shall afford a home to such nearest member of the direct line, being a woman, who shall have suffered from the curse which clings to the house. There has never been any failure in the direct line, and there have been many collateral branches, male and female. Of the female branch the most beautiful were the first to be sacrificed to the doom. I had the fatal gift of beauty, even like unto her from whom you have but recently parted. A violet in these old woods—a bruised flower, perhaps, ere this, in the accursed city. My father, a Kingswood, married a young and beautiful girl. I was the only offspring. Well that it was so; he broke her heart, squandered his patrimony, and came bitter to die miserable and a beggar. He left me in care of an old woman, whom he had hired to wait upon him. She brought me up within the old building carefully and tenderly, but in ignorance and simplicity. One bright morning as I sat at yonder window, a young hunter passed by, stopped, gazed at me, and spoke; he was handsome, and looked truthful and noble, and generous in spirit, but he was a Lord of Kingswood and a villain. He came again and again. I had seen no mortal creature so beautiful to my eyes as him. I had heard no words so soft, so musical, so strongly pleasing as his, and so, when he asked me to quit the old Chace for a brighter world than here I had known, I consented and fled with him. It was a short happy dream while it lasted. I awoke to find myself discarded, a fingerpoint, an object of scorn and contempt to my own sex, of horror and humiliation to myself."

"Did he not marry you?" inquired Erle, with indignant astonishment.

"I came back here lone and desolate, and he married a lady of wealth and of high family, who perished not long after she had given birth to a son, by a fall from her horse. It was at this period while I was mourning in bitterness and anguish, that one night there was a violent knocking heard at the door of the tower, and a voice called my name thrice. I descended and opened the door. I could see no one, but at my feet lay a bundle, from which issued the wail of an infant. I took it up and entered the tower with it. I examined it with a light, and found a beautiful young female child of scarce a twelvemonth old, carefully enwrapped in a thick mantle. Upon its breast was pinned a scroll, upon which was written the following words:

"This child is a Kingswood, its mother was a Kingswood; the doom of her race is fallen upon her—she is dead. To you, by right and by tradition, the care of her and the task of rearing her within the ancient tower falls. Look to her, protect her from the fatal glance of a Kingswood. She is the offspring of a secret marriage; be content to learn no more. The name she is to bear is Erla."

"The female of Erle," suggested he.

"Even so," rejoined the old woman, with a shudder, and continued, "Nothing further was written on the paper. In the fold of the clothes there was a bag of gold pieces, but not the slightest clue to any further discoveries respecting her. I looked upon the child rather as a gain in my desolation than as a fresh burden to my sorrow, and I commenced my maternal task with zeal. I reared it with the watchfulness of a bird tending its young, and she grew up a perfect marvel of loveliness. The foresters and retainers of the Kingswood estate were forbidden to approach this tower, but if ever they caught a glimpse of fleeting Erla, as she darted like a fawn across a narrow glade, they called her The Wonder of Kingswood Chace. Even as I had been, as Violet has been, as others yet to come may be. At last the eye of Lord Kingswood fell on her—the eye of the serpent—it fascinated her. I discovered this all too late. I fled with her to Huntingford, and thought that she would have been wedded to Vernon of that place; but I kept my secret when I should have disclosed it. Kingswood followed and fled with her——"

"But," cried Erle, with startled energy and a face white as marble, "he—he married her?"

"Aye, he married her, but—hush!" suddenly exclaimed the old woman, raising her finger, "we are intruded upon."

A stealthy step was heard ascending the stair, and in another minute the shaggy head of Tubal Kish appeared in the doorway.

Violet found, after Erle's departure from the roof of Ishmael, that the forebodings she had expressed to the former were quickly in the way of realization.

The return to London had been abrupt; it was followed by a seclusion even yet more lonely than that she had suffered at Gray's Mount. She met Ishmael but seldom, and he, though kind and gentle in his manner to her, scarce spoke a word.

He was away much, and she passed the greater part of her time within her own room, wondering at the purport of Cyril's words, and weeping as she remembered them and the look which accompanied them. What could these words and that look mean?

He had said, "I dare not see you more." There was not a tone in the utterance of this sentence which implied, "I care not to see you more." And he had said that they were to part for ever, but he had spoken this dreadful sentence with a cry of anguish, as though it was his own death-warrant.

What was she to believe? Not that he loved her less than ever, but that, like herself, he was coerced to pursue some path which would conduct him from hers in such direction that she could never meet as she had in love and happiness.

Perhaps it was not strange that she should feel this repulse less acutely after she had thought it over than she had that which had occurred at the Marquis of Chillingham's. Then his face was averted from her, his eye fell coldly upon the ground, and it seemed to her that, in separating from her, his love had departed too.

Now, it was clear that some most formidable obstacle intervened between them and the interchange of their loves, but it was not clear to her that his love for her had faded, even though they were divided. There was a dear, soothing, even pleasing consolation in that thought. She felt that she should love him as fondly, as dearly, whatever barriers might divide them. It would matter little what harsh designs Ishmael might have in store, or what part he might force her to enact, he could not compel her to cease to love Cyril, to forget him, or to omit him in her morning and nightly orisons, and she thought that it would be some alleviation to his sorrow if he knew it.

One morning, in the absence of Ishmael, she was seated in her apartment before a piano, playing and singing her favorite ballad, "When We Two Parted," and as the last notes of the final verse—for she repudiated all other stanzas—died tremblingly away upon her quivering lips, a low, soft voice expressed words of gratified approbation.

She hastily started from the instrument, blushing to have been thus overheard, for she only played in the presence of her music mistress or alone, and beheld Carlton Stanhope standing at her side.

He had entered unannounced, and he apologised for it.

"I was anxious to see you alone, Violet," he said, with a slight tremble in the tone of his voice, "and I fancied if I permitted myself to be announced I should have to face 'thy king, thy lord, thy governor,' the most grave and potent Mr. Vernon, and that you, so timid as you are, would fly from me, though by no means such a terrible fellow, simply because Beatrice is not with me. The fact is, Beatrice is not herself; she has grown whimsical, capricious; her thoughts are disjointed, her actions curious, impulsive and unmeaning; but, Violet, when she is in the favorable mood to visit you, she will come and be violently affectionate to you; and then suddenly as cold as Siberian ice, will laugh with you, weep with you, sing to you, quit you abruptly, and return and entreat your pardon, winding up with a menace never to see you more."

Still Violet was silent, and looked at him with an air of surprise.

Then he flung his hat impatiently on the table, and pulled off his gloves impetuously.

"Shall we be seated?" he said, motioning her to take a seat.

She complied, and remained silent, as though it was necessary that all to be spoken should come from him.

"Where is Erle?" he inquired abruptly.

"He is absent," returned Violet, quietly.

"I have not met him anywhere lately," he subjoined. "What has become of him? Where has he gone?"

CAMP PRINCETON, VIRGINIA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. RUNYON'S NEW JERSEY BRIGADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 134.

OCCUPATION OF THE POST OFFICE, CORNER OF GAY AND LOMBARD STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD., BY A DETACHMENT OF THE TWENTIETH PENNSYLVANIAN TROOPS, TO PROTECT IT, IN CASE OF A RIOT. BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GEN. BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.

"I do not know," replied Violet, in as quiet a tone as before, and still regarding him with some surprise.

"I beg your pardon," he returned, promptly; "I had no right to put that question. I don't think he looked well when I saw him at Brighton. I am sure you did not, Violet. My sister was ill, I was fidgetty, and not the thing; Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud were both miserably ill. Nobody was well at Brighton. I don't quite think I like Brighton. There was poor Cyril Kingswood, too, he looked deucedly ill, in fact, frightfully bad."

"Is—he—is—is Mr. Cyril Kingswood—really—really very ill?" inquired Violet, articulating the words with the greatest possible difficulty, for Carlton's hasty words had shocked her greatly.

"Well, yes," returned Carlton, thoughtfully, "if looks are a fair criterion. He seems so horridly miserable, too, and that in the face of his approaching marriage."

"His marriage!" exclaimed Violet, with a sudden, eager earnestness.

"Oh, yes. You have surely heard of it!" he rejoined. "It is a strange match for Lord Kingswood to countenance. You must have heard the particulars?"

"N—o!" returned Violet, faintly.

"How extraordinary! It is in everybody's mouth," replied Carlton. "The fact is, Lord Kingswood is a proud, haughty noble, priding himself upon his descent from some grim old baron, who, between you and I, tradition declares to have been no better than he should be, for in those days barons and such folk did a great deal in the way of burglary and cattle-stealing. Possibly the Kingswood ancestor distinguished himself in that peculiar mode of accumulating property. Now, everybody thought that Lord Kingswood would not permit Cyril Kingswood, whom he is said to regard as the apple of his eye, to

THE POST OFFICE, BALTIMORE, MD., GUARDED BY A DETACHMENT OF MAJOR COOK'S BOSTON BATTERY—TWO BRASS SIX-POUNDERS IN POSITION TO RAKE LOMBARD STREET IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, IN CASE OF A RIOT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.

PERSONAL.

ADELINA PATTI has made another hit in London as Amina. The *Athenæum* is the most favorable towards her, but even this awards high praise.

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, after all, is not coming back. He comes, "Forgiving with Fire," has been produced in Manchester with great applause.

HON. HIRAM KING has been appointed Sutler to Farnum's Mounted Rangers, in place of Mr. Mosely. As it is an earnest job, considerable indignation exists in consequence. Indeed, it is said that Mr. Mosely will resign. Inquiry ought to be held upon it. Mosely is at last introduced into the army as well as the civilians.

THE meeting of Democratic Editors, called together by the Hon. Benjamin Wood, resulted in the appointment of a committee to prepare the basis of union.

HON. MR. GOWEN, Chaplain to the Hawkins Zouaves, now assigned to Burnside's Brigade, has been presented by the Zouaves with a splendid horse, saddle, and bridle, as a parting token of their esteem. Hon. Mr. Gowen is very deservedly popular with his regiment.

THE issue of Stamps and Duties and Territories west of the Mississippi River, and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico, will in future be under the supervision of Commissioner Rollins, known to the Western Department, under the command of Major-General Frémont of the United States Army, headquarters at St. Louis.

ON the afternoon of the 4th a flag rose by the National Guard of Sea Fencibles, Capt. Wm. Wilson commanding, Eighth Ward, organized by Colonel Riley, of Cullen's. Brief addresses were made by Colonel Riley, Colonel Smith, Rev. Mr. Bowman, Rev. Mr. Hall, and Rev. Mr. Cheever. The Rev. Mr. Cheever, of Bowery Mission, in addressing said the regiment would probably be ordered to Washington, as many days to join the operations around the enemy, and then the Fencibles are greeted with the characteristic cheer. The interested community more closely with a rousing and eloquent speech by Lieutenant-Colonel Wells of the Massachusetts Eighth.

THE Sultan of Turkey died at Constantinople on the 25 h of June. He was born April 20, 1823, and was the son of Mahmoud. He was the brother of Abdul Medjid, who died in 1839, and succeeded to the throne.

LORD DERBY, the Premier of England, died on the 23d of June. He was found dead in his bed. He was in his eighty-first year.

WE copy the following from the *Cincinnati Gazette*:

NEW YORK, June 8, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Yes you are happier than I am, this moment. You stand at the head of a body of brave men, eager to fight for the greatest of causes—and I am left behind, to do the work of a woman. Were the country just at a time when it is cleared to me. I could pay my record, the record which I expected to secure in the battle-field. I am a victim of the fortunes of war. You choose and warm friendship which, as you know, I always cherished for you, but I am not to be with you. Perhaps you will never know how I regret your absence. C. S. HEINTZ.

TO COLONEL HECKER, E. Force, Fourth Regiment Wisconsin State Volunteers.

THE Rev. Dr. Cheever, of the Bowery Mission, should have remained here to lead his countrymen, and not be sent to Spain, where he will not be required.

AMONG the many things calculated to protect the health of our brave volunteers, we have received a sample of Dr. Perry's Compound Cork Lining for military hats and caps. It is the best invention yet out. The Government, or the Town Executive Committees, should send a number at once to our soldiers. Already many have died from sunstroke.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

THE following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse one Sunday morning. He had a very fine animal, which he was fond of riding, and he gave up in disgust. The next day he saw his horse following no road in particular, and he called out to the animal to stop. The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the bartender of thought, cried out, "Stop the horse, stop the horse!" and he was stopped.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man was lately robbed while travelling. How much his loss was he could not tell, for he had forgotten how much he had when he started. He was only sure that he had been robbed.

"I DON'T mistake one's dinner, your particular. I don't keep such. For instance, I'm a bit of a newspaper scrawl, a pair of wooden mandrel, two newspaper reporters, and a few miscellaneous impressions on the premises. And I hear you are on editor, I return your fresh. I never robs only myself."

"MR. PARKS," said a lawyer to a witness, "I understand you to say that you were formerly engaged in the practice of law, but relinquished it for the profession?"

"I was tired of any correspondence or letters passing between them."

"Do you mean to say that you were ever in the practice of law?"

"No, I think he actions as easy as any man I ever saw."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—wine or otherwise?"

"Why, I don't like 'em; but I take a little sugar under the arms, and toe short-waisted for the bottom."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

IN a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a thread-bare looking man, who was trying to entertain a couple of evidently well-to-do and intelligent gentlemen with a story of his adventures. Judge Story, they were about to go into the back car, when Patrick arose hastily, and offered them his seat with a polite bow.

"But you will have no seat for yourself," suggested one of the young ladies, as she looked around the crowded car.

"Never mind that," said the gallant Hibernian, "I'd rate upon the crow-bar sooner than you should be left without a seat." The young lady thanked him, and he seized hastily into the next car, and the chorus of his fellow-passengers.

Some say there's nothing made in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
But I'm not one of either,
For I'm sure
Mosquitoes, bed-bugs, crickets, flies,
Were made to plague the wise.

WANTED—A life-boat that will float on a "set of sentiments."

IF FIVE in Choice there is the interesting interruption on a handsome break, how many will it take to make a Queen? Answer—Two, for the knight, his descendants soften would keep the Queen from the throne.

A GENTLEMAN in Paris, on coming home to dinner, found his wife in bed. On being asked the reason of her unusual indisposition, she replied that she had always supposed her husband was dead, and that she had gone to bed in order to get used to it.

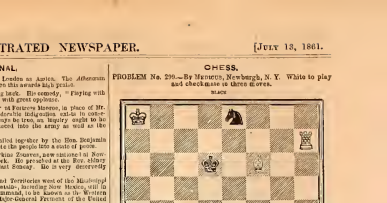
A PARISIAN dandy one day, when he entered his "Petite Boutique," the dandy had at his counter a young lady, who was trying on a pair of gloves. "Mademoiselle," said he, "I am your humble servant." "Permit me to send you a bouquet by my valet." "Mademoiselle, I am your most obedient." "Shall I have the honor to send a bouquet?" "Sir," said the young lady, putting on her livery, and handing the dandy's money, "you have been and handed me the change."

IN FIVE in Choice there is the interesting interruption on a handsome break, how many will it take to make a Queen? Answer—Two, for the knight, his descendants soften would keep the Queen from the throne.

WANTED—A life-boat that will float on a "set of sentiments."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 210.—By MESSRS. Newbrugh, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



WHITE.

CORRESPONDENCE.—In Problem No. 207 there should be a Black Pawn on Knight's Bishop's fifth square. As printed it is impossible to solve the problem.

GAME between MR. MORPHY and MR. LOWENTHAL, at the odds of Pawn and two moves.

(Remove Knight's Pawn to K B 3d.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17 Q to K 3d	Q to K 2d
2 P to Q 4th	P takes P	18 Q to K 4th	K to Q sq
3 K B to Q 3d	P to K B 4th	19 Q to K B 4th	Q to K B 3d
4 K B P takes P	K B to K B 4th	20 Q R to K sq	Q R to K sq
5 K to K B sq	P to K 5th	21 Q to K 3d	Q to K 2d
6 K to K 2d	P to K 6th	22 Q to K B 4th	Q to K B 3d
7 Q to Q 4th	Q to K B 3d	23 Q R to K sq	Q to K 2d
8 Q to K 3d	Q to K 2d	24 Q to K 3d	Q to K B 3d
9 Q to K B 4th	Q to K B 3d	25 Q to K B 4th	Q to K 2d
10 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	Drawn	Q to K B 3d
11 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	26 Q to K 3d	P to K 4th
12 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	27 P to K 5th	P to K 5th
13 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	28 P to Q 5th	P to K 6th
14 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	29 P to Q 6th	P to K 7th
15 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	30 P to Q 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
16 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	31 P to Q 8th (Q)	P to K 7th
17 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	32 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
18 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	33 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
19 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	34 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
20 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	35 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
21 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	36 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
22 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	37 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
23 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	38 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
24 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	39 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
25 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	40 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
26 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	41 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
27 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	42 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
28 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	43 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
29 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	44 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
30 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	45 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
31 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	46 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
32 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	47 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
33 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	48 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
34 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	49 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
35 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	50 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
36 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	51 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
37 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	52 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
38 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	53 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
39 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	54 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
40 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	55 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
41 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	56 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
42 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	57 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
43 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	58 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
44 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	59 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
45 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	60 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
46 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	61 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
47 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	62 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
48 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	63 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
49 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	64 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
50 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	65 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
51 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	66 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
52 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	67 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
53 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	68 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
54 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	69 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
55 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	70 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
56 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	71 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
57 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	72 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
58 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	73 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
59 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	74 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
60 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	75 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
61 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	76 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
62 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	77 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
63 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	78 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
64 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	79 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
65 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	80 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
66 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	81 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
67 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	82 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
68 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	83 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
69 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	84 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
70 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	85 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
71 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	86 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
72 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	87 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
73 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	88 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
74 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	89 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
75 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	90 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
76 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	91 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
77 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	92 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
78 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	93 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
79 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	94 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
80 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	95 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
81 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	96 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
82 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	97 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
83 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	98 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
84 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	99 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
85 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	100 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
86 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	101 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
87 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	102 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
88 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	103 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
89 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	104 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
90 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	105 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
91 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	106 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
92 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	107 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
93 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	108 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
94 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	109 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
95 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	110 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
96 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	111 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
97 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	112 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
98 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	113 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
99 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	114 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
100 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	115 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
101 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	116 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
102 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	117 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
103 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	118 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
104 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	119 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
105 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	120 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
106 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	121 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
107 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	122 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
108 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	123 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
109 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	124 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
110 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	125 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
111 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	126 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
112 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	127 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
113 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	128 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
114 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	129 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
115 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	130 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
116 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	131 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
117 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	132 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
118 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	133 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
119 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	134 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
120 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	135 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
121 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	136 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
122 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	137 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
123 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	138 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
124 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	139 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
125 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	140 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
126 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	141 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
127 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	142 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
128 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	143 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
129 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	144 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
130 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	145 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
131 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	146 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
132 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	147 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
133 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	148 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
134 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	149 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
135 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	150 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
136 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	151 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
137 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	152 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
138 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	153 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
139 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	154 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
140 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	155 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
141 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	156 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
142 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	157 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
143 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	158 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
144 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	159 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
145 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	160 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
146 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	161 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
147 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	162 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
148 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	163 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
149 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	164 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
150 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	165 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
151 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	166 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
152 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	167 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
153 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	168 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
154 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	169 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
155 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	170 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
156 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	171 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
157 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	172 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
158 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	173 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
159 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	174 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
160 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	175 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
161 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	176 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
162 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	177 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
163 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	178 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
164 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	179 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
165 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	180 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
166 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	181 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
167 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	182 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
168 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	183 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
169 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	184 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
170 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	185 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
171 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	186 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
172 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	187 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
173 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	188 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
174 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	189 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
175 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	190 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
176 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	191 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
177 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	192 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
178 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	193 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
179 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	194 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
180 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	195 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
181 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	196 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
182 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	197 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
183 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	198 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
184 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	199 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
185 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	200 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
186 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	201 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
187 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	202 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
188 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	203 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
189 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	204 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
190 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	205 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
191 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	206 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
192 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	207 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
193 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	208 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
194 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	209 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
195 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	210 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
196 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	211 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
197 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	212 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
198 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	213 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
199 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	214 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
200 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	215 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
201 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	216 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
202 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	217 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
203 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	218 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
204 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	219 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
205 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	220 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
206 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	221 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
207 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	222 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
208 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	223 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
209 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	224 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
210 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	225 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
211 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	226 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
212 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	227 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
213 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	228 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
214 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	229 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
215 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	230 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
216 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	231 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
217 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	232 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
218 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	233 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
219 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	234 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
220 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	235 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
221 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	236 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
222 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	237 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
223 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	238 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
224 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	239 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
225 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	240 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
226 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	241 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
227 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	242 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
228 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	243 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
229 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	244 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
230 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	245 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
231 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	246 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
232 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	247 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
233 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	248 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
234 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	249 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
235 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	250 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
236 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	251 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
237 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	252 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
238 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	253 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
239 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	254 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
240 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	255 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
241 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	256 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
242 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	257 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
243 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	258 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
244 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	259 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
245 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	260 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
246 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	261 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
247 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	262 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
248 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	263 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
249 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	264 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
250 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	265 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
251 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	266 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
252 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	267 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
253 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	268 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
254 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	269 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
255 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	270 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
256 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	271 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
257 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	272 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
258 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	273 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
259 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	274 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
260 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	275 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
261 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	276 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
262 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	277 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
263 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	278 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
264 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	279 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
265 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	280 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
266 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	281 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
267 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	282 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
268 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	283 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
269 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	284 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
270 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	285 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
271 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	286 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
272 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	287 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
273 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	288 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
274 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	289 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
275 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	290 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
276 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	291 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
277 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	292 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
278 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	293 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
279 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	294 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
280 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	295 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
281 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	296 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
282 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	297 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
283 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	298 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
284 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	299 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
285 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	300 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
286 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	301 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
287 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	302 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
288 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	303 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
289 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	304 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
290 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	305 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
291 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	306 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
292 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	307 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
293 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	308 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
294 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	309 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
295 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	310 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
296 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	311 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
297 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	312 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
298 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	313 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
299 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	314 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
300 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	315 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
301 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	316 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
302 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	317 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
303 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	318 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
304 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	319 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
305 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	320 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
306 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	321 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
307 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	322 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
308 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	323 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
309 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	324 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
310 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	325 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
311 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	326 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
312 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	327 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
313 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	328 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
314 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	329 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
315 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	330 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
316 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	331 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
317 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	332 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
318 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	333 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
319 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	334 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
320 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	335 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
321 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	336 Q to K 7th	P to K 8th (Q)
322 K to K 2d	Q to K 2d	337 Q to K 7th	P to K 7th
323 K to K B sq	Q to K B 3d	338 Q to K

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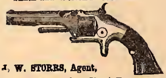

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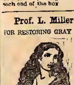

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No. 296—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

VISIT OF MAJOR TAYLOR OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

We illustrate, in our present number, an incident which considerably agitated the public mind, and from which, even now it has scarcely recovered its surprise. On the 4th of July the pickets of the Eighth New York Regiment, Colonel Lyons, observed a small party of Confederate soldiers approach with a flag of truce. This proved to be from Manassas Junction, and protected Major Taylor, of New Orleans, who bore letters from Jefferson Davis and Beauregard to President Lincoln and General Scott. Colonel Lyons telegraphed to Washington, and in reply received orders to send the despatches to Washington. A cannon was held, when the despatches from these eminent rebels were read, but their nature has not transpired. It is sufficient to say the no answer was given, and Major Taylor was conducted to the rebel lines in the manner portrayed by our Artist. From the Richmond *Guardian* we learn that the letter from Jeff. Davis to Lincoln was on the subject of privateering, while that of Beauregard to General Scott related to an exchange of prisoners. Whatever the subject of these epistles might have been, the expedition was fruitless in all respects. We pay no heed to the surmise of some persons that it was a weak invention of the enemy to gather information. There are too many traitors in office in Washington to render such a clumsy expedient necessary on the part of the one-eyed Confederacy.

THE BATTLE AT RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On the morning of the 12th of July General McClellan ordered four regiments—the Eighth, Tenth and the Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, and the Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers—to proceed along the line of the hills, south-east of the enemy's entrenched camp, to the Beverly road, where it crosses Rich Mountain, two miles east of the enemy's position, with orders to advance along the Beverly road, and attack the east side of the works, General McClellan being prepared to assault the west side as soon as firing should announce the commencement of the attack. The capture of a courier, who mistook the road through his enemy's camp for the route of our troops, placed the enemy in possession of the movement. When General Rosecrans reached the Beverly road, at two o'clock, after a most exhausting march over the mountains, he found the enemy posted in the opposite side of the road, about eight hundred strong, with two cannons, and holding a strong position, partially fortified.

An engagement instantly took place, and continued for three-quarters of an hour, when the rebels were totally routed, with the loss of three hundred men, including officers and both cannon. About seventy-five of the rebels were killed; seventy-five of their wounded are in our hands, and one hundred and fifty others as prisoners.

The road was between two hills. Our troops descending a steep declivity were greatly exposed to the fire of the rebels, who occupied the opposite hill and poured musketry, shot and shell upon them. General Rosecrans' column remained at the place of the engagement during the night.

General McClellan was in position with his whole force during the whole afternoon, ready to make the assault, but heard nothing from the other column except this distant firing. Early in the morning he was proceeding to plant cannon upon an eminence commanding a portion of the rebel camp, and preparing to attack the whole nest in front, when it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated the place during the night, moving towards Laurel Hill, leaving behind a few of their sick men, all their tents, cannon, camp equipage and transportation. A rapid march was then made by General McClellan to Beverly, passing Rosecrans' command on the road, with instructions to follow quickly. At Beverly it was ascertained, late

RECEIVING MAJOR TAYLOR, OF NEW ORLEANS, THE BEARER OF A FLAG OF TRUCE COVERING LETTERS FROM JEFF DAVIS AND BEAUREGARD TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GEN. SCOTT, ENLIGHTENED TO THE REBEL LINES, AFTER HIS UNSUCCESSFUL MISSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.

in the day, that the rebel forces at Laurel Hill had retreated, moving towards Romney.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1861.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate, July 10.—After some unimportant business, the resolution to approve certain acts of the President was taken up; Mr. King offered to amend so as to reduce the standing army in six months after the re-establishment of the authority of the United States. Mr. Latham saw no reason for the increase of the regular army or suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, but was willing to approve past acts of the President. Mr. Hale also wished to reduce the navy after the war, and was for making war on the harpies who in the guise of friends were filching from the Government. Mr. Kennedy protested against the suspension of the habeas corpus writ by the President; he was opposed to coercion, and to a violation of the Constitution in the effort to sustain it. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, declared he would sanction no peace until the death by the halter of the leaders of the rebellion. Mr. Baker was for war. The amendment was amended so as not to permanently increase army or navy. Agreed to. Mr. Polk opposed the resolution, and in a speech of much length and ability argued that the President had assumed unconstitutional powers. The resolution was then postponed. The amended bill authorizing the President to call for 500,000 volunteers, appropriating $500,000,000, and granting franking privilege to military officers, was taken up, and after various amendments passed by 33 to 5. The Senators who voted against the bill were Polk, Salisbury, Powell, Johnson, of Missouri, and Kennedy.

July 11.—After some preliminary business, the House resumed the grave discussion of affairs. The bill for the payment of the militia and volunteers was passed without discussion. Then Mr. Clarke's motion to expel the members for Seceding States was also carried. Mr. Polk and Mr. Powell made strong peace speeches, and Mr. Breckinridge obtained the floor.

July 12.—The Force Bill, after considerable discussion, was passed, by 36 yeas to 6 nays. The previous vote on the bill authorizing the employment of volunteers was reconsidered, some amendments made, and the bill again passed—yeas 35, nays 5. A bill was introduced relative to the Sanitary Commission, and referred to the Military Committee. Notice was given of a bill to be introduced authorizing the Federal Government to take possession of personal property in the rebellious States where the owners have been found in rebellion. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, offered his previously noticed resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, with a view to putting a stop to the present war. It is in substance the Crittenden compromise of the last Congress.

On the presentation of the credentials of Mr. Frederic P. Stanton, appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill a supposed vacancy from that State, understood to be caused by the appointment of Senator James Lane to a command in the regular army, Mr. Lane demurred to being ousted from his Senatorial functions before his military nomination had been confirmed, and the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Various bills received consideration, all having in view the strengthening of the administrative arm of Government.

July 13.—Mr. Hale introduced his bill providing for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and it was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The Postmaster-General sent in a communication, in accordance with the request of Congress, explaining the circumstances attending the suspension of the mails in the rebellious States. The credentials of the Senators elect from Virginia, in place of Messrs. Hunter and Mason—John S. Carlile and William B. Willey—were presented by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, and a long debate occurred as to the propriety of their admission, which was participated in by Messrs. Bayard and Saulsbury, of Delaware; Johnson, of Tennessee; Trumbull, of Illinois, and others, the objections to their admission being constitutional. A motion to refer to the Committee on Elections was finally negatived, 35 to 5, and the new Senators were sworn in. The Loan Bill was then taken up, and several amendments suggested by the Committee on Finance were adopted, after which it was laid over temporarily, and the bill to increase the present military establishment was taken up and passed.

House, July 10.—A very excited and remarkable debate arose respecting the Duties Bill. Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, protested against the war, while Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, said the people of Kentucky were overwhelmingly in favor of putting down the rebellion. Mr. Vallandigham made a very fierce attack upon the President, saying that in Europe such tyranny as his would have cost him his head. The bill was carried by 135 to 10. The Loan Bill was afterwards brought forward and passed, by 140 to 5. The five malcontents being Benjamin Wood, Burnett, Reid, Norton and Vallandigham. Congress has thus authorized the raising of 500,000 men and $500,000,000.

July 11.—The bill appropriating $160,000,000 for the army and $30,000,000 for the navy was passed. Messrs. Burnett and Hickman had a spirited passage of arms on the present question, and then Mr. Jackson, of Kentucky, spoke eloquently in favor of the Union.

July 12.—The bill came up authorizing the President to accept the services of 500,000 volunteers for the prosecution of the war, and appropriating $500,000,000 to pay for the same, when a spirited discussion took place, participated in by various members. The bill finally passed the House. It has yet to pass the Senate. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, offered a preamble and resolution, declaring vacant the seats of such members as have accepted commands in the militia of their several States, which occasioned a lively passage of words between various Representatives, when the matter was tabled by 92 to 51. A resolution was adopted requesting the Attorney-General to lay before the House a copy of his opinion in relation to the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.

July 13.—Mr. Blair, of Missouri, offered a resolution expelling John B. Clark, a member from that State, for having borne arms against the Government. Those among the members of known Secession proclivities did their best to save Clark from his impending fate, by endeavoring to have the matter referred to the Committee on Elections, but their efforts were of no avail. He was expelled by a vote of 94 to 45. The President notified the House that he had approved the bill for the payment of the militia and volunteers. The opinion of the Attorney-General on portions of the President's Message, including that relating to the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, was received and referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution was adopted providing for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of reducing the expenditures of the Government. The bill providing for the retirement of disabled army officers was debated in Committee of the Whole and passed; also the bill to pay soldiers for private property lost in the removal from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter.

Foreign News.

The European news is of little importance. The tone of the British press is becoming more friendly to the United States, its good sense having recovered from the irritation produced by the articles in certain Secession papers in this city, which recommend the North to rob England of Canada, to reimburse it for loss of the South. The extreme ignorance of such advice is patent to all who know anything of Canada, where the Americans are heartily detested. The course pursued by certain New York papers was of course made by order of Jeff. Davis, with the intention of making a breach between England and the North. The letters from the London *Times* (Russell), exposing the outrages upon British subjects in New Orleans, have had great effect, and will make the residence of the three Rebel Commissioners precarious. They should remember how the mob o' London treated Haynau, and if Mr. Train thought it worth while, he might rouse a feeling against Mann, Yancey and Rost of a very dangerous kind. There is nothing new in domestic or foreign politics. The English papers criticise our dead Douglas in a very hostile spirit, pronouncing him to be a corrupt demagogue, and not a patriot, nor a statesman, holding up as a brilliant contrast the Italian Cavour.

France is quiet. The fair Empress is about making another pilgrimage to England. The recognition of Italy by Louis Napoleon has given great satisfaction to the people of France, but as much displeasure to the clergy and Ultramontane party.

Hungary is still unquiet. The Empress of Austria is rapidly sinking, and as a last resort she is going to try the climate of Corfu.

Ricasoli, the successor of Cavour, has made a liberal speech, tempered with moderation.

The new Sultan of Turkey has announced his intention of pursuing the same policy as that of his brother, the deceased monarch.

The serfs of Russia are discontented, not having realised any benefit from their freedom, while Poland is more than ever discontented, despite the semi-liberal measures of the Czar. The rumor of the latter visiting Louis Napoleon at the Camp of Chalons is renewed.

The French troops have left Syria, but a French fleet is cruising off the coast in case of emergencies.

Mexico.—Murders and assassinations abound. On Sunday, June 1, Senor Don Melchor Ocampo, one of the most prominent men in the Republic and ex-Cabinet Minister, was inhumanly butchered on his plantation, at Pocoma, where he has been living in retirement, by the followers of Marquez and Zuloaga, though the latter denies having had anything to do with the affair, and pretended to be very much affected when he heard of it. Another personage of distinction, and especially well known, General Don Santos Degollado, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Liberal army, was killed a few days after by the same party—in fair fight, however. He had gone to avenge the death of his friend Ocampo.

State of the Nation.

Congress is working earnestly, and the results, which will be found under the Congressional head, are, so far, satisfactory. The Secession element therein raises its voice but weakly, and its efforts are sternly rebuked by overwhelming majorities.

An important order has been issued by General Scott, which places the Telegraph, as far as relates to war movements, under the surveillance of the Department, so that in future the "telegrams" will be in all respects reliable if meagre. Special Correspondents for newspapers in the various camps are looked upon with suspicion by the military authorities, and some few have been arrested. The reason is self-evident. Being in the very midst of military operations, it is hardly possible but some indication of projected movements will be revealed to their argus eyes, and, once upon the scent, not an instant is lost before it is communicated to their respective journals, and in these blazoned to the world, without a moment's reflection as to the propriety of its publication. It is well that such an impolitic system should be stopped.

There are several papers in our midst who indulge every day in insane attacks upon the Government, and more especially upon the War Department, blaming it for want of energy in not advancing long ago upon the enemy. According to their profound knowledge of military tactics, the thing could have been done off-hand several weeks ago, the rebels driven from Virginia, and Richmond in possession of the Federal troops. These writers have become the laughing stock of the country by their presumptuous bombast and their visible ignorance. Impatient for the spoils, they would precipitate the action of the Government and risk all with combinations only half consummated and forces insufficient and incomplete. The wisdom of the wise is not their wisdom, and fortunately for the Union cause their counsel does not prevail. To those who can trace, however faintly, the outline of the plan of the Commander-in-Chief, it appears grand, comprehensive and effectual, not only in its offensive but in its defensive operations. Combinations so vast, with ramifications extending over hundreds of miles, and their strategic operations to be carried out by armies yet to be raised and prepared, might well demand time; and the consummate tact and judgment which met the necessity of keeping the enemy in check until these concerted movements could take effect, and the separate columns move onward, like the march of destiny, to surround and overwhelm the traitorous hosts assembled to work the ruin of the Union, should assure all doubters of the master mind in command.

Congress has acted decisively in reference to the new government of Virginia. The two Senators, Messrs. Willey and Carlisle, were duly qualified and admitted to their seats, while the Secessionists, Messrs. Hunter and Mason, were expelled. This action will give comfort and strength to the true men in Western Virginia.

Baltimore is for the present quiet; the turbulent spirits of that city have been overawed by the firm stand and the prompt exhibition of power made by Major-General Banks; but it cannot be denied that a widespread feeling of sympathy with the Secessionists exists there, which would assuredly burst forth were the governmental power in weaker hands.

The Secessionists are ingenious in their desperation, and lose no opportunity that craft and cunning can suggest of destroying those opposed to them. Being unable to cope with our flotilla on the Potomac, they have attempted its destruction by infernal machines. Captain Budd, of the steamer Resolute, discovered two large casks, joined together by a rope, suspiciously floating towards his vessel. Steps were immediately taken to secure them, but one sank before this could be accomplished. On examining the barrel secured, it was found to be an ingeniously contrived infernal machine. The rope was designed to catch the prow of the vessel, and thus swing the casks under the bilge of the vessel. The rope was floated on the surface of the water by corks. Six feet under water, beneath each cask, was hung a strongly riveted cylinder of heavy boiler iron. These contained the explosive material. The cylinders were supported by the casks, in which were placed the fuses, which were ignited. There were two fuses in each cask. They led from a hole in the upper side of the cask, and were coiled upon a platform fixed about midway inside the vessel, to protect them from any water that might leak into it. From this platform the fuses were carried through a copper pipe passing through the lower part of the cask, and connecting with a gutta percha pipe, the lower end of which was inserted in the cylinder.

A brilliantly contested action took place between the Federal forces, under General Siegel, and the Missouri State troops, under the command of Generals Parsons and Rains, which resulted in the defeat of the Secessionists, with a loss of three hundred men killed, prisoners and wounded.

The future movements of Major-General McClellan will be found in the following despatch written after the gallant and important action at Rich Mountain, Va., which we illustrate this week, where General Rosencrans overthrew the enemy, eight hundred strong, with severe loss in men, camp equipage, cannons, &c.:

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1861.

The following despatch was received to-day at the army head-quarters from General McClellan:

BEVERLY, July 13, 1861.

COLONEL E. D. TOWNSEND, Washington, D. C.:

The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannon, of which one is rifled, and all the enemy's camp equipage and transportation, even to his cups. The number of tents will probably reach two hundred, and more than sixty wagons. Their killed and wounded will amount to fully one hundred and fifty, with at least one hundred prisoners, and more coming in constantly. I know already of ten officers killed and prisoners.

Their retreat was complete. I occupied Beverly by a rapid march. Garnett abandoned his camp early this morning, leaving much of his equipage. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid march turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to St. George.

General Morris is to follow him up closely. I have telegraphed for the two Pennsylvania regiments at Cumberland to join General Hill at Rowlesburg. The General is concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, and will cut off Garnett's retreat near West Union, or if possible at St. George.

I may say that we have driven out some ten thousand troops, strongly intrenched, with the loss of eleven killed and thirty-five wounded. Provision returns found here show Garnett's force to have been ten thousand men. They were Eastern Virginians, Georgians, Tennesseeans, and, I think, Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, &c. I trust that General Cox has by this time drawn Wise out of the Kanawha Valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia. I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations.

G. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General, Department of Ohio.

What better proof can be advanced in support of the ripe judgment of General Scott than the present movements of the Federal forces, which are rapidly and securely closing in an armed cordon the great army of the rebels in Virginia? From all points columns are marching down. Those who were at Gallipolis, on the west, are *en route* for Ripley, on the other side of the Ohio, while at Charlestown, Parkersburg, Belpre, &c., are Ohio troops. At Grafton, Buckhannon, Philippi, &c., are Union forces, under General McClellan, his headquarters being at Buckhannon. At Cumberland the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, Colonel Wallace, is stationed, supported at the State line by two regiments of the Pennsylvania reserve corps. At Martinsburg and surrounding places to the north banks of the Potomac, and including Hagerstown, Williamsport, Frederick, &c., are various portions of General Patterson's forces. At Harper's Ferry, Colonel Stone is in command. Along the north bank of the Potomac River to Washington are scattered battalions of the District militia, while in Washington, Georgetown, &c., are large forces under General Mansfield. Across the river, in Alexandria, Arlington, &c., are nearly forty thousand troops under the charge of General McDowell.

As they approach the rebels are beaten back, dispirited and disheartened. These falling back upon the main bodies, thoroughly demoralized by defeat, cannot but have a disastrous effect upon the whole by lessening their confidence in their own invincibility. The whole plan of the campaign displays consummate military knowledge, aided by experience and foresight, and the result is as certain and inevitable as death.

Gen. McClellan has gained another victory. On Sunday, the 14th, he attacked and defeated the rebel force of about 10,000 men, under General Garnett, who was killed in the action. This battle took place about eight miles from St. George, at a place called Carracksford, a small village. Garnett was ex-Congressman for Virginia.

Carracksford, eight miles from St. George, where Garnett was killed, is about twenty-five miles north of Beverley, where McClellan now is, thirteen miles east of Philippi, and about fifteen miles west of the Alleghany Mountains.

All the camp equipage was taken, together with many prisoners. Fifty of the rebels were killed. It was a total rout.

The first sitting of the court-martial on Colonel Allen took place on Saturday, the 13th of July, at Fortress Monroe. The court is composed of the colonels of the various regiments there and at Newport News. Colonel Duryea was objected to by Colonel Allen's counsel, on account of his well-known prejudice against the accused, and the objection was allowed. There are several counts against Colonel Allen, such as disobedience of orders in burning property, in disregarding the passes and protections granted by General Butler, and in breaking his parole and going beyond his limits when under arrest. He denies all the charges except the last, to which he pleads guilty. This alone will render his dismissal from the service a certainty, without the Commander-in-Chief or the President should interpose, which is improbable.

Another of Jeff. Davis's pirate ships has turned up in the Mexican waters. It is the Sumpter, the privateer that escaped from New Orleans some time ago. She had taken several of our Northern merchantmen into a Cuban port called Cienfuegos, and had left them there to await the decision of the Spanish courts, as the privateer was compelled to sail again before the expiration of the twenty-four hours. One vessel the pirate had burned. The Governor had telegraphed our Consul in Havana, and the question will be the subject of considerable discussion between ourselves and Spain. We now see how much more friendly the British Order in Council was towards us than that of either Spain or France.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, we hear that a captain had been imprisoned for hoisting the Confederate flag, which the Government of Russia will not recognize.

PERSONAL.

CHARLES M. JEFFERDS, who was arrested July 1860, on suspicion of having murdered his father-in-law, Mr. Walten, and Mr. Mathews, was tried for the offence on Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th and 11th of July, and acquitted. He called no witnesses, but left all to his counsel, Mr. Brady, whose speech in his defence was most eloquent and conclusive. It is considered a most remarkable case, since everything was left to the counsel's ability. The jury was out about twenty minutes.

MR. BONNER, of the *Ledger*, has presented a thousand dollars to the families of the Massachusetts Volunteers. It is a great reflection upon our Government that what ought to be a national duty is left to mere popular impulse. Such

neglect is calculated to create disaffection in the army. Heroes are but men, and do not like to be neglected.

COL. MAGRUDER sent back to Fortress Monroe, on the 8th, the watch found on the person of the late Major Winthrop.

NATHAN THOMPSON, the American boatbuilder, who constructs a complete gunboat of one hundred tons by steam, in five hours from the time the keel is laid, has lately astonished the Londoners by introducing the American style of advertising. On the 18th June the London *Star* appeared with one entire page taken up by his advertisement.

THE New York *World*, on the 12th, gives a list of twenty-two slave captains tried in New York, all of whom were acquitted. It also adds that the slavers for the last twelve years have been owned by New York merchants.

GEN. BUCKNER, Commander of the State Guard of Kentucky, and who was inclined to Secessionism, has had an interview with his old Commander, Gen Scott, which has had the effect of fixing his wavering faith. He has resigned the command of the State Guard, and has resolved to fight for the Union.

GEN. J. S. RAINS, one of Gov. Jackson's Brigadiers, and who is reported killed at Carthage in the action with Col. Siegel's regiment, was a south-west Missourian politician and a supporter of the Bell-Everett ticket. He was run by the Union men in the last election, for Congress. His treachery has led to his early grave.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOS. A. HARRIS, who, at the head of about 1,600 rebel troops, attacked Col. Smith of the Sixteenth Illinois Regiment (600 men), near Monroe Station of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, was the late Speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives. He is a son-in-law of Com. Porter. He was at the late election a strong Union man, and a Bell and Everett man.

AFTER all, it appears that it was Alessandro Amodio, the celebrated baritone, who died, and not his brother, as we, in common with other papers, stated. Alessandro was born in Naples, in 1831, of an old and respectable family. His father is now the editor of the *Official Journal* in that city. At an early age he displayed uncommon musical talent, and placed himself under the care of some of the best Italian masters. He made his first appearance on the stage in the Teatro di San Carlo, and was so enthusiastically received that the manager of the opera at Florence engaged him for three successive seasons. He then appeared at Milan, after which M. Strakosch secured his services for the American people. His success was unbounded wherever he went. He extended his tour to Havana, and still later to Caraccas, Venezuela, and was on his way home from the latter place when he died of a fever.

IT is said that the A. Alison, who has written a reply to Cassius M. Clay's letter to the London *Times*, is not the celebrated historian, but an obscure author in London.

CONSIDERABLE inquiries have been made after the nine Senators who were missing on the recent division. Mr. Breckinridge was one of the absent Legislators.

IN consequence of the victory of Mace over Hurst, the Stalybridge Giant, it is said, that Heenan is about to take another trip to England, to win the Champion's Belt.

JESSEN's Sakoo has been very generally introduced into the army as a perfect preventive of the diseases arising from a change of water. It is at once a blood purifier and a tonic.

A MOST deplorable accident happened on the evening of the 9th, at the residence of the poet, Longfellow. While his amiable wife was lighting some sealing wax some of it fell upon her dress, which immediately took fire, and despite the utmost efforts on the part of Professor Longfellow, she was so fatally injured that she died next day. The poet himself was much burned in extinguishing the flames.

THE Richmond *Dispatch* is certainly the Southern Budget of Fun, for it facetiously informs its serious readers, that "as the contraband of war, otherwise Bombastes Furioso Butler's niggers, are caught, they are shipped off to Cuba, where they are sold for the benefit of Abe Lincoln, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley and Parson Beecher!" The force of burlesque can go no further.

SELAH MATHEWS, of Rochester, an able and honest lawyer of Rochester, while pleading in court on Friday, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died soon after.

JOHN W. ELLIS, Governor of North Carolina, died at the Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe Co., Virginia, on the 7th. At the commencement of the rebellion he was a Union man, but was terrified into joining the Secession ranks. It is said that he died of remorse.

MRS. FREMONT has arrived from California, and her gallant husband, having seen his Jessie, is going to give jesse to the Secessionists.

PETER VAN BUSKIRK, of Washington, is ninety-nine years old. He was on the Revolutionary pension list as a private. As such he had received five dollars a month. But he claimed to have been assistant forage master, and he recently found the evidence to establish his claim. He is therefore awarded arrearages to the amount of sixteen thousand two hundred dollars.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

MARYLAND, BALTIMORE.—Matters are very quiet. The vigor of General Banks achieved this result. Colonel Kenley has resigned his position as Provost-Marshal, and a sound Union man, Mr. Dodge, was appointed Marshal. The state of seige has been removed. Colonel Richard Thomas, alias the French Lady, has been indicted for treason and piracy. It appears that this redoubtable bit of crinoline has a small schooner in the waters of the Potomac and Patuxent, where he has led a sort of half-pirate-patriotic life, so charmingly painted by Cooper. The steamer Chester, which was sent down the bay to capture it, returned at midnight, having failed to make the capture, though they got on her track. The schooner had stopped at Millstone Landing on the Patuxent. She had about thirty men on board, all well armed. The Union gunboat Ben Wood was put on her track, and she will likely be captured soon. The De Kalb regiment passed through Baltimore on the 11th in perfect quiet, on its way to Washington. Nevertheless, there is considerable sullen discontent in the Maryland mind.

EASTERN VIRGINIA.—The gunboat Freeborn has been cruising at night for some time past between Aquia Creek and the mouth of the river. On Sunday two large oil tanks were seen floating toward the squadron, near the creek. One of them struck the rudder of the Resolute and sank. The other was overhauled, and a fuse attached to it put out. On examination it proved to have a cylinder five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, made of boiler iron. This was filled with many kinds of destructive elements. It was an infernal machine, constructed to destroy the squadron. Its weight was about four hundred pounds. The cylinder was connected with the cask by a fuse, coated with India rubber. The machine has been taken to the Washington Navy Yard, where it has attracted much attention.

MATHIAS POINT.—A person, who passed within half a mile of this point in a boat, reports all was still, and that the rebels had raised no batteries, or, if they had, they had removed them.

CAPE HENRY.—The privateer Jeff. Davis appears to have been doing a thriving business around the Capes of Delaware lately, and even up as far as Nantucket, it is reported, she has been seen. Several vessels arriving at ports in New England make mention of the cruiser, and state that they were chased by her. One or two English vessels have been overhauled by the Davis, but released upon their character being known. Quite an excitement seems to have been aroused by the daring of the rover. Several revenue cutters have been sent after the pirate. The Jeff. Davis was the Washington, which was seized by the rebel authorities at New Orleans last December. It is commanded by a renegade United States naval officer. From Capt. Gentler's report, it would seem that the course of this pirate extended from the mouth of the Chesapeake even to New York.

FORTRESS MONROE.—Everything here remains in *statu quo*. The troops are becoming better drilled every day, and the scouting parties are constantly on the watch. Captain Hammill, of the Ninth Volunteers, with a detachment of his company, had a brush with the rebels about seven miles from Newport News, in which he compelled them to retire. There were none wounded on the Federal side, while Captain Hammill reports two killed and three wounded on the side of the enemy. The want of cavalry is much felt, and orders have been issued to furnish General Butler with a regiment. This, however, will be a work of time, as it requires at least six months to get cavalry in order. The Naval Brigade were doing good service, and deserve better treatment than they had received. The troops were complaining loudly of the neglect of Mr. Cameron in not paying them. The delay had so disgusted them that there would be trouble in raising more men. There is always money to pay swindles and jobs, such as Catalino buralugs, &c., but none for the gallant men whose families are starving in New York.

An unfortunate event occurred on Friday, the 12th July. A scouting party of thirty-seven men of Bendix's regiment, under command of Lieutenants Hevronger and Meschbeck, fell into an ambuscade, about nine miles above Newport News, and lost thirteen men, including the two lieutenants. Several of the enemy were killed. Seven companies of the regiment went out in the afternoon and picked up some of the stragglers. This expedition was undertaken without Colonel Phelps or Colonel Bendix's consent or even knowledge. There seems to be no controlling power in this camp, every officer acting on his own judgment.

TENNESSEE, MEMPHIS.—A regiment of rebels left this city last week, to join Governor Jackson, of Missouri.

NASHVILLE.—The Union feeling is growing stronger here every day. The drunken, swaggering conduct of the Confederate troops throughout the State has worked a very wholesome change. All the most respectable Secessionists are alarmed at the prospect of a reign of terror and blood.

The Nashville *Banner* says: "Let us tell the *Jeffersonian*, then, and all others who, to gratify a personal preference or party prejudice, are anxious to break through an immemorial custom by re-electing Governor Harris, that such a course will inevitably disrupt the State, and drive East Tennessee into rebellion. This is plain talk; but we want the people of Middle and West Tennessee to understand the true position of affairs. The August election will decide the destiny of Tennessee, and have an important bearing upon the history of the whole Southern movement. An effort will be made—is already being made—to induce the people of East Tennessee to vote for separation from the State. The friends of acquiescence there, among whom may be counted some of the leading men who voted the Union ticket on the 8th of June, will make an effort to save the people from so suicidal a decision. To attempt to force upon them for Governor, for a third term, in violation of all precedent, the man most obnoxious to them, of all others in the State, is to manifest a desire to drive them into rebellion, and into the attempt to create a free State in our very midst, rather than to seek to conciliate and disabuse them."

The Nashville *Union* is so badly off for paper that it offers three cents a pound for rags, to be paid for as subscriptions.

ILLINOIS, CAIRO.—It is reported that there are at Point Pleasant, Mo., 2,000 rebels preparing to attack Bird's Point. Bird's Point is nearly opposite Cairo, and is held by General Prentiss's troops. It is also said that Colonel Aikins has superseded General Pillow in command of the troops in Memphis.

MISSOURI.—The fight at Monroe on the 11th was a very spirited affair. Colonel Smith commanded the Federal troops, and General Harris the rebels. The Chicago *Times* of the 12th says: "The three companies sent for the relief of Colonel Smith at Monroe, Missouri, returned last night to Hannibal, and report the roads unobstructed between Hannibal and Monroe. On arriving at the latter place, they formed a junction with Colonel Smith's force, who had entrenched themselves in the Academy Buildings. The rebels, 1,200 strong, were grouped around over the prairies, out of the reach of Colonel Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached our lines. Colonel Smith's artillery, of longer range, did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk. The last shot from Colonel Smith's guns dismounted one of the enemy's. Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Quincy on Wednesday, completely routing them, and taking seventy-five prisoners, one gun and a large number of horses. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed, but not a man of the Union forces was killed, although several were severely wounded. Colonel Smith is determined to shoot the most prominent rebels. General Thomas Harris, the rebel leader, escaped." Colonel Smith's regiment is known as the Sixteenth Illinois.

BOONE COUNTY.—A special despatch to the *Democrat*, from Jefferson City, says that large armed bands of rebels from Boone and Calloway counties were crossing the Missouri river, to join Governor Jackson's forces. Colonel Boernstein has sent a detachment of 250 troops and two mountain howitzers to act in conjunction with the Home Guard at Cole Camp and Syracuse, to intercept and drive them back. A squad of cavalry will also be pushed forward on General Lyon's left flank, to keep open the communication with him.

MISSISSIPPI, UNION CITY.—The Oxford *Mercury* states that there are 10,800 men at Union City, but they expect marching orders for Missouri every day. The Twelfth and Thirteenth Mississippi regiments have each erected a ballroom in their respective camps, and a ball is given three times a week, which are attended by large numbers of gay belles of Tennessee. The army there is well supplied with provisions and arms, and each and all are anxious to be led against Cairo, or to cross the river and co-operate with Governor Jackson.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston *Courier* contains a very grandiloquent account of the "French Lady's" taking the St. Nicholas. The poor editor had not then heard of the capture of that celebrated hermaphrodite. As there appears to be considerable doubt as to his being "fish, flesh or fowl," we suggest that his punishment should be to remain "a single woman" all his life. We also learn from that paper (which seems very fond of spreading evil reports for the Secessionists) that the workshops of the Richmond Penitentiary have been destroyed by fire. As these were the great foundries of the rebels, the loss is great. We quote the *Courier*'s own words: "Last evening the workshops of the Penitentiary were almost completely demolished by fire. The loss is very considerable, as the buildings and machinery were used in the manufacture of articles for the use of the State, which cannot well be supplied elsewhere. It is thought to have been the work of an incendiary."

LOUISIANA, NEW ORLEANS.—A reward of $100,000 has been offered for the capture of the Powhattan or Brooklyn, the United States steamers, now blockading New Orleans. The rebels had been making a "steel"-plated vessel, a la Warrior, and had covered her with railroad iron, placing her machinery below water line, to prevent the shot reaching it. They had also built a new boat completely of iron, very sharp at the bows, with a sharp point below the water line, and intended to run down the blockading ships. This vessel was to be commanded by Captain Seward Porter, formerly of Portland, Maine. It is alone by these puerile experiments that the authorities keep the deluded populace amused, otherwise affairs are in so frightful a state that *à la lanterne* would long ago have been the dying song of the chief conspirators. As it is, the patriotic and intelligent editor of the New York *Herald* was right when he said, "The Federal authorities won't have the hanging of 'one-eyed Jeff'—his deluded followers will."

The greatest sufferers in the present rebellion have been those who have most contributed to the calamity. The Southern press will be completely extinct in less than six months if the war continues. The most flourishing Arkansas paper, the Helena *Shield*, reduces the size three-fourths, but promises to make up for it when the war is over, and the Southern Confederacy acknowledged. The New Orleans *Delta*, *Picayune* and the smaller fry are cut down one half. They are very ferocious at London *Times* Russell, whom they accuse of "flagrant ingratitude!" The fact is, they thought to humbug him. The idea was preposterous—Mr. Russell, an Irishman and a barrister. They are now in a fierce discussion with Mr. Muir, the British Consul, who has exposed the lying of the New Orleans Mayor. It only wants one thing to complete the Southern cure—the bombardment of the Crescent City by a British fleet for their infamous outrages upon the rights of foreign subjects. So terribly frightened have the Creoles and Bombastes of the Crescent City become at Russell's and Muir's letters, that the authorities have issued a proclamation against the receiving of foreign citizens into their ranks.

GEORGIA.—The Augusta *Constitutional* offers to take the Federal postage stamps as subscriptions to their paper.

MISSOURI.—The vigor and vigilance of General Lyon are above all praise. As we have described the battle of Carthage in another place, we confine ourselves here to giving the number of troops after Governor Jackson and General Rains, with their rebels:

	Men.
General Lyon's force about	3,500
General Sweeney's force about	5,000
First Iowa Volunteers about	800
At Alton about	3,000
Captain Prince's command about	2,500
Colonel Montgomery's force about	400
Regulars from various points about	700
Total readily available	15,900

The Jefferson City *Examiner* says that General Watkins, of the State Guard, has encamped near Chalk Bluffs, on the Arkansas line, with a large force. It also reports that a number of Tennesseeans, Mississippians and Louisianians embarked at Memphis, on the 2d of July, in a fleet of boats of every description, and proceeded up White River.

KENTUCKY.—Matters here remain very quiet. The Council at Louisville has resolved to inquire into the kidnapping of youths to recruit the Confederate army. The State authorities have also decided that no more money shall be spent on military encampments. This will, no doubt, have the effect of disbanding the State militia, and materially strengthening the hands of the Federal powers. Colonel Stone, of the Louisville battery, and General Buckner are at issue upon the late Secession movement. In many respects the aspect of Kentucky is decidedly improved. General Buckner has seen the error of his ways and returned to the path of duty. Hence Colonel Stone's quarrel with him. The Military Council has declared that its members never had any leaning to Secession, but merely wished to maintain their State rights, and that they consider the right to be neutral as one. Of the two they prefer the Union, but they think both can be preserved.

FLORIDA, FORT PICKENS.—That indomitable body of men, true men to the gelt, albeit, somewhat in the rough—and familiarly known as Billy Wilson's Zouaves, arrived at Fort Pickens on the 24th June. A letter from an eye witness thus describes it:

Twenty-four hours ago our reinforcements were comfortably encamped on Rosas. You probably know more about them than I do. Billy Wilson's regiment got inside the lights on the 24th, and is now on Rosas Island. As I write, there is a battalion drill going on, and it looks queer enough to one who has been thirty years a regular. What the new comers lack in elegance, however, they make up in muscle. Their advent here was a grand affair, and was as noisy as you can imagine. Cheers do not describe the extraordinary roars with which every one of our vessels, and subsequently ourselves, were greeted. I sincerely doubt whether so many "tigers" were ever before heard in Florida.

Is it any wonder, then, that the regiment should be the lion of the hour? The debarkation was something whose like I never hope to look upon again. "Three cheers for Harvey Brown—tiger." "Three cheers for Billy Wilson—tiger." "Three cheers for Gen. Scott—tiger." "Three cheers for old Abe—tiger." "Three cheers for Mr. Slemmer—tiger." "Three groans for old Bragg—tiger." "Three groans for Jeff Davis—tiger." "Say, old bandy legs, fling down that fowling piece." "Hold on there, squint eye, them's my groceries." "Pull that d—d nigger overboard," and a thousand other inelegant bobbin phrases greeted my ear from the crowd, as the Vanderbilt hauled near to let them land. The weather is described as being intolerably hot.

In the meantime General Bragg remains at Pensacola with a force of rebels, variously estimated at from two thousand to five thousand men. Their discipline is bad, and they are so short of powder as not to have enough for a dozen rounds. In respect to manufactures of every description, the entire South is as helpless as children—always having depended upon the Northern States and Europe for every species of industrial production.

It is said that the rebels are erecting batteries at Fernandina, to be ready for an attack.

The Commander of the British war steamer, Jason, has again anchored near our fleet off Santa Rosa Island, after his cruise off the blockaded ports of the rebels, and he pronounces the blockade effectual.

ALABAMA, MOBILE.—Although Alabama is spared the horrors of actual warfare, the state of things is most disastrous. Trade paralysed, Mobile blockaded, and provisions at famine prices. The Mobile *Advertiser* takes a gloomy view of Southern prospects, and calls for more men and money, neither of which, it says, are offered with that freedom which should characterize the present conflict. It is especially savage with England, who, it says, shall never have another ounce of cotton "except under the guns of their frowning forts." It, nevertheless, is evidently pleased that Jeff. Davis has made Virginia the catspaw of the Southern fox.

BATTLE OF BEALINGTON, NEAR LAUREL HILL, VIRGINIA.

OUR Artist has sent us a sketch of a spirited affair between the Union forces, the Fourteenth Ohio and Seventh and Ninth Indiana, and a Georgian regiment, which has been considered as the crack regiment of the rebels. On the 8th July, about two o'clock in the afternoon, from a high hill in the neighborhood of Bealington, situated at the base of the Laurel mountain, two large bodies of troops were seen marching out of the enemy's camp. Instant preparations were made by our troops to resist the attack. At four o'clock in the afternoon skirmishing by the Fourteenth Ohio and Ninth Indiana commenced. The enemy advanced under cover of the wood, when our skirmishers rushed at them, pouring a sharp volley into their midst. The enemy's cavalry then advanced, upon which the Federal skirmishers retreated, when the two six-pounders of Colonel Barnett's First Ohio battery threw a couple of shells into the midst of the cavalry, who retired under cover of the wood. The Ohio troops then poured another volley and sent several shells into the wood, which did so much execution that the officers could not rally them. The loss of the enemy was about twenty killed and forty wounded, so a prisoner informed the commanding officer. The Union loss was two killed and six wounded. The enemy fell back after the skirmish, and the wood where the Georgians had sheltered themselves was taken possession of by the Ninth Indiana.

The Fourteenth Ohio regiment was commanded by Colonel Steedman, the Seventh Indiana by Colonel Dumont, and the Ninth Indiana by Colonel Milroy. Our sketch was taken at five o'clock in the afternoon, when parts of all three regiments were engaged, and when that panic took place in the Georgian regiment, which is thus described by one of the prisoners: "One shell fell right in the midst of their camp, and created the utmost consternation." He also says the Georgians refused to come down to the woods opposite our advance position again, and were all very much astonished and terrified.

HOUSE BUILT BY MARSHAL KANE ON GALLOWS HILL, BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR sketch represents the house or storehouse built by Marshal Kane upon Gallows Hill, after the attack upon the Massachusetts troops by the mob in the streets of Baltimore, on the 19th of April. The rebel Marshal needed some place to store the arms with which he hoped to give aid and comfort to the enemy, and he erected the building which we represent for that disloyal purpose. It cannot boast of much architectural beauty, but it is handsome enough for the vile purpose to which it was to be devoted. Its location on Gallows Hill is unpleasantly suggestive of the possible fate of somebody. The Thirteenth regiment (Brooklyn) of New York State Militia now hold possession of it, and the arms found therein will be placed in loyal hands and used for the punishment of rebels and the salvation of the Union.

CONFEDERATE WAR STEAMER IN PENSACOLA HARBOR.

A CORRESPONDENT in Fort Pickens has sent us a sketch of an immense war steamer, which he denominates the "Flagship of the Home Squadron of the Southern Confederacy." He also states (he does not give his authority) that Admiral Renshaw is in command of her, and that he is burning Uncle Sam's coal without paying for the same. This proceeding, to say the least of it, is undignified, and, we think Admiral Renshaw should "pay up." There is this excuse, however, for the "Admiral," that his business is to ply between Pensacola and the Navy Yard there, and that if he wanted to go to Washington to settle his accounts, he can't get out unless he destroys Fort Pickens and takes our fleet, outside the harbor, in detail.

THE RIP-RAPS.

THIS famous place really commands the entrance of James River, being about one thousand nine hundred yards from Fortress Monroe, and between three to four miles from the opposite shore. It was formerly called Willoughby's Bank, after the English navigator, and was a sandbank. It has since been artificially raised by throwing on it masses of stone, on which Castle Calhoun, or the Fortress of Rip Raps is in course of construction. The aspect of the place is very rough and savage, and the moaning of the sea waves, as they burst upon the rocks, is the very melody of wild desolation. The name is derived from the effect which the unremitting ripples have had upon the shoal. The foundation of Castle Calhoun was laid in 1826. Since the occupation of Fortress Monroe and Newport News by the Federal troops, under the command of General Butler, several guns have been erected on the Rip-Raps, the latest and most efficient of which is called the Sawyer gun, a rifled cannon of great power. The experiments made have been so successful, that the rebels have been compelled to place their battery on Sewall's Point nearly a mile further back. With Fortress Monroe in our possession, the Rip-Raps can prevent the passage of any vessels into James River.

THE BATTLE NEAR CARTHAGE, MO.

THE State troops were posted on a ridge in a prairie, with five pieces of artillery, one twelve pounder in the centre, two six pounders on the right and left, cavalry on each flank, and infantry in the rear.

The artillery of Colonel Siegel approached within eight hundred yards, with four cannon in the centre, a body of infantry and a six pounder, under Lieutenant Colonel Hassendeubel on the left, Colonel Solomon's command with a six-pounder on the right, and a body of infantry behind the centre artillery.

Colonel Siegel's left opened fire with sharpness, and soon the engagement became general. The rebels had no grape, and their artillerists being poor, their balls flew over the heads of the Unionists. After two hours' firing the enemy's artillery was entirely silenced and their ranks broken. About 1,500 cavalry then attempted to outflank Siegel and cut off his baggage train, which was three miles back, when a retrograde movement was ordered. The train was reached in good order, surrounded by infantry and artillery, and the retreat of the Union troops continued until a point was reached where the road passed through a high bluff on each side, where the enemy's cavalry were posted in large numbers. By a feint, as if intending to pass round the bluff, Siegel drew the cavalry in a solid body into the road at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from his position, when by a rapid movement of his artillery he poured a heavy cross fire of canister into their ranks. At the same time the infantry charged at a "double quick," and in ten minutes the State troops scattered in every direction. Eighty-five riderless horses were captured, and sixty-five shot guns and a number of revolvers and bowie-knives were picked up from the ground.

Colonel Siegel did not surround Carthage, as reported, but attempted to reach a piece of woods north of the town, and after two hours' desperate fighting, in which all the forces on both sides were engaged, and in which the enemy lost nearly two hundred killed, he succeeded in doing so; and the rebels retired to Carthage, and Siegel fell back on Sarcoxie, whence he proceeded next day to Mount Vernon.

GRAND UNION ARMY IN AND APPROACHING VIRGINIA.

THERE are now ready for immediate action the following divisions:

Central Division, commanded by General Patterson	25,000
North-East Division, by General McDowell	40,000
North West Division, by General McClellan	45,000
South-East Division, by General Butler	20,000
Washington Division, by General Mansfield	40,000
Baltimore Division, by General Banks	10,000
Colonel Stone's Division	5,400
Men	185,400

LOUIS XIV., who loved a laconic style, met a priest whilst travelling in the country, and, ordering him to stop, asked him, hastily, "Whence come you? Where are you going? What do you want?" The priest, who knew perfectly well the King's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges—to Paris—a benefice." "You shall have it," replied the King, and in a few days he presented him to a valuable living.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN EAST ALBANY, N. Y., ON THE NIGHT OF THE 5TH OF JULY, 1861—TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE FREIGHT DEPOTS OF THE ALBANY AND BOSTON RAILROAD CO., TOGETHER WITH ALL THEIR CONTENTS AND SEVERAL LOADED CANAL BOATS LOSS OF PROPERTY OVER HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT ON THE 6TH INST.—SEE PAGE 159.

FORT CALHOUN, ON THE RIP-RAPS, SITUATED BETWEEN FORTRESS MONROE AND SEWALL'S POINT, IN HAMPTON ROADS, VA.—SKETCHED FROM THE GUNBOAT QUAKER CITY BY J. L. PENKE, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 147.

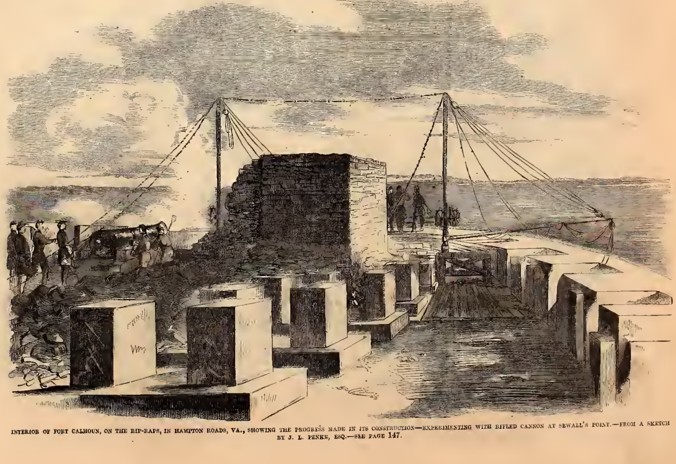
The flames were overhead and all around the boat. The father of the child got on a point opposite where the boat lay. The mother halloed to the father to catch the child, and almost simultaneously with the remark threw the child to the father. It did not reach him, and it fell into the water. The mother jumped in after it, but, sad to relate, the child was drowned. The mother, however, was saved.

In less than two hours time the large freight depot, about eight hundred feet in length, and upwards of one hundred feet in width; the freight depot on the north side of the canal, at least four hundred feet in length; the passenger depot, two hundred feet in length; the business office of the Company; the bridge leading across the canal from the main depot; between forty and fifty cars, mostly for freight; half a dozen canal boats; hundreds of feet of platform; and quite a large quantity of freight were one immense pile of ruins, the flames dancing to and fro, as if in sporting glee over their work of destruction—the aggregate loss amounting to half a million of dollars.

GREAT FIRE IN EAST BOSTON ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Shortly after noon on the 4th of July, a fire broke out in East Boston, near the shipyards. It commenced in a rigger's loft, a wooden building, on Aspinwall's wharf, and spread along the inflammable material with a rapidity and a fierceness which defied all the efforts of the firemen to extinguish or control it. From Aspinwall's it spread to Snelling's and Mickerson's wharves, laying everything in ashes, including the salt refinery, a building one hundred feet square, and the immense foundry of the East Boston Iron Company. It then attacked Clinton Wharf, and spread to the Dry Dock, and afterwards to the shipyard of Samuel Hall, burning the whole square of the Timber Dock Company, which was bounded by three blocks, covered with poor dwelling-houses, all of which were destroyed, rendering at least two hundred families houseless. It spared nothing. Whatever the flames touched was ruthlessly and completely destroyed. The loss is immense, and is not the less disastrous because a large amount of the property was insured. In addition to the buildings swept away by this tremendous conflagration, much damage was done to the vessels at the wharves. The following is a list of the vessels burned: Bark Mystery, Boston; brig Orella, brig Henry Matthews, Searsport; brig Fanny O. Field, schooner T. A. Hawkins, schooner Dashaway, schooner M. A. McNiel, Philadelphia—all totally destroyed. Bark Edward C. Hill lost main and mizenmasts. A large number of vessels were towed into the stream and saved. Fortunately not a single life was lost.

There is at the present time in the woods belonging to the Earl of Dudley, at Himley, Staffordshire, a blackbird, who claps his wings and crows like a domestic cock. Hundreds have been to see and hear this bird, and various are the conjectures as to how he learned to imitate chanticleer. No other blackbirds were ever known to do so before, although they must have heard the cock crow as well as he; neither has any person in the neighborhood lost a tame one. So the thing is a mystery.



INTERIOR OF FORT CALHOUN, ON THE RIP-RAPS, IN HAMPTON ROADS, VA., SHOWING THE PROGRESS MADE IN ITS CONSTRUCTION—EXPERIMENTING WITH RIFLED CANNON AT SEWALL'S POINT.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. L. PENKE, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 147.

THE BATTLE OF ROCH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA, ON THE 12TH OF JULY, BETWEEN THE TROOPS OF MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND, LED BY GEN TENTH AND THIRTEENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, AND THE NINETEENTH OHIO REG

GENERAL ROSENCRANS AND A FORCE OF THREE THOUSAND REBELS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM—TOTAL ROUT OF THE ENEMY WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER BY THE EIGHTH REGIMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 149.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LV.

LORD KINGSWOOD arrived at Brighton shortly after Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud had quitted it. He was made acquainted with their abrupt departure immediately he reached the house Lady Kingswood had engaged. He resolved to return to London the same night, but as he had ordered a horse in he brought to the door that he might take a ride before dinner, a habit he had contracted, he mounted it on its being announced, and galloped along the King's Road, to encounter the Marquis of Chillingham, Ishmael and Erle in one damning group.

Before the eve had become night he was within his library in London again, pacing it in a hot and feverish state, and with his brain filled with maddening thoughts, not alone with respect to Vernon and the boy, who he seemed to feel was his son, but because he fancied that he detected lurking upon the calm, undemonstrative face of the Marquis of Chillingham a triumphant, mocking smile.

He had not forgotten that Chillingham had been one of the first suitors Lady Kingswood had in the preceding years of their married life, he had not hitherto thought of it, except to serve as the vehicle for some pleasantry; he remembered it now.

Apparently, however, he had no cause for jealous alarm. Lady Kingswood had passed through London with Lady Maud St. Clair, and was at Kingswood Hall. Chillingham was at Brighton. In a day or two he would be in London, and he would see him daily, either at the House of Peers or in council.

The marquis and Lady Kingswood would thus be apart, and without a probability of their meeting; still he was haunted by jealous doubts of both as by a spectre. His fears, too, were perhaps the greater from the very determined character of Lady Kingswood's conduct towards himself.

He met the Marquis of Chillingham, as he had calculated, almost daily. Tacitly, their former intimate relations cooled, their greetings became more distant, and their bearing to each other more haughty.

Daily communications from Kingswood assured him that Lady Kingswood remained in seclusion at the Hall, his own eyes told him that the marquis did not quit London.

Time went slowly on, and those affairs in which he was most deeply interested remained perfectly stationary. He heard nothing of Ishmael or his menaces of disclosure; he and his companions, so terrible though so fair to look upon, had disappeared, and Cyril had suddenly, instead of acting in direct hostility to his wish, become constant in his attentions to Eleanore Cotton.

Perhaps this lull augured a tolerable ending to the stormy period he had passed through. As if to give some affirmative color to this presumptive aspiration, Pharisee appeared one night suddenly before him.

He glided into the room, and stood by Lord Kingswood's side ere he heard him enter.

Lord Kingswood, on catching sight of him, leaped to his feet, for Pharisee was so disguised he did not know him.

"Pray, my lord, be seated," cried Pharisee, in low, hurried tone; "be not disturbed or alarmed; it is I, your faithful and devoted servant, Pharisee. I have great and important news for your lordship."

Lord Kingswood, recovering his composure, regarded him sternly.

"What is the meaning of this mummery, man?" he said, in a slow, scornful voice.

"It means, my lord, that my life is not for the present safe in my natural appearance," he returned in a whisper. "My lord, my lord, I have, at the peril of my life, obtained for you information of the utmost value to your future peace of mind; and when I tell your lordship that, concealed, I overheard Horace Vernon, Esquire, of Eaton Square and Huntingford confer with that old man of whom I have spoken to your lordship—when I inform your lordship that, believing themselves to be alone, they let out secrets worth half your lordship's fortune to purchase—you will say I could hardly have bought those secrets too dearly at the risk of my life."

He paused, for he saw that Lord Kingswood bent upon him a searching, anxious, tremblingly-eager gaze.

"Go on, Pharisee, my good, faithful fellow," cried his lordship, excitedly, as Pharisee did not attempt to proceed beyond what he had stated. "Do not keep me in suspense; it is possible what you may have to communicate may prove invaluable to me."

"I believe it will, my lord," returned Pharisee; "but your lordship will remember that, while you are great, powerful and wealthy, I am but a poor servant."

"Pharisee, you shall have no cause to doubt my liberality if your information be of the service to me which you intimate it is," returned his lordship, hastily.

"Pardon me, my lord, if I appear mercenary," returned Pharisee, slowly, purposely to increase his lordship's eagerness, "but liberality is but a vague term. I am but a poor servant, and I am anxious to secure an income for my declining years. I have drawn up a small paper——"

He drew one from his breast as he spoke, but Lord Kingswood frowned, and said, hastily and sternly,

"I am not accustomed to make terms of such a kind, especially with one who ought to know that my liberality is not a vague term."

"Your lordship has done well to correct me," returned Pharisee, craftily. "It is because of my knowledge of your lordship's bounty and liberality that I have presumed to draw up this paper, which is simply an agreement to pay me an annuity for life, as I shall almost immediately have to fly my country."

"Fly your country!" cried Lord Kingswood, with surprise, "on what account, man?"

"Upon your lordship's account, solely and wholly upon your lordship's, I assure you," he replied, with a cringing bow. "And, therefore, my lord, in order to avoid delay, I have prepared this paper for your lordship to sign in my favor," subjoined Pharisee, tendering, with fingers that slightly trembled, the paper he had already produced.

"What is the positive purport of this document?" asked Lord Kingswood, in an impatient tone, as he snatched rather than took the paper out of Pharisee's hand.

"It is only a simple agreement, my lord, to secure to me, for the remainder of my life, a small annuity in the event of certain information, communicated by me to you, proving of such importance as would induce you, without the compulsory assistance of any such instrument as this, to grant it."

Lord Kingswood opened it, and observed that it was very lengthy for an agreement of such a character; but Pharisee rather anxiously assured him that it contained only the necessary and usual provisions to make it a legal instrument.

"Enough," said Lord Kingswood, displaying some irritability of manner. "I presume, after so many years' servitude with me, I can trust you in so simple a matter as this. Where is my signature to be affixed?"

"There, my lord," replied Pharisee, pointing out the space left for the purpose.

Lord Kingswood seized a pen and scrawled his accustomed signature on the spot indicated, and then handed the paper back to Pharisee, whose fingers absolutely clutched it as they took possession of it. Carefully applying some blotting-paper to the wet ink, he dried it, folded the paper, and put it into his vest with a gleam of triumph upon his face.

"Having complied with your request," observed Lord Kingswood, "proceed to acquaint me with the conversation you overheard, and which you declare to be of such importance to me."

"My lord, one fact must be of primary importance to you, I believe," said Pharisee, "and that is the death of the mother of Mr. Erle Gower."

A livid tint rendered the features of Lord Kingswood for a moment ghastly, and in a low voice he replied,

"Most important."

"Your lordship is, I have no doubt, conscious that Mr. Vernon, of Huntingford, is deeply interested in Mr. Erle's affairs?"

"You referred to an event," he said; "confine yourself for the present to that."

"I merely, my lord, intended to preface what I had to say on that point," returned Pharisee, "by informing your lordship that the old knave, of whom I have several times spoken to your lordship, is Mr. Vernon's secret agent, and has been engaged by him from the time a false charge was brought against the mother of Mr. Erle up to the present moment."

"His secret agent?" echoed Lord Kingswood, with a look of inquiry.

"Yes, my lord. When the lady to whom I have alluded disappeared, I suppose from her friends, this old man Pengreep was employed by Mr. Vernon to track her," continued Pharisee.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, sharply. "With what success?"

"To give his own words," answered Pharisee, "he said that he had in his possession written notes of all the incidents of some trial which the lady had to undergo, her acquittal and subsequent death and burial, a description of the place where she was interred, together with all the necessary official papers relating to it."

"Death and interment! are you sure of that?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with eager excitement.

"Quite sure, my lord," returned Pharisee. "That was not all: he not only pointed to a chest in which the documents of which he spoke were, he said, deposited, but also stated that the same box contained the certificate of your marriage with the mother of Mr. Erle."

Lord Kingswood started and caught Pharisee by the arm.

"My good Pharisee," he said, in an earnest tone, "are you sure—quite sure—that he said the mother of Mr. Erle?"

"Yes—let me remember—a—well—a no—I am not sure on that point," answered Pharisee, dubiously; but added, quickly, "I am sure that he said he was in possession of the certificate of the marriage and the official register——"

"Extracted from the book?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood.

"From what I gathered, my lord, I should say subtracted—torn out," replied Pharisee.

"I have some reason to believe that your supposition is correct," observed Lord Kingswood. "But proceed, your information is indeed interesting and important to me."

"It will prove, my lord, yet more deeply interesting to you, I suspect," continued Pharisee, rubbing one hand slowly over the other. "The death of the lady is an important fact."

"A most important fact," repeated Lord Kingswood.

"So, my lord, is that of the death of the clergyman who performed the ceremony of marriage between you and the lady of whom we have been speaking."

A low groan burst from Lord Kingswood's lips.

"The individual who performed the—the ceremony was not—was not—I have, I think, the strongest authority to believe, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England," said his lordship, in a hesitating tone.

"But an impostor?" suggested Pharisee.

"In that sense—yes," replied his lordship.

"My lord, have you any objection to name to me the authority?" asked Pharisee. "Your lordship can depend upon my secrecy."

"I quite believe I can, Pharisee, in this matter, at least," returned Lord Kingswood. "The fact is, Sir Harris Stanhope in some degree assisted me in the—in the—intri—a—I should say—affair, and he subsequently assured me, and does at the present moment positively assert, that the person engaged was not a clergyman."

"Sir Harris Stanhope, my lord, has an interest in deceiving you," replied Pharisee. "The clergyman was his friend, but some years since a quarrel took place between them which was never healed. The reverend gentleman married a lady of fortune, changed his name and residence, and his death has been known only through his adopted name."

Lord Kingswood, in a state of nervous excitement, paced up and down the room for a few moments, his breast filled with tumultuous emotions; several times he essayed to speak, but found it impossible to do so. At length, after wiping the clammy moisture from his forehead, and drawing several deep breaths, he returned to Pharisee.

"I think, then, my faithful Pharisee," he said, still panting for breath, "that I am to understand that the—the unhappy lady who has given me much cause lately for uneasiness is—is dead, and has been so for many years?"

"Exactly so, my lord," returned Pharisee, with a bend of the head.

"And that the clergyman, being dead, no living witnesses of the ceremony can now be produced?" continued Lord Kingswood.

"Precisely so, my lord," returned Pharisee, with a cunning leer upon his sallow face. "The case stands thus: whatever may really have happened in past years to compromise your lordship's position cannot now be proved, save by documents, and we all know that such documents as certificates and attesting papers can be forged to serve a purpose. The real position in which you now stand, my lord, may be understood by your lordship from the following words which Mr. Vernon addressed to old Pengreep—'Lord Kingswood must not know of this clergyman's death, or my revenge and his atonement will for ever be crushed in this world.' I heard him say this distinctly, and your lordship will, no doubt, comprehend the words better than I can explain them."

"They are obligations of a very important and valuable kind," continued Lord Kingswood, "and I appreciate them as such. I refer to the documents and papers of which you have spoken."

"I have, my lord, already had them in my possession," returned Pharisee, a crawling, creeping sensation running over his frame. "I, in fact, my lord, purloined them, and believed that I had made good my escape with them; but I was overtaken, they were wrested from me, and hence the necessity for my flight."

"I will protect you," said Lord Kingswood, a sudden thought flashing through his brain. "But I need not appear in the matter. You say that your belief is those papers were for the most part obtained surreptitiously?"

"There can be no doubt of it, my lord," returned Pharisee.

"Well, in that case," rejoined Lord Kingswood, quickly, "this man Pengreep cannot pursue you for trying to obtain possession of what he has himself stolen."

Pharisee started; this was placing his position in a new form with respect to Pengreep. But Albertina? He groaned at the very thought of her. The memory of the license, the ring, the have and to hold, for better for worse, almost made him sink into the earth.

"Where did you say this man lived?" inquired Lord Kingswood.

"Gray's Mount," returned Pharisee, scarcely, for the moment, knowing what he was saying.

Lord Kingswood made an entry in his tablets.

"I suppose the fellow can be reached with gold?" observed Lord Kingswood.

"No doubt, my lord," returned Pharisee, still musingly.

"What if we were to open negotiations with him?" suggested Lord Kingswood. "Now we know the commodity he has to part with, we shall be in a position to make an offer. Possessing certain information, they are of much less value than they would have been under other circumstances. We can afford, however, to be liberal, for I do not deny that I am very anxious to obtain every scrap of paper relative to this accursed affair, and destroy, obliterate all, so that not a vestige of it shall remain to trouble me more."

"I am afraid, my lord, that you would find him treacherous," suggested Pharisee.

"And he would find me wary," returned Lord Kingswood. "An idea has occurred to me which I think we can carry out. I will cause a search-warrant to be obtained, by which his premises can be entered and examined, and, having that in our hands, we appoint a meeting with him—propose terms; if he refuses, he shall be taken into custody, on a charge of stealing a page from a parish register book, and while he is in confinement we will search his house. You have said that you know the chest in which the documents we want are placed?"

"I do, my lord," returned Pharisee.

"We will then secure the papers, liberate him, and let him take his remedy. We shall have in our possession the proofs of his delinquency, and his bite will be harmless. I will attend to this at the earliest moment in the morning. You shall then contrive an interview with this man Pengreep——"

"But, my lord, he has already threatened to give me into the custody of the police if he catches me, and he is the man to keep his word; besides——"

Pharisee hesitated.

"Besides what?" interrupted Lord Kingswood, seeing that Pharisee had yet something to reveal which he had not communicated.

Before he could reply, a servant entered the room, bringing a letter upon a gold salver for Lord Kingswood.

A frown settled on his brow, and his face a shade paler than before.

"MY LORD—We are instructed by our client, Mr. Vernon, of Eaton-square, to apply to you for the sum of five thousand pounds, the cost of twenty years' maintenance, education, &c., of your son, Mr. Erle Kingswood, and to inform you that unless the same be paid to us, with our costs, before twelve o'clock to-morrow morning, process will be immediately issued against you. In the event of your lordship disputing this claim, your lordship will, perhaps, favor us with the name of the solicitors who act for your lordship. We have the honor to be, your lordship's obedient servants,

"WINDER, TARRALL & PITSTUMP."

"I heard Mr. Vernon say something about going to the Attorney-General's, but I could hardly catch what it was," said Pharisee, rather hastily; "but I heard him say also that he was afraid the storm had passed over, and would leave you scatheless; and he said likewise that Mr. Erle had left him, and had behaved ungratefully, so I think your lordship may toss that letter behind the fire and snap your fingers at them all."

"No," said Lord Kingswood, "I am only more confirmed in a design I have formed to see this man Pengreep myself immediately."

Pharisee suddenly grew cold and faint, for he heard a hoarse turmoil still raging below.

"As your lordship pleases," he said, in a hurried, nervous tone. "I will endeavor to see your lordship at some part of to-morrow, and learn the result."

"Very well, Pharisee," returned his lordship, still with a perplexed, thoughtful look, for the letter he had just received much disturbed him.

He sat down to reperuse it, and before he had finished it Pharisee glided from the room.

He heard the wild noise growing louder below, and his heart died within him, for he recognized the voice of his Albertina used with vehement earnestness.

He slunk down the servants' staircase, sneaked through the passage at the basement, and so out by the servants' private entrance, reaching the pavement as Albertina was hurried out of the hall with fearful velocity.

She caught a glimpse of him as he fled swiftly away, uttered a scream of recognition, and rushed after him in hot pursuit, followed by two policemen, several of the servants, and a *queue* of idlers and small boys.

CHAPTER LVI.

As soon as the aged eyes of old Eldra perceived the rough, uncouth form of Tubal Kish standing in the doorway of the chamber containing Erle and herself, and she noticed that Tubal stared at Erle with an aspect of bewildered astonishment, she uttered an exclamation which was a compound of vexation and surprise. She, in a shrill but haughty tone of command, bade him descend the staircase, and as he hesitated she advanced hastily towards him with upraised stick, and then, with a grunt like the growl of an ill-conditioned dog, he obeyed her and disappeared.

She turned to Erle and said,

"The blood of a doomed race circulates in my veins as in yours. It may be that the hour rapidly approaches for the redemption of the race from its doom, and with it my release from life. I feel that some great and decisive event connected with our house is at hand. That mystic veil is lifted now, and I see standing by your side the shadow of the first Erle, Baron Kingswood."

Presently she muttered,

"His eyes have lost their ruthless glare, his brow wears not its wonted settled gloom, his eyes regard me with a softer expression, and the ghastly blood upon his hands seems fading—he points to you—and—oh, my God!"

With a scream and a gasp she sank upon the ground, and Erle at once moved forward to raise and support her, although her wild aspect and yet more singular words had caused a strange thrill to run through his frame so as almost for an instant to render him powerless.

She waved him off and rose up.

"It was but a spasm," she said, with difficulty.

"But your vision, dame?" he ejaculated, in an air of eager inquiry.

"You intimate that, therefore let me know it. It may be the mere wanderings of an enfeebled brain that moved you so deeply; but it may have been one of those supernatural communications which set at defiance our ordinary faculties of reasoning, and as such of the greatest moment to me. I have had sights, visions, dreams—call them what you will—they are so misty and improbable that the unthinking world would laugh me to scorn for attaching more weight to them than incoherent dreams deserve."

Again the old woman shook her head sadly.

"Evil flies with falcon's wings," she muttered rather than said. "I fear me that you, too, are doomed, and it is not for me to hasten the agonies which will sooner or later be yours, by prognostications whose fulfilment, even if you have faith in them, you can neither elude nor avert. You are pale, the lines of fatigue and exhaustion circle about your eyes and lips. In yon room you will find a bed. You may rest upon it in safety, innocence alone has rested there. I can tell by your clear, steadfast eyes, and firm lip, that as yet crime has not set its brand upon you. When you arise from your slumber, I may add, perhaps, to what I have already communicated, as you may have the power, even unknown to yourself, to confirm me in the suspicion I have formed with respect to your origin. If all be true, as I now conceive it to be, oh, but you shall press onward in your true path, backed with all the aid and the terrible knowledge with which I can furnish you! Not a word more! Go, you need rest, go—go."

She waved her hand towards an apartment, into which, in full faith that he was safe, Erle entered. He saw at a glance that it had been Violet's, that it was tastefully, even elegantly furnished, but he was too overcome by fatigue to note many things, mere trifles in themselves, but strongly illustrative of the pure mind, the delicate, even refined taste, and the guileless nature of the forest flower which had bloomed there and drooped and faded elsewhere.

He flung himself upon the bed, muttered a hasty prayer, and in a few minutes he was asleep, dreaming that he was seated by the side of Lady Maud in the old library.

They were alone as they had been—were reading the old chronicles together—and it seemed to him that the word LOVE played in characters of lambent flame over the broad page, and though he knew what they intended to represent, yet they would not take the shape of the word, or even the form of the letter, but perplexed and teased and vexed him. And then he had other stronger and wilder dreams, but he slept on deeply and continuously.

In the meanwhile old Eldra descended the stone staircase, and perceived at the opened door leading into the Chace, Tubal Kish prostrate upon the turf, leaning upon his elbows, and watching ardently for Erle as a tiger would for its prey.

He was armed with a fowling-piece, and when he saw that Eldra was alone, he rose to his feet and approached her.

"Where be he?" he exclaimed, in an undertone. "Vanished—gone—like he do in the brake and in the covert, in the alleys and the thickets."

"Fool!" ejaculated old Eldra.

"Nay, I be a cooning vool if I be voot," he retorted. "Dost th' not mind, dame, what the chaunt says? I'se heerd thee drone it:

When the heir of the race
Shall his own features trace?"

"Silence, idiot!" cried the old woman angrily. "The guest above is no spirit, but one who has asked for shelter, rest and refreshment. Look you, disturb him not!"

"No spectre!" exclaimed Tubal, his brow lowering. "Not t' bad baron I seen oop in Chace o' nights?"

"I tell you no, fool!" responded the old woman, sharply. "Hie away with you! he needs quiet and rest. Your rough clatter will only disturb him. Hie away, and beware of a black hawk!"

"So you've told me often, dame," he replied, with a guttural laugh. "I ha' no seen a black hawk, an' I believe eye of man never saw 'un either."

"You have seen the spectre of the Chace, owlet, have you not?" asked the old woman, fixing her glittering eyes upon him, and speaking in a tone which made him gasp with fear.

"Ye—es," he chattered between his teeth.

"Is that a sight for the eye of man?" she asked sharply. "Yet have you seen the ghostly thing. Beware of a black hawk, I bid you! it will be your death! Go."

"Just a word, dame. Ye tell I yon oop in tower be not spectre!" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

"I have told thee so, fool!" she cried.

"Eh, but dost thee know who he be, then?" he inquired.

She gazed at him fixedly for a moment, and then said:

"Dost thou, Tubal?"

"And he be not spectre, he be t' young squire, who was at t' Hall when the last dead leaves were falling from the branches," he returned, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper, continued, "it be he, dame, who poured a barrel o' shot at my breast because I tried to get pretty Vi'let, our flower of the Chace, out of clutches o' young Squire Cyril."

The old dame started back a step.

"Did he—he rescue Violet from you and place her in the hands of Cyril Kingswood?"

"Aye, that did he, dame," replied Tubal. "When I 'ood a lifted her 'oop and carried her to tower, he oop with gun an' covered me wi' it."

"Knowing that he was consigning to the clutches of a designing villain one so fair, so young, so innocent?"

"Nay, he never stopped to ask or right or wrong, but he fired at me," cried Tubal, excitedly. "I have marks now; I count 'em at times loike, because it is a debt, dame, an' them debts I always pay."

The old woman's brows contracted.

"I see," she muttered, "the rash impulse of youth to side with the weaker party. It was not wise, but it was both bold and brave," she said, as if communing with herself.

"Ay! an' if he be not Kingswood o' Kingswood, it be he who broke my head wi' gun-stock in glade, when I'd Cyril Kingswood's weasand beneath my 'ood knife. Dost see, dame, I know 'un, an' I'll make 'un know I afore I done wi' 'un."

"Peace," muttered the dame, sharply. "It is not by your vile hand a Kingswood shall fall. Mark me, he who rests above within the tower is under my protection. See you harm him not; see you attempt not to harm him! If you dare, Tubal, I will turn thee as a ferret will a mole. He sleeps in peace. Hie thee away. Heed me and tremble. Go!"

She raised her stick, and Tubal slunk gloomily away. She watched him for a short time to note whether he lurked about or endeavored to conceal himself within a thicket, but apparently satisfied, she turned, entered the tower and made fast the door upon the inner side.

Tubal did not intend to lurk about; he had an engagement to keep, and he hurried to the place of appointment.

It was a small glade, enclosed with trees, and was untenanted by human beings. He flung himself beneath a mass of entangled brushwood, and lay concealed from sight.

He had not been there hidden long ere his quick ear caught the sound of a footstep advancing along the glade, even though the soft grass made the foot fall lightly.

He turned his eyes in the direction and beheld the form of Philip Avon approaching. As soon as the latter reached a spot within a few feet of him, he rose up silently from his lair and confronted him.

Philip started to find him so close to him, but without alluding to it, said, in a stern, arrogant tone:

"Well, fellow, what more of the ghost about whom you babbled to me this morning? Is it made of flesh and blood, or of moonbeams and mist? Have you come to your senses yet, dolt, or are you still on this point as mad as a March hare?"

"I ha' seen 'un again," said Tubal Kish in reply, a malicious grin spreading itself over his rough, ungainly features.

"What, the ghost!" asked Philip Avon, with a contemptuous laugh.

"He bean't no ghost," muttered Tubal between his teeth.

"Ha! is it so?" cried Philip quickly.

"Nen," responded Tubal. "A' do wish I had a known it last noight, a' would ha' made 'un a ghost before this morn, I 'ood, that I 'ood."

"So, so," rejoined Philip, eyeing him like a hawk. "What! I was in the right when I told you that you were no better than a scared idiot, eh? Now, tell me who this masquerader is. You say that you have seen him," he added, with a sternness of tone, which was intended to intimate to Tubal that he had no intention to be trifled with.

"Why, he be t' young squire who staid at t' Hall afore Christmas tide."

"I was sure of it," muttered Philip between his teeth, and his visage became deadly pale. "Where is he now?" he cried, hoarsely, clutching at the same time Tubal's arm. "He shall not get away from me this time; a sudden blow, and three feet deep beneath the turf, will put an end to his ghostly antics for ever."

"He bides now where neither you nor I dare touch 'un, Master Philip," replied Tubal, gloomily.

"Where is that?" asked Philip, with a laugh of scornful incredulity.

"Nay, that is where I cannot tell 'ee," replied Tubal. "But I know where to watch for 'un."

"Bah!" replied Philip, with a gesture of rage, "I will not wait. Lead me to the spot where I can face him. I am sick for another struggle with him."

"I tell 'ee no; I munna do't," returned Tubal, doggedly. "Thee must wai'. I say't, thee caest not find 'un without I; if thee thinks thee can, do't by thysen; but I tell 'ee he sleeps now where one watches over and protects him, but a' will rise oop and wander in Chace agen, a' will make for t'ould part of Hall, and then thee caest work thy will, but I'll ha' one deep plunge o' my 'ood-knife to settle up my old scores wi' 'un."

The latter observations respecting Erle seemed to strike Philip Avon with some force.

"That he visits the Hall surreptitiously is clear," he soliloquised; "and so long as he does it in mystery, and with the profession of highflown motives, that weak fool Lady Maud will suffer her mind to be led captive by him."

Turning to Tubal, he said, abruptly,

"Can the fellow escape without being detected by you?"

"Noa," returned Tubal, "an' I be sure he won't neither."

"At what hour do you think he'll move abroad again?" inquired Philip, eyeing him steadfastly.

"Not till the moon makes the mist rise in the glades," replied Tubal Kish; "and then you'll see him flit across them like the shadow of too Kingswood o' Kingswood."

"At what hour does the moon rise to-night?" inquired Philip, musingly.

"An hour before midnight she'll be smiling above treetops," replied Tubal. "But he'll be abroad before that hour."

"For what purpose?" inquired Philip.

"I cannot say, but a' walks an' wanders to and fro until the hour o' midnight has chimed; then he wanders in t'ould Hall," replied Tubal Kish.

"By what entrance does he enter the Hall?" he asked, with an air of eager curiosity.

"I dunno," replied the ruffian, with a perplexed look. "When I hunted vor my pistol and my knife, an' I hunted in vain, I fancied I saw a man stealing oop to entrance t' 'ould Hall. At first I thought 'twere gamekeeper on watch for I, but next instant 'twere gone—'twere like magic. I looked again and again, but I saw 'un no more. Only while I watched I saw light come into ould library, and it never went out till couldn't see't for dawn breaking."

Philip Avon walked up and down the glade, deep in thought, for a few minutes. At length he soliloquised,

"I will adopt this plan. All things considered, it will be better than throttling him. Lord Kingswood will be with me. From what he said he will only be too glad to get rid of him, and there is not a man in the commission of the peace down here who will not commit him if they understand it to be Lord Kingswood's wish that he should be sent abroad to herd with felons. Dainty Lady Maud will hardly preserve with pleasure the memory of a lover who is working out a term of servitude with scoundrels of the worst dye in chains, in a penal settlement. I will do it. Tubal Kish, where shall I meet you to-night to track the house-robbing ghost?"

"Ay, an' for that matter, man-robbing too," replied Tubal Kish. "A' stole my pistol and 'ood knife."

"Excellent," cried Philip, slapping his thigh, "a petty larceny theft too. You shall charge him with it, Tubal, before a magistrate."

"Who—I?" cried Tubal, with an air of affright. "Noa! noa! Not I, Master Philip."

"Why not?" asked Philip, angrily.

"Why, Master Philip, t'magistrate do want to see I sorely," replied Tubal, with a downcast look.

"What for—poaching?" suggested Philip.

"Eh! that be it, Master Philip," replied Tubal, somewhat hesitatingly; "an' if he do catch me inside justice room a' will send I to jail too."

"Leave that to me," returned Philip, quickly. "My father, Sir Walter Avon, is in the commission of the peace, and you shall prefer your charge before him. I will protect you. I will bring up with me to-night Hamregue and Picker, two of our best constables, and we will pounce upon our quarry when he has got well inside the Hall."

"I cannot meet t' constables, Master Philip. You maun track the game by yoursen' vor I," said Tubal, doggedly. "They do owe I grudge; I cracked both of their crowns, and they have sworn to lay I by t' heels. I cannot meet 'em, Master Philip. I will do all you wish without 'un, but I cannot meet 'em."

"Fool, I will pay for their broken pates; and I give you my word they shall not touch you, that is enough for you. Therefore, meet me at this spot at ten to-night, and look that you are here, or I will myself set Hamregue and Picker on you. I know where to find you, and if you fail me to-night our next interview shall be in the lock up."

As he concluded he stalked away down the glade, leaving Tubal Kish muttering something very like an anathema against himself if he ran the risk that night of meeting the constables.

Yet at the hour of ten he was at the appointed spot, for after all he feared Philip Avon more than he did the constables, and there he was joined by Philip and two men, who smiled at Tubal Kish when they faced him with a very grim expression.

Without a word Tubal Kish led them in a certain direction, and placed them beneath a covert, and bade them watch an opening which existed in the centre of a mass of forest trees. An hour elapsed, and there was no sign of the approach of their intended victim. Philip began to grow impatient, when suddenly Tubal caught him by the arm and whispered in his ear,

"Lie close—be still; I hear hi' footfall on the grass."

Philip listened, but could not catch the sound, yet presently he caught sight of a figure muffled in a cloak, which glided swiftly across the glade, and entered a long alley or aisle formed by the tall stems of many trees.

They all rose, and with stealthy steps, followed the fleeing figure. They entered the grove of trees also, and beheld the shadow gliding lightly and quickly down it, and then pass out into the open space beyond.

They hurried after it, and entered the open space cautiously, but the figure was not anywhere to be seen—it had vanished.

The space before them was of such extent that it was impossible for the fugitive to have passed over it without being seen by them, and there was nothing but a mass of brushwood and a gully in the place to serve for cover. The brushwood was carefully examined, but in vain, and then Tubal Kish, in a tone of awe, exclaimed,

"Let us back again. We have been hunting the Kingswood o' Kingswood."

"Fool! idiot!" cried Philip, passionately, "I know the fellow, his gait, his step. It is him I swear. Let us to the Hall, and watch there; we shall have him yet."

As he concluded these words he led the way himself to Kingswood Hall, closely followed by the two officers and Tubal Kish.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

No journal published on the Continent of America has wielded so vast a party and general influence as the New York *Tribune*. Its influence is not confined to cities, it is felt in towns and villages, in the scattered homesteads of our agricultural districts, and in the log cabins in the wildernesses of our Territories. It addresses a vast audience, and its intense earnestness of purpose in the great issues it advocates bears the inevitable stamp of moral conviction, and its influence and weight with its readers is commensurate with this earnestness. Its rise and progress to its present immense circulation and social and political power is worthy of record.

The New York *Daily Tribune* was first issued on the 10th day of April, 1841. It was a folio of five columns per page, not half its present size, and containing about one-third the amount of matter. Its price was one cent per copy. A small list of subscribers had been gathered by the industrious efforts of a few personal friends of the sole editor and proprietor, Horace Greeley, but of the first day's edition, only five thousand copies, a large proportion was given away to whoever would accept them. General Harrison's funeral was celebrated on that day in New York by an immense turnout, and there was a chilling north-east storm of rain, hail and wind—both obsequies and storm tending to distract attention from the new journal. Its editor had for seven years previously issued the *New Yorker*, a literary weekly of good repute, which obtained a circulation of nine thousand five hundred copies, but being sent to subscribers on credit never made a dollar. During the summer and fall preceding the publication of the *Daily Tribune*, Horace Greeley had issued a campaign weekly paper entitled the *Log Cabin*, devoted to the election of General Harrison to the Presidency, which obtained the then unprecedented circulation of eighty thousand copies, but was sold for little more than the cost of the white paper on which it was printed. The popularity of this journal doubtless aided the circulation of the *Tribune*, yet its first week's receipts were but ninety-two dollars, against a current outlay of five hundred and twenty-five dollars. In the following August Mr. Thomas McElrath took an interest in the concern, with the position as publisher, and within a year from its establishment it began to pay expenses, as it has always hitherto done.

The *Weekly Tribune*, which has now a circulation of over two hundred thousand copies, was first issued in September, 1841, and the *Semi-Weekly* in 1843.

The *Tribune* was the first daily newspaper in America issued in double folio of eight pages per day, while it has often issued two folio page supplements per week. It has always been the largest of the cheap dailies, and having fewer advertisements than its rivals prints more news matter than they do, and with larger type. Perhaps two-thirds of its entire receipts have been paid directly over to its paper makers, and of the four or five millions of dollars received from its subscribers and advertisers, at least nine-tenths have been paid directly out for paper, ink, type, reporting, telegraphing, &c., leaving a very small proportion to be divided among its fifteen or twenty proprietors.

Before the era of regular steamship mails its publishers sent a vessel once to Europe expressly for news, and have during the term of its existence spent many thousands of dollars on land and ocean expresses. It now pays for telegraphing alone the enormous sum of *thirty thousand dollars* a year. It was the first paper in America to stereotype its pages, so as to print its several editions from stereotype forms, and preserve its type from the fearful wear and tear of large editions run off from cylinder presses.

The growth of its circulation is evidenced by the fact that it was first printed on a machine which cost two thousand dollars, and would run off about two thousand copies an hour. Now its principal press, one of Hoe's ten cylinders, cost thirty thousand dollars, or with fixtures *forty thousand dollars*, and runs off *eighteen thousand sheets per hour*. It could be driven at a higher rate, though not without danger of breaking it. To print off the enormous editions of the *Daily*, *Semi-Weekly* and *Weekly Tribune*, not only is this great press in constant use, but also another six cylinder Hoe is pressed into service, working day and night.

It is curious to inquire into the working details of this establishment, which is in intimate communication with a million people per day. We find that the amount of paper used every week is over thirteen hundred reams, of five hundred sheets to the ream, or, in other words, over *six hundred and fifty thousand* sheets of paper, or *five millions four hundred thousand* pages, are printed, counted, folded and despatched at the New York *Tribune* office every week.

The circulation of the Daily (per week) is		438,000
" "	Semi-Weekly	50,000
" "	Weekly	200,000
Edition for California		2,500
Total circulation		690,500

It takes a careful observer to realise the enormous proportions of the above numerals, representing the circulation of journals from one office. It is so vast that it almost staggers belief, but the fact is simply so without the slightest exaggeration.

To carry on the business of this great establishment a multiplicity of heads and hands are necessary, and we find their number and classification as follows:

Editors, correspondents and reporters	28
Compositors and proofreaders	76
Pressroom hands	48
Newspaper folding machines	5
Mailing department	44
Publishing department	11
In all (exclusive of carriers and all outside assistance)	212

Horace Greeley is the Editor-in-Chief; indeed, he is the *Tribune* so far as the world knows, and the popular belief is that he is neatly packed and folded up and distributed with every copy of the *Tribune* each morning, so thoroughly is his personality identified with that famous sheet. Horace Greeley is essentially a man of the people; if he towers above them in intellect, he comes to their level when wrongs are to be righted and human sympathy expressed. His heart and mind are both large, comprehensive and earnest. When he feels, he gives with an open, ungrudging hand, and, better than all, kind words; when he thinks, he writes in words which stand forth like letters of glowing fire, which burn into the popular mind, and cannot be quenched out. He is a brief, bold, intelligible writer, condensing small volumes into a couple of squares, and giving the skeletons of facts which stare one in the face and will be seen. He enters into every subject he takes hold of with all his heart, and with an impetuosity that acknowledges no obstacles, and regards not the conventional courtesies of language; in short, his absorption is entire, and he drives ahead reckless whom he spills in his onward course. His mind is so inquiring, so ready to seize upon anything which promises to ameliorate our species, that he has been the expounder of a vast many Humanitarian ideas, most of which have dropped quietly into oblivion, but which for a while he upheld with all the force of his vigorous pen. Impulsive and hopeful, he was as likely to be wrong as right in his advocacy of novel theories, but right or wrong he threw the whole force of his nature into whatever contest he was engaged. Horace Greeley's position and influence, socially and politically, is second to none in the country, and this he has won by his fearlessness, his honesty and his earnestness—with the one he met his enemies and conquered them, with the other he silenced all detraction, and with the last he makes the masses believe what he believes. However we may dissent from some of the leading points of his creeds, we acknowledge the admiration which his brilliant talents command, and the respect which his moral character compels. By the *attachés* of the *Tribune* he is greatly beloved.

Among his collaborateurs in the editorial room is Mr. C. A. Dana, whose varied knowledge, tact and judgment seemed to point him out for the managing editor, at once capable and reliable. He has held that position for many years, and is besides connected with Mr. Ripley in the editorial charge of "Appleton's Encyclopædia," a work of vast importance and labor, and requiring the finest judgment and tact in its conduct. His liberal acquirements fit him for both positions, and few literary men of his age have reached such prominent and honorable places in the world of letters as Mr. Charles A. Dana.

The Literary Editor, Mr. George Ripley, is a man of liberal education and of rare mental acquirements. His reviews are admirably written, and display a fine discrimination, a genial appreciation and a refined and scholarly taste. His marked qualifications pointed him out as eminently fitted to conduct a great literary work, and he was, consequently, chosen chief editor of "Appleton's Encyclopædia." His conversational powers are described as very remarkable for brilliancy of imagination, eloquence and depth of thought. He is a studious man, much absorbed in his literary labors, but is of a kind and genial disposition.

The musical editor is Mr. William Henry Fry, and he is the only man upon the press for whose opinion on musical matters we have the slightest respect. He is a cultivated musician, a composer who has made his mark, and if he is heterodox upon some of the dogmas of our musical creed, he has sufficient stuff in him to support his theories forcibly if not convincingly, and to compel even his adversaries to respect his opinions. Mr. Fry is also an eloquent speaker, and an able and vigorous political writer.

The Agricultural Editors are Messrs. Solon Robinson and Olcott, both of them experts in their department.

The Commercial Editor, Mr. George M. Snow, is behind the scenes in the Exchange, the bankers and brokers' offices, can point you out the principal bulls and bears, and is in a general sense up to all the "ropes" of the "street." He thoroughly understands and ably fills his department. It is said that he is as much at home "behind the scenes" in private life, among his large circle of friends, and like other great actors in the drama of life, he "holds the mirror up to nature" with consummate art.

Mr. Sidney H. Gay makes up the *Weekly Tribune*; Mr. Isaac William England is an able and discriminating City Editor, and Mr. J. F. Ottarson is an indefatigable and comprehensive News Editor, and was for a considerable period City Editor.

Mr. J. F. Cleveland is the Albany correspondent, a shrewd and keen observer, and a vigorous and pointed writer. He is also the compiler of the Tribune Almanac, a political annual bought by all politicians, which has reached a circulation of nearly one hundred and twenty thousand copies.

In the publishing department, Mr. Samuel Sinclair is the presiding genius. He has been connected with that department since its commencement, in 1841, and is now the sole publisher. The entire management of that vast business devolves upon him, and under his sagacious and far-seeing control, it has grown up to its present greatness, representing a capital of nearly half a million of dollars. We look upon this fact as the best evidence of his financial and administrative ability. The business department has also the assistance of Mr. R. M. Streheigh as advertising clerk. Mr. James Cuthell, an *attaché* from the first, died a short time since, never having been absent two successive days for nearly twenty years. Mr. E. T. Watson has charge of the wrapper-writing department, and Mr. J. B. Mix, a member of the Seventh regiment, has charge of the newspaper directing machines, of which there are five.

Three-fourths of a hundred of busy hands are employed with the flying type, under the supervision of Thomas N. Rooker, foreman of the composition room. Half a hundred swarthy figures glide through the dangerous intricacies of the immense press-room, where that ceaseless and noiseless engine works night and day, under the charge of Philip Fitzpatrick, the foreman, Patrick Nulty, assistant foreman. Patrick Rourk is day engineer, and John Rickard the night engineer.

And last, though not by any means the least among the *Tribune* wonders let us enter the counting, folding and delivering room of the *Daily* and *Weekly Tribune*, where Mr. David P. Rhoades is the ruling and animating spirit. It is his duty to count the papers as they come in bundles from the press, and deliver them to the boys and agents who are clamoring and impatient to procure their quota. Calm and unmoved amid the riot and the racket, like the steam engine he goes on and on, and incredible as it may sound, he can count the papers at the rate of *eighteen thousand copies an hour*, or as fast as the ten cylinder press can run them out. This is an act of manual dexterity not to be paralleled through all newspaperdom. It was acquired by force of necessity. As the power of producing in the printing press was developed, his counting dexterity was developed in the like manner. It was proposed to get two or three men to help him, but he was strong in the belief that it must be a very fast machine that could beat him—and he was right. He is ahead of the steam printing press yet.

It is possible we have omitted some point of interest, but we give our impressions, and the facts we gleaned from a necessarily brief visit to the New York *Tribune* establishment.

TRIAL OF WIARD'S STEEL RIFLED CANNON FOR THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

Report of Special Commission, composed of officers appointed by General D. E. Sickles, from the Excelsior brigade, on trial of Norman Wiard's patent rifled steel cannon and carriages, which was made on the 3d of July, in the vicinity of Camp Scott, using Hotchkiss's celebrated shot and shell.

The Commission consisted of Colonel Hall, Second regiment; Colonel Graham, Fifth regiment; Captain Brenne, Artillery Officer.

General Sickles—Your Committee, in accordance with your instructions, proceeded to the trial ground, on the morning of the 3d inst., to witness the testing of one of Wiard's patent steel rifled cannon and improved carriage. The gun was dismounted and placed on a trial carriage, and a target of canvas, twenty feet square, erected at a distance of one thousand four hundred and thirty-three yards. Eleven shots were fired at the target, three of which were for adjusting sights and range. Eight of the eleven shots struck, one hitting the bull's eye. The time of flight was three and a half seconds, and the elevation two degrees, thirty-eight minutes. Ten of the shots passed on from one to two hundred yards beyond the target before making the first graze; one fell short of the target. One shot was fired into the beach sand at a distance of twelve yards, at an inclination of twenty degrees, and penetrated about four feet. One shot for ricochet on the water was fired; the first graze was estimated to be about five hundred yards, with four rebounds. The weight of powder charge was eight ounces. The gun was then remounted on its own carriage, and three shots fired with a charge of fourteen ounces. The time of flight was, in one instance, twenty-eight and a half seconds; the second twenty-nine, and the third thirty-one and a half seconds. During the trial a common United States bronze rifled six pounder was placed on the same trial carriage, with an elevation of four and a half degrees. The comparative results were as follows: Time of flight to the target, six seconds, the recoil in the case of the six pounder gun was thirty inches, and of the bronze gun nine feet. The weight of the steel gun is seven hundred pounds, and of the bronze gun eight hundred and ninety pounds, the charges used in the steel gun were eight ounces, in the bronze gun nineteen when firing at the target; the shots weighed six for the steel and twelve for the bronze gun. There are several important improvements in the construction of the gun and carriage, which make them in mobility and efficiency superior, in many essential particulars, to any guns we have seen in service. The carriage gives over twice the elevation of the standard United States carriage, and has a flattened bearing at the end of the trail, which greatly facilitates accuracy in firing. The wheels are constructed with iron adjustable hubs, and may be taken down and put together with the greatest facility by the aid of a hand wrench, and any shrinkage may be compensated by tightening the adjustable wedges in the hub and in the sections of the fellies. The tire is set by simple pressure, without the use of heat. The gun is made of solid steel, forged under heavy steam hammers, and is bored out of the solid mass. The trunnions are forged on an iron band and shrunk on the barrel of the gun. The plan of rifling is a gain twist ending in one revolution in a distance of nine feet. The grooves are eight in number, parallel in depth, and as two to one to the lands. The length of the gun is eighteen calibres. In the distribution of materials, the adaptation of parts, the style of finish and workmanship of his gun and carriage, Mr. Wiard has displayed masterly ability.

THE FRENCH LADY—A WAR EPISODE.

We briefly noticed in our last paper the daring abduction of the steamer St. Nicholas by Col. Richard Thomas, who got on board in the disguise of a lady dressed in the highest style of fashion. We have now to chronicle his capture. It appears that the ease with which he had accomplished his former exploit had given him a taste for another such experiment; but, unfortunately, on board the steamer on which he, with seven Confederates, took his passage up to Baltimore, there happened to be two of the deck hands of the St. Nicholas, who pointed out to Lieut. T. Carmichael and policeman Hornor that suspicious face. Lieut. Carmichael consequently ordered the captain to make at once for Fort McHenry, instead of going straight to Baltimore. When the "French Lady," who was now in proper male dress, found that the vessel was heading in to the Fort, his suspicions were alarmed, and he tried to bully the captain to push on for Baltimore; but, of course, without avail. When the steamer was alongside the landing-place of the Fort, Col. Thomas, pirate and French Lady, was not to be found. After, however, a severe search the heroic Colonel was found snugly ensconced in the drawer of a bureau, where he had been packed away under some female dresses. He was at once seized, and is now a prisoner to Fort McHenry, awaiting his trial for piracy and treason. There is a spice of romance about this "gay and gallant young soldier" calculated to create sympathy for him in the breast of novel readers and young ladies.

EYEBALLING—A NEW GAME IN THE WESTERN CAMPS.

There are variations in camp life here. The most amusing, and yet the most provoking, is the systematic, free and easy, incessant "eyeballing" that mysteriously spirits away everything from a pistol to a camp stool the moment it is left for an instant beyond range of your own eye. This eyeballing has been reduced to a science. The old saying about the Ohio volunteers in Mexico, that if they couldn't take a town they could always steal it, applies with literal truthfulness to the camps here. Does a soldier want a blanket? He "eyeballs" it. The poor fellow from whom he takes it is but little troubled; he eyeballs some other man's blanket, and so it goes clear around. You want a saddle. The "Orderly" doesn't see yours, and so he coolly picks up some other man's, claps it on your horse, and you are equipped. If the "other man" happens to want a saddle, he abides the "fate of war;" maybe he gets one, if he can secure a wide-awake Orderly—and maybe he doesn't. You can't be expected to look after that.

You are the fortunate possessor of a horse. You hitch him, right under the eye of a guard, with a special injunction to "see that nobody takes that horse," and go in to eat your dinner. Returning to remount, you are amazed to see no horse. Question the guard, and he tells you that "some other man got that horse!" "But why didn't you stop him?" "Why, he said it was his horse, and that you had stolen him, and he was only taking him back. Of course I didn't know anything about it!" If you are wise you receive the cool information as coolly as it deserves to be received, and simply "go and do likewise;" if you are a fool you curse and rave, and get laughed at for your pains.

Blue blouses are a very convenient article for camp wear. Some man to whose company blue blouses have not been supplied fancies that he would like one. A soldier has just taken off his blouse for some purpose. He turns his back for a moment, presto, the blouse is gone! Nobody knows anything about it. What can he do? What, indeed, but "go and do likewise?" If he can't get a blouse he can get something else. And so with other things.

THE STUFFED CAT.

An old chiffonnier (or ragpicker) died in Paris, in a state of abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a greengrocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that the wedding must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the money for her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a good-looking young man, entered.

"So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place," said he; "I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?"

"I, sir!" said Suzette, "you are joking."

"No, faith," said he; "I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better."

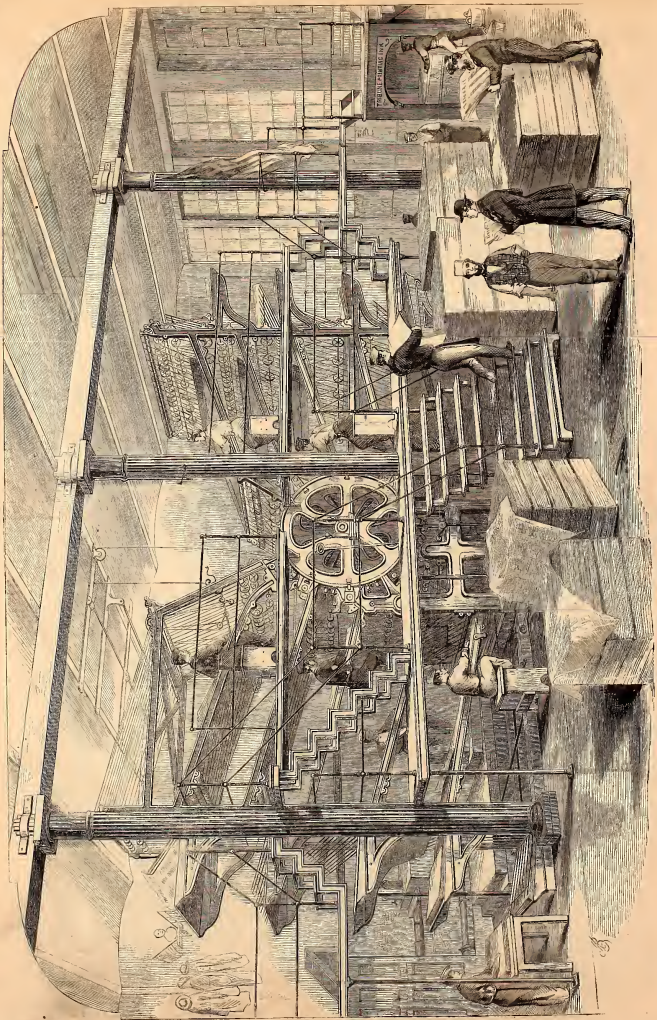
"But everybody will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me," said Suzette.

"Oh, if that is your only objection," said the young man, "we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you."

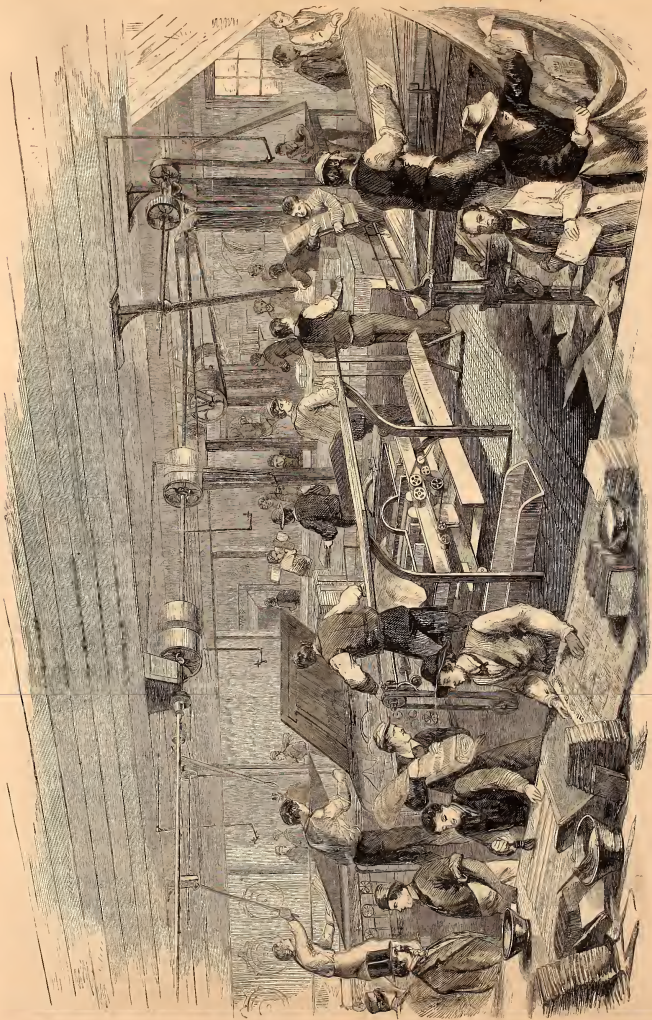
Suzette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle—it was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he determined that even death should not separate them, for he had had her stuffed, and placed her on the tester of his bed.

As Suzette took down puss, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding it so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

The Golden Belt.—Mdlle. ——, a young lady of no personal attractions but of great moral excellence, and possessing a very large fortune (something like twenty thousand pounds a year), had, like most young ladies in her position, several suitors for her hand. Her father gave a ball about a month ago, to which all the gentlemen were invited. Passing behind a group of bushes, which had been placed in the ball-room to decorate it, the young lady saw two of her admirers engaged in low, and, on one side, angry dialogue. Her own name was mentioned; do not blame her if she did not appear immediately; she was anxious to hear their conversation. The first speaker was the one towards whom her heart yearned; in fact, she had almost pronounced the decisive "yes;" the other, an officer of high rank, but without fortune, and known to be deeply in debt. The first spoke of his future with certainty; regretted her ugliness, and added that he should only marry her for her money. He also said he considered he was conferring a favor upon her. The officer took it up, saying that if the young lady had in reality consented, he was unworthy of the distinction; that love invested its object with beauty; that he (for he loved her) thought her most beautiful, and, even if she were not, her other qualities were such as to entitle her to esteem and admiration. The next day the officer received the golden belt worn by the lady the evening before, instituting him her champion to the eyes of the world. Their banns were published shortly afterwards.



THE PRESS-ROOM OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."—See Page 158.



THE FOLDING AND MAILING-ROOM OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD."—See Page 155.

THE PADDED ROOM AT DEEPWATER.

A Tale of an English Inn.

It was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater; and I was glad enough to see the "fly" of the Ten Jolly Drovers waiting at one end of the station, as I stepped out upon the other.

The Ten Jolly Drovers was a gem of a country inn. And the plump, comely woman, in a widow's cap and gown, who stood curtseying in the porch, with a great silver tankard of "home-brewed" in her hands, "to take the dust out of the gentleman's throat"—what of her? Why, she was a gem of a country landlady, to be sure.

I mentioned, when my pen first touched this paper, that it was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater Station. A drive of four miles with Jim the coachman had made it still more near; and by the time I entered the red-tiled porch every fowl had gone to roost, and lamps were twinkling in the kitchen and the hall. Candles had been taken into a room at the right, just beyond the bar, for me, and the sight of a tempting table laid for supper made me so hungry that I at once "fell to," feasted like a king, and then went to bed and slept without the least incursion of nightmare.

The week which I had allotted for my holiday passed rapidly away. I congratulated myself upon having found this happy valley—this home where no shadow of care brooded—these friends whose lives had more of sunshine and less of shadow than any I had ever known before. But, "call no man happy till he dies," says a wise old Eastern proverb. And I rejoin, call no place Paradise till you see its angels. For places, like people, have their good and bad attendant spirits. I found it so, before my sojourn at the Ten Jolly Drovers was over.

On the last night of my stay I sat late in my little parlor below stairs. When I took my candle to go up stairs, the house was shut up. Mrs. Ball had retired to her bedroom in the third story; and I could hear Jim snoring on his settle in the kitchen, where he always slept, with the house dog at his feet, ready to defend the place if burglars should take a sudden fancy to visit it during the small hours of the night.

The dog growled, but hearing my voice, gave a kind of satisfied snort, and betook himself to slumber again. I stole cautiously up the creaking stairs. A gust of air coming from the landing-place nearly blew my light out, and shading it with my hand, I saw that a small, arched door opposite the stairs, which I had never noticed before, stood ajar. It seemed to lead into a narrow passage; and wondering much how it could have escaped my notice, I stepped in. Another door, strongly barred with iron, was just before me. I hesitated a moment; but something stronger than mere curiosity—a kind of breathless interest, that startled me, urged me on. I opened it. Not easily, however—till it was suddenly wrenched from my hand by some one inside—so suddenly that I almost fell into a large, square room, hung with dark curtains, and only lighted by an iron lamp, in a wire case, that burnt high up on the wall. The door closed gently behind me, but I could see no person in the room. Yet something had certainly wrenched it from my grasp.

I suppose I felt afraid. I remember I was very much inclined to whistle, or sing, just as I used to be when in my boyhood I had to pass a lonely churchyard at night. I walked into the middle of the room and put my lamp on the floor, because there was no table or chair on which I could leave it. Then I took a long look at my surroundings, feeling more and more like whistling every moment.

Not a picture hung upon the walls, not an article of furniture made the place more home-like. A low divan ran around the room, at one end it widened, and was furnished with blankets, counterpane and pillows, now tossed into a confused heap. The windows were heavily shuttered and barred—the grate was also barred in and wired—the shovel, poker and tongs had been removed, also the fender. The floor felt strangely beneath my feet, and I bent down to examine it. It was padded, and covered over with elastic matting. I touched the walls, they were not hung with dark drapery, as I had first imagined, but padded also, and covered with a cloth looking and feeling like leather. What strange mystery was this, in this quiet, out-of-the-way place? Who dwelt in this room where safety was evidently the first thing studied, where even the solitary lamp twinkled, like a star, far out of reach? I sat down on the divan and wondered at my discovery.

At last, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the place, I saw something stir, near the bed, a moment after I heard a low sigh.

"Who sighs so?" I asked, with a beating heart.

A tall, dark figure rose from the ground. It sounds romantic at this distance of time, but it seemed anything but romantic then. I was almost frightened to death, and had no power to speak or stir, as it advanced slowly towards me. Clad in a long, dark robe, like the habit of a monk, a man stood before me, pale, wasted, and with long, white hair, and a beard like snow. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then sighed again heavily. I gathered up my courage, and said to myself that I must be dreaming, and that my first word would scare the illusion away.

"Who are you, and how came you here?" I asked.

"I am a lost soul," he said, in a melancholy voice; "lost for ever and ever."

"But why do you seek me?" I managed to say.

"You were to come; you came," said the sad voice. "But will you help me?"

"How can I?"

He drew nearer, and bent down, clasping and unclasping his hands in a strange, nervous way.

"There was blood upon the stairs to-night, I suppose, when you came up?"

"Upon the stairs? Why, no!"

"No! Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"No blood!" he kept repeating. "It is very strange! It is all because I did not go myself. If I had been out, I should have cut her throat from ear to ear, you know, and that would have made a beautiful path to walk in."

I nodded, though my heart died within me.

"You know her blood is like carmine," he went on. "I cut her once, before she put me here, and you might have painted a house with it. You would be charmed with the color, would you not?"

"No doubt, sir."

"Well, then, I promise you some. I can find my way to her, only you must lead me through the passage. I can't go through there alone; I always see him if I do."

"Who?"

"Charles—my brother Charles, you know. It is very odd," he added, in an injured tone, "the parson said he was in heaven, and if that is the case, I don't see why he should always stay in that passage."

"Shall I go and see if he is there now?" I said, fancying a chance of escape.

"No!" he answered, in a terrible voice, while his eyes began to gleam. "On second thoughts I will not go to her, she shall come to us. I know how I can bring her."

He snatched up the lamp I had left on the floor, and held it so that the flame touched the padding of the wall. In another moment it would have been on fire; but the real danger drove the imaginary one out of my head, and I sprang upon him. He dropped the lamp, and caught me in his powerful arms. I managed to trample out the flame, and then gave all my strength to the task of keeping his talon-like fingers from my throat. Up and down the padded room we struggled, fighting for life and death, yet making no noise and uttering no cry. The stillness terrified me. What would I not have given to have heard the sharp bark of Towser below.

It seemed an hour—I suppose it was not really more than five minutes. But the maniac's strength seemed to increase as mine gave way; he held one of my hands behind me, and though I kept him off for a time with the other, he fastened upon my throat at last. We had struggled down to the barred door—it was not quite shut, and in utter desperation I screamed aloud for help. The maniac ground his teeth, and uttered a strange cry; the blood rushed to my head as his cold hands tightened around my neck; my eyes seemed starting from their sockets. I was just gasping out a last prayer for mercy, when I heard a noise upon the stairs, the door was burst open—the great dog flew in with a low growl, and after him came Jim, who flung himself upon the madman, and loosened his grasp in an instant. I saw no more, for I went into a long swoon that was almost like death.

When, with much pain and anguish, sense and reason came back to me, I opened my eyes and found Jim bending over me, bathing my lips and temples with brandy and water. I was lying upon the kitchen settle, the gray dawn was stealing through the window, and Towser sat bolt upright in the middle of the floor, watching for my recovery with an anxious eye. He whined and wagged his bushy tail when I spoke. Jim held the brandy to my lips; he was pale, and a contused mark over his eye showed that he had not rescued me without danger on his part.

"In the name of Heaven, who was it, Jim?" I asked.

"Take some more brandy, sir. How in the world did you come to be in there with him?"

I told him how the outer door was ajar, and how the other one had been opened for me. He gave a long low whistle, and shook his head.

"It's missus's fault, and I often tells her we shall all be killed in our beds some night if she will go on visiting him. It always drives him wild. And to-night she must have gone off crying, as she often do, poor thing, and so forgotten to see that the doors were quite safe. It's a living mercy I heard you, sir."

"But who is he, Jim? And why is he here, instead of being in a proper madhouse?"

"That's her fault, too, as I tells her often enough. You see, sir, he was taken this way not long after they were married."

"Good Heavens! Is he her husband?"

"Yes, sir; I may say it to you, though every one else thinks he's dead, except the parson—he knows, and the doctor—he knows, too. It's a long story, and not over above pleasant. He went mad two years after she married him, and killed his brother Charles; leastways he stabbed him in that little passage, and he never got over it. But it was all hushed up, and people thought he was sent away to a madhouse. Afterwards they thought he died. But missus had that room fitted up, and has always kept him here. I mean to see to the bolts myself after this. He's fast enough now, and I've got the key of the passage in my pocket. I'm main glad missus didn't hear you, though."

"And so am I. But, Jim, I wouldn't stay under the same roof another night with him for millions."

He smiled.

"Oh, it's nothing when one gets used to it. Look at missus. Who would fancy she had got a raving maniac in charge?"

Who, indeed? I drank some more brandy, and going up to my own room, packed up my portmanteau and prepared for my journey. At seven I came into the breakfast-room, and lo! there was Mrs. Ball, fresh and smiling as the morning, hovering about me with a thousand attentions, little dreaming that I had by chance discovered the tragedy of her life, and nearly paid my own in forfeit thereby. I shook hands with her as Jim brought around the fly, and looked at her wonderingly, waving her kerchief, and smiling as gaily as a girl, when we drove away. Jim looked at her, too, then at me, and whistled "Jock o' Hazeldean."

"Strange things happen every day, if we only knew them," he said, as he acknowledged the gratuity I presented him at the station. "But for all that, I hopes we shall see you, and Muster Harlington, too, next summer. I'll take good care that you shall not be troubled yonder again."

But I never went. One visit to Deepwater was quite enough for me.

THE VIRGINIA WAR STEAMER EMPIRE UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE.

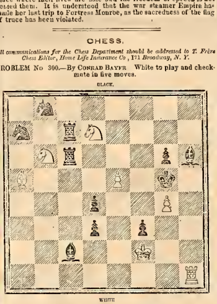
The war steamer (?) Empire, which our cut represents, although not a very formidable line-of-battle ship, is the best the Virginians have. It has been chiefly celebrated for its successful trips between Norfolk and Fortress Monroe, while under a flag of truce, conveying northern refugees, who were tired of their Secession quarters, to a place where their lives are safe and the freedom of speech is not denied them. It is understood that the war steamer Empire has made her last trip to Fortress Monroe, as the sacredness of the flag of truce has been violated.

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No 300.—By Conrad Bayer. White to play and checkmate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Game between Mr. Wormald and Mr. Schonner, at the odds of Pawn and two moves.

(Remove Black's K's B's Pawn.)

WHITE. Mr. S.	BLACK. Mr. W.	WHITE. Mr. S.	BLACK. Mr. W.
1 P to K 4	Kt to Q B 3	22 K to Q 3	B to K B 4
2 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	23 Kt to K R 4	B to R 2
3 P to K 5	B to K B 4	24 P to K B 3	R to K B 2
4 B to Q Kt 5	P to K 3	25 Kt to K R 3	K to Q 2
5 B to K 3	K Kt to K 2	26 P to K B 4	B to K 5
6 B to K Kt 5	Q to Q 2	27 K to K 3	Q R to K B sq
7 P to K B 4	B to Kt 3	28 R to K Kt sq	P to Q R 4
8 P to K B 5	B to K B 2	29 P to Q R 3 (d)	P tks P
9 P to K Kt 4	P to K B 3	30 R P tks P	R to Q R sq
10 B to K 3	P to K Kt 3	31 Kt to K B 2 (e)	B to K R 2
11 P tks P	B tks P	32 Kt to Kt 4	R to R 6
12 B to K Kt 5 (a)	B to Kt 2	33 R to Q B sq	B to K B sq
13 Q B tks Kt	Q tks B	34 Kt to B 6 (ch)	K to Q sq
14 B tks K (ch)	P tks B	35 P to K B 5	P tks P
15 P to Q B 3	R to K B sq	36 Kt tks P (f)	B to K Kt 3
16 Kt to Q 2	B to Q Kt sq	37 Kt tks B P	B tks R
17 P to Q Kt 4	B to Q 6	38 Kt tks R (ch)	B tks Kt
18 P to K Kt 5 (b)	Q tks P	39 R to K R sq	B tks P (ch)
19 Q to R 5 (ch)	Q tks Q	40 K to Q 2	B tks Kt P
20 R tks Q	K to K 2		and wins.
21 Q Kt to K B 3 (c)	B to K B 5		

(a) This Bishop has thus early in the game moved four times; tactics which must necessarily have lost much valuable time.

(b) A useless sacrifice, as it obtains no adequate compensation in position; R to R 3 was the correct play.

(c) Again we should have preferred playing R to R 3.

(d) Had White's move been P to K B 5, it would, probably, have led to the following interesting variation:

29 P to K B 5	29 R P tks P
If	29 K P tks P

30 Kt to B 4 winning, at least, the exchange.

30 Kt to B 4 with a fine game.

(e) P to K B 5 would still have been efficacious.

(f) A fatal mistake, which loses a piece and the game.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

To Correspondents.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C., New York city.—"A., B. and C. are playing at the three-handed game. A. bets B. that he will not get off the first string. B. makes just 50 points. Does A. win or lose?"

Ans.—He wins. Making 50 points is equivalent to being off his first string.

M. B., Philadelphia.—You lose the tie.

Caballero, New York.—The Spanish game is very common in some parts of the South, as also in Mexico and California. It introduces a new element into the game of billiards in the shape of five wooden pins, diminutive ninepins, which stand up, in a diamond pattern, between the two side pockets, each pin being about two and a half inches from the other, as in pin pool. Nine pins are sometimes used instead of five, but the manner of playing remains the same. The game is generally played 31 up, and is scored by hazards, caroms and knocking down the pins.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

M. Berger.—This distinguished billiard-player writes us from Chicago, where he has been giving exhibitions of his talent in the pleasant science of billiards. The billiard-table which was manufactured for his use during his tour by Phelan & Collender, he informs us, was seized at Memphis, where it is still detained. After his arrival at Cincinnati he was prevented from playing for a week by a sore finger. He gave six exhibitions daily during the second week of his stay, and, we are informed, did not do very badly, the state of the times considered.

From Cincinnati M. Berger went to Columbus, where he gave three performances. He again returned to Cincinnati, and played the American four ball carom game with our friend Tieman, Berger winning by 142 points, the score standing at the close of the game—Berger, 250; Tieman, 108.

From Chicago, M. Berger intends going to Detroit and Cleveland. He also speaks of paying a hurried trip to Canada, and efforts are being made to induce him to visit Milwaukee, where, if he accepts, he will be the guest of Alfred Le Dron, the representative of that billiard district. M. Berger, however, will scarcely have time to cover so much ground, for he writes us that he has requested a berth to be retained for him in the Arago on July 30th, as he has received news of the illness of his wife. M. Berger may, however, change his mind, and return to New York for the purpose of giving a few exhibitions before his departure. Should he do so, he will most probably try his hand at the American game, as there is a great desire among the patrons of billiards generally to see him play the American game on an American table.

The Amateur Tournament.—The score, as will be seen below, stands as heretofore. The runs are high, and but few changes may be expected. However, the work of endeavoring to beat them still goes on, and some of them may yet be surpassed:

Four ball carom game	164
Around the table	128
French carom	33
Carom pool	898

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," replied he, "I never knew one complain of being out of health in my life."

The Mayor of a certain town put forth an announcement previous to the races: "No gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, except the horses that are to run."

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

The chap who fell into error was lifted out by the lever of public opinion.

If time is money, some people have a good deal more money than they know what to do with.

"It wasn't the wine I drank that made me unsteady," says the toper; "I slipped on a piece of orange-peel."

A young fellow, fond of talking, remarked, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or any one else."

"My dear lady, your daughter is lovely," said a flatterer, "a perfect little pearl." "And pray, sir, what am I?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl."

Quilp says, when he sees kisses between women, it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing that way.

"Now look'er yer, Charlie, Jim mout be an honest nigger, and then again he moutent; but if I was a chicken, and knowed he was about the yard, I tell yer wot, nigger, I'd roost high, I would."

"Say, Cæsar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ grinder?" "Don't know, Mr Sugarloaf—why is they?" "Cause they carry a monkey about the streets." A brick grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared round the corner of a street.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally, the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said,

"I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit the pridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more ash five toller," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other, "take this and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

Songs without Words—Those of that blessed baby.

At a recent dinner of shoemakers, the following toast was given:

"May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot."

A lady one day wrote to her absent husband the following letter, which may be quoted as a model in its way:

"I write to you because I have nothing to do; I end because I have nothing to say."

An examiner of schools, while lately examining the young children of a country school, asked them the following questions:

"Are there any mountains in Palestine?"

"Yes," replied the children.

"How are they situated?" inquired the examiner.

"Some are in clusters, and there are some isolated ones," they answered.

"What do you mean by the word isolated?" asked the examiner.

"Why, covered with ice, of course!" quickly replied one of the children.

The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in a certain town in Tennessee, had occasion recently to correct a little fellow named Johnny. Now Johnny got into a fit of what is called "sulks," because he was whipped; and in order to convince him that he was justly and necessarily punished, his teacher had recourse to the following argument:

"Well, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any farther, what would you do?"

Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied,

"I'd cluck to him, sir."

"But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what would you do then?"

"I'd get down and lead him, sir."

"And what if he were obstinate and would not let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny."

Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

During the Repeal agitation in Ireland, a gentleman connected with the *Times* was sent by that journal to report O'Connell's speeches. One of the first meetings the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Liberator" not only consented, but, in his oiliest manner, informed the assembled audience that "until that gintleman was provided with all writin' convaniences, he would not spake a word," assuming an extra brogue, which was altogether unnecessary. The reporter was delighted. The preparations began, and were completed; the reporter was ready.

"Are you quite ready?" asked Dan.

"Quite ready."

"Now are you sure you're intirely ready?"

"I'm certain, sir. Yes."

The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said,

"Now, 'pon my conscience, I won't begin the speech until the London gintleman is intirely ready."

After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention; and the reportorial pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the reporter, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the reporter, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

A British Annexation.—We have advices from the Sandwich Islands to the 16th of April, via the United States, in which we find the following intelligence: "Her Britannic Majesty's steamer Alert took formal possession, for the Queen of England, of Fanning's Island, located in latitude 30 degrees 49 minutes North, longitude 159 degrees 20 minutes West, on the 8th February. The flag of Great Britain was raised amidst a salute of small arms and a twelve pound field howitzer. The entire ship's company officiated at the ceremonies. The harbor has been termed English harbor, and the point which the settlement is situated is called English Point. Everybody seems to feel satisfied that all was right."

The architects of the Crown have presented their report on the Tuileries. They agree that it should be pulled down and rebuilt, but estimate the expense at 95,000,000 francs, or £3,800,000. The Emperor of the French has decided that the old building must be patched up, and that the two wings, the Pavilions de Flore and Hanover, shall only be rebuilt, which will involve an expenditure of 30,000,000 francs. The architects regret that he cannot undertake to rebuild the palace before two or three years. It is said that, when it was notified to the Empress that she would have to wait for her palace, she replied, at dinner at Fontainebleau, "I shall not mind waiting, provided we shall be sure to return to the Tuileries when it shall be rebuilt."

A Ghost "Sold."—The Rev. Dr. Wolff tells a story of a certain M. Preiswerg, of Geneva, a good and excellent Christian, to whom a ghost appeared as he was going to bed, and said, "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." "That is no business of mine," replied Preiswerg, "so good night."

A strange affair occurred one night last month in the village of Salvatierra de los Banos, near Madrid. The parish priest received information that his house was to be attacked by a gang of bandits, and at his request four gendarmes, headed by an officer, were sent to protect it. The officer, thinking that, as the priest passed for wealthy, the bandits would go straight to the room in which the reverend gentleman was known to keep his money, placed himself and men there, without lights. At a late hour the thieves arrived, and the gendarmes, who had their carbines loaded and swords drawn, waited quietly until they had entered the room. The strangers were eight in number, and the gendarmes bravely attacked them. A dreadful combat ensued; the gendarmes, after firing their firearms, using their swords and the butt-ends of their carbines, and the others employing pistols and poniards. Eventually three of these latter were killed, four were wounded and took to flight, and the other was made prisoner. As to the gendarmes, all were wounded, although only slightly.

A farmer, near Alnwick, having ploughed over an ancient encampment, recently noticed several heads of strange-looking oats among his crop. Some of them were unusually tall and strong, with long branching stemlets, while others had globular heads resembling the seed of the onion. Mr. Binks selected no less than seventy-five varieties never seen in the district before. The place, it has been conjectured, has been a cavalry camp, and the oats, which were, perhaps, ripened under other skies, after lying covered up with the debris of the camp for probably 1,500 years, will again shoot into cereal beauty, and may add one or more permanent varieties to the stock of the English farmer.

The Chinese boy brought to Strasbourg by the regiment of Pontonniers is named Lai-Too, and his age is nine years. It appears that one very cold day in last December this child came and begged alms of one of the soldiers, named Dorlecq, and that man seeing that he was wretchedly clad and ill-fed, took him to the camp and supplied his wants. The soldier then placed him in the Jesuits' school, where he was distinguished for his extraordinary intelligence. A few days after, a Chinese woman, representing herself to be the child's mother, requested to see the boy, but the latter refused to meet her, and the woman consented to his being brought away by the soldiers. The child has been brought up in the Buddha religion, and has not yet been baptised. The intention is to have him incorporated in the regiment as an *enfant de troupe*.

The following characteristic note has been published: "Mr. Spurgeon begs to inform the public that he is knocked up with hard work, and is compelled to go into the country and rest. This will upset all his arrangements, and he begs his friends to remit his promises, and the Christian public not to inundate him with invitations."

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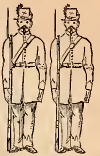

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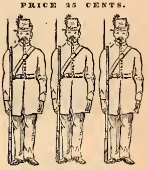

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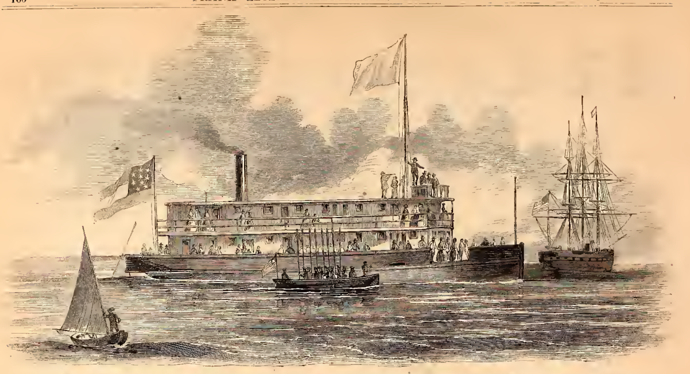

THE VIRGINIAN WAR STEAMER EMPIRE, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, ARRIVING FROM NORFOLK OFF FORTRESS MONROE WITH NORTHERN REFUGEES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 158.

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CHAPTER I.—HOW I BECAME HAUNTED.

I WAS a very little boy, with light flaxen hair, dull blue eyes, and (I think to add) remarkably weak knees. I was, I say, a delicate little

(Continued on page 166.)

BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, BETWEEN THE U. S. FORCES UNDER GENERAL ROSEIS OF MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND AND THE SECESSION TROOPS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM.—THE THIRTEENTH INDIANA REGIMENT CHARGING DOWN THE PIKE IN THE FACE OF A LARGE BODY OF REBEL TROOPS, CAPTURING A CANNON WHICH THEY WERE ENDEAVORING TO CARRY FROM THE FIELD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 168.

GREAT BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

Advance of the Federal Army on Manassas Junction.

BRILLIANT VICTORY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS AT BULL'S RUN.

THE ENEMY RETREATS TOWARDS MANASSAS JUNCTION.

The advance of the Grand Federal Army towards Manassas Junction was the signal of great rejoicing throughout the loyal part of the country. Successively as they advanced, the rebels retreated before them and Fairfax Court House and Centreville fell into the hands of our troops, and on Saturday morning, at half past two, the whole army, with the exception of the reserve, advanced towards Bull's Run, which was strongly fortified by masked batteries, and is about three and a half miles in advance of Manassas Junction. The advancing army numbered forty-five thousand men.

The Union Army advanced from Centreville in three columns at three o'clock on Sunday morning. Col. Richardson commanded the column by the road to Bull's Run, where the action of Thursday took place, and Colonel Miles lay on the road and at Centreville to support him.

General Tyler commanded the centre division, which took the Warrenton road, General Schenck and Colonel Sherman being in advance. He had the three Connecticut regiments, two from Michigan, two from Wisconsin, and the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth from New York. General McDowell, with Colonel Hunter and a very powerful division, went out on this road, which leads directly forward to Manassas, crossing Bull's Run by a stone bridge, which had been mined.

The attack by these two points was intended mainly as a feint. The real attack was by Hunter, who took a narrow road two miles out leading to the right, having Hunt's and the Rhode Island batteries, and leaving Colonel Keyes in the centre at the crossing of the roads as a reserve. His orders were to proceed high up the stream, cut himself a path through the woods, cross over, and turn the position of the rebels on the north.

At ten minutes before six the centre halted about a mile this side of the position of the rebels. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth Regiments of New York were thrown to the right, in the woods, and the First and Second Ohio and the Second New York to the left in advance.

The thirty-pound Parrott gun was planted in the middle of the road, and at ten minutes past six it threw two shells into the battery of the enemy, but without eliciting any response. Ten minutes after firing was heard on the left from Richardson's column, which was continued at intervals for two hours, but without eliciting any reply.

At twenty minutes to eight Ayer's battery, formerly Sherman's, fired five or six rounds into the enemy, but without response. At a quarter before nine shots were rapidly exchanged between the opposing skirmishers, and Gardner, of Lacrosse, belonging to the Rhode Island regiment, was reported killed.

At about ten o'clock heavy clouds of dust showed that reinforcements were coming up to the rebels from Manassas, and was continued through the next three or four hours.

At eleven o'clock Ayer's battery went to the front; the Sixty-ninth, New York, was ordered to deploy into the field in front, and firing was heard from Hunter's division, on the extreme right, far in advance.

The Ohio regiments were pushed forward with the Second New York, and ran upon a masked battery of four guns, which killed and wounded quite a number of both. Of the latter, Michael McCarty, Sergeant of Company H, was wounded, and afterwards was reported dead. Lieutenant Dempsey received a slight wound. Some twenty or thirty of the Ohio regiment broke and ran, but the rest stood firm, as did the Second New York.

Carlisle's battery was brought to the front on the right, and soon drove the rebels out of the masked battery.

It was now half-past eleven o'clock, when Hunter's column appeared across the Run, advancing on the flank of the rebels, and the engagement soon became very active in his position. He kept steadily advancing, pouring in a steady fire of artillery and musketry.

The whole brigade under Tyler was ordered forward to his support. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth New York, the First, Second and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were sent in. A constant roll of musketry marked Hunter's advance, and the artillery from our column played incessantly on the flank of the rebels. So far as could be seen the latter were pushed backward a considerable distance to the road directly in front of where I stood, across which they charged twice with the bayonet upon our troops, but were repulsed each time. Our men crossed the road and poured in upon them a terrible fire of artillery and musketry.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth and Thirteenth, who rushed up upon one of the batteries, firing as they proceeded, with perfect eclat, and attacking it with the bayonet's point. The yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the rebels had abandoned the battery, and only taken one gun, but this success was acquired only after a severe loss of life, in which the Sixty-ninth most severely suffered, and it was reported that Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent was amongst the first killed.

The Zouaves also distinguished themselves by their spirited assaults on the batteries at the point of the bayonet, but it is feared that their loss is immense.

A Mississippi soldier was taken prisoner by Hasbrouck, of the Wisconsin Second regiment. He turned out to be Brigadier-Quartermaster Pryor, cousin to Roger A. Pryor. He was captured, with his horse, as he by accident rode into our lines. He discovered himself by remarking to Hasbrouck, "We are getting badly cut to pieces." "What regiment do you belong?" asked Hasbrouck. "The Nineteenth Mississippi," was the answer. "Then you are my prisoner," said Hasbrouck.

From the statements of this prisoner, it appears that our artillery has made great havoc among the rebels, of whom there are from 30,000 to 40,000 in the field, under command of General Beauregard, while they have a reserve of 75,000 at the Junction.

He describes an officer most prominent in the fight, distinguished from the rest by his white horse, as Jeff Davis. He confirms the previous reports of a regiment of negro troops in the rebel forces, but says that it is difficult to get them to proper discipline in battle array.

The position of the enemy extended in three lines, in the form of a triangle the apex fronting the centre of our column. The area seems to have been filled with masked batteries.

According to the latest bulletins received at headquarters at Washington, the rebels were finally compelled to retire with precipitation from their position, and fell back behind their Manassas lines—some accounts say with the loss of all their ordnance and equipments. Our latest advices direct from the battlefield have the fight still in progress, but there seems to be no doubt, from the nature of the latest official bulletins, that the success of the National arms has been complete. The losses in killed and wounded on our side are very heavy—those of the rebels must have been fearful, from the superior nature of our arms and the rapidity and precision with which they were served.

Scarcely had we put the above in type when rumors of a terrible disaster reached us, which told of the

Rout and Defeat of the Federal Army.

We could scarcely credit the telegrams as they arrived, but we were at length compelled to realise the sad intelligence, that after its first advance with such an extraordinary success, it met with a defeat of the most disastrous character.

Many confused statements are prevalent, but enough is known to warrant the statement that we have suffered in a degree which has cast a gloom over the remnants of the army, and excited the deepest melancholy in Washington.

The carnage is tremendously heavy on both sides, and on ours it is represented as frightful. We were advancing, and taking their masked batteries gradually, but surely, and by driving the enemy towards Manassas Junction, when they seem to have been reinforced by General Johnson, who, it is understood, took command and immediately commenced driving us back, when a panic among our troops suddenly occurred, and a regular stampede took place.

It is thought that General McDowell undertook to make a stand at or about Centreville, but the panic was so fearful that the whole army became demoralized, and it was impossible to check them, either at Centreville or at Fairfax Court House.

General McDowell intended to make another stand at Fairfax Court House, but our forces being in full retreat he could not accomplish the object.

Beyond Fairfax Court House the retreat was kept up until the men reached their regular encampments, a portion of whom returned to them, but a still larger portion coming inside the entrenchments.

A large number of the troops in their retreat fell on the wayside from exhaustion, and scattered along the route all the way from Fairfax Court House.

The road from Bull's Run was strewed with knapsacks, arms, &c. Some of our troops deliberately threw away their guns and appurtenances, the better to facilitate their travel.

General McDowell was in the rear of the retreat, exerting himself to rally his men, but only with partial effect.

The latter part of the army, it is said, made their retreat in order. He was completely exhausted, having slept but little for three nights. His orders on the field did not at all times reach those for whom they were intended.

It is supposed that the force sent out against our troops consisted, according to a prisoner's statement, of about 30,000 men, including a large number of cavalry. He further says that owing to reinforcements from Richmond, Staunton and other points, the enemy's effective force was 90,000 men.

According to the statement of two Fire Zouaves they only have about two hundred men left from the slaughter, while the Sixty-ninth and other regiments frightfully suffered in killed and wounded. The number cannot now be known.

Sherman's, Carlisle's, Griffin's and the West Point batteries were taken by the enemy, and the eight siege and 32 rifle cannon, the latter being too cumbrous to remove. They were two miles the other side of Centreville. Such of the wounded as were brought to the Centreville hospital were left there, after having their wounds properly dressed by Surgeon Frank H. Hamilton.

The panic was so great that the attempt to rally them to a stand at Centreville was entirely in vain. If a firm stand had been made there, our troops could have been reinforced and much disaster prevented. General McDowell was thus foiled in his well arranged plans.

The cause of the panic is variously stated, but it seems to have originated in the following manner: All our military operations went swimmingly on, and Colonel Alexander was about erecting a pontoon across Bull's Run.

The enemy were seemingly in retreat, and their batteries being unmasked one after another, when a terrible consternation broke out among the teamsters, who had incautiously advanced immediately after the body of the army, and lined the Warrenton road.

Their consternation was shared in by numerous civilians who were on the ground, and for a time it seemed as if our whole army was in retreat.

Many baggage wagons were emptied, and their horses galloped across the open fields; all the fences of which were torn down to allow them a more rapid retreat.

For a time a perfect panic prevailed, which communicated itself to the vicinity of Centreville, and every available conveyance was seized upon by agitated civilians. Wounded soldiers cried on the road side for assistance, but the alarm was so great that numbers were passed by.

Several similar alarms occurred on previous occasions, when a change of batteries rendered the retirement of the artillery on our part necessary, and it is most probable that the alarm was owing to the same fact.

The reserve force at Centreville was immediately brought up and marched in double quick step in the following order:

Colonel Einstein's Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, with two guns.

The Garibaldi Guards and Colonel Blenker's first rifle regiment, with its batteries, followed at several miles distant by the DeKalb Regiment.

Two new masked batteries had been opened by the Secessionists on the left flank, and that position of the division had its lines broken and demanded immediate re-enforcement.

The right was in good order. The battery erected on the hill-side, directly opposite the main battery of the enemy, was doing good execution and additional guns were being mounted.

The army in its retreat from Centreville was protected in rear by Colonel Miles's reserve.

It is impossible at the time of going to press to procure a positively reliable account of the retreat, the cause of the retreat, the amount of the casualties, or whether the enemy had retired to their fastnesses or were in pursuit of our retreating forces. To account rationally for such a panic as is said to have seized upon the advance army seems to be hopeless. The daring and sublime courage which they exhibited the day previous forbids for one moment the idea of cowardice; they then dared death in a thousand forms, nothing stayed their impetuosity, and yet in a moment a mortal fear seems to have been communicated from regiment to regiment all through the whole body, and the masses fled like sheep following their leader in very blindness of fear. A day or two will explain this strange mystery, and until then we must be content to know that the Union army has suffered a terrible defeat, which the honor of our people demands shall be speedily and thoroughly avenged, and the memory of it wiped out by a victory which shall determine the fate of the Rebel army in Virginia.

There can be no doubt that we have been fearfully overmatched; that our gallant fellows were combating one against two; but these odds would have mattered little but for that mysterious panic which at this distance we can neither understand nor account for. While our army was barely forty-five thousand men, the enemy numbered full ninety thousand, protected by immensely strong lines and by numerous and powerful masked batteries.

The loss on both sides is said to be terrible. The lowest accounts place the loss of each army at between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men, or six thousand in all. This is assuredly the most terrible and bloody battle ever fought on this Continent, and the saddest phase of it is that it is, so far as we know at present, without any positive results, excepting that it will rouse the whole North as one man, and cause an army of overwhelming proportions to be thrown upon Virginia, when a bloodier and more terrible conflict will ensue, involving the certain defeat of the brave but misguided force in arms against their country.

LATER DESPATCH.

Overwhelming Rebel Re-enforcement.

It is known that on the day previous to the battle a large number of troops publicly protested against being led by General Schenck, and it was only through the importunities of Colonel McCook, in whom they placed all confidence, and others, that they were prevented from making a more formidable rebellion.

The Pennsylvania Fourth was not in the action, having left for home on the morning of the battle, their term of service having expired.

It was known to our troops at the time of the battle yesterday that Johnson's forces had formed a connection with Beauregard on the night of the first action at Bull's Run.

Our men could distinctly hear the cars coming into Manassas Junction, and the cheers with which the Confederates hailed their newly arriving comrades. They knew that the enemy was our superior in number, and in their own position.

These facts were further confirmed by prisoners taken, deserters and spies, but were not probably known at Washington, and the officers, in leading our men into action, only obeyed orders.

General Schenck, as well as the older field officers, acted admirably. He collected his forces and covered the retreat, and up to the last moment was personally engaged in the endeavor to rally his men to make a stand at Centreville.

It was the arrival of fresh re-enforcements to the enemy in superior numbers that turned the scale of battle.

The enemy, before now, might perhaps have more to boast of if they had followed up their advantage last night.

The Killed and Wounded.

Lieutenant Colonel Fowler, of New York Fourteenth.

Colonel Lawrence, of Fifth Massachusetts regiment, Captain Ellis of Seventy-first New York, badly.

Colonel Farnham and Major Cregier, of the Zouaves, are not killed, but badly wounded.

The Seventy-first New York lost about half their men.

Colonel Cameron of the Seventy-ninth N. Y. V., killed.

Colonel Hunter, severely wounded in the throat.

Reported killed—Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent and Captain Thomas Francis Meagher, of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. M.

The following Regiments were Engaged in the Fight:

The First, Second and Third Connecticut regiments.

The First regiment of Regulars, composed of the Second, Third and Eighth companies.

Two hundred and fifty marines.

The Eighth and Fourteenth New York Militia.

The First and Second Rhode Island.

The Seventy-first New York.

The Second New Hampshire.

The Fifth Massachusetts.

The First Minnesota.

The First Michigan.

The Eleventh and Thirty-eighth New York.

The Second, Fourth and Fifth Maine, and

The Second Vermont Regiments,

besides the several batteries.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

Gen. McDowell behaved with admirable gallantry. He was continually in the front of the battle, and made his reconnoissance in person, and issued his orders with coolness and courage; but the bravery of the commanding officers was unavailing to arrest a panic beginning in the rear.

The Fire Zouaves fought like devils. Their heroism in repelling a charge of cavalry, while they were charging upon one of the batteries, is the theme of universal admiration.

The New York Seventy-first, Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh fought with wonderful gallantry.

The Minnesota and Maine regiments won the praise of all. They were mowed down like grass by the batteries upon which they advanced. The flag of the Minnesota regiment was riddled by the bullets of the enemy.

Col. Slocum of the Second Rhode Island regiment was killed by a shot in the head.

Col. Wilcox of the First Michigan regiment was wounded and taken prisoner.

Col. Wood of the Fourteenth New York regiment, wounded and taken prisoner.

The following is a list of the wounded brought from the battle-field at Bull's Run to the Government Hospital up to eight p. m. Monday.

Second Wisconsin Regiment—Company —Wm. S. Lynch; Company F, J. Hamer, A. Boghee, W. Rowe, Harvey McDaniel, Henry R. McCollum, T. D. Bilne, Samuel N. Bird; Company K, Cornelius Lebriever; Company C, Corporal C. C. Dow, Lieut. A. A. Meredith.

Thirteenth New York Regiment—Company F, A. McVane; Company A, James A. Galt.

First Connecticut Regiment—Company A, J. W. Burgress, Charles C. Lills; Company C, Charles McElroy.

Thirty-eighth New York Regiment—Company H, Barney Milliean.

Seventy-ninth New York Regiment—Company F, Lieut. J. B. St. Clair, Corporal John Frazer, J. Mitchell, Sergeant Macomb; Company B, H. Black.

Sixteenth New York Regiment—Company D, J. Sullivan; Company C, Christopher Cumming.

Second Maine Regiment—Company F, James Cord.

Third Minnesota Regiment—Company H, Wm. Judkins, severely.

Second Rhode Island Battery—C. D. Gladding.

Fifteenth New York Regiment—Company G, Michael Maher.

Fourteenth New York Regiment—Company C, Henry Amos.

Second New York Regiment—Company C, D. Reilly.

Second United States Artillery—Company E, C. Erlough.

Fourth Maine Regiment—Company B, E. R. Blackington; Company K, Wm. H. Gardner.

Third Connecticut Regiment—Company H, Jacob Schroff; Company K, Thos. S. Winton.

Second Michigan Regiment—Company C, Horace Dingman.

All in this hospital are slightly wounded, except Judkins, whose thigh is terribly torn, probably by a grapeshot. The Minie ball by which Burgess was wounded in the left arm lodged in his watch, where it is very curiously wedged among the works.

The following comprises the killed and wounded in the Fourteenth New York Regiment, Colonel Wood, as far as ascertained:

Killed—Company B, Fagan, McManus, Maxfield; Company D, Horn; Company E, Davenport, Wade, Shields; Company C, Ensign Read, Brown; Company F, Schell, Kelly, Sullivan, McCarty, Dietz, Smith, Fay, Morrow, Fesei, Baldwin and Scott.

Wounded—Company C, TenEyck, Hicks, McLear, Snyder, Daynell, DeWitt; Company D, McClung; Company E, Henry Amos; Company F, Prescott, Adams, Middleton.

Twenty men in these companies were slightly wounded.

Of the battalion of United States Marines, Major Zeilen, commanding Company A, was twice wounded; Lieutenant Hitchcock killed, Lieutenant Hale wounded. Only seventy out of three hundred and fifty of the marines have as yet returned to the barracks. As they are chiefly new recruits, they are probably scattered about, but neither killed nor wounded.

It is already ascertained that the number of killed and wounded has been greatly exaggerated. It is believed now that the killed on our side will be between three and five hundred.

Captain E. H. Tillinghast, Assistant Quartermaster, United States Army, is reported dead.

Captain Ayres, United States Army, is not taken prisoner, nor killed, as reported.

The whole of Sherman's battery is saved.

Colonel Blenker, commanding a brigade in the division of Colonel Miles, which brought up the rear of the retreating column, picked up on the way the guns of Burnside's Second Rhode Island Regiment, that had been left behind, and brought them in. The horses had been detached for the purpose of bringing in the wounded.

Hon. A. H. Ely, of the Rochester district, and his companion on the field, Mr. Bliss, recently employed on Appleton's Encyclopedia, have not been heard of since the battle. They were last seen near one of our batteries, and are supposed to have been taken prisoners.

The following officers of the Seventy-ninth Regiment are reported killed: R. T. Shillinglaw, Captain Company I; David Morrison, Captain Company E; William Manson, Captain Company A; David Brown, Captain Company D.

Captain Griffin lost sixty of the horses attached to his battery, but brought away one gun and the fuze.

Senator Wade has arrived at Washington. He left two divisions of the army at Centreville. The army remained within their entrenchments.

General Tyler had thrown up entrenchments at Centreville. There was no prospect of an attack. Governor Sprague spiked the battery of the Second Rhode Island Regiment on the field.

Barnum's American Museum

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate, JULY 15.—John W. Forney received 26 out of 36 votes, and was elected Secretary to the Senate. The Army Bills were passed. The $250,000,000 Loan Bill was then considered. A bill was introduced for confiscating the property of rebels.

JULY 16.—A petition from Marshall O. Roberts was presented, demanding indemnification for the loss of the Star of the West. The resolution approving the acts of the President was then introduced. This proved the text upon which Mr. Breckinridge discoursed at considerable length, rehearsing the old arguments against the right of the Government to put down rebellion, which have a thousand times been successfully refuted. In the course of his remarks, however, he took occasion to deny positively that he had ever telegraphed to Jeff Davis that President Lincoln's Congress would not be allowed to meet in Washington on the 4th of July, or that Kentucky would furnish 7,000 armed men for the rebel army. After some discussion by other members, the subject was postponed, and the Naval Appropriation Bill was passed.

JULY 17.—A memorial was presented by Pearce, of Maryland, from Kane, Merriman and others, protesting their innocence. The Naval Bill was then discussed.

JULY 18.—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, opposed the Military Bills, proposing an amendment that the army and navy should not be used to subjugate the South. Mr. Sherman made an eloquent and crushing reply.

JULY 19.—The proceedings were quite unimportant, being confined to matters relative to soldiers' letters, &c.

July 20.—After the presentation of resolutions and petitions, Mr. Hale presented a bill, which was laid over, to increase the medical corps of the navy. Mr Johnson, of Tennessee, introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs providing for the transportation of arms and munitions of war to loyal citizens in States now in rebellion, and for the military organization of such citizens for defence. The resolution approving the acts of the President was subsequently taken up, and Mr. Latham, of California, addressed the Senate at considerable length in support of all those acts, with the exception of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in Maryland. He administered a marked rebuke to Mr. Breckinridge and the other apologists of Secession on the floor. The subject was finally postponed until Monday, and the Senate went into Executive session.

House, July 15.—A resolution requesting the Secretary of the Navy to supply a sufficient force to suppress rebel privateering was adopted. Ben. Wood, of New York, offered a resolution providing for a National Convention, to devise measures for the restoration of peace to the country. It was laid on the table by a vote of 92 to 51. Bills to increase the efficiency of the army were reported and referred. A select committee was ordered on the subject of a general bankrupt law, to report to the next session of Congress. Mr. Vallandigham offered resolutions condemning the President's action in reference to the war, but they were promptly laid on the table. A bill to define and punish conspiracy was passed by a vote of 123 to 7. A resolution was adopted directing the withholding of money due on account of the steamer Catalise until the Select Committee on Contracts report thereon. A resolution directing the Committee on Elections to inquire whether Hon. Henry May, a member from Maryland, has been holding criminal intercourse with the rebels, and to report what course should be taken in the premises, was adopted. The Senate's amendments to the Volunteer Bill were concurred in, and the House adjourned.

July 16.—A bill was introduced for the more efficient blockade of the rebel ports. The Senate bill, authorising the President to accept the services of 500,000 volunteers, was reported by Mr. Blair, from the Military Committee, with a proviso allowing the President to select the Major and Brigadier-Generals from the line, and passed. The Senate's amendments to the Loan Bill were all concurred in, and the bill went to the President for his signature. The House then passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Gen. McClellan and his officers and men, for recent brilliant victories, and subsequently considered and passed the bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer forces.

July 17.—The Hon. Henry May, of Maryland, whose recent visit to Richmond has caused so much conversation, then took his seat. The Tariff Bill was discussed.

July 18.—Mr. May made an explanation of his visit to Richmond. He defended Kane and the Police Commissioners. The general opinion of the House was, that Mr. May had better have stayed in Richmond and taken his seat in the Rebel Congress. The bill for increasing the Regular Army was then passed.

July 19.—Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., asked leave to submit resolutions declaring the present civil war had been forced on us by the Disunionists of the Southern States now in rebellion against the Government of the United States; that in this national emergency, Congress, banishing all feelings of passion and resentment, will recollect only their duty to their country; that the war is not waged for conquest or subjugation, or for interfering with the rights or established institutions of these States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, with the rights and equality under it unimpaired; that as soon as these objects shall be accomplished the war ought to cease. Mr. Stevens objected to the introduction of the resolutions. The Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means announced that he had no more bills to report, and moved an adjournment till Monday, which was agreed to.

July 20.—There was no House to day.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S SPEECH.

Mr. Davis opened the Southern Congress on the 20th of July, with an address which is chiefly devoted to a critical review of President Lincoln's recent Message part of which he endeavors to controvert. The most interesting part is the statement that Major Taylor's late mission to Washington was to inform Mr. Lincoln that he would take a fearful vengeance on the unhappy prisoners in his hands, should he punish the pirates of the Savannah and other captured privateers. He declares that the Southern States are only fighting for their rights. There is, of course, no intimation of surrender in it. On two occasions he endeavors to appeal to the fears of his hearers by drawing a picture of the barbarities practised on women and children, which everybody knows is a most unblushing falsehood. The document is, as far as it has reached us, both undignified and sanguinary.

THE BATTLE AT RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The victories achieved by Major-General McClellan's column at Rich Mountain and St. George's have proved of immense importance in their results. The Secession strength in that section of the country is nearly, if not entirely, broken up. The details of the battle at Rich Mountain have reached us, together with some brilliant sketches of the action from our Special Artist accompanying Major General McClellan's command, which we present to our readers in our present issue.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

On the 8th the main column under General McClellan resumed their march towards Beverley. A reconnoitreing party of fifty-eight men of the Third Regiment Ohio Volunteers, under Captain Lawson, who had been thrown in advance, received information of a small party of Secessionists holding Middlefork Bridge, and resolved to capture them if possible. They crossed the creek below the bridge and attacked the enemy, who were stationed on and around the bridge. No sooner, however, was the skirmish commenced, than a large body of the enemy made their appearance on the hill in their rear and forced them to fall back. The Secessionists withdrew at the advance of McClellan's force, which encamped at the bridge during the night. On Tuesday an advance was made to Roaring Run, where our troops again went into camp. On Wednesday afternoon a reconnoitring party consisting of the several companies of the Ninth Ohio regiment, under Colonel McCook, were sent out towards Rich Mountain, to discover the exact position and force of the enemy. The Ninth Ohio regiment is composed of the Cincinnati Turners, and is one of the best drilled and most effective body of men in the field. They deployed as skirmishers, and displayed such wonderful determination and courage, that it is believed that, had they had orders and support, they would have dislodged the enemy. They went close to the entrenchments and ascertained the position of the batteries and breastworks, killed several of the enemy, and brought away two prisoners. The Germans lost one killed and one wounded.

It being evident that the position of the rebels was exceedingly strong, and if defended with determination, would make a great sacrifice of life in the attempt to take it unavoidable, an attack from the rear was determined upon. A guide had been procured, and General Rosencrans with detachments of the Eighth Indiana, Colonel Benton, Tenth Indiana, Colonel Manson, Thirteenth Indiana, Colonel Sullivan, and Nineteenth Ohio regiment, Colonel Beatty, started on a detour up the mountain, the rear being brought up by Captain Burdsal's Cincinnati dragoons.

A road had to be cut by the advance guards through the underbrush, and thus they travelled through the mountains and through ravines, over rocks and roots, on a road considered impassable, and came in full view of the enemy on the summit of Rich Mountain, at half-past two o'clock P. M., Thursday afternoon. The enemy's pickets first fired on our column, desperately wounding Captain Charles Miller of the Tenth Indiana, by a musket ball in his right lung, killing Sergeant Tagart of the same company, and wounding one or two privates. The attempt was made to form a line of battle, but the impracticability of the ground preventing, they filed to better ground and formed; the Eighth Indiana in the centre, Tenth Indiana right, Thirteenth Indiana left flank, the Nineteenth Ohio and Burdsal's dragoons being kept as reserve half a mile in the rear.

The Beverley pike runs over the summit of the mountain in its lowest elevation, and on both sides of it the hills rise gradually. On the left the enemy had a line of breastworks made of logs, and a battery planted on each side of a log stable on the side of the road. The hill on the right is covered with low underbrush and trees on the summit, but cleared about half the way up. As soon as our troops appeared in the open space, a heavy fire was opened upon them, the enemy firing shot, shell and grape, but firing wild and doing but little damage. Our boys dropped flat, and deployed as skirmishers, advancing slowly. The enemy mistaking the movement—probably imagining that they had killed the crowd—a large number rushed from their breastworks with a shout, and approached the road. Then our boys fired a most terrific and destructive volley and rushed in on bayonet. The fight now raged promiscuously all over the hill. Captain Thomas J. Brady, of the Eighth, with a private silenced the battery. The enemy were driven back up the hill, over their breastworks and completely routed.

Our boys chased them up the mountains, yelling like Indians, and keeping up a continuous fire.

The battle continued for an hour and a half from the first to the last shot. After the fight the dead and wounded were gathered. General Rosencrans ordered the surgeons to take care of the severely wounded of the enemy before attending to the slightly wounded of our own men. We lost nine dead and some twenty or thirty wounded, three of whom have died since. The enemy lost two hundred killed and wounded, which seemed to me so incredible that I took special pains to get the exact truth, and find that such is really the case. One hundred and eighty men were buried the day of the battle, and numbers have been found since who had been dragged off to the mountains to die.

On Friday General McClellan advanced to Beverley, when six hundred and fifty men, under Colonels Heck and Pegram, came out of the woods and surrendered. Some of the enemy's cavalry were at Beverley, but fled precipitately on the approach of General McClellan, who arrived at noon.

The prisoners were nearly starved, and were immediately supplied with food, and treated with the utmost humanity. They are now stationed at the Beverley Academy, where they are provided with all the necessaries of life; the officers are mostly on parole, and board in town.

Capture of an Eight-pound Brass Cannon.

When the enemy were driven from their breastworks on the summit they attempted to run off one of their cannon. Captain Sayles and Lieutenant Atkisson, with about forty men of Company C of the Thirteenth Indiana, accompanied by Major Foster and Adjutant Ross, started in pursuit. One of the horses attached to the gun had been shot, and fell in the road, the cannon running on top of it; the Secessionists had unhitched the other horses, and left about fifty men to defend the cannon. The Indianans on turning the road found the enemy drawn up across in front, firing from a log cabin and from bushes on the side of the way. They fired, stormed the house and charged bayonet down the road, driving the enemy from their position, taking several prisoners and capturing the cannon without losing a man.

Colonel Pegram left as secretly as possible, taking to the woods. He abandoned everything—tents, horses, baggage, indeed everything that could not be carried by men struggling for life in the rocky mountains, in a dark and rainy night. The victory was complete. The number of prisoners taken at the time was very considerable, but has since been greatly increased. There will, probably, be a thousand, as Colonel Pegram, with six hundred men, after wandering in the hills for thirty-six hours, and being completely hemmed in, sent in to General McClellan, proposing to surrender as prisoners of war.

The following is the correspondence between Colonel Pegram and Major General McClellan:

Headquarters at Mr. Kettle's House, near Tygart's Valley River,
Six Miles from Beverley, July 12, 1861.

To "Commanding Officer" of Northern Forces, Beverley, Virginia.

Sir—I write to state to you that I have, in consequence of the retreat of General Garnett, and the jaded and reduced condition of my command, most of them having been without food for two days, concluded, with the concurrence of a majority of my Captains and field officers, to surrender my command to you, to-morrow, as prisoners of war. I have only to add, I trust they will only receive at your hands such treatment as has been invariably shown to the Northern prisoners by the South.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN PEGRAM,
Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. C. S., commanding.

It is asserted by guides that Colonel Pegram's force, collected since his flight, is between six and seven hundred men, who have thus offered to surrender.

General McClellan sent the following reply by his Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant Williams, United States Army:

Headquarters, Department of Ohio, Beverley, Va.,
July 13, 1861

John Pegram, Esq., styling himself Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. C. S.:

Sir—Your communication, dated yesterday, proposing to surrender as prisoners of war of the force assembled under your command, has been delivered to me. As commander of this department, I will receive you and them with the kindness due to prisoners of war; but it is not in my power to relieve you or them from any liabilities incurred by taking arms against the United States.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General U. S. A., Commanding Department.

The unconditional surrender demanded by the Union commander was accepted by Colonel Pegram, who was shortly after brought into the lines of the Federal forces. The subsequent death of General Garnett and the rout of his army completed the triumph of the column under command of Major-General McClellan.

Later News.

Wednesday, Morning, July 24

Accounts from the battle field are becoming clearer, and reveal the following points:

Our attack upon Bull's Run was a victory. The retreat of our army before a vastly superior force was in good order and facing the foe.

The whole talent of the rebels was engaged in the contest. Jefferson Davis commanding the centre, and Beauregard and Johnston the wings. The enemy was in no position to advance to take advantage of our retreat, and with but twenty thousand of our force we engaged from sixty to ninety thousand of the crack troops of the rebels, and drove them from their batteries.

The advance of our army did not retreat beyond Centreville, the stampede occuring in the rear, and caused by the needless terror of spectators and teamsters.

Our loss in guns was only eight. Our loss in men has happily been reduced from the first fearful account. The loss will possibly reach one thousand men in all.

The rebel officers acknowledge to a fearful havoc in their ranks. They calculate their loss at from four to five thousand.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

MARYLAND, Baltimore.—The Grand Jury have found a bill against Marshal Kane. He will be tried for treason and conspiracy. Two fair Secessionists appeared the other day in the streets wearing a rebel emblem, and armed with daggers to defend them. The Tammany regiment behaved so riotously in the cars that Superintendent Clarke threatened to pitch them over an embankment. Governor Hicks is fast recovering his popularity. On the 18th July, on his return to Baltimore, he was serenaded. He made a speech full of Union sentiment.

WESTERN VIRGINIA, Wheeling.—The Legislature is now sitting, and Governor Pierpont reigns instead of John Letcher. General McClellan's vigor has entirely cleared the whole of this part of the Old Dominion of rebellion, and he will be in a few days on his way to join the grand army in Eastern Virginia. Ex Governor Wise and his son are somewhere near Ripley with sixteen hundred men, and it is expected every day to hear of their capture. General McClellan had issued a proclamation complimenting his army upon their victories. He states that within the last few days they have captured five guns, twelve colors, fifteen hundred stand of arms and one thousand prisoners, including more than forty officers. One of the second commanders of the rebels is a prisoner; the other lost his life on the battle-field. More than two hundred and fifty of the enemy have been killed, and they have lost all their baggage and camp equipage. This has been accomplished with the loss of only twenty men killed and sixty wounded of the National forces. His army now amounts to a considerable number:

Ohio volunteers	16 regiments.
Indiana volunteers	6 regiments.
Virginia volunteers	3 regiments.
Kentucky volunteers	2 regiments.
Artillery	4 corps.
Cavalry	1 corps

The whole army of Western Virginia now comprises little short of thirty thousand men. Two or three regiments are, however, still on the Ohio River, and a distinct division is operating on the Kanawha. The Twelfth and Fourth Ohio regiments, with the First and Second Kentucky, under General Cox, now constitute the Kanawha army. It will probably be reinforced, either from Camp Dennison or from a part of McClellan's corps, lying at Glenville or Beverley. At any rate, the marauders under Wise and Jenkins will be cleared out.

H. A. Wise issued at Lewisburg the following crazy proclamation: "Are there any who hide their wrath, and bide their time, when the invaders shall come and make them strong? Crush them in advance of the invader as you would fortify your defence. There is not a moment to be lost; the invader is come. Follow me, I repeat, and you who can't come send your arms and your alms to the noble bands who are now braving the elements, dreading less the heat and the cold, the dampness and the death, than the disgrace and dishonor of subjugation. Come, I say, to the camp. I will take you in the legion for the war or for the year, or out of the legion, for the fight. Come and tarry awhile, at least with us, in the field of glorious strife, for inestimable rights. Wounds are soothing there! Come and partake of our frugal rations in camp—enter in faith and hope, and herd there; it is sweeter than honey. Come! If you don't come, you shall be 'the jest of women and the scorn of men,' and coward, sluggard, knave, traitor or trifler shall be branded black upon your name for life and lives hereafter. Your mothers of the cradle and your mother State shall disown and dishonor you. Come to the camp, then, or there is a death more deadly for you, and more to be dreaded than the death by 'fire and blood.'"

EASTERN VIRGINIA, Fortress Monroe.—An affair has recently occurred near Fortress Monroe, which it is hoped will have the effect of putting an end to the system of irresponsible scouting which seems to have prevailed there. On Thursday night a party, few in number and poorly armed, started out from Hampton without permission, and were surprised in the woods beyond Newmarket Bridge by a party of rebels. One of our men—T. E. Rawlings, formerly of this city, Major of the Kentucky Light Cavalry—was instantly killed, and two were wounded and taken prisoners, while the rest escaped. The number of rebel troops at Norfolk and vicinity is reported by a deserter to be less than ten thousand, but they feel perfect confidence in their ultimate success. Jeff. Davis was at Richmond at last advices, where much depression is represented to exist on account of the recent rebel reverses in Western Virginia.

The Baltimore *Sun* says: "All the woods obstructing the view between Fortress Monroe and the Sewall's Point Battery had been cut and burned off. The Confederates could be seen from the Fortress, and they were busily engaged on their defences. The distance between the two points is 3¼ miles, and it is supposed at the Fortress that they have obtained some heavy rifled cannon, which will be operated against the Fortress. A gun of shorter range than the Sawyer gun will throw shell into Fortress Monroe."

The exact distance of Sewall's Point from the Fortress is 3½ miles. From Sewall's Point to Rip-Raps, 2¼ miles. From Sewall's Point to Newport News, 4½ miles.

The Charleston *Mercury* gives a very funny account of the Southern chivalry. It is in retailing the death of Lieutenant-Col. Dreux, the gallant young Louisianan killed on the 5th, within three miles of Newport News. After describing how the Lieutenant-Colonel posted his cavalry, infantry and howitzers, it says that "two rifles were fired, one of them killing the Secession scout. In the meantime, the cavalry, hearing the firing, were seized with a sudden and unaccountable panic, and putting spurs to their horses, came dashing like so many devils, in headlong speed athwart and diagonally towards the ambuscade of the Louisianans, and directly upon the howitzers—running up against the howitzer guns, frightening and stampeding their horses, which ran more than a mile with the guns before they could be stopped.

"On the first onslaught of the cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Dreux stepped out into the road to ascertain what was the matter, and was instantly shot at and killed by the enemy. Our infantry then fired one round and advanced, but the enemy having heard the extraordinary and unprecedented uproar, accompanied by the terrific snapping of pine saplings, kicked up by the cavalry, had taken to their heels incontinently, and did not call a halt till safe within their entrenchments at Newport News."

Richmond.—The Montgomery *Mail* is very severe upon the Richmond people. It accuses them of meanness—they charge five cents for a glass of iced water, and fifteen cents for a thimbleful of whiskey. Provisions are so dear that men of moderate means cannot live. Shoes eight dollars a pair, and worse than all, no credit. A member of the Rebel Congress is accused of stealing a pair of shoes out of a store, as his own were out of the toes, and he could not take his seat till he got a new pair. The city is crowded with drunken soldiers and placehunters. A pleasant picture of Pandemonium drawn by one of their own imps. Floyd is at Richmond, having raised two regiments, which are stationed near Wytheville.

Suppression of Military Movements by the Rebels.

Confederate States of America, War Department,
Richmond, July 1, 1861.

To Newspaper Correspondents:

Gentlemen—While I have not withheld permission from any of the representatives of the press to visit the camps in Virginia, and while I am as much the uncompromising advocate of an unshackled press as I am of the freedom of speech, and of the independence of the Confederate States, yet I have thought it proper, under existing circumstances, to make an appeal to you to forbear from the transmission and publication of such intelligence as might be detrimental to the great cause in which we all feel so deep an interest.

You are aware of the great amount of valuable information obtained by us through the medium of the enterprising journals of the North; and we may derive profit from their example by a discriminating and judicious reserve in communications for the Southern journals.

It must be obvious that statements of strength or of weakness, at any of the points in the vicinity of the enemy, when reproduced in the North, as they would be, in spite of all the vigilance in our power, would warn them of danger to themselves or invite an attack upon us; and, in like manner, any statements of the magnitude of batteries, of the quantity and quality of arms or of ammunition, of movements in progress or in supposed contemplation, of the condition of troops, of the commissariat, &c., might be fraught with essential injury to the service.

To gentlemen of intelligence and of unquestioned loyalty to the cause of the Confederate States, I do not deem it necessary to be more explicit; nor can I doubt for a moment that you will appreciate my motives in making this frank appeal to your patriotism and your discretion.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

NORTH CAROLINA.—This half and half State, neither rebel nor sound, is enjoying comparative quiet and considerable trade, since the Government has not blockaded either Beaufort or Wilmington. What does the Secretary of the Navy mean by not accepting Vanderbilt's offer? Ships sail in and sail out of these ports, and the rebels are thus amply supplied.

SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.—The Minnesota is blockading this port. There are also four other United States vessels in sight. The Charleston *Mercury* is very severe upon Jeff. Davis for the manner in which affairs have been conducted—abandons all hope of England and France helping the South, and confesses that they have no friends except "hard fighting." There is a noble independence about the *Mercury* eminently refreshing in these days of press corruption and cowardice. The South Carolinians express the utmost contempt for the cowardice of the Virginians, who have ran away even when the glass has been ninety in the shade.

GEORGIA.—The cleverness with which the Confederate President has made Virginia the scapegoat of the rebellion leaves little to record of military interest in the more Southern States. At Augusta, on the 11th, Vice-President Stephens made a begging speech, in which he promised the Secessionists victory if they would raise fifty millions and a hundred thousand more men. To conceal their dismay the rabble cheered. Stephens said that they were the Grecians, and Abe Lincoln the Xerxes, and also that Abe's Persians are only 400 000 men, while Xerxes had 600 000 men. Such is the balderdash to which a bad cause has reduced the once eloquent and logical Alexander H. Stephens.

ARKANSAS.—If anything could stamp the Southern cause as one utterly unworthy the recognition of civilized beings, it is found in the fact that Governor Rector, of Arkansas, made an application to John Ross, Chief of the Cherokees, for a body of savages. John Ross, the Indian savage, rebukes the bloodthirsty Rector, and declares perfect neutrality.

MISSOURI.—Governor Jackson and his bloodhound, Ben McCullough, are at last driven out of Missouri. They are now at Camp Walker, ten miles south of the Missouri line, and at Yellowville, Arkansas. The rebel pickets extend as far as Neosho, thirty miles north of Camp Walker. General Pope is at St Charles, where he has established his headquarters. His command in North Missouri will be 7,000 strong, and so posted that Jefferson City, Booneville, Lexington, and all the principal points in the northern parts of the State will be within easy striking distance. The Union troops and the Home Guards at Jefferson City will encamp outside of the city limits during the session of the State Convention. General Lyon with 11,000 men is in full pursuit of Gov. Jackson; and will not respect the Arkansas frontier.

Proclamation from Brigadier-General Pope.

St. Louis, July 19, 1861.

The following proclamation has just been received from Brigadier-General Pope:

St. Charles, Mo., July 19, 1861.

To the People of North Missouri:

By virtue of power and authority, I have assumed command in North Missouri, I appear among you with a force strong enough to maintain the authority of the Government, and too strong to be resisted by any means in your possession usual in warfare. Upon your own assurances that you would respect the laws of the United States and preserve the peace, no troops have hitherto been sent in your section of the country. The assurances for the last ten days, however, have plainly exhibited your lack of either the power or inclination to fully carry out the pledges, and the Government has therefore found it necessary to occupy North Missouri with a force powerful enough to impel obedience to the laws. As soon as it is made manifest that you will respect its authority and put down unlawful combinations against it, you will be relieved of the presence of the forces under my command, but not until then. I therefore warn all persons taking up arms against the Federal authority, who attempt to commit depredations upon public or private property, or who molest unoffending or peaceful citizens, that they will be dealt with in a most summary manner, without waiting civil process.

JOHN POPE,
Brigadier General United States Army Commanding.

E RETREAT AND REPELLING THE CHARGE OF THE REBEL CAVALRY—PANIC AMONG THE TEAMSTERS AND CIVILIANS, AND GENERAL STAMPEDE TOWARDS ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.
R-GENERAL McDOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 162.

THE GREAT BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN, VA., ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 21—RETREAT OF THE FEDERAL ARMY UPON CENTREVILLE—COL. MILES'S RESERVE DIVISION COVERING TH

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJ

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(*Continued from page* 161.)

boy, between seven and eight years old, when I first became conscious that I had a Fate, that my Future was closing around me, and that I was Haunted.

I had the misfortune to be a rich little boy. I wore nice clothes; had toys without number; and was kept so clean, that I went about with an indefinable sensation of having been washed in glue. My mamma and I lived together in a pretty country house, near the great city of London. My papa was dead, and I knew him only by a portrait which hung over the mantelpiece, in a drawing room which I visited on state occasions. This portrait gave me the idea of a rather weakminded and very vulgar small man, who might have been a bailiff, or a chandler, but who could never, by any possibility, have been a gentleman. My mamma, on the other hand, was aristocratic, albeit podgy; not only her Roman nose, but a certain Roman grandeur about her manner, proved that she had been brought up in good society. Mother and son, though, saw very little of each other, and I regret to say there was no love lost between them. I was confided to the care of a very good-natured girl, whose duty it was to keep me clean, superintend my linen, and take me into the drawing-room once or twice a day, there to be inspected by the lady who had given me birth.

I had the misfortune, therefore, to be a rich little boy. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my only playmate was a young rustic, who was accustomed to pull my hair when I stared at him. I grew more gluey every day. Really, it was not a very pleasant thing to be fed, in this manner, with a silver spoon. Our house stood among a number of other houses, in a pretty locality, close to a very tiny village, and not far from a railway station. But we kept our neighbors at a distance, and received no visitors. I was forbidden to play with vulgar little boys, who abounded, and who persecuted me, and thought me stuck-up. I was left to my own resources. So I fell back upon myself, in a half-anticipatory dream of men and things, and became Haunted.

And first, I became conscious of the ghost of my papa; a vulgar, blustering, weak-minded ghost, like the portrait on the drawing-room mantelpiece. I used to creep into the dim room, when my mamma was out, and stare at that portrait till her knock at the door recalled me to life. Then the ghost came down from the canvas, smirking and blustering, and cocked his eye at me, saying, "You're a rich little boy, a very rich little boy; and I'm looking after you. You're a proud little boy; but do what you can, you won't get rid of me—there!" I disliked, more than I feared, my papa's ghost. He was always at my bedside watching me. He had an evil eye in his head, unsteady, like that of a coward.

Latterly, I became conscious of the ghost of a little girl, with hair like mine, and eyes that looked wistfully, like my own when I would watch my face in the looking glass. She was about my own age, too, or very little older, and her blue, wistful eyes would say to me, "Rich little boy, I am growing up for you. You're a proud little boy, but I'm bound to you for ever and ever." Somehow or other, I fancied that I had wronged the little girl's ghost—that I had sinned against her such a sin as only a wedding could atone for; and that I was in duty bound to marry this ghost who was growing up for me. The fancy grew upon me; the ghost was always with me, and I felt very cruel and wicked, somehow. Then I began to perceive that the little girl's ghost shrunk from my papa's ghost, and detested him as I detested him, and scorned him as I scorned him.

Moreover, the space between my mamma and myself grew so wide, and there was so little love between us, that, in due time, mamma herself became one of my ever-present ghosts. Mamma's ghost was not the querulous, podgy, aristocratic person who inspected me daily, but a dark eyed, proud young woman, in silk and satin and jewels—in fact, just what I imagined mamma to have been in her youthful days. And the ghosts of mamma and papa would linger around me, while the ghost of the little girl stood between them, and seemed to separate them for ever and ever. It seemed to me that I had seen these faces in some far-off forgotten life, and that they were closing slowly around me, shaping my destiny.

Mamma's name was Mrs. Vanhomrigh Brown; mine, partly as a consequence, was Master Henry Vanhomrigh Brown. We claimed, I understand, all the reputable Browns as ancestors, while discarding all the disreputable Browns as unconnected with our branch of the family. There was considerable doubt as to what person was the founder of our house; whether it was the DeBrown who came over with the Conqueror, or that patriotic Brown, the gallant poultry dealer, who fought against the Conqueror in the marshes of Wales.

Being a rich and well-born little boy I ought to have been happy. Strange to say, however, I envied the vulgar little wretch who was in the habit of pulling my hair. I sat, very lonely and indolent, among my ghosts. I often amused myself by speculation how much money I should have when I grew up; and I calculated till my eyes and head swam in an atmosphere of yellow guineas. At this juncture, the little girl's ghost was sure to step in, reminding me that I was a rich little boy, that she would never part from me, and that she was growing up on purpose to marry me.

"Susan," said my mamma one day, to the girl who took care of me, "Susan, to-morrow that dear Mr. Timbs will call, and you will dress Henry in his best black."

It may not be amiss here to say that mamma was of the middle height, but rather stout; that her eyes were black, and beaded and de y, and her nose true Roman; that she almost always dressed in black satin, and that there was a sharp, nervous authority in her manner, betokening spirit, and striking awe into the hearts of poor domestics.

"And, Susan," she continued, "be good enough to see that Mr. Timbs's bed is well aired; he will stop here for the night. Dear Mr. Timbs is so particular."

I will take my oath that Susan had never heard of nor seen "dear Mr. Timbs" before; and as for myself, I was in still greater dumb ignorance. But we took things for granted in that house, and had no courage to speak out.

"Henry, come and kiss me," said mamma, yawning. I crept up to her side, and did as she requested. I feel that kiss still; it was very warm and clammy.

"Remember, child, you will be very humble and respectful to dear Mr. Timbs. He will, perhaps, ask you questions, which you must answer very truthfully. He will ask if you are a well-treated little boy, and you will tell the truth. Susan, you may go."

Mamma leant back in her chair, and closed her eyes; this was our signal to leave the room. We walked away together, Susan and I, but mamma called me back.

"Henry, this being the eve of a state occasion, you shall have a fig."

"Thank you, mamma," said I; and staring up at papa's picture, I thought I heard him chuckle. She walked to the sideboard, and, unlocking it, abstracted something resembling the detached eyelid of a mummy.

"There," she said, giving me my fig; "sit down and eat it."

I squatted down on the hearthrug, and plunged my soft gums into the fruit. She watched me as I ate, like one watching a monkey, and once or twice nodded her head approvingly. It was not a nice fig; it was dry and tasteless, and ashy; but I made a great show of enjoying it amazingly.

"Nice?" she asked, in a proud, helpless, idiotic way.

"Very," I burst out; and may my good stars pardon the deception.

She went on, very gently and coldly, but not kindly:

"You ought to be a very happy little boy, Master Brown."

I had no objection to being called Master Brown, but I was too humble to utter it. I said, with my tongue, that I was a happy little boy; but my great eyes said for me, that I was in high doubt about the matter.

"And a very thankful little boy," she added.

"Yes, mamma."

"Very well, then; listen. If dear Mr. Timbs should ask whether you are happy and thankful, what shall you say to him?"

I was not prepared for this question. It took me by surprise, and I made no answer.

"You will tell him," she continued, rather testily, "you will tell him how happy and thankful you are; how good everybody is to you, and how proud you are of being a rich little boy. You will tell this to dear Mr. Timbs, will you not?"

"Yes, mamma," I murmured, seeing she wished me to reply in the affirmative.

"Very good. You must not be surprised if dear Mr. Timbs takes you with him on a journey. You must not fret or cry when you go away with Mr. Timbs, but thank him, and be very quiet and humble. For you are a rich little boy, and dear Mr. Timbs is your good friend. There, you may go and play."

Mamma fell back in her chair, and closed her eyes; and, after one glance at papa's picture, which actually winked at me, I crept out of the room. But not to play; unless standing on one leg in the garden and watching three pigeons, which were disporting themselves on the eaves, could be called play. I longed to confide my doubts and fears to Susan, who was in the habit of expressing her sympathy with my lonely state. But being a rich little boy, I was forbidden to go near the kitchen, whither Susan had retired. With the mysteries of that odoriferous sanctuary I was almost unacquainted. Once or twice had I peeped stealthily in; to be rewarded by a sensation compounded of grease, rum and black beetles. On one occasion my delicacy had been shocked by the sight of an extensively corpulent person, in slender *déshabille*, whose back was turned towards me, and who was anointing her flowing locks with fresh butter. This corpulent person was the cook, with whom I subsequently became better acquainted, but whose friendship I was then too proud to encourage much.

After much cogitation, I came to the conclusion that dear Mr. Timbs would be a sleek, cadaverous humbug, of a pious turn. How I came to this conclusion, and how it came to be firmly established in my mind, are questions to be answered by the metaphysician.

I had sat down upon the lawn, and was amusing myself with some pebbles. It was a gray, windy March day, and the lawn was streaked with shadows of passing clouds, which seemed to me the shadows of my ghosts, in different stages of contortion. I was startled out of my reverie by a slight sound; looking up carelessly, I saw a face staring at me over the garden wall. It was a pale, sallow face, ornamented by a slight moustache; but there was a large scar under the right eye, which made it look ghastly. I saw this at a glance; for directly I looked up and met the eyes, the face disappeared. By-and bye it reappeared at another part of the wall, but disappeared again as quickly. I felt rather frightened.

After it had bobbed up and down once or twice, it came up again, and stopped up, while I saw a long white hand beckoning me. I shook my head, and passed round to the front of the house. There was a small garden in front, and a gate. I was swinging to and fro on the gate, when somebody cried out,

"Hi!"

I looked down the road, and saw a person standing some hundred yards from the house, but out of the range of any of its windows. I immediately recognised this person as the owner of the face I had seen peeping over the wall. He was a rather dissipated-looking young man, of about five-and-thirty; short, and strongly built; attired in faded pantaloons of shepherd tartan, and jacket and waistcoat of grizzled velveteen.

"Hi!" he shouted, beckoning to me. "You! Boy!"

Now I knew that Susan had a young man, and I had been repeatedly informed that this young man had a moustache. Comparing the velveteeny person with her description of her beloved, who was in the greengrocery line, I came to the conclusion that this was he, and that he was desirous of conveying some secret token of affection to his charmer. So I walked up to him, without fear, and, conscious of the difference between a greengrocer and a rich little boy, said, rather jauntily,

"Hulloa, greengrocer!"

The velveteeny young man surveyed me with some amazement, and whistled.

"You're a precious young gentleman," he observed, with a grin that made his scar look hideous. "Who lives in that house?"

"My mamma," I answered, conscious that I had made a mistake. He surveyed me from head to foot, with a bad scowl.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Mrs. Brown," I said, in some trepidation; for the scar had conquered me.

"What's your's?"

"Master Brown."

"Very well, then," said he, suddenly catching hold of me by the neck; "I've got you. Now, boy, if you don't answer my questions, quick and true, I'll——"

Here he shook me violently. I was too frightened to scream.

"Now, then," he said, through his teeth, "Answer, boy. What's your mamma like?"

Making a great effort, I described her personal appearance as closely as possible. He nodded his head and seemed satisfied.

"Proud?" he asked. "Stuck-up like?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Rich?"

I said that I thought so. He grinned, and the scar seemed more hideous than ever.

"Worth lots of money?"

"Millions," I gasped out, with a random guess at the truth.

"So far, so good. Now then, how old are you?"

"Seven and a half."

"Come, I thought so. Father alive?"

I shook my head. "Dead years and years ago."

"Humph!" growled the velveteeny young man. "That'll do."

He released me and I was creeping off, when he cried out to me to stop. I turned, staring at him. He was writing something with a lead pencil, in a dingy pocketbook. He grinned as he did so more than ever.

"Here," he said, tearing out a leaf and thrusting it into my hand, "give that to your dear mamma, and tell her that I sent my love. Can you read?"

"A little," was my reply; for that branch of my education had been attended to by a sickly young governess, who had lately been dismissed, for some unknown reason or other, by mamma.

"Never mind; give this to your mamma, and say who sent it. I'm a handsome fellow, and you won't forget me in a hurry, I suppose?"

I answered in the negative, with some truth.

"Tell your dear mamma that her very dear friend—meaning myself—sends his respects to her; that he has kept her in his memory, time out of mind, and that he's sorry his time won't admit of his shaking hands with her. She don't lick you, does she?" He added this last question suddenly, after a pause.

"Never, sir," I answered, timidly.

"I was sure of it," he added, triumphantly, addressing a sparrow on a neighboring tree. "She never licks him, not she; but keeps him in a glass cage, coddles him and gives him jam. That's the case, ain't it, youngster?" turning to me.

I thought it better to acquiesce in this hyperbolical description.

"Right again!" he cried, still addressing the sparrow. "Oh, she's a knowing girl, his dear mamma! Buys him buns, dresses him up in fine clothes, and keeps no rod in pickles. Hit it again, haven't I, boy?"

"Yes, sir," I murmured, surprised at his savage delight.

"Then bolt. Bolt! d'ye hear? with your head on!"

I did bolt, as fast as my legs could carry me. I paused at the gate and saw the velveteeny young man walk swiftly away in the direction of the village. I could not quite make him out, but had my suspicions as to his sanity. So, in high dudgeon that I, a rich little boy, should have been so scurvily treated, I crept up to my little bedroom and had a good cry. When I had grown more composed I took out the paper he had given me, and tried to spell it out, unsuccessfully. It was written in a miserable, cramped hand, and defied my humble scholarship. I crumpled it up, put it into my pocket. Then I sat down and asked myself whether I had better give it to my proud mamma. I came to the conclusion that the delivery of the missive had better be postponed.

While I sat in my little white-curtained bedroom, a cold and clean room, the shades of evening gathered around me; and the little girl's ghost, flitting out from the darkness, moaned, "Rich little boy, I am growing up for you; proud little boy, I am bound to you for ever and ever." Then the windows darkened, and, in one of the panes, I seemed to see the velveteeny person's face, with its scar. And I crept down stairs afraid, and took tea with Susan, in a little bandbox of a room which we called the nursery.

CHAPTER II.—DEAR MR. TIMBS.

I SLEPT in a little bed, close to Susan's, in the nursery. Susan, poor girl, worked hard during the day, and revenged herself on Fortune by snoring hard during the night. When I went to bed, after my interview with the velveteeny young person, I was visited by scores of dreams. I wandered, in sleep, through shadowy halls and palaces, all bright and yellow, and paved with dingy gold. There were no sounds, no playmates, no faces, friendly or unfriendly. I was a rich king in a boneless realm, and felt lonely and frightened. The golden seats were so garish and cold, and the silence was so dismal, that I began to sob and cry; when, all at once, there came my little girl's ghost, saying, "Rich little boy, come and marry me," and the long corridors groaned, "Marry me;"—saying, "Proud little boy, I'll cling to you for ever and ever," and the long corridors whispered, "For ever and ever." Then the little girl's ghost took my hand, and we walked far, far away, over dead fields of golden poppies, under a hot, leaden sky, till we came to a church like a golden sepulchre, where papa's ghost, dressed in a cassock, and with white hands, was waiting to marry us. Somehow I wondered why the church bells were not ringing; and I was wondering still, when the little girl's ghost whispered, "Rich little boy, proud little boy, you have married me, and I'll cling to you for ever and ever." Then, all of a sudden, we heard groaning sounds of music; and, walking out of the church, saw the velveteeny young person playing on a trombone made out of a golden skull, and the music was so discordant and hideous that I woke up in a fright and looked around me. The gray, cold dawn was broadening across the white curtains of my bed, and Susan was snoring with all her might, close by. I was very glad, somehow, to find it was all a dream; and, sinking back on my pillow, I went to sleep again.

When I awoke next it was broad daylight, and Susan's bed was vacant. A fine fresh sun was up and abroad; it was one of those fresh, windy mornings which make the blood flow and the pulses throb cheerily. I jumped up and called out for Susan to hook me. My good-natured nurse answered to my call, and hooked me. I walked downstairs into the garden, and out into the road. The wind nipped my cheek into tingling warmth, and I felt for the moment as free as the wind, and as cheerful. I like March and his rough breath better than languid June.

Then I went in to breakfast, which I discussed with Susan in the nursery, for mamma, I understood was not yet up. I had finished my meal, and was looking carelessly out of the window, over a clear prospect of bare trees and little fallow hills, when my attention was attracted to the eccentricities of a person who was staring up at me from the road. The person was a man, and a jolly man—a man whose red face and short white hair reminded me of a red cabbage topped with snow—a short, stout, greasy man, who was dressed in deep mourning, and looked like a mute. He had a carpet-bag in his hand, this jolly man, who was winking and making grimaces at me with all his might. I could not help returning his greetings with many smiles.

He walked up to the gate and rang the bell, and presently I saw Susan trip down and ask his business. Then ensued a lively altercation, for the girl evidently regarded this comer with some contempt: he did not look like a gentleman. To my surprise, however, the jolly man put his arm round Susan's waist and actually kissed her. She was about to box his ears, when he whispered something which changed her whole manner. I saw by her face and his face what he and she were now saying. Would the gentleman walk in? Well, he didn't mind if he did. So they walked towards the house door. Mrs. Brown would be ready to receive the gentleman directly; would he wait for a few minutes, while missus finished her toilette? Yes; he would wait, my dear. Oh, sir! Whereat the jolly man chucked her under the chin. She was a nice article for a man with a small income, she was, my dear. Oh, please sir; this way, sir! Then they disappeared into the house, and I heard Susan show him into the drawing-room. Plainly a vulgar man ignorant of good manners.

By-and bye, Susan bounced into the nursery, looking for me.

"Loramussyme!" she exclaimed, with a burst, "here's Mr. Timbs come; and he's been aggrawatin' me, and drinking port wine and brandy this half hour. He's a droll and impercent cockalorum jig as ever breathed; and make haste, Master Henry, and run to your ma' in the drawing-room—she's asked me to take you to her immediate."

To my surprise—for I had imagined quite a different sort of visitor—it immediately struck me that Mr. Timbs was no other than the jolly man I had seen patronizing Susan; and I felt rather amazed that my proud mamma should seem so partial to so vulgar a person. However, I had no time to deliberate; for after Susan had brushed my hair the wrong way, I was hurried along to the drawing-room door, where Susan left me. I gave a timid knock, was told to "come in," and entered, blushing bashfully.

Mamma was leaning back, languidly, in her armchair; but on her cheek I saw a bright hectic flush, which betokened unusual excitement. I regret to say that Mr. Timbs did not appear to so much advantage, on a closer view, as he did at a distance. Don't tell me that jollity is inconsistent with rascality; that a rubicund, beaming face is always the key to an honest, kindly heart. No; I have seen even bank directors with jovial countenances. Mr. Timbs was jolly in face, figure and manner; his very mourning, his glossy coat and his weepers looked jolly on him. But, child as I was, I instinctively felt that I should like to hit him hard, and I was morally conscious, in my own mind, that his jollity was a mockery, a cheat and a delusion.

"Come and kiss me," said mamma, as I entered. I stole up timidly, and did as she requested. The kiss burnt me; her lips were hot as fire. The jolly person said nothing. He was actively employed in mixing brandy and port together in one tumbler, and drinking the extemporized beverage with great unctuous relish.

"Mr. Timbs," said mamma, addressing that individual, nervously, "this is the boy."

"I eyes and I knows him, ma'am," was the laconic and facetious reply.

"Henry, this is dear Mr. Timbs."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed dear Mr. Timbs, uproariously. "Very fond of me is your ma', Master Brown. She's a Ripston pippin, your ma' is (begging your pardon, ma'am, for the liberty)—a Ripston pippin, and no mistake."

Assuredly a most vulgar person, this jolly man.

"Dear Mr. Timbs is so droll!" observed mamma, with an idiotic appeal to papa's portrait, which leered at us from its place above the mantelpiece.

"He's a very little 'un," contemplating the writer of this history; "an uncommon little 'un; but he'll grow—ah! that's the point—he'll grow, ma'am, he'll grow. How old are you, Master Brown?"

"Seven and a half, if you please, sir," I replied. How anxious everybody seemed to be about my age! Mamma looked pale as I answered the question.

"Like you, ma'am, uncommon," suggested our visitor.

"Do you think so?" said mamma, with a sickly smile, and another appeal to papa's picture.

"Think so, ma'am! He's your very image; and you ought to be proud of him. Now, just let me take him in hand one moment. Now, Master Brown, right about face—at—ten—tion!"

I had an indescribable longing to scratch dear Mr. Timbs, and ascertain if he would bleed wine. He looked so red, and jolly, and apoplectic, and vulgar, and offensive, that I quite detested him. Mamma closed her eyes, and, with a wave of the hand, passed me over to him for examination. The conversation which follows was interrupted now and again by observations from mamma, in the shape of continued idiotic appeals to papa's picture.

"Now, Master Brown," chuckled Timbs, "you're as happy as the day's long, ain't you?"

I nodded my head to signify assent.

("Dear Mr. Timbs is so good to the child," soliloquized mamma.)

"And as rich as the Bank of England, ain't you?"

I intimated that I had been led to believe so.

"And you've been vaccinated, too, haven't you?" he inquired, recklessly, refilling his tumbler. Mr. T had a way of jumping from one proposition to another, which was, to say the least of it, apt to cause confusion. His last question puzzled me, partly because I was unaware whether I had been vaccinated or not, but chiefly be-

cause I was quite at a loss to know what vaccination was, or could be. I appealed to mamma, who nodded her head in assent.

"At—ten—tion!" cried Mr. Timbs. "Excuse me, ma'am, but allow me to take him in hand one moment."

("Now, really, this is too kind of dear Mr. Timbs.")

"Well, you have been vaccinated, I take it," said our guest, drawing me towards him, and placing me between his knees as he spoke. "Once more, Master Brown. You've had the measles, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you please, sir," I faltered out; for I had suffered very acutely with that complaint. I remember wondering at that moment whether the jolly man had ever had the scarlet fever, and whether he was still suffering from it, being so scarlet in face, and whether sobriety was consistent with spirituous erysipelas.

("It is really astonishing," observed mamma to the picture; "now, is it not astonishing, that dear Mr. Timbs should take so extraordinary an interest in the boy? I assure you, it is most touching.")

"Now, then," said dear Mr. Timbs, "let us count our items. You're seven and a half—one; you're as happy as the day's long—two; you're as rich as the Bank of England—three; you're been vaccinated—four; you've had the measles—five. Total: five. Come, then. At—ten—tion! If two geese lay four eggs apiece, in a barn, and if Master Brown smashes five of them eggs with a umbrella, how many chickens will the two geese hatch come Whitsunday?"

("Dear me, he is so droll!" chirped mamma.)

The question was a startling one in itself, apart from its abruptness, and I was quite unprepared to grapple with it. I saw that Mr. Timbs wanted to be facetious, but, I confess, I was unable to see the point of the joke. I made no answer, but hung down my head.

"You don't know, and I shan't tell you. Never mind. Stop, though. You've been to school, of course?"

"No, sir," I said, to his evident surprise.

Mamma interposed to state that, to avoid my mixing with vulgar little boys, she had engaged a governess to teach me at home.

"Leave him to me, ma'am, if you please; I'll get it out of him."

("Dear me, I am overcome by this goodness. Can we ever thank dear Mr. Timbs sufficiently for his interest in the child?")

"Very well, then, Master Brown," quoth our jolly friend. "So, as you say, your ma' has been doing the domestic line of schooling! Good again; but goodness like that can't last for ever. You're as rich as the Bank of England, you know, and all that sort of thing. Who poisoned Julius Cæsar with green tea, when he was a-rollicking with his Romans at Putney Castle?"

I could not exactly make out whether it was ignorance or facetiousness that dictated such absurd questions; but I had read a "Child's History of Rome," and (waiving the incongruities) answered boldly,

"If you please, sir—Brutus."

He eyed me sidelong, and gave a hoarse laugh.

"I dare say you're right; but my memory's at fault, Master Brown. Never mind; you'll do, no doubt, when you've had a little more crammed into you. How fond you must be of your kind, good ma, who's brought you up to the credit of the Bank of England."

"Oh, yes, sir!" I cried, with a timid glance at mamma.

("Dear Mr. Timbs must be aware that nothing can exceed the affection of the child for myself," she remarked to the picture; "and really, you know, I cannot help reciprocating the attachment.")

"Henry," she said, turning languidly to me, "come and kiss me."

I put my lips to hers again. Why did her kisses burn so?

"Very well, ma'am," said Timbs, addressing himself suddenly to her, "I've done with him. When I want more, I'll get more. Sit down on that there hassock, boy. Now, ma'am!"

Mamma smiled feebly, and folded her hands to listen.

"To-morrow, ma'am, is the day. Master Brown and I set off and do our little bit of private business together."

"Yes; to-morrow. I have already informed Henry that you are his very good friend, and that he is to go on a journey with you."

I looked up, timidly appealing. Little as I cared for home, I cared for dear Mr. Timbs less, and had a strong objection to his company.

"Now, don't you blubber, Master Brown," he cried to me; "don't. I can't bear to see an infant weeping—it ain't in natur."

"I assure you that Henry will be only too delighted to go with you. He is very obedient. He must remember, too, that it is only for three days that he will be absent from home——"

"Sweet home," broke in the jolly man, suggestively.

"Precisely," said mamma, who seemed to be no longer the proud mamma I had been accustomed to.

"To-morrow morning, ma'am, at nine to a minute, Master Brown and I set out from here. Mind that, Master Brown, at nine to a minute. And if, ma'am, you could accommodate me, before starting, with threepenn'orth of coffee and an eggflip to follow, I'd be obliged."

"Certainly, Mr. Timbs," said mamma, graciously; and she rang for Susan, who seemed to me to answer the call very suddenly.

"Susan, Master Henry will go away with this gentleman the first thing in the morning. Be good enough to pack a carpet-bag with the necessary things. I beg your pardon, Mr. Timbs, but what were your orders?"

"Threepenn'orth of coffee, my dear, and an eggflip to follow; let alone a bit of meat broiled," said the worthy, addressing hisself to the domestic.

"Yes, sir," curtsied Susan, leaving the room, with a glance at me.

I did not cry or fret; I felt quite resigned to go with the jolly man passively. Just at that moment, however, I remembered the paper which had been given me by the velveteeny person, and thought that it had better be delivered.

"That being settled satisfactorily," said mamma to me, "you had better follow Susan and go to play. Wish dear Mr. Timbs good day, and give me a pretty kiss—there's a dear."

"If you please, mamma——" I stammered.

"Well, well! What is it, Henry; surely you are not going to cry."

"He'd better not," chuckled Timbs, winking at me; "the rogue had better not."

"If you please, mamma, a man told me to give you something; and, if you please, I'm going away in the morning, and had better give it you now."

"Dear me!" said mamma, opening her eyes. "What man, child?"

I described the velveteeny young man to the best of my humble powers. I was astonished to see both mamma and Mr. Timbs turn very pale. The latter turned to me, half savagely, and then gulped down half a tumbler of wine.

"Scar under the right eye, moustache, pale face, short and stout. Well, I'm blowed!"

And he looked like it.

"Oh, it cannot be! it cannot be!" cried mamma, wringing her hands. "Stop; I forgot. You say he gave you something to give to me. Where is it? Quick! give it to me."

I was astonished, on looking at mamma's face, to see that it was as white as snow. I fumbled in my pocket for the paper, and produced it, very crumpled and dirty. She seized it and glanced her eye over it hastily.

"*Mon Dieu, il est ici! Je suis perdu, je suis perdu! Il est ici!*"

And she fell back in her chair, in a white swoon, quivering. The paper dropped from her hand, and dear Mr. Timbs snatched it up fiercely, reading it out, growing paler as he read,

"Wealthy, married, and a mother. Married, 1828. A mother, 1830. Mad. Remember Eugene."

"It's hard," cried dear Mr. Timbs, striking his fist on the table and looking the very reverse of jolly; "it's tarnation hard, that's what it is. More splits in the Cabinet, and the Bank of England stopped payment! But, blow me, if I didn't think so!"

CHAPTER III.—I TAKE TEA IN THE CITY.

Before I had recovered from my surprise at the effect of my strange communication, I was bundled out of the room by the jolly man, and found myself weeping in the nursery, by the side of Susan. The poor girl, ignorant as she was of the cause of my sorrow, comforted me to the best of her power. I had just dried my tears, and was speculating in my own mind as to the probable cause of the mystery, when Mr. Timbs put his white head in at the door, and told me to look alive. Not precisely understanding how or why I was to do so, and in what matter I was to exhibit my obedience to the mandate, I stared at our visitor with open mouth and eyes, thinking to myself that one so deathly and scared looking as he was at that moment ought to take the hint about looking alive himself.

"Now, then, look alive?" he repeated. "Come back to your ma, Master Brown."

His white head bobbed away, and I followed it as one might follow a will-o'-the-wisp, into the drawing-room. Mamma had recovered from her swoon, and was sitting bolt upright in her chair, pale, but with firmly compressed lips.

"It has been arranged," she said, with a decided nod, "that your journey cannot be put off one moment. Henry, my dear, you must set off at once with Mr. Timbs."

"To-day, mamma?" I murmured appealingly.

"To-day. Three days from this, dear, you will return, I hope, and dear Mr. Timbs will take good care of you while you are away. Dear me, child, you seem astonished!"

"Pooh, ma'am, pooh!" growled the jolly man; "don't pamper him. Your ma's too good to you, Master Brown, and so I tell you. Look here, ma'am. Decision of character was the making of the late Duke of Wellington. Copy him. If Master Brown's to go, say he's to go. Ring the bell, order his things, pass him over to the handy one, and have him togged."

Here, fumbling in some mysterious hiding-place under his waistcoat, Mr. Timbs produced a small silver watch, which he tapped with his right finger, and then consulted.

"Three o'clock exactly," he observed. "There's a train at four. Quarter for him to get ready; another quarter for us to get something to eat (I'm anxious about it, ma'am, but I never neglect nature); half hour to get to the village. We'll do nicely, if you look sharp, ma'am. Ring for the handy one."

Mamma rang the bell, and the handy one appeared. Mr. Timbs repeated his injunctions to Susan, who looked spiteful. Somehow or other, at sight of Susan's kind, simple face, I burst into tears and sobbed loudly. Mr. Timbs swore a mild oath.

"Oh, blaze it!" he cried. "Was there ever so aggravating a boy as this here Master Brown? He wants to murder his kind, good ma, he does; this here is his gratitude for being brought up respectable."

Mr. Timbs spoke this soliloquy at me in a tone that was half banter, half angry reproach. But he only made me cry the more.

"It is very provoking, indeed," said mamma, testily. "What can ail the child?"

"Now, where's the use of asking questions, ma'am? Hang me, if you ain't as bad as he is. Why don't you tell the handy one to take him off, and obey orders?"

"Bless his little heart!" said the handy one, in the folds of whose dress I had hid my tearful face; "he's scared like, and doesn't want to be taken away from me so sudden. Come, Master Henry, you'll go with the gentleman, I know, won't you, deary?"

"Obey my orders, Susan," said mamma, with a stately frown. "I will trouble you to keep your place, and to offer no opinions, unless I ask for them. Take him away."

"Yes, take him away, and be quick, too," said the jolly man.

"I won't go away with him," I screamed. "He's a nasty red thing, and smells of beer, and he wants to run away with me. I hate him."

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Susan, who, however, seemed less surprised than gratified at the personal character of my remarks. "Oh, what a naughty boy!"

Tears have an interesting effect on some minds, and they always render me reckless. On that occasion, although I had a great dread of Mr. Timbs, I felt competent to defy him, and very little would have made me strike and scratch at him. Susan coaxed and soothed me, but I went on sobbing and screaming.

"I hate him, I say; he's an ugly bear! He wants to kill me. I won't go away with him. I'll stay with Susan and be good, if you send him away. I know he'll beat me. He's nasty and red, and he's got hair like a wild cat."

"When boys," said Timbs, grinning savagely, "when boys in our parts use language like that, we whop them. When boys in our parts don't know their best friends, we whop their best friends into them. When they get notions which go agin the current of what's right and proper, we whop the notions out of them."

"Henry," said mamma, severely, "if you do not immediately wipe your eyes and do as you are bid, I shall be compelled to beat you."

"She'll be compelled to beat him!" cried Timbs, with a derisive sneer. But Susan caught me up in her arms and carried me away before the threat could be carried into effect. As she bore me along to the nursery, I heard her muttering to herself that it was a sin and a shame, and that it would be a precious good thing if some people were treated in that way themselves. When we got to the nursery, however, she began to tell me that it was very wicked to go on as I had done; that little boys who behaved so were often taken away by the dustman in his bin; that dear Mr. Timbs was a charitable angel; that I was breaking my mamma's heart; and that, finally, I must be a very good little boy—as good as I was rich—and then I should soon return to Snosey-Poosey, and be happy.

I was rather doubtful whether I should ever return to Snosey-Poosey at all, and I said so. But she upset the proposition immediately by stating that I was a little goose, and that I was going with that dear, droll creature, Mr. Timbs, to see my golden egg. To cut this part of my narrative short, I at last became tolerably resigned to my fate, and allowed myself to be attired and cleaned. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, then, Susan led me back again to the drawing-room, where I found Mr. Timbs and mamma impatiently awaiting my arrival.

"Half-past three," said the former, consulting his watch; then he turned to Susan: "Now, my dear, don't be alarmed if you find that the rats have been pitching into the cold meat in the larder, for I've been showing 'em how to make beef sandwiches. Now, then, Master Brown, wish your ma' good-bye and come along; there's not a moment to lose. There, don't you be at it again."

"Ta, ta, Henry love," said mamma, pressing her burning lips to my cheek. "I'm very, very glad to see that you are going to be good. There, now, go."

Mr. Timbs trotted down stairs, and I followed. At the door Susan caught me in her arms and kissed me fervently, giving me a thousand blessings. So the jolly man and I walked out into the free, fresh March air.

I felt little or no grief at parting from my mamma. Although she had always treated me gently and leniently, I had never learnt to love her, for the simple reason that, in spite of her affectedly kind manner, I was morally conscious that she bore very little love for me—that, in fact, I was rather a bore to her than otherwise. But I had a great dislike to the friend she pandered to; he had so much of the bully in him, and was so vulgar. And here I may observe, for the benefit of metaphysicians, that (*malgré* my loneliness and my dreaminess) my mamma's pride, the fine, dull country house, and the growing consciousness that I was a rich little boy, had gradually rendered me as aristocratic, stuck-up, and conservative in soul, as could well be desired under the circumstances. I disliked vulgar people. Although I was fond of Susan, I am afraid that I rather looked down upon her as an inferior sort of being. I had got to scorn the vulgar village boys who persecuted me. In a word, I was fully conscious of the dignity of my position.

So, apart from my fear of being run away with, I accompanied Mr. Timbs with some misgivings, induced by pride. There was no denying the fact, that he was too red and apopletic, and jolly, and coarse-spoken, to be fit company for a young gentleman of any standing. I went with him, however, passively; for I now felt that it was useless to resist him.

We walked briskly along the quiet country road. My hand was placed in his; I wondered, and he whistled; but neither spoke a syllable for some time. When we reached the railway station, the train was just due; it was the London train, and Mr. Timbs took tickets for one and a half. The train came snorting to the platform. We took our seats by the window, opposite to each other. Our only companions in the carriage were a stoutish old gentleman in brown, and a pale, smirking lady of middle age, who appeared to be his wife, both of whom put me considerably out of countenance, by staring at me, as if I had been Mr. Daniel Lambert, a gorilla, an infant with two heads, or some other interesting phenomenon.

We had not been long on the journey, when Mr. Timbs, for some reason of his own, came out in all his glory. He talked to me, made jokes to me, bullied me in the jolliest way imaginable, seasoning his remarks by sundry digs into my young ribs, and pinchings of my young cheek, thereby causing me acute pain, which I was too proud to show. He looked so red and beaming, and jolly, as he sat before me, that I almost fancied that I had been mistaken in my estimate of his character, and that he was the dear, droll creature Susan had described him to be. His disposition seemed as open as his eyes, which latter brimmed with laughter. So he digged into my ribs, and pinched my cheeks, and altogether tortured me in his honest way. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear the smirking lady ask the gentleman in brown, in a whisper, if he ever saw so much independence, good nature and heart expressed on a human face; or to hear the gentleman growl in return, that such faces were common among men and Britons, and that such men held the bulwarks of England's liberty against a decayed and depraved aristocracy. Whereupon both lady and gentleman looked admiringly at Mr. Timbs, who had just been within an inch of breaking one of my ribs with his forefinger; and the gentleman, in a confidential tone, asked Mr. Timbs if I was his son, sir. Mr. Timbs, in reply, said that I wasn't his son, sir, but that he'd have thought me worth my victuals if I was, sir; and after a pause, added, that it was stiffish weather, sir, but in his (Mr. Timbs's) opinion, good for the crops; in which opinion the brown gentleman coincided, volunteering, at the same time, some suggestions on guano. So there was a general conversation, which lasted till we reached our destination, when the brown gentleman and the smirking lady walked away, with the belief that Mr. Timbs was the very pink of generous English yeomen.

I had been in London once before, on a tailoring expedition with Susan; and only once, so far as I could recollect. But the dark, gloomy streets, the faded sky above, made me feel dull this time as before; and as we emerged from the station, the beams of the sun, which came full upon my face, seemed unhealthy in their heat. I felt very lonely, too, as I saw the busy crowds roll by, and felt, somehow, like a person shipwrecked in a gloomy sea of human faces.

We walked over a bridge, where there was a toll, and came to a street, where there were shops—large ones. We walked along this street till we came into a square, where there was a monument, and fountains, and large buildings all around. We turned up a by-street, and again up a dark entry, which led us into another street. After innumerable windings and turnings, we reached a quiet row of houses, where everything looked dingy and lonely, and halted before a door, on which there was a dirty brass plate, labelled,

M. Loret, Professor of Dancing and Calisthenics.

Timbs took a latchkey from his pocket, and opened the door. As we entered, our ears were greeted with groaning sounds of music, resembling those one might produce with a pair of tongs and a gridiron. Timbs gave a sly smile, and put his finger on his lips. We crept up a dark flight of stairs, and halted before a chamber door. Timbs applied his ear to the keyhole, then his eye, while I listened to the sounds which issued from the room. Then he suddenly flung open the door, with a loud laugh, and we entered. The music ceased; there was a slight scream, and somebody cried, "Goodness gracious! Dear me! Well, I never!"

It was a clean, orderly parlor, with rough pictures on the walls, bloated china peasants on the mantelpiece, a bright fire burning in the grate, and a kettle singing songs on the hob. The table was laid for tea; there was a tray and accessories, some watercresses, and a plate of shrimps. Altogether, the room looked cozy and comfortable, but its comfort was of a vulgar nature, and hardly came up to my notions of taste and respectability.

A woman, of about thirty years of age, dressed in a plain chintz gown, was measuring out the tea from a mahogany teacaddy. She was the picture of cleanliness and neatness, but she was far from being a jolly woman. Her hair, which was braided down over her low forehead, was black and glossy; her eyes were dark and keen, and looked you firmly in the face; there were deep, anxious lines about her mouth, which were ever on the quiver. For the rest, she was of middle height, slightly made, but rather graceful than otherwise. A pensive, gloomy woman. When she smiled, her smile was sickly; when she frowned, her frown was dark and thoughtful. She had a slow, quiet manner of speaking, and words seemed to drop from her lips like lead, and fall leadenly on your heart as you listened.

Her companion was a very little man, of about forty. His hair was slightly grey; he was clean shaven; his eyes were bright and blue; his mouth was firmly cut, and his speech mincing; his forehead was high, but sloped back to the bump of veneration; and when he smiled his little smile, he showed two rows of very white teeth. He was clad in a tight-fitting suit of rusty brown, and in his hand he held a rusty fiddle. If you were in any doubt about his profession, his beautiful calves would have convinced you that he was a professor of dancing.

"Goodness gracious! Dear me! Well, I never!" cried this last personage, skipping up, fiddle in hand. "If it isn't Timbs."

"If it isn't Timbs," repeated the worthy of that name, chuckling, "you're a nice party, you are, to come dodging after her in my absence. Shrimps, too!"

Here the woman, who had given a slight scream as we entered, broke in. I noticed afterwards that she was nervous to the last degree, and that the slightest sound startled her; she seemed, indeed, like a woman who, at some period of her life, had been scared by some horrible scene.

"You have returned sooner than I expected," she said, "that is all. And Loret here just stept up to cheer me up a bit. It's dull, sitting here alone; I'm not used to it. But who's this you've got with you? Not him?"

Mr. Timbs chuckled and nodded his head. The woman raised her black, searching eyes, and fixed them on me—half sadly, I thought. Then she placed a clean chair by the fire, and asked me to sit down while she got the tea. The dancing-master rose to go, but Timbs stopped him.

"Don't let me frighten you away," said Mr. Timbs. "I want to talk with you; so sit down and let us be comfortable."

Then he turned to me, with a smile.

"This," he said, pointing to the woman, "is Mrs. Martha Timbs, my wife, Master Brown."

I ventured to say that I was glad to see her, and hoped that Mrs. Martha Timbs was very well.

"And this," he continued, pointing to the dancing-master, "is Mr. Loret" (he pronounced the name with the *t*), "my landlord. Loret, what's the French for 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are?'"

M. Loret smiled a timid smile, and looked uncomfortable.

"He will have his little joke," said Loret, with a very English accent.

"The fact is, Master Brown, he don't know. He was brought over from France when a boy like you, and he's forgotten his native language since. His parents, you see, were a French pair called Jones, and he was known as John Jones in his native country. But as Jones don't pay here, and as Londoners won't believe in French Joneses, he's been rechristened. That's the case, isn't it, Loret?"

And dear Mr. Timbs poked Loret in the side, and beamed and laughed, looking the incarnation of all possible vulgar goodness.

(*To be continued.*)

An Awful Mystery.—The following is a melancholy illustration of the uncertainty of the types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having been united in the holy bonds of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a couplet of his own composition, to a local paper for publication, as follows:

"Married—On August 1, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody;
Time with its ravages imparts no bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, in order to see his name in print. The compositor into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up, thus: "Married—On April 1, A. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Euphemia Piggins.

"Love is an onion of two heads that beats in softest melony;
Time with its cabbages imparts no better food to an extra dray."

The Spring-time of Life.—Our dancing days.

A False-Hood.—On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false Hood.

The Six Stages.—Man is at ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty, tame, if ever; at forty, wise; at fifty, rich; at sixty, good, or never.

An Irish Female Tenant.—"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, madame," said a landlord last Monday to one of his tenants.

"Is it yer rint ye ax for now?"

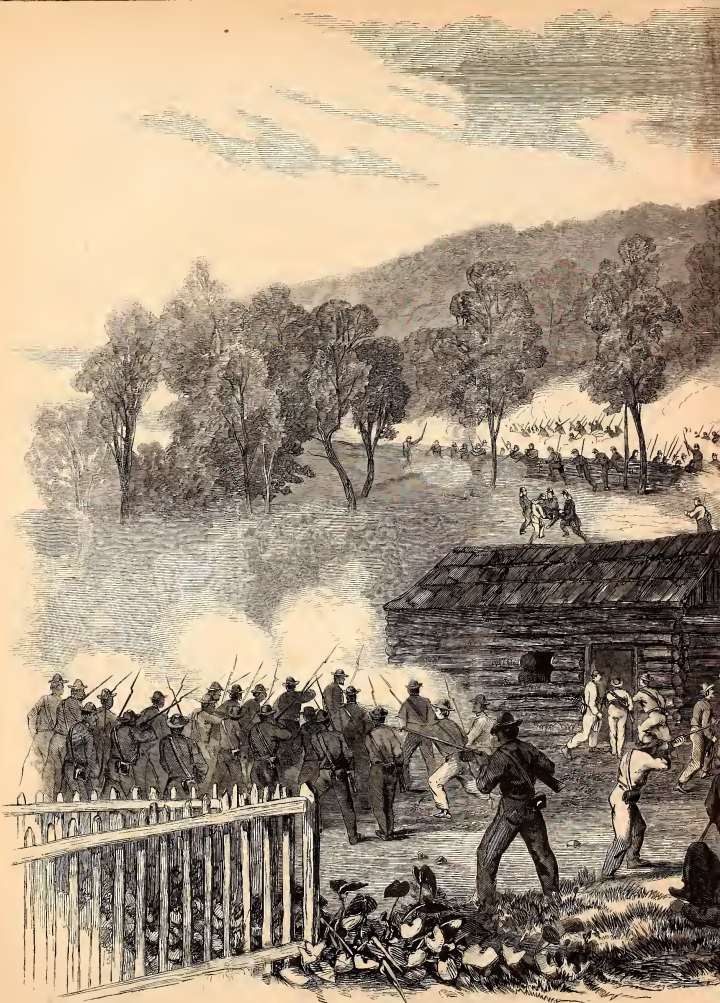
"Yes, mam, two rooms at two dollars a month each."

"Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the likes of ye must have plenty of money," replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord with great contempt.

"But, my dear woman, the money is due, and——"

"Oh, murther, is it dearing me, ye are? an honest, married woman, and blessed mother of siven boys, each big enough to tick the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye monster?" And, unable to give vent to her indignation in words, she seized his coat collar, and fairly threw him into the street. The owner intends to let his agent collect the rents of that house in future.

Romance and Reality.—It was an incorrigible old bachelor who said, "Though some very romantic maiden may exclaim, 'Give me a hut with the heart that I love,' most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man they hate."



Indiana Thirteenth Regiment

Log Breastworks of the Rebels

Beverley Pike.

BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, BEVERLEY PIKE, VA., BETWEEN A DIVISION OF MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S COMMAND, LED BY GENERAL ROSENCRANS, AND TH
MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN'S

S REBEL TROOPS UNDER COLONEL PEGRAM TOTAL ROUT OF THE REBELS, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE, JULY 8TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 168.

PERSONAL.

THE Irrepressible Barnum, with his usual attention to the curiosity of the public, has engaged the "heroic Nigger," who recaptured the S. J. Waring, by killing the three pirates in possession. The German who was with him is also engaged.

WE have received a note from Professor Grant correcting our statement that his calcium light had been tried for reconnoitring purposes in Charleston harbor, and had failed. We received our information from one who was present in Charleston; he might have been deceived by a poor imitation. Professor Grant says that his calcium light "has never yet illuminated those recondite regions, and furthermore I will take especial care that its rays shall not vivify the rebellious strands of Charleston until it lights our Stars and Stripes to restored liberty—and Sumpter!"

THE Twentieth New York State Militia were in active service in Baltimore during Major-General Banks's occupation of that city. The Post-Office and Custom House were guarded by Companies D, F, H and R of the Twentieth New York, under Colonel George W. Pratt, and not by the Twentieth Pennsylvania, as was stated in most of the New York papers. Honor to whom honor is due; let the gallant New York Twentieth have their full meed of praise for good and faithful service done.

MR. CHARLES BROWN, the proprietor of Tammany Hall, died suddenly on Tuesday, the 16th of July, in his forty-fifth year.

MRS. E. BARRETT BROWNING, the famous poetess, died in Florence on the 29th of June, in her forty-ninth year. She has left one child. She had been an invalid for years. Her last poem was on Victor Emanuel giving to Garibaldi's daughter a splendid necklace of brilliants.

MR. JOSEPH LAIDLEY, the well-known chemist, while making detonating powder in Richmond, on the 11th, for the use of the Confederate army, was blown into atoms. The Richmond *Despatch* says: "Mr. Laidley was found lying on his back, one of the most horrible objects of mutilated humanity which it is possible to conceive. Within a few yards of the body was found a portion of the poor man's brains, looking as if they had been torn by superhuman agency from the skull and splashed upon the floor. The entire head, except the lower jaw, had been blown off, and nothing remained to mark the features of a man except a pair of whiskers and a portion of the neck. The right arm was torn off below the elbow, and from the bloody stump hung the fragments of nerves, veins and sinews which were left behind. The hand was afterward found about two hundred yards from the place of explosion, in the yard of the State Armory; a portion of the face was likewise found, it is said, three hundred yards distant, near the banks of the river. The search for the remainder proved unavailing."

THE Court Martial on Colonel Allen has broken down. General Butler does not seem to have managed the matter well. Nevertheless, the arrest is a warning to other officers.

M. DU CHAILLU, the great gorilla hunter, had a fracas with Mr. Malone lately at an evening reception of one of the Learned Societies in London. It appears that Mr. Malone questioned the accuracy of some of M. Du Chaillu's statements, which had greatly enraged the African traveller. The next morning he wrote a very penitent letter to the London *Times*, apologising for his violence. The Thunderer says he must not carry the manners and customs of gorillas into London life.

HARVARD COLLEGE has conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon Lieutenant General Scott.

WILLIAM D. KINNEY was convicted in Michigan, last week, of a murder marked by very atrocious circumstances. In accordance with the law of the State he was taken to State Prison, there to endure solitary confinement for life. From the time he enters the cell—a grave for the living man—he will never see a human face again. His meals are conveyed to him through an opening in his cell, and when it becomes necessary for human beings to approach him, they are hooded so as to conceal their features.

A STEADY GOING PARISH.—The first church in Braintree, Mass., was gathored in 1707, since which time it has had but three pastors besides the Rev. Dr. Storrs, the present minister. None of his predecessors has lived less than seventy-five years, or preached less than fifty years. The second pastor had good health to such a rare degree, that he preached every Sunday but two during forty-six years. Dr. Storrs has just entered upon the fifty first year of his ministry over this ancient society.

J. W. FARMER, whose liberality to the Volunteers we have lately chronicled, starts in a few days on a visit to the various camps. He takes with him a large quantity of goods as a present to the brave fellows who are fighting for their country. This visit will be welcome, for what he takes the army regulations do not supply.

THE *Tribune* correspondent, dating from Charlestown, has the following: "In consequence of complaints from numerous commanders, that their men were without shoes, clothing, &c., and could not now be supplied, as the time for which they had been sworn to was nearly expired, General Patterson visited the different brigades, and pleaded earnestly with the men to stand by him for the love of their country and the honor of our flag for a few days longer, but failed to gain support." It is doubtful which is the best friend to Secession, Jeff. Davis or these infamous contractors. The *Herald* says, in its Newport News correspondence—"The clothes of the New York First and Seventh regiments look very badly, and the men are ashamed to appear upon parade in their ragged and torn clothes. Many of them are barefooted, and cannot drill upon that account. The clothing furnished to the New York Volunteers should be taken as sufficient evidence of guilt to send the contractors who furnished it to the State Prison for life. I wish they were here; they would have justice meted out to them in a very summary manner. Those men will all be marked by the soldiers, whom they sent into the battlefield with miserable apologies for coats and pants, that are now almost entirely worn out and dropping off their persons." If the Union should fall, it will be through corruption, and not through rebellion.

FATHER MOONEY, the Chaplain of the gallant Sixty-ninth regiment, now at the seat of war with General McDowell's division, returned to this city a few days ago, and was the recipient, on Thursday night last, of a very handsome testimonial of the good will to which he is held by the parishioners of St. Bridget's church, Avenue B., of which he is the worthy pastor. This testimonial consisted of a splendid volume of the "Life of the Blessed Virgin," elegantly illustrated, but the most valuable illustration in the book—in a worldly if not in an artistic sense—was a check for $600, the gift of his parishioners. The presentation was made at the house of Captain Attridge, in Fourth street, in the presence of a numerous assemblage, among whom were Alderman Boole, Major Bagley of the Sixty-ninth, the Rev. Fathers Sterlo and Farrell, John Attridge, sen., Drs. O'Reilly, McGino and O'Sullivan, John McAuliffe, and other residents of that locality. The presentation was made by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and during the evening many warm eulogiums were passed, not only upon the recipient of the gift, but upon Father Sterlo, who was formerly connected with the Church of St. Bridget. The whole affair was characterized by the kindliest and most social feelings.

A MOST valuable work for the present time has just been issued by J. W. Fortnae, 19 City Hall Place. It is entitled "United States Infantry Tactics, together with the Bayonet Exercise." It is a most complete work in both departments, clearly written, simple in its style, and does not contain one word more than is necessary to a thorough explanation of the subjects treated of. It is most profusely illustrated with drawings explanatory of the positions both of the tactics and the exercise, and from these the reader cannot fail to understand the various movements in both without the aid of an instructor. The work is compiled agreeably to the Regulations of the War Department, from standard military authority, by a Graduate of the United States Military Academy and retired military officer of the Mexican war. We understand that this work has been approved by the military authorities at Washington, and will be purchased for distribution among the troops by the Department.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves, of horn, about five hundred in number, and nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers, belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about 4,000; and all this is contrived, not only for the easy conveyance of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

A SAFETY SHIP.—Mr. Charles Lungley, shipbuilder, Deptford, working on the ideas of Charles Wye Williams, has produced the model of a ship, which you may set on fire, dash against rocks, stave in and tear to pieces, but which, it is asserted, you cannot sink. His plan consists in dividing the lower part of the ship, or vessel, into two or more closed water-tight compartments, and in affording access to these compartments for the introduction of cargo or stores by means of water-tight trunks or passages, led up from them to such a height that their upper or open ends shall never, in any practicable position of the ship, be brought quite down to the level of the water. Compartments thus formed may be used as ordinary cargo spaces, store-rooms, chain-lockers, or for any other like purposes, and may be ventilated by suitable trunks or tubes, always providing that all trunks or tubes of every kind which enter them shall be made water tight, and shall rise to the height before mentioned, in order that, if by any mischance either compartment should be broken into, and the sea be admitted to it, the water should have no means of escaping therefrom into any other part of the ship. The details vary with the sizes of vessel, but the principle in all ships is the same.

TO SMOKERS.—The meerschaum pipes are made of a kind of fuller's earth, called Keff-kil (literally, foam earth), formerly dug in pits in the Crimea, but now in Anatolia. The keff-kil is pressed into moulds on the spot, dried in the sun, and baked in an oven, the pipes are then boiled in milk, and polished with a soft leather, and then carried to Constantinople. They are there bought up by German merchants, who transport them to Pesth, in Hungary; when, as yet large and rude, they are soaked in water for twenty-four hours, and then turned in a lathe. The sound ones are, for the most part, sent to Vienna, where they are finished, and afterwards expensively mounted in silver.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

HALF the space in the Great Exhibition building is assigned to England and the Colonies. The applications from England were six times the allotted extent, and proportionate reductions have had to be made. About 800 men are at present employed upon the erection. The building will require 18,000,000 bricks, 22,000 tons of mortar, 600 tons of glass, 600 tons of paint and 10,000 tons of iron. There will also be no fewer than 600 miles of planking from seven to nine inches wide, 108 miles of window sashing, and 600,000 square feet of felt.

THE experiments as to the comparative merits of the Armstrong and Whitworth twelve pounder have terminated in favor of the latter, and Government is now considering whether they shall go on any longer making Armstrong's, or adapt the costly machinery at Woolwich to the construction of the better arm. As regards rifles, the Enfield Government piece is a bit of gaspipe when compared to a Whitworth rifle. The only obstacle to the introduction of the latter rifle is the expense of the manufacture—£10 each, said Lord Herbert last year; but the inventor declares this to be an exaggeration, and the cost would very little exceed that of the Enfield, while the weapon would be tenfold more serviceable, and better adapted to rough usage.

THE following singular and incredible paragraph appears in the *Journal de Rouen*: "The Emperor has had constructed for himself a kiosque in the middle of the pond of Fontainebleau, and in that edifice he intends to terminate his 'Life of Julius Cæsar.'"

A GIGANTIC statue of the Emperor, in the garb of a Roman Cæsar, is to be placed in one of the squares.

OF late a new and, to English notions, somewhat singular fashion has sprung up in Paris. The keepers of a great many cafés, especially in the Boulevards, have entirely removed the front part of their establishments (it generally consists only of woodwork and glass), so that people passing along the streets are favored with a full view of the customers eating and drinking. The French have always lived more in public than the English, but the fashion of taking their meals in, so to speak, the midst of the public, is new.

WORTH KNOWING.—In Jersey, every man (unless he be a landed proprietor) is at the mercy of every other man, both in the island and out of it. In short, one man can arrest another by drawing up an imaginary account on a common bit of paper and handing it to the nearest lawyer, who will send his clerk with the sheriff's man and imprison the unfortunate victim in default of immediate payment. What is worse still, an arrest can be carried into effect by means of a simple letter sent through the post. The exception in favor of landowners of course includes the owners of house property, an exception which mostly benefits Jersey men, as few but natives possess property in the island. It is only a proprietor who must be sued before he can be imprisoned.

A DEPUTATION of Poles waited on Cardinal Barberini not long ago, and one of them made him a speech. The Cardinal heard him in silence and bowed in reply. After the deputation had gone, he turned to his secretary and said, "What strange people these strangers are!" "Why so, your Eminence?" "Why, they made me a long speech in their language, and expected me to understand them." "Pardon me, your Eminence, they spoke in Latin." "In Latin! And why did you not tell me? I would have replied to them." The best of the joke is that the Polish accent, in speaking Latin, is the same as the Italian—a fact which does not argue much for the learning of the eminent Cardinal.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL has sent magnificent presents to Garibaldi's daughter, on the occasion of her marriage, as stated, with one of her father's aides-de-camp, who, it is said, saved Garibaldi's life in Sicily. Among the presents is a suite of ornaments in brilliants of great value.

ROSLIN CHAPEL.—A correspondent writes as follows regarding the restorations going on at this old chapel: "Two workmen only are employed. They are clearing off from the beautiful carved work, with which the interior is enriched, bit by bit, and with the utmost reverence and care, all the mosses, lichens, lycopodiums, ferns and other vegetable matter, which, from the chapel being exposed to the effects of the external atmosphere through unglazed windows and open doors, have gathered over it. They are, further, washing out, with equal care, the lime and whitewash that deeply encrusted many parts of the structure. Every bit of original carving is minutely examined, and where it is in even tolerable preservation it is left untouched. Where the stone is rotten, as it is technically called, or gives other token of inevitable and speedy decay, a mould is carefully taken of it in stucco, and a fresh stone, selected from the original quarry, of precisely the same shade as that for which it is to be substituted, is carved to the model. The decayed one is then cut out and the new one slipt into the place."

A PECULIAR RELATIONSHIP.—Mr. Howard was one day at a great dinner party which the late Duke of Norfolk gave to several of his neighbors. He sat at the bottom of the table, the Duke being at the head, and one of the gentlemen near the Duke called out to him, "Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families." "With a great deal of pleasure, sir," replied Mr. H., "though I don't know exactly what the connection is, but in this county there have been several marriages between neighbors." "Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was a tie."

A COMPANY has just been started in Paris, on strictly high church principles, for the sale of a newly-invented winding-sheet for burials. "It is high time," says the prospectus, "that man, on quitting this life, should cease to be frightful or ridiculous; he is frightful if wrapped in a common sheet, and ridiculous if dressed in his ordinary mundane attire. The newly invented winding sheet supplies a desideratum; the religious emblems with which it is ornamented make it a costume the aspect of which inspires nothing but feelings of consoling resignation." The company promises thirty per cent. dividends. Table linen is also supplied by the company on the most moderate terms.

M. GAUTHIER, the tutor of the Duke d'Aumale's son, was arrested recently, on his visit to Paris. He had with him what seemed to the police a suspicious-looking box. "What have you got in this box?" asked the agent. "I require to know." "Well, then," said M. Gauthier, looking steadfastly at the box, and then imploringly at the agent, "I tell you frankly that it contains something of importance, and which I would not on any account wish you to seize. Take care!" The agent drew back, with a movement similar to that which a novice in the pugilistic art might make in receiving a "one, two," from the fist of Tom Sayers. He recoiled a little, approached, and again stood back, as if he thought a half-dozen fulminating shells lay hid in it. He required M. Gauthier to open the box. M. Gauthier appeared unwilling to take the initiative, but handed the key to the agent, begging him to take care, and, above all, not to seize the contents. There was no help for it, the box must be opened; screwing his courage, therefore, to the highest point, the agent slowly and cautiously opened the lid, and found a suspicious-looking package wrapped up in paper. He undid the paper, and lo and behold! instead of fulminating bombs, "or double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols," there appeared weapons of another kind—a dozen of silver forks and spoons, which had been sent as a present from a friend in England. The police agent and M. Gauthier exchanged looks for a moment of the most comic kind. The agent shrugged his shoulders, begged pardon for the trouble he had given, saluted, and went his way to add his *procès verbal* to the archives of the prefecture. M. Gauthier replaced his *couverts* in the box, made his toilet, went to dine, passed a good night, and has by this time started for Burgundy, where he spends a few weeks before joining his pupil at Segovia. So ends this strange, eventful history.

SOME few days ago, the Plover, steamer, picked up a fine roebuck, of two years old, making its way boldly across Loch Ness. What had allured the animal out of its native element, says the Inverness *Advertiser*, does not appear, although we believe that an adventurous buck has been known occasionally to cross Loch Ness, and shift its feeding ground to the opposite hills.

A PERSON of the name of Baldock, who died lately at Canterbury, exhibited an instance of the accumulation of wealth from small beginnings, in fact, from nothing. He died at the age of little more than sixty, possessed of one million one hundred thousand pounds. He was originally a poor boy employed to look after cows. He afterwards carried "the hod" as a bricklayer's laborer, and at length by dint of industry and parsimony, with some assistance, he amassed money enough to build the barracks at Canterbury, which he lent to the Government at sixpence a day for each soldier—a practice which proved so profitable to him, that in the course of a few years the whole building became his own, and he continued to acquire wealth in various ways, till at the time of his death it amounted to the enormous sum before stated.

ON the occasion of Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Patteson holding the assizes at Cambridge, Mr. Gunson was appointed to preach the assize sermon, when next morning the following lines were sent by post to the judges:

> "A Baron, a Justice, a Preacher, sons three—
> The Preacher, a son of a Gun was he;
> The Baron, he is the son of a tree;
> Whose son the Justice is, I cannot well see—.
> But read him Pater-son, and all will agree,
> That the son of his father the Justice must be."

IN connection with the meetings of the British Association there is established a club called the "Red Lions," consisting of eminent scientific and literary men. The origin of this society is described as follows in the Life of Professor Edward Forbes, just published: "The Birmingham meeting of the Association in 1839 is memorable for the institution of the 'Red Lions,' of which Forbes was the founder, and for many years the leading spirit. He and other young naturalists, disliking the irksomeness and expense of the ordinary, adjourned to a small tavern adorned with the sign of the Red Lion. There they dined daily, at small expense, on beef cooked in various fashions, moistened with sundry potations of beer, and enlivened by joke and song, in contradistinction to the ent[r]ées, dishes and wines and formalities of the 'big wigs.' 'Before the conclusion of the meeting,' says Dr. Beaumont, 'these dinners became so famous that the tavern could scarcely hold the guests, and it was resolved to continue them wherever afterwards the Association should meet.' The sign of the tavern furnished a name for the guests. They styled themselves 'Red Lions,' and in proof of their leonine relationship, made it a point of always signifying their approval or dissent by growls and roars more or less audible, and, where greater energy was needed, by a vigorous flourishing of their coat-tails. In these manifestations, it is needless to say, that the voice of Edward Forbes rang out above the rest, and his rampant coat-tail served as a model to the younger lions. He was wont, too, to delight the company by chanting, in his own peculiar intonation, songs composed for the occasion, the subjects being usually taken from some branch of science, and treated with that humor and grotesqueness in which he so much delighted."

LORD MALMESBURY'S ancestor, the author of "Hermes," and an eminent scholar, entered the House of Commons about the middle of the last century. A *bon mot* of one of the Townsends is recorded on his taking his seat.

"Who is the new member?" asked Townsend.

"A Mr. Harris, who has written on grammar and harmony," was the reply.

"Then what," said Townsend, "brings him here, where he will hear neither."

THE French farmers-general adopted many ingenious contrivances for advancing their fortunes. A certain chancellor of France having lost a dog, of which he was very fond, one of these individuals procured another very like it, and, dressing himself up in a wig and gown like that worn by the chancellor, he accustomed the animal to take su[c]culents from his hand, but to fly at every one else. Having sufficiently trained him, he carried him to the chancellor, and declared that he had found the dog that was lost. The chancellor was delighted, and an acquaintance was thus formed which largely contributed to the advancement of the dog-trainer. Another of this worthy's schemes was to serve mass to Cardinal de Fleury, and instead of the usual wine to give him Madeira or Malaga.

"You know Lord Barrymore?" said a nobleman to Dr. Beaufort.

"Intimately, most intimately."

"You are continually with him?"

"We dine together almost every day when his lordship is in town."

"What do you talk about?"

"Eating and drinking."

"What else?"

"Drinking and eating."

DR. RODET, late chief surgeon of the Antiquaille, at Lyons, having remarked that a solution of perchloride of iron, applied as a topic, was extremely useful in the treatment of certain disorders, was induced to try it also in the cow-pox, and found, as he suspected, that the perchloride destroyed that virus completely. Encouraged by these results, he determined to try its effect on the virus of hydrophobia; and with this view a series of experiments was made at the Veterinary School at Lyons, from which it appears that the solution of perchloride of iron destroys the virus of hydrophobia with certainty, if applied within two hours after the infliction of the bite. It is highly probable that the effect would be the same if the remedy were applied four, six, or even eight hours later, but this requires confirmation by further experiment. Admitting that Dr. Rodet's discovery may be relied on, its importance cannot certainly be overvalued; for, although the actual cautery is exceedingly prompt, nay, instantaneous in its action, it is often difficult to apply it, either owing to the trepidation of the patient or to the dangerous position of the wound; and, on the other hand, it may be often easier to find the solution of perchloride at a chemist's, in the country especially, than a skilful operator to apply the red-hot iron unflinchingly to the injured part.

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS.

WHEN Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

WHY was Bonaparte's horse like his master? Because he had a martial neigh (Marshal Ney).

A LITTLE girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

"I SAY, Bill," asked an insulting fellow, "why is your hat like a giblet-pie?" "Give it up." "Why, because there's a goose's head in it."

THERE is a tradesman in Broadway who is so opposed to pugilism that he refuses to advertise his goods, fearing he might hit the public taste.

"I THINK I have seen you before, sir, are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

ONE day, at a farmhouse, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some nightcaps that lay on the ground to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

"Go to the d——l," said Lord Thurlow one day, when storming at his old valet. "Pray give me a character, my lord," replied the fellow, drily. "People like, you know, to have characters from their acquaintance."

A FRIEND, in conversation with Rogers, said, "I never put my razor in hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade." "No doubt of it," said the poet, "show me the blade that would not be out of temper, if plunged into hot water."

"NOW, GENTLEMEN," said Sheridan to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other. Are we to drink like men or like beasts?" Somewhat indignant, the guests exclaimed, "Like men, of course." "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

WHEN Voltaire was on his deathbed many visitors called—all of whom were denied entrance to his chamber. Amongst them was the Abbé Chapeau, who came to offer the consolations of the Church. When his name was announced by the servant, Voltaire said, "I came into the world bareheaded, and I shall leave it without a chapeau!"

JOSEPH II. of Austria was fond of travelling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring room, he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the Emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

A LITTLE lawyer appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic barrister what profession he was of; and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" said Briefless. "Why I can put you in my pocket!" "Very likely you may," rejoined the other; "and if you do you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head!"

"HERE, John," said a gentleman to his servant on horseback in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse while I dismount, and after I am dismounted, John, you dismount too. Then, John, ungirth the saddle of your horse and put it down; then also ungirth the saddle of my horse and put it down. Afterwards, John, take up the saddle of your horse, and put and girth it on my horse. Next, John, take up the saddle of my horse, and put and girth it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and we will resume our journey." "Bless me master," said the astonished servant, "why couldn't you simply have said, Let's change saddles?"

IN the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness stand to give her testimony. "What is your name?" "Virginie Loustalot." "What is your age?" "Twenty-five." (Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.) The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full grown young man. "Your name?" said the judge. "Isadore Loustalot." "Your age?" "Twenty-seven years." "Are you a relative of the last witness?" "I am her son." "Ah, well!" murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

SIR FRANCIS HEAD, speaking of the pleasures of the chase, gave an anecdote of a hard argument in favor of fox-hunting, in these words: "Said the haughty Countess of —— to an aged huntsman, who, cap in hand, had humbly invited her ladyship to do him the honor to come and see his hounds, 'I dislike everything belonging to hunting—it is so cruel!' 'Cruel,' replied the old man, with apparent astonishment, 'why, my lady, it can't possibly be cruel, for,' logically holding up three fingers in succession, 'we all knows that the gentleman likes it, and we all knows that the hosses likes it, and we all knows that the hounds likes it; and,' after a long pause, 'none on us, my lady, can know for certain that the foxes don't like it.'"

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER LVII.

LADY KINGSWOOD, having hastily summoned assistance on the instant Philip Avon took his departure, applied restoratives to the senseless Lady Maud, and as soon as she exhibited signs of returning animation had her conveyed to her own chamber. She then seated herself by her side, and dismissed the servants, that she alone might be near her on her awakening to consciousness.

Lady Kingswood, for the last two or three years, had entertained a notion that Lady Maud's affection for her son Cyril was something stronger than friendship or the emotion which is supposed to be created by near relationship; still she believed it to be nothing more than the first liking of a girl, which would be quickly displaced by the "proper" attachment she would form for the man who was to become her husband, and she took no steps to caution Maud to keep her heart in control.

While herself yet single she had been pleased with the attentions of the Marquis of Chillingham, then Lord Buleley. So pleased, indeed, that when most subjected to them she preferred him to Lord Kingswood, to whom she had been betrothed. But she was so imbued with the traditions of her own family and of her own class, that she never dreamed of suffering her heart's impressions to interfere with the disposal of her hand. She assumed that Maud would think as she had done. If she found that her inclining for one object in particular was overstepping the bounds of prudent control, she would retrace her steps and keep her love for the legitimate purpose of bestowing it with her hand.

Lady Kingswood suspected, from the change in Lady Maud's appearance, in her mien, in her whole deportment, that her mind was oppressed with the

weight of a secret, and what secret could one so pure and guileless have but love? At first, as we have said, Lady Kingswood thought but little of this; it was so natural that Lady Maud should be fond of her cousin Cyril.

Lady Kingswood shud'ered as she acknowledged to herself that the wedding-ring she would receive would be but as a ticket in a lottery, in which prizes would be the exception, and blanks the bitter, painful and heartbreaking rule.

She, in pursuance of her plan, had elicited from Lady Maud that she was in love, and she was not a little startled by the revelation—not that she was surprised to hear that she had lost her heart, but she was unpleasantly amazed to find that it was not Cyril who had found it.

As for Philip Avon, it was quite clear that he had succeeded in raising only feelings of repugnant antipathy in Lady Maud's breast; who, then, could it be who had made himself master of her first love—the sweetest, tenderest, most genuine and unselfish of human passions?

Lady Kingswood racked her brain, but in vain. Lady Maud had, it is true, mixed in society in London. She had come out at the proper time and had attracted considerable attention, but although she had been the object of direct admiration to several, Lady Kingswood was quite convinced that Lady Maud had not reciprocated the emotion she had evidently created.

A strange, deadly thrill ran through her frame as the clear complexioned, fine, open face of Erle Gower crossed her vision.

Yet it was impossible that he could have won her heart! The youth was haughty and reserved. He had been but little in her company, and had, in fact, displayed rather a disposition to be hostile and antagonistic to all the family than to approach any individual member with love-pleadings.

Yet he had once, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved her from a terrible death, and now Lady Kingswood suddenly remembered that since that time Lady Maud had scarcely, if ever, mentioned his name to her, but that she had repelled the defamatory insults which Philip Avon had heaped upon him, and the terrible accusations which Pharisee had insinuated rather than preferred against him, with indignant if not passionate scorn.

Once upon this trail, Lady Kingswood tracked with care each incident which might be brought in some way to bear upon her present surmise. The events, as forming a chain of evidence, were feeble and inconclusive, but there were one or two of them which were startlingly confirmatory of the truth of her first vague suspicion.

She began to entertain most unpleasant misgivings about the old library, in connection with the sudden reappearance of the phantom whom Erle was said to resemble. It was also a source of uneasiness to her when she remembered the effect Philip Avon's allusion to this event had upon Lady Maud. It was true that she had, ever since her last arrival at Kingswood Hall, disappeared for a short period each morning to visit, as Lady Kingswood now supposed, the old library; but it was also true that Lady Maud, from a child, had been fond of visiting the solemn old chamber, to pore over some of the quaint, antique lore stored away on its shelves. She had done this long before Erle appeared like a spectre of evil upon the scene, and there appeared, therefore, not to be any cause for surprise that she should do so now. Still, Philip Avon's mention, with singular significance, of the phantom of the hunter-baron, and Lady Maud's evident perturbation, if not absolutely a confirmation of her new fears, went some way to strengthen them.

The idea, once conceived, took a strange hold upon her mind, and a cold, numbing faintness seized her. She had believed it impossible to add to the mental torture she already suffered, but she found her present reflections a subject calculated to inflict an anguish almost as acute as the conduct of Lord Kingswood had occasioned her.

When Lady Maud opened her eyes and recognised the face of Lady Kingswood bending over her, she heaved a deep sigh. Then her eyes, with an anxious expression in them, took a survey of the apartment, and the lids closed over them in relief as she perceived that Lady Kingswood and herself were alone.

Gradually, as her thoughts went back to the moment when insensibility came upon her, a rosy tint suffused her cheek and brow. She rose up suddenly from her reclining attitude, and would have quitted her couch but that Lady Kingswood prevented her.

"Rest where you are, my dear Maud," she exclaimed, hastily. "You have but now recovered from a swoon; you are weak and far from well. Repose, therefore, and a calm mind will be necessary to re-establish your health."

Lady Maud instinctively apprehended the examination which was about to take place. She inwardly prayed to be guided aright in the course she might pursue, not that she had any definite notion of the path it would be most advisable for her to take. Indeed, she had no cunning, and though not deficient in quickness of perception and sagacity, neither the one nor the other were of a kind to lead her into deceptive wariness or astute reticence.

"You have become deathly white again, Maud," said Lady Kingswood to her, gently. "Do you feel your faintness returning?"

Lady Maud drooped her head slightly, and answered, in a low voice, "No."

"I will not quit you, dearest," continued Lady Kingswood, in a tender tone; "therefore lay your head upon this cushion, and perhaps a little sleep——"

"I do not wish to sleep," murmured Lady Maud. "I—I—am not ill."

"But you fainted while Mr. Philip Avon was speaking to you. If you were not ill, why should you be so seriously overcome?" observed Lady Kingswood.

"I do not like him," returned Lady Maud, with slight emphasis.

Lady Kingswood replied, equally with some emphasis in her voice,

"Sometimes we form, most erroneously, both likes and dislikes," she said. "I admit that Mr. Philip Avon is somewhat uncouth in his observations as well as in his manners. In Mr. Philip Avon you have a young man of unobjectionable exterior, of ancient descent and of wealthy possessions. In addition to which he is devoted to you, imbued, in fact, with a passion—I might say an adoration—of which any woman might be proud because he will elevate you, when he makes you his wife, above all other women. Your dislike, therefore, is, as I have characterised it, a hasty, unconsidered impression, which you will do wisely for your future happiness to at once correct."

Lady Maud's eyebrows contracted yet more decidedly, and her lips compressed a little more tightly, as those significant words reached her ear, but she still remained perfectly silent.

"One of those states of feeling," continued Lady Kingswood, increasing the sternness of her tone, "is but too often dependent on the other. The emotion of dislike is brought into play by the unfortunate liking, let the latter emotion be created when it may, antecedently or posteriorly. And unhappily the dislike is usually heightened in the exact ratio as the liking increases in warmth."

Lady Maud continued silent; she did not attempt to acquiesce in or to dispute Lady Kingswood's argument, and the latter became, therefore, proportionably the more determined and dogmatic in her observations.

"You have confessed to me, Lady Maud," she continued, a color coming into her cheek, and a brightness commingling with her gravity, "that you have fallen in love—fallen in love," she repeated, with a scornful curl of the lip. "School girls fall in love with their Italian masters or the poor creature who teaches them drawing, or the man who unfolds to them the mysteries of music, and in a very short time they awake from their childish insanity to blush hotly, and be violently angered with themselves for having been so feeble-minded and weak spirited—awake to look back in self contempt upon their poor, vain tribute. Now, this love that you fancy you entertain is, I much fear, something very much of the nature of what I have described——"

Lady Maud rose up, and with a heaving bosom and a brightening eye, interposed,

"Lady Kingswood," she said, in a trembling voice, "you have had experience, I am aware. You have, no doubt, during your past married life, and perhaps previously, met with persons animated by feelings such as you have described. I do not deny the correctness of your assertions until you personify me. So long as your ladyship confined yourself to generalities I felt that they did not apply to me, and, therefore, ought not to affect me, but when you make a deliberate charge against me, when you include me in the category of the poor foibles, who have acted in the weak and culpable manner you have described, I must protest against its truth."

Lady Kingswood rose up too.

"Did you not, Lady Maud," she exclaimed, excitedly, "confess to me that you loved?"

"You extorted that confession from me, Lady Kingswood," retorted Maud, in a fainter tone.

"Extorted it!" cried Lady Kingswood. "To me it seems that it was a gratuitous acknowledgment."

"No," returned Maud, "Oh, Lady Kingswood, you must be aware that it could never have been spoken by me under present circumstances had you not watched over me in my sleep, heard words muttered in my dreams, and then reporting them to me, with certain comments of your own, presented to me an interpretation of them which, without destroying my truthfulness, I could not have denied."

Lady Kingswood stood immoveable, her face had grown white too, her eyes were fixed on Maud's face, her nostrils were inflated, her lips scarcely visible, and her bosom heaved and fell under the powerful inward emotion which Lady Maud's last observation had created.

It was, then, a fact—a truth! She loved, and the object of her love was a secret.

She had no doubt that Erle was Lord Kingswood's son, but with the bar sinister on his escutcheon. The Marquis of Chillingham had certainly told her that Lord Kingswood had married this boy's mother, but that statement fell dead on her ear. She never for one instant entertained a doubt that she was Lord Kingswood's wife; but it would have required some superhuman powers of persuasion to have induced her to believe that Erle was not her husband's son, under circumstances the most outrageously insulting to her.

She might therefore well feel, with implacable bitterness, a communication from Lady Maud's lips that she loved Erle. She might well hesitate to ask for it, because she was attached to Lady Maud, and such an acknowledgment as she dreaded would necessarily separate them for ever in this world, unless Maud sacrificed her feelings, and consented never to see or think of Erle more.

Several times Lady Kingswood essayed to speak but the words seemed to cling to her throat and to refuse to be articulated. At length she said, panting as she spoke,

"I will concede to you, Lady Maud, the view you take of the revelation—the grave, the very serious confession you have made to me—one, I hope, uttered thoughtlessly, and originating in an inconsiderate estimation of the real powers and capabilities of your heart."

"No, Lady Kingswood!" exclaimed Lady Maud, with a startling, passionate fervor in her tone.

Lady Kingswood involuntarily shrank from her. It was evident that the ejaculation gave her great pain. She closed her eyes like one suffering from a spasm, but after a moment's pause she turned her face, with a sad and gloomy expression, to the pale, young, trembling girl before her, so timid as a rule, so brave and firm exceptionally.

Lady Maud threw up her head proudly for a moment but she saw how seriously Lady Kingswood was affected, and her voice and manner became suddenly low and trembling as before.

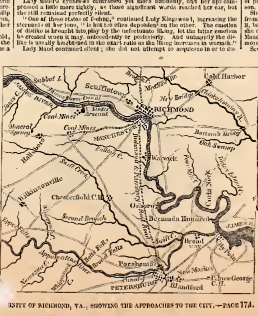
"Lady Kingswood," she said, "you err in your supposition. You are, too, guilty of a cruel injustice. My love has not been won from me basely or surreptitiously; on the contrary, it has been frankly and freely bestowed. You wrong me also, Lady Kingswood, in presuming that I love where I cannot honor. He to whom I have given my heart is noble and generous in sentiment and spirit. He would scorn to be guilty of a mean or dishonorable action. I would stake my life upon his being a true and loyal gentleman, who would proudly dare a living man to cast an aspersion on him in his presence, and who would meet and disprove it as became his honor if uttered in his absence. As he is for himself, of his nature, personally and mentally he is not second to the bravest, noblest, the highest in the land. Undaunted in courage, gentle in spirit, truthful in thought and action, and incapable of producing a blush on the cheek of another, or upon his own, he requires no ancient name, nor title, nor vast worldly possessions to claim that seat in my heart which he, even unconsciously himself, won, and from which, Lady Kingswood, no living earthly power can displace him."

"This human paragon," she said, in cold tones, "has a name, I presume? Communicate it to me."

"Pardon me, Lady Kingswood," replied Lady Maud, rather decidedly. "That is a portion of the secret which does not belong to you to demand, or even to me to reveal. That I love I have admitted. That admission it was my exclusive right to make, but there for the present I must pause, and entreat you not to press me further, only to receive from my lips a succession of refusals as painful to you as to me."

(Continued on page 174.)

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EASTERN VIRGINIA, FROM HANGING ROCK TO THE PATAPSCO RIVER, AND FROM LITTLE BETHEL TO LAUREL HILL INCLUSIVE.—SEE PAGE 174.



VICINITY OF RICHMOND, VA., SHOWING THE APPROACHES TO THE CITY.—PAGE 174.

ERLE GOWER.

(Continued from page 170.)

"Lady Maud," rejoined Lady Kingswood, severely, "probably you will be good enough to step from your pedestal of romance into this every-day, working world. You are the Lady Maud St. Clair, moving in a high sphere, and known to the world as such. You cannot fix your affections at will upon some unknown person, and sacrifice name, fame, and all who are nearly connected with you, because you happen to be fascinated by some individual lurking in secrecy, and you fallaciously clothe him with attributes not one of which he probably possesses. You must make sacrifices to your position——"

"Lady Kingswood, I am asked—nay, I am sternly commanded—to sacrifice peace, happiness, even self-respect for the sake of my station," cried Lady Maud, with passionate earnestness.

"Your self-respect, Lady Maud?" echoed Lady Kingswood.

"My self-respect, Lady Kingswood," repeated Lady Maud, with excitement. "Has not Lord Kingswood commanded me, have you not exhorted me to give my hand to Mr. Philip Avon?"

"But, Lady Maud," responded Lady Kingswood, "this is a marriage——"

"Of horror, of degradation, of contamination to me, Lady Kingswood," cried Lady Maud, passionately. "I detest, abhor, loathe this man. His aspect, his manner, his whole being is to me intensely odious. I sicken at his name; I shudder at his approach. I believe him to be untruthful and unworthy, yet Lord Kingswood would drag me before Heaven's own altar, and insist upon my falsely swearing myself; would compel me to register a vow to love, to honor and to obey him—him of all men living whom I detest, I despise, and to whom I would never render obedience. I might, Lady Kingswood, be prepared to make some sacrifices to a station which, under its best aspect, is now painfully irksome to me; but that I will barter my self-respect, outrage my sense of truth, violate every sentiment with which happiness and virtue are bound up in this life—I cannot, I will not, Lady Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood gazed at her with astonishment for a few minutes, seemingly bewildered by the force of her reasoning. But presently she recovered herself, and said, with some vehemence, although she preserved the lofty haughtiness she had assumed:

"Lady Maud, you are still regarding this question from an exceedingly romantic point of view. This is not a question of love at all, it is a question of duty, Lady Maud. I have made duty my lode-star through life; I have made continuous sacrifices for duty; and I——"

The door gently opened, Mrs. Muddlemist put her head in, and then glided in immediately afterwards.

"Oh, if you please, m'lady," she said, approaching Lady Kingswood, "Mr. Pharisee, Lord Kingswood's valet, has arrived, m'lady, and he wishes to see your ladyship. I believe, m'lady, he brings a special message from his lordship, m'lady, and is requested by his lordship to deliver it himself to your ladyship, m'lady."

Lady Kingswood turned a ghastly hue as she received this announcement, and she involuntarily staggered back a step or two. It had arrived in the midst of her lecture on duty somewhat inopportunely.

"—I—I will see Pharisee," she said, in a voice which had grown husky. "Conduct him to my boudoir, Muddlemist, I will see him there."

Mrs. Muddlemist went through the ceremony of an elaborate curtsey, and then trotted, or rather strutted off, in her peculiar old-fashioned stately way.

Lady Kingswood, whose manner had strangely altered within the last minute, having changed from hauteur to humility, turned to Lady Maud, and said,

"It is important that we should again confer upon this subject. I hope yet to prevail with you, Maud; at present you entertain a strained, a wrong view of Lord Kingswood's wishes, and—and my own."

She faltered out the last word, and it was almost inaudible. It mattered little. Lady Maud did not appear to heed it if she heard it.

She sank upon the couch as Lady Kingswood—like one in a dream—quitted the apartment, and murmured, as her tears fell thick and fast,

"Erle, Erle, thine, thine alone, or death's."

One of Lady Kingswood's most anxious wishes had been, since she had arrived at Kingswood Hall, to obtain a secret interview with Pharisee.

She was anxious to know what had transpired since that night on which she had quitted the picture gallery in Kingswood House, when the sudden appearance of Lady Maud in a state of somnambulism saved her from committing a dreadful breach of that duty on which she had so recently enlarged with such ardor to Lady Maud.

She knew not how the Marquis of Chillingham had made his escape from the picture-gallery any more than she knew how he had obtained admission to it. As Pharisee had no doubt introduced him, so no doubt he had conducted him safely away again, so she had heard nothing about it, and she had seen the Marquis of Chillingham perfectly unchanged in demeanor and appearance at Brighton.

She had not seen him since that horrible night, and had yet to learn what had happened—what was brewing.

She had access to the chamber in which Pharisee awaited her by a communication different to that which had admitted him, and she entered the room in which he was seated with the carriage of an empress.

She slightly and coldly inclined her head as he rose up and bowed profoundly to her, and seating herself, she left him standing.

A glance told her that there was a great change in the man's exterior. He was dressed in black as usual, but there was a style in the set and fashion of his clothes which were very different to those befitting one holding his position. Then his straight black hair appeared to have been trimmed and curled, and his whiskers to have been dressed to a spruceness which was startling.

"Your business with me, Pharisee?" said Lady Kingswood, coldly, as the valet stood motionless and silent.

He looked at her pale, frigid countenance, and his teeth slightly grated.

"It is of importance to your ladyship," he replied.

Her lip curled.

"You bring, I am informed by Muddlemist, a communication from Lord Kingswood to me. I had formed an intention, after what has passed, of declining to see or to receive either communications or messages from his lordship. On reconsidering this determination, I will hear what you have to say."

"Mrs. Muddlemist correctly delivered to your ladyship the message I forwarded by her," returned Pharisee, in a smooth tone. "It was a precaution of importance to be observed, your ladyship, to state to the servants that I have been honored with the commands of Lord Kingswood to convey to your ladyship a communication from him. It would indeed have been thoughtless and indiscreet on my part to have directed Mrs. Muddlemist to say that I wished to see your ladyship on your business and my own."

Lady Kingswood knew not how to reply. She felt the audacity of the observation, but she had made him a confidant, and she could not object to his observation. She did not; she remained silent.

"I am, therefore, your ladyship, here upon very grave and serious business connected ultimately with your ladyship, and—and your most humble and devoted slave."

"Your ladyship will remember that you urged upon me the task of discovering the whole of the mystery connected with Mr. Erle Gower and the relationship in which he stands to Lord Kingswood. I have made the greatest exertions to comply with your ladyship's commands," he said, with quiet but deliberate emphasis. "At the risk of rousing the suspicions of Lord Kingswood, of incurring his displeasure—indeed, Lady Kingswood, at the hazard of my own existence—I found a clue to certain individuals who were in possession of all the facts, and I have tracked them, dogged them, watched them, secreted myself where I could overhear their mutual statements and admissions, all bearing on the one subject, and all directed to the one same terrible conclusion."

Lady Kingswood passed her hand across her eyes, and then, with an effort, said:

"I have myself reached a conclusion upon this horrible affair. I do not desire to hear the sickening details. I have partly determined upon my course; and, therefore, Pharisee, I request you for the present to be silent on this iniquitous and degrading story."

"Pardon me, my lady," he returned, rather hastily. "I am afraid that your conclusion falls very far short of the truth. The facts are unfortunately more frightful than your ladyship can possibly have contemplated."

"What facts can be more frightful than that the boy introduced mysteriously beneath this roof is a son of my Lord Kingswood?" responded Lady Kingswood, bitterly.

Pharisee shrugged his shoulders.

"If it were only that, my lady, the difficulty now existing might be soon got over," he exclaimed. "Lord Kingswood has had his frailties—of that your ladyship has a living proof—and his lordship would scarcely, knowing that, dare to challenge the strict platonism of your ladyship's friendship with the Marquis of Chillingham."

Lady Kingswood's eyes flashed fire.

"How dare you insinuate?" she cried, angrily.

He stopped her.

"Pray, pardon me, Lady Kingswood, I do not insinuate," he cried, deprecatingly. "I do not desire, much less attempt to do so. I know Lord Kingswood to be proud, haughty, impetuous and jealous of that honor he has but so ill preserved. I merely suggest that his right to exercise a control over your ladyship's actions would be destroyed by his own infidelity to your ladyship. I am only saying if your ladyship's conclusion was the sum of the wrong done to you, it might be surmounted. Not, of course, without considerable pain and vexation to your ladyship, but sufficiently to keep the world from becoming acquainted with the unpleasant events which have transpired. But unhappily, your ladyship, that conclusion does not reach the dreadful truth."

"The dreadful truth!" echoed Lady Kingswood, with an alarmed expression stealing over her features.

She did not like the peculiar gravity of Pharisee's words, nor the ambiguity with which he prefaced a communication which seemed to promise to be more fearful than any she had yet heard respecting Lord Kingswood's conduct to her.

"It is, my lady, I am grieved to say, not all indeed; it is very far from being all that your ladyship will have to hear," he replied.

She groaned.

"Keep me not in suspense, Pharisee," she gasped.

Pharisee gazed upon her handsome face and fine form, and a gulp appeared to swell out his throat, but adhering to his cringing attitude and his fawning tone of voice, he said:

"Your ladyship is aware that there are not only strange traditions clinging to the House of Kingswood, but that there are strange, incomprehensible circumstances occurring within and in the vicinity of this ancient hall."

"I am aware of that," remarked Lady Kingswood.

"The sights and the noises seen and heard within the old part of this antique hall may be taken, Lady Kingswood, for what they are worth," continued Pharisee, "inasmuch that their value depends upon the reliability of the individuals making the statements. But I believe that no doubt does exist in the mind of any person residing within this Hall, or within its neighborhood for miles, that there actually is a living Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

"The living wonder!" gasped Lady Kingswood. And then she remembered that Erle and Maud had both spoken of a young and beautiful girl they had met in the Chace, that she had then an uneasy impression that Cyril, acquainted with the existence and the residence of this sylvan beauty, had formed a wild, romantic attachment to her, which was the clue to his changed appearance and altered manner, and that Erle had stated that this young lovely forest maiden had been named by one of their gamekeepers the Wonder of Kingswood Chace.

She was versed in the traditions of the House, and at the time Erle made this communication to her it had deeply affected her; now Pharisee's mention of her in advance of the revelation he was about to make almost froze the blood in her veins.

"What—what of her?" she subjoined, in a hoarse voice.

Pharisee bent his eyes slowly but steadfastly upon Lady Kingswood, and emphasising each word, said,

"This young lady is in the face the counterpart of the weird Lady Maud. I have seen her, Lady Kingswood. So, indeed, has your ladyship."

A thrill of terror went through Lady Kingswood's frame.

"The weird Lady Maud?" she ejaculated. "I—I have seen her? Where?"

"In the carriage-ride in Hyde-park, my lady, on horseback, side by side with Mr. Erle Gower, and also, I believe, at the Marquis of Chillingham's——"

"I remember her well—yes—yes, pale, fair, *spirituelle*—and, oh, heaven! in truth, fearfully like unto the statue of Lady Maud in the old library," cried Lady Kingswood, panting under her emotion.

"The same," rejoined Pharisee. "The weird Lady Maud was a Kingswood, my lady, and it will naturally suggest itself that none but a Kingswood would so closely resemble one of the most noted of the ancestry."

Lady Kingswood buried her face in her hands, and a passionate burst of tears forced their way through her eyelids and trickled beneath her white fingers.

But almost instantaneously she flung back her face, and with the water yet glistening in her eyes, she said,

"You mean, in fact, to tell me that Erle and this girl are brother and sister?"

"It is even so, my lady," he replied, in an insinuating tone; "but I do not see how such a fact would much materially add to the injury inflicted upon you by Lord Kingswood, but when that comes into combination with another fact, the injury then becomes irreparable."

"With another fact?" half shrieked Lady Kingswood, rising up. "Man, you torture, madden me by this slow, piecemeal recital. I cannot endure it; give me at once to know the whole dreadful secrets you are about to reveal."

She towered above him, and with clenched hands and outstretched arms, startled him. He shrank back a pace or two, and said, rather hurriedly,

"In brief, then, my lady, that boy is the heir of Kingswood; the girl, my lord's legitimate daughter. You are, in fact, not Lady Kingswood, and your son, Mr. Cyril, is entitled to bear only your maiden name."

Lady Kingswood gazed upon him like one who had been smitten by a stroke of paralysis. She clutched at a table for support, and then staggering back, sank insensible upon a couch.

Pharisee moved towards her, after casting a furtive glance round the apartment; he did not summon assistance, for having expected some such scene, he had provided himself with a bottle of smelling-salts.

He applied it to Lady Kingswood's nostrils, and in silence watched her recovery. She awoke like one from out a frightful dream, but the long, sallow face of Pharisee caught her eyes, and a half-smothered shriek burst from her lips, and again she hid her face in her hands.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, in a low tone, "you remember what I have communicated to you?"

An agonised groan burst from her lips.

"It cannot be true!" she exclaimed, in a tone of intense anguish.

"It is true!" he returned, with emphasis. "It is true, Lady Kingswood. I know where the marriage between Lord Kingswood and the mother of the children was solemnised. I know the name and the residence of the clergyman by whom it was performed. I have seen the certificate duly signed and witnessed of the marriage, and I can establish beyond dispute that it took place before you went through the farce of a wedding with Lord Kingswood. Let me now ask you, Lady Kingswood, what course, after this, you intend to pursue?"

The strange, almost insolent tone he suddenly assumed roused Lady Kingswood out of her passionate grief. She turned her flashing though humid eyes upon him, as if to demand of him how he durst put such a question to her.

He saw the look, and interpreted it correctly.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, as she remained indignantly silent, "let me answer that question for you. Kingswood Hall is no longer a home for you. You cannot remain beneath this roof if even you had the meanness of spirit to wish it, which I am sure you have not. You must therefore depart hence—but where? Again I say, let me answer that question. Your ladyship bade me name my own reward for the services I have rendered you, and to claim it when due! It is due now, and I claim it! It is yourself, Lady Kingswood! I have long loved you passionately——"

She laid her hand upon the bell, and rang it frantically.

Pharisee's face became an olive color. The act was performed before he had the power to arrest it.

"Beware, Lady Kingswood," he cried, in a guttural voice, "of my revenge!"

The door opened, and a man servant appeared.

Lady Kingswood extended her hand to him in a commanding tone, and cried,

"Stand you there to guard the door, but with your voice summon half-a-dozen of your fellows here."

The man, with an air of astonishment, did as he was ordered.

Pharisee, with a face of a whitish-green hue, showed his teeth as a hound would his fangs.

"Lady Kingswood, I bid you beware!" he cried, hoarsely.

"Silence, wretch!" she shrieked rather than spoke, and addressing the servant, she said, in tones quivering with excitement, "if he dares attempt to utter another word strike him to the ground."

The servant advanced instantly with a menacing manner, and as he did so three or four men servants appeared.

Lady Kingswood, erect and immovable as a statue, save that she pointed to Pharisee, said, in a voice she endeavored to make calm, to the men who pressed in:

"Seize that fellow who has dared to fasten upon me an insult of an outrageous kind. Lash him through the park, and fling him thence through the gateway into the road beyond!"

In an instant Pharisee, to whom all these men had been so civil previously, was seized in their arms, and they bore him, struggling violently, down the staircase, and thrust him out of the Hall; then, with sticks and riding-whips, they chased him through the park, leaving him almost senseless and livid from neck to heels, groaning and fainting on the pathway without the park gates.

When the noise of the men hurrying Pharisee had ceased, Lady Kingswood, paler than a spectre, tottered to her bedchamber and locked herself within.

As her hand left the key, there was a sound within of one who had fallen lifeless upon the floor.

(To be continued.)

OUR MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

We present in this number the completest map hitherto engraved of the seat of war, which will enable our readers to trace the operations of the contending armies. We have also prepared a table of distances of the principal places.

	Washington.	Richmond.	Fortress Monroe	Harper's Ferry.	Lynchburg.	Baltimore.
Alexandria	8	122	127	60	170	42
Petersburg	160	22	65	145	100	150
Manassas Junc.	29	87	135	50	143	65
Richmond	134	—	75	135	100	168
Fortress Monroe	120	75	—	175	160	155
Harper's Ferry	53	135	175	—	158	81
Lynchburg	160	100	160	158	—	203
Grafton	163	200	260	125	148	183
Culpepper	60	68	131	65	100	91
Aquia Creek	45	60	110	70	118	93
Philadelphia	136	210	210	145	278	98
Baltimore	38	130	155	81	190	—
New York	226	360	285	220	360	187
Trenton	155	240	238	175	[illegible]	120
Yorktown	[illegible]	70	27	180	150	[illegible]
Sewall's Point	150	85	20	190	170	163
Washington	—	134	138	53	160	38

THE INFERNAL MACHINE,

Designed by the Rebels to Destroy the United States Flotilla in the Potomac.

An infernal machine, designed by the rebels to blow up the Pawnee and the vessels of the Potomac flotilla, which was set adrift near Aquia Creek, was picked up on the 7th inst., floating toward the Pawnee. The following description of the article has been sent to the Navy Department: "Two large eighty-gallon oil casks, perfectly watertight, acting as buoys, connected by twenty-five fathoms of three and a half inch rope, buoyed with large squares of cork every two feet, secured to casks by iron handles. A heavy bomb of boiler iron, fitted with a brass tap, and filled with powder, is suspended to the casks six feet under water. On top of the cask is a wooden box, with fuse in a gutta-percha tube. In the centre of the cork is a platform with a great length of fuse coiled away, occupying the middle of the cask."

It was intended by the contrivers of this weapon of civilised warfare that the shock of a collision should light the fuse.

OUR MAP OF RICHMOND AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Our map of Richmond will be found very interesting at the present time, as it will enable our readers to follow every move of the two armies and note the progress of the war as it approaches the Capital of the Confederate States. Richmond, the Capital of Virginia, is situated on the north-east bank of James River, and is about one hundred miles in a straight line from Washington, although its distance by railroad is one hundred and thirty-four miles. Its population is about twenty-two thousand white, eleven thousand slaves, and two thousand two hundred colored persons. The city is built on several hills, the most considerable of which are the Richmond and Shockoe Hills. These two hills are separated by a small stream called Shockoe Creek. Till lately it has not been fortified, but since the rebellion there have been many batteries planted. It is also defended by four camps. At the present time it is the seat of the Confederate Government, the Rebel Congress having met there on the 20th July for the dispatch of business, when Mr. Jefferson Davis delivered his address, which is noticed in another column. The Capitol and public buildings are situated on Shockoe Hill.

TRIALS OF NEW GUNS AND SHELLS AT WEST POINT.

A Government trial of Hotchkiss's shot and shell, and of Wiard's steel rifle cannon, was commenced last week under the direction of Lieutenant S. V. Benét, U.S.O., the most efficient officer in command at this post. The trials of shot and shell were very successful at the target, placed at a distance of sixteen hundred and fifty yards; four miles were reached in the long range firing at an elevation of twenty-four degrees from a common bronze six-pounder, rifle, and carrying twelve pounds Hotchkiss shot and shell.

One of Wiard's six-pounder steel guns was fired a few times on Wednesday, with shot that were too small. The trials with these guns will be resumed during the present week. The guns weigh seven and twelve hundred weight respectively, carrying six and twelve pound shot and shell. Two of these admirable guns have been ordered on to Washington, and are undergoing a trial by Captain Dahlgren, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, with a view to their ultimate adoption by the authorities. Three six gun batteries were contracted for some time since by General Sickles, and three similar batteries have been contracted for by the State of Illinois. There are many valuable improvements connected with the carriages and gun, which have been made by Mr. Norman Wiard, the inventor, who has for a collaborateur Mr. H. L. Stuart.

Three great establishments have been brought to co-operate in producing these guns—the Franklin Forge, Messrs. Tagnot, Dally & Co.; Messrs. Carpenter & Pless, First avenue and Twenty-ninth street; and John Stephenson, the eminent carriage builder. From one to three batteries can be turned out per week, and Messrs. Tiffany & Co. have proposed to become the agents for the sale of these guns.

West Point is very dull, with the exception of Roe's West Point Hotel, which is crowded constantly with transient visitors, it being the only hotel now on the Point. There is no more charming summer resort than West Point and the Highlands of the Hudson. The Cadets are in camp at present.

THE PIRATES' MISHAPS.

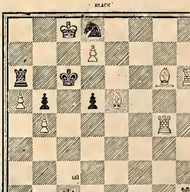
Within the last few days there have been three arrivals which have illustrated some of the heroism of the seas. The first was the arrival of the Costa Rica with two of the piratical crew of the Sumpter on board. It appears that off the Isle of Pines the pirate ship Sumpter fell in with a British ship called the Cuba, bound for Liverpool, and took possession of her, sending five men on board as a prize crew. The gallant Britisher watched an opportunity, and overpowered the pirates, putting them in irons. Meeting with the Costa Rica, he transferred two of the pirates to that vessel. Both the Cuba and Costa Rica have arrived in New York, and delivered their prisoners into the hands of justice. On Sunday a still more interesting arrival was announced—the schooner S. J. Waring. This vessel was captured on the 7th by the pirate ship Jeff. Davis, and five men were placed on board as a prize crew. On the morning of the 10th the negro steward, Tillman, attacked the captain and first and second mates as they were asleep, killed them, and threw the bodies overboard. He then assumed command of the S. J. Waring, and steered her into New York. All honor to the daring seaman!

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 151 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 301.—Inscribed to Dr. Nossluger, Indianapolis, Ind., by Frank, of Kalamazoo. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

A Game recently played at Richmond, Ind., between Mr. B., the strongest player at Richmond, and Frank, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

(Muzio's Gambit.)

WHITE. Frank.	BLACK. Mr. B.	WHITE. Frank.	BLACK. Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	18 Kt to K B 3	K to Q 2 (b)
2 P to K B 4	P tks P	19 Q to K B 3	K to Q sq
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	20 Q R to K B sq	B to K sq
4 B to Q B 4	B to K Kt 2	21 P to Q 4	P to Q B 4 (c)
5 Castles	P to K Kt 3	22 Q to K R 4	K to Q B sq
6 P to Q 3	P tks Kt	23 P to Q 5	K to Q 2
7 Q tks P	B to Q 5 (ch)	24 Q to K R 3 (d)	K to Q sq
8 K to R	Q to K B 3	25 P tks Kt	P tks P
9 P to Q B 3	B to Q Kt 3	26 Q to K 1	Q to B 2
10 Q B tks P	Q Kt to B 3	27 Q to R 3	P to Q B 5
11 Q Kt to Q 2	P to Q 3	28 P to K Kt 3 (e)	Q to K Kt sq
12 Q to K R 5	B to K 3	29 B to R 4	B to K R 4
13 B to K Kt 5	Q to K Kt 3	30 Kt to Q 2	B to K 4 (f)
14 Q to K R 4	Kt to K 2 (a)	31 B tks B	P tks B
15 B to K B 6	Q to Kt 2	32 Kt to B 3	B to K B sq
16 B tks B	P tks B	33 R to Q sq (ch)	K [illegible]
17 B tks P	K R to Kt sq		

White mates in five moves.

(a) Better have taken off the B.

(b) K R P one forcing exchange of Q's would have been better.

(c) To liberate his B.

(d) If

24 P tks Kt (ch)	K tks B
25 Q to R 3 (ch)	K to B 2
26 Kt to K 5 (ch)	K to Kt sq
And if 27 followed by 27 R to B 7	Q tks B, &c.,

And White cannot sustain his game.

(e) To guard his B.

(f) Anything, says Black, but a crawled game.

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at different hotels. One chap vowed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the teapot."

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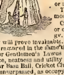

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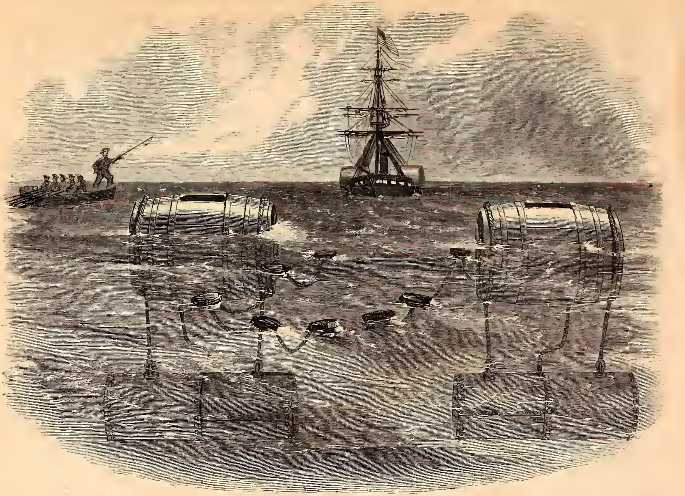

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Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

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Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 299.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1861. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

THE CURFEW BELL

At Hampton Court House, Virginia.

During the early days of the occupation of Hampton, Va., it was discovered that signal lights were displayed on various points of the rebels' lines, and from their peculiar motion, hardly a doubt could exist but that they were answering lights shown by some parties in the Federal lines. As these traitors could not be discovered, it was deemed advisable to take every precaution possible, and strict orders were issued that all lights were to be extinguished at a reasonable hour, thus for a time reviving the ancient custom of the curfew bell. It was desirable to impress the negroes with the impressiveness of the order, and they were, consequently, mustered by the ringing of the bell of Hampton Court House, when the proclamation of Colonel Max Weber, of the German Turner Rifles, was read to them by Captain Anthony Beardsley. They were not well pleased with the idea of giving up their lights and confining themselves to their houses after dark, but they had to grin and bear.

THE CURFEW BELL AT HAMPTON COURT HOUSE, VA., WARNING THE NEGROES TO BED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

THE GRAVES OF THE INDIANA VOLUNTEERS

At Rich Mountain.

After the glory and excitement of the battle comes the sad reverse of the picture, the missing familiar faces, the dead and wounded. No glory can compensate the victors for the loss of the noble dead.

Our readers are familiar with the gallant conduct of the Indiana volunteers; they have shown themselves in all the actions in Western Virginia brave, orderly and dashing soldiers; patient in camp and bold and unconquerable in battle. They have maintained the honor of their State and the cause of their country like men.

Our Artist was present at the battle of Rich Mountain, and the day after visited the graves of the gallant men who fell there. They are buried in a beautiful spot on the ridge of Rich Mountain. The graves are neatly sodded, and a rough headstone marks each one. The dead were handled tenderly and affectionately by their living comrades, and the bodies were committed to their resting place with all honors and sacred rites. Near the graves of our poor gallant fellows, decently interred, rest their dead enemies who were left upon the field. Peace be to all!

THE GREAT UNION GUN

At Fortress Monroe.

This immense piece of ordnance, the largest cast iron gun in the world, is at last safely landed at Fortress Monroe. On its first at

THE GRAVES OF THE INDIANA VOLUNTEERS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

tempt at embarkation at Baltimore, by some sad mischance it was dropped at the bottom of the river. It was, however, rescued from destruction, and the public will be glad to learn that the monster, which is of length transferred to the wharf at Perrine Moore's dock, near this city. Artist sketched it. It is to be mounted on the deck of the Minnesota. It carries a 350 pound shot, and is supposed to be the most destructive weapon ever manufactured. Neither its range or initial velocity is as great as some other guns, but the weight of the shot will be such as to sink any ship, and literally destroy almost any fortification. The projectiles for the gun have not yet arrived.

Barnum's American Museum

IS abounding with novelties and attractions. GEN. TOM. THUMB and WM. STERLING, the Conquerors of Southern Prairies, the wonderful Sea Lion, the Happy Family, Aquaria, Aquarial Gardens, attractions with Living Fish, Living Sea Lion, Mammoth Boa Constrictor, Living Beaver, Living Fish in gas illuminated Fountains every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 25 cts. Children under ten years, 15 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1861.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

SENATE, JULY 29.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill appropriating ten millions for the purchase of arms, which was read a first time. Referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

In lieu of twenty-five dollars for calling liquor to soldiers in the District of Columbia.

JULY 30.—The Tariff bill passed, 32 to 10. The Insurrection Suppression bill was then taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Wilson, Trumbull, Powell, Saulsbury, Bayard, Latham, of California, and some others. The construction of iron-clad steamers was discussed.

JULY 31.—Neither were disposed to-day; several unimportant matters were considered, but they had little bearing upon the war. Seldom has a great deliberative body been so much and so unnecessarily interfered with to small a display of patriotism and ability. Partisan rules the hour.

AUGUST 1.—The bill authorizing the suppression of the rebellion was taken up, and discussed until the adjournment. It was bitterly opposed by Mr. Breckinridge, who moved its indefinite postponement. Pending which question no progress in consideration, however, was regulated, 28 to 16, though the matter was not finally disposed of.

AUGUST 2.—The bill to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase additional vessels for the Revenue service was passed. The bill authorizing the construction of iron-clad steamers, or war-vessel steamers of light draught was passed. The resolution approving the acts of the President elected considerable discussion. It was not finally passed. The Senate also passed a formal appropriation for the army—among them $70,000,000 for raising and organizing the volunteer force. Adjourned to Monday, 5th inst. The Senate stood on the part of officers making contracts was passed, was reconsidered, and the bill was passed as in the bills. The Senate also passed a bill to relieve master, and subsequently adjourned.

AUGUST 3.—Mr. Crittenden presented a resolution from the Maryland Legislature, protesting against the arbitrary proceedings recently adopted towards her Union and citizens, after a spirited discussion, in which Messrs. Wilson, of New York, of New Jersey, Powell, Maryland, of Kentucky, Wilkinson, Trumbull, Bayard, Saulsbury, Latham, Carlile, Hicks, Davis, of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Hamlett, Iowa, Kansas, Breckinridge, Kentucky, and Powell, of Virginia, participated.

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FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

No. 5 of this magnificent Pictorial History of the War, edited by E. G. Squier, is now ready. All the back numbers are reprinted, and can be supplied to complete sets. Testimonials from the highest authorities and the universal voice of the press place Frank Leslie's Pictorial History of the War among the most remarkable works of the time, as a history of the present great crisis, altogether unapproachable in the magnificence of its illustrations, and in the accuracy, completeness and brilliancy of the historical record.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, has resigned his position of Secretary of State in the Rebel Cabinet, and has been succeeded by R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia.

General Robert Anderson recently visited Congress, and received the compliments of the leading members. He is restored in health, and ready to assume his command in Kentucky.

Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilda arrived here on Saturday, the 27th of July, in their yacht the Jerome Bonaparte. He left New York on the 31st for Washington, on a visit to the President. The Princess Clothilde remains in New York. She is accompanied by the Duchess D'Abrantes.

Quartermaster Pryor, brother of the famous fire-eater and bowie-knife swallower, Roger, was taken prisoner at Bull's Run. He was the correspondent of the Memphis *Avalanche* and the *Appeal*.

Mr. Aaron Clark, formerly Mayor of this city, died August 1st, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a noble specimen of the old school.

If any curious person should wish to know who are fighting for the Union, let him refer to the lists of the killed and wounded. It is half composed of O's and Mac's. The Americans seem "chary of their crimson."

General Flournoy, of Arkansas, died on the 2d at Louisville. He had been a rebel General, but subsequently repented and returned to his sister's house, where death closed his sufferings. The Union journals say it was repentance that killed him, while a Secession paper says it was whiskey. He was a brave and honorable man, despite his one grand error.

Bishop Bowman died suddenly on the 3d August, on his way from Pittsburg to Butler.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that Pierre Soule is an ardent Unionist, and that he is in New Orleans perfectly neutral.

MISCELLANEOUS UNION NEWS.

CAIRO, Illinois.—General Fremont and staff and a fleet of eight steamers and four regiments of infantry, also several detached companies of infantry, and two companies of light artillery, all equipped, arrived at Cairo, August 2d. They were enthusiastically received by the soldiers and citizens. A salute was fired by the battery at Fort Prentiss. The troops were landed at Bird's Point, swelling the force at that camp to about eight thousand. No news from the rebel camp.

The steamer S. P. Cheny, running in connection with the Nashville and Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was seized at Columbus, Kentucky, by the rebels from Tennessee.

Scouts who have just returned from the South report that the rebels at New Madrid are well armed and well drilled, and that they have very fine batteries of ten pound field pieces, which are officered by foreigners. They have also two regiments of cavalry well equipped. General Pillow, who is in command, promised Governor Jackson to place twenty thousand men in Missouri at once. He has issued a proclamation, full of wind and bombast, to the people of Missouri, declaring his intention to drive the invaders from the State, and enable her people to regain those rights so ruthlessly taken away by the forces who march under banners inscribed with "beauty and booty," as the reward of victory. He says that he will show no quarter to those who are taken in arms against the State.

MISSOURI.—A gentleman just from Lexington, Missouri, reports that one of the oldest citizens in Lafayette county, Jos. S. Lightner, was shot in attempting to pass the guards put out by Colonel White's command. The citizens of Lexington and vicinity are much excited over his death.

Ben McCulloch and General Jackson, having devastated the country where they are encamped, are slowly moving northward in three divisions for the better subsistence of the troops. We are quietly awaiting their approach, our troops being ready for a battle. The unfavorable news from Virginia has impressed them with a fresh desire to recover in the West whatever prestige may have been lost in the East. General Lyon's command is now only six thousand strong, a considerable number of the three months men having gone to St. Louis, to receive their pay and be mustered out of service, a great many of whom will doubtless re-enlist and return here soon.

Jefferson City, August 1.—The Missouri and Western Telegraph Company commenced taking down their line west of this place this morning, owing to the disturbed state of the counties between this and the Kansas border. It is the Company's property, which is being rapidly destroyed by lawless persons, who roam unrestrained throughout that portion of the State. Despatches going to Kansas City, Missouri, and to points in Kansas and Nebraska, will go hereafter via Quincy, with but little delay.

Mexico, August 2.—General Pope has established his headquarters here for the present. Colonel Grant's and a portion of Colonel Turner's regiment, and four companies of Colonel Marshall's cavalry are quartered here. The water is both inconvenient and impure, and a change of rendezvous will be made as soon as arrangements can be perfected for an encampment.

Brigadier-General Hurlbutt was detached from here to-day, to select a camping ground near Jefferson City, where some thirty thousand troops will be congregated under General Pope's command. General Pope is assigned to all the forces north of St. Louis. These troops will consist principally of Illinois regiments together by themselves, and thus form one arm of the Western army.

General Pope hereafter designs to permit no more scouting, deeming it an injury to the efficiency of the troops for service.

The people will be held strictly responsible for depredations committed. If hostilities occur and troops are called to the relief, they will be sent in sufficient numbers to take possession of the village or villages that may be making trouble. Soldiers will be quartered in the houses, and draw rations of the citizens. This, it is believed, is the only means of making and keeping the people duly vigilant to their own and the United States' interests.

WASHINGTON, August 3.—General Wool is to assume command at Fortress Monroe next week.

It is said that General McCall, of Pennsylvania, is to be appointed to the command of the troops between here and Point of Rocks. Some ten regiments have been sent here within a few days. Out of this probably has sprung the foolish rumor that he was to supersede General Banks.

BALTIMORE, August 1.—Shortly after four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the Fifth New York regiment arrived at the Camden station, from Sandy Hook, Maryland, and after a delay of upwards of an hour, marched to the President street depot, where it was expected a train of cars would be in readiness to convey the regiment to Philadelphia. At half-past seven o'clock, however, no cars could be obtained. Information shortly afterwards reached the depot that the soldiers could be transported to Philadelphia via the Northern Central Railroad, and that a train was ready to start from the Bolton depot at any moment.

The regiment accordingly took up the line of march and passed up Central avenue to Monument street, and when at the corner of Eutaw street a party of Irish Secessionists began cheering for Jeff Davis. The cheering was accompanied by a shower of stones that fell among the ranks of the volunteers. The latter, not forgetting the murderous riot of the 19th of April, supposed that a repetition of that bloody day was to be enacted. The soldiers acting upon that impulse, immediately fixed their bayonets and charged upon the men who lined the sidewalks. Several shots were also fired, but we could hear of no one being injured.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 2.—Information has been received from Lieut. Crosby's expedition to the eastern shore of Virginia, which left Old Point three days ago. The Pocomoke and two small rivers were explored for a number of miles. Several parties of armed Secessionists on shore were dispersed. One schooner was burned and another brought in as a prize.

One of the propellers belonging to the expedition is ashore at the Cherry Stone, and it is feared will be lost.

An educated German, a private belonging to the Tenth regiment of New York, was arrested yesterday for correspondence with the enemy. A letter to General Lee was found on his person. Ambition for advancement is supposed to have been his principal motive. His letter contained no revelations of importance concerning the fortress.

The Vermont regiment will leave for home, via New Haven, on Sunday.

At Newport News, a Captain Barnard shot a private belonging to his company, and was, in consequence, obliged to leave the camp.

A large quantity of liquor was yesterday destroyed at Newport News, by command of General Butler. The General goes to Washington, to-night.

KANAWHA RIVER, Flight of Governor Wise.—The steamer Dunleith arrived from the Kanawha River on the 4th inst., and from her officers we have the following items from our troops up that stream. They left Charleston Sunday evening. General Cox's brigade was at Gauly Bridge, which had been burned by the Secessionists. The steamers Kanawha Valley and Julia Maffitt had been burned and sunk, the former at Camelton, eight miles above Charleston, and the latter at Taylor, four miles below. Governor Wise, his two sons and staff were at dinner at the Kanawha House, when a courier arrived and announced that General Rosencranz was on the march to head his force from a retreat into Virginia. The party immediately rushed from the hotel and ordered the Wise Legion to retreat. Two hours after, word was sent across the river for the Kanawha Rangers to follow. This so enraged the Kanawha troops that three companies deserted. Wise threatened to burn Charleston, but the persuasions of the citizens prevented him from executing that threat. Houses were, however, plundered, and provisions carried away in great abundance. The Federal forces, upon entering Charleston, succeeded in capturing fifty tents, nine boxes of medicines, thirty-five barrels of whiskey and a quantity of stores. While pursuing the rebels a number of guns, knapsacks, &c., were found on the road, and seventeen prisoners taken. After the Federal forces had taken possession of Charleston, the Union men, who had fled to the mountains for safety, returned, and immediately two companies of Home Guards were formed under Captain Boling. A report was current at Charleston on Sunday that the rebels were dissatisfied with Wise, and that he had been shot. His force entire numbers 3,300 men. The Charlestonians who were at the battle of Scarey Creek, report their killed at 65, and wounded 117. The Dunleith brought down a number of trophies taken from the rebels.

Hotchkiss's Shot and Shell and Wiard's Steel Guns.—The result of the recent trials of Hotchkiss's shot and shell with Wiard's steel rifled cannon at West Point and Washington, by order of the War and Navy Departments, has been a decided triumph; Mr. Hotchkiss having received an order from the Ordnance Department to supply, for the State of Ohio, 7,000 shot and shell in equal proportions; and Mr. Wiard unlimited orders to furnish his steel rifled cannon—from six to fifty-pounders—for the navy, and six and twelve-pounders for the various divisions of the army, including orders from the State of Illinois, and for General Fremont's column, each gun to be supplied with one hundred rounds of Hotchkiss's shot and shell.

A Washington letter relates that a New York Zouave recently took a horse belonging to a rebel, and has ever since been much elated with his capture. A day or two since the owner of the animal presented himself to the Zouave and demanded the horse. "I have taken the oath of allegiance," said he, "and the animal is mine." "You may have taken the oath," answered the New Yorker, "but the horse has not, and I shall keep him till he does!" There was no replying to this, and the Zouave keeps his horse.

While one of our chaplains of the army was repeating this line of the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," a soldier added, with a loud voice, "fresh."

Drawing Rations.—There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to disperse in some measure the ennui of camp life. Not long ago, a farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it some time, but when the last half of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going around to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys," which looked marvellously like those that the gude wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see?"

"Splendid!" was the reply.

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them!"

"Does Government furnish potatoes in your rations?"

"Nary potato."

"I thought you said you drew them?"

"Did! we just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world! Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables.

"Thank you! But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the Commissary?"

"Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops, mostly! Sometimes with a hoe, if one is left in the field."

"Hum! Yes! I understand! Well, see here! If you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for farmer ——. There, we like to have written his name! The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from the field afterward.

General Banks's Column.—The number of troops at Sandy Hook, Maryland, is being daily augmented by the arrival of new and well-disciplined regiments, and the Commanding General and staff are busy in organizing the army into brigades and divisions. The rumored approach of General Johnston towards Leesburg has caused a sharp look-out by General Banks, but no signs of the enemy have yet been discovered. The first reports of the strength of Johnston's army are now thought to have been exaggerated.

Captain McMullin's Rangers, whose term does not expire till the 13th proximo, are quartered in the orchard at General Banks's headquarters.

Colonel Geary's regiments are about one hundred yards distant, with Colonel Mann's regiment on their left. In the rear of these are the Federal Cavalry and the First City Troop. The latter are all well and in excellent spirits, and expect to return on the 13th of next month.

The Rhode Island Artillery, which fought at Bull's Run, arrived here this morning with a full battery.

The point formerly occupied by the Kentucky Rifle Regiment, on the Maryland side, opposite Harper's Ferry, is now garrisoned by our troops.

There are but few of the three months men now left in this column, but troops for the war continue to arrive in large numbers.

There is no regular post office at Sandy Hook. Letters addressed to the officers and men of the regiments now stationed here, would reach them with greater certainty by being sent to Knoxville, two miles below here.

Captain Rowan, of the Pawnee, has received the following letter:

"Alexandria, Monday, July 29, 1861.

"Sir—I learned last evening that a person arrived here from Aquia Creek, who states that the Confederates have taken all the upper works of the steamer Page, and have put six guns on board of her, and that all the flat boats on the Rappahannock have been brought over to the Potomac, the party saying they had a great many in the Creek. I suppose their object is to intercept some of the propellers on their way up the river, with stores, &c. "Union."

Upon the receipt of this the Department ordered the Pawnee to Aquia Creek, agreeing with Commander Craven, who inclosed the letter, that "the collection of so many flat boats must be for some other object than that of intercepting passing steamers."

British Vessels Violating the Embargo.—The British brig Herald, which was captured July 16th and taken to Philadelphia for attempting to run the blockade, cleared from Boston May 27th, ostensibly for Turk's Island, but was then chartered by parties in New York for Beaufort, N. C., with the intent to try the experiment of running the blockade.

It is well known in Boston that other British vessels have left these ports within thirty days for Wilmington and other ports in North Carolina, to take cargoes for England and the British provinces.

SOUTHERN MISCELLANEOUS INTELIGENCE.

Southern Opinion of General McClellan.—The New Orleans *True Delta* says: "We hear that McClellan, an officer of unquestionable capacity, an accomplished, enterprising and successful soldier, is to be put at the head of their invading armies, subordinate only to Lieutenant-General Scott. We do not regret this change, so far as the fame of Beauregard is concerned; on the contrary, we rejoice that it has been made, because we know there could be little credit in scattering such troops as have hitherto encountered our heroic men in battle, led on by the Pattersons, Butlers and such like political trash. McClellan is worthy of Beauregard's attention, and while we have not for a moment a doubt of the result of their first measurement of arms in the field, nor of any later conflict, so far as the honor and reputation of Louisiana's great soldier is involved, we hope when they are face to face arrayed against each other no great disparity of force nor deficiency of material will be allowed to cripple our side on the eventful occasion. In presence of an officer so thoroughly a soldier as McClellan, it will not do for our gallant boys to sleep or be negligent on outpost duty in contempt of their foe; he will, if any one can, make something of the sons of the Pilgrims, the descendants of the Mayflower's passengers, and therefore our complete satisfaction that one whom it will be really a great honor to defeat is now at the head of the Lincoln army of subjugation."

Business Relations between North and South.—The following queries have been put to the Confederate District Attorney at Charleston.

First. Is it lawful for a citizen of the Confederate States to purchase of our enemy State stocks or bonds of any of the Confederate States, and demand the interest when due?

Second. Is it lawful for the same parties to purchase notes given by merchants of the Southern Confederacy to Northern houses, and demand payment for the same?

Third. If lawful and proper to pursue the above course, would it not be equally legal for the small trader to buy merchandise of the enemy; or, in other words, does the law intend to operate in favor of the fortunate holders of capital against the humble dealers in wares and merchandise?

The response is as follows: "The acts specified by you certainly constitute 'trading with the enemy' peculiarly objectionable, because they afford a direct assistance to the enemy by the transmission of money to foster the resources. And, in addition, such conduct is highly unpatriotic, because directly injurious to the interests of the States and citizens of our Confederacy, whose obligations are thus withdrawn from the enemy's country, where it is for the interests of such States that they should remain, since they could not there be called upon for payment during the war. Such operations are certainly worse than the simple purchase of merchandise in the enemy's country, because they, at the same time, aid our enemies and injure our friends."

Defences of New Orleans.—The commission of engineers appointed to prepare plans of fortifications at various points have submitted them to the Governor and Colonel Herbert. Full power has been given to the engineers to take possession of certain lands and buildings for the purpose of erecting the fortifications, and all the works are now rapidly progressing. Arrangements have also been made for the erection of a powder mill, and a resolution has passed the City Council authorizing the Comptroller to warrant on the City Treasurer for $50,000 for defraying present expenses, out of the $200,000 appropriation for the defences of the city.

A Terrible Weapon.—Captain Beuter, of the Barrow Guard, has exhibited to the editor of the *Delta* a specimen of the new scythe pike, as used by the Poles in their war of independence, which is truly a most frightful weapon. It is intended to be used against cavalry or infantry, and can be made very cheaply. It consists of the ordinary scythe blade attached to a stout staff, eight or ten feet long, with a hook. It will be a terrible weapon in the hands of brave men.

Church Service for the Dead.—There was service at the cathedral, in Louisville, Ky., on Monday, and prayer was offered up on the occasion for the souls of those who were slain in battle at Manassas. The Right Rev. Bishop Spalding preached an appropriate discourse to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the cathedral.

An Editor and a Sporting Man Killed.—The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* says that among the killed in the battle was George Stovall, of Rome, Ga., editor of the *Southerner*. James Jackson, of Alabama, the well-known sporting man, and part owner of the racehorse Daniel Boone, was also killed.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

The response which New York has made to the call of the President is a triumphant proof of the devoted loyalty of the Empire State. Regiment after regiment has been sent forth, and a large number of others are now in the course of construction. Exclusive of militia, New York State and city have sent to the field of war forty-eight three-years' regiments, each having a full complement of men. Transportation and supplies were provided.

	Regiments.
By the State—1st to 38th Regiments inclusive	38
By the Union Defence Committee—the Mozart, Tammany, DeKalb and Garibaldi Regiments	4
By the U. S.—Sickles Brigade	3
By the U. S.—2d Regiment New York State Militia	1
By the U. S.—9th Regiment New York State Militia	1
By the U. S.—79th Regiment New York State Militia	1
Total gone for three years	48

The following are nearly ready, and will probably take their departure before the end of next week:

Sickles Brigade, 5th Regiment, Colonel Graham	1
Firemen's Brigade, 2d Regiment, Colonel Fairman	1
Long Island Volunteers, Colonel Adams	1
United States Chasseurs, Colonel Cochrane	1
Anderson Zouaves, Colonel Riker	1
Total now ready for three years	5

The following is a list of the regiments now filling up their complements, together with the localities of their depots:

Berdan's Sharpshooters, Weehawken	600
British Volunteers, 564 Broadway	——
Cameron Light Infantry, 491 Broadway	——
Clinton Guard, 45 William street	——
Constitution Guards, 481 Canal street	——
Colonel Ramsay's Regiment, 160 Hester street	1,500
Colonel Serrell's Engineers, 539 Broadway	——
Duryea's Zouaves, Lafayette Hall	——
Eleventh Regiment, ——	900
Fifty-fifth Regiment, New Dorp, S. I.	400
First Long Island Volunteers, Fort Schuyler	1,046
First Regiment Union Brigade, 13 Broadway	——
First Oregon Rifles, 43 Cortlandt street	600
First Regiment Irish Artillery, Staten Island	——
First Washington Greys, 534 Broadway	650
Fremont Regiment, 55 Forsyth street	——
German Rangers, 189 Bowery	——
German Black Sharpshooters, Linda Hall	——
Honved Regiment, 307 Broadway	250
Ira Harris's Guard (Cavalry), 564 Broadway	——
Lincoln Cavalry, Disbrow's Academy	1,400
Mechanics' Rifles, Park Barracks	550
Mounted Rifles, Elm Park	600
President's Life Guard, 596 Broadway	850
Scott Rifles, 19 Beekman street	——
Second Fire Zouaves	200
Second Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Seventh street and Hall place	——
Third Irish Regiment, Palace Garden	——
Union Life Guard, 130 Water street	——
United States Chasseurs, Willett's Point	500
Varian Battery, 200 Bleecker street	——
Yates's Rifles, 420 Broadway	——
Manhattan Rifles, 641 Broome street	400

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

Recently, among other documents produced for the inspection of the Admiralty relative to property along the eastern shore of the island, Admiral Sir Graham Hamond produced a title, a grant, made in the reign of Edward I., and bearing date 1288, when the heir apparent, the first Prince of Wales, was a boy of four years old. It was written in French, in a beautiful hand, and the attached impression of the great seal of England was remarkably clear. Some present familiar Isle of Wight family names occurred in the document.

A letter from Weimar announces the approaching marriage of Liszt, the pianist, to the Princess Wittgenstein—a match which has been already spoken of.

At the approaching musical festival at Nuremberg, 4,400 singers are to assemble, drawn from 160 different places. Some of them will travel from great distances. For instance, from Kiel, in Denmark, and Presburg, in Hungary.

Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioners for the Universal Exhibition of 1862 have applied to MM. Auber, Meyerbeer and Rossini for three new musical compositions destined to represent France, Germany and Italy, to be performed at the opening of the Exhibition. M. Rossini, who was requested to supply a Triumphal March, sent the following reply to the secretary:

"I regret my inability to accept the honor proposed to me by Her Majesty's Commission for 1862. If I still belonged to the musical world, I should have made it a duty and a pleasure to prove, on this occasion, that I have not forgotten the noble hospitality of England. Allow me to hope, sir, that you will be kind enough to communicate all my regret to your colleagues, with the assurance of my high consideration. G. Rossini."

A new system of stage lighting has just been adopted at the Grand Opera, Paris, doing away with the old float or rampe, which had been found so injurious to the eyes as well as to the voices of the performers. In the present arrangement, the float is raised thirty centimetres (two and a half feet) below the boards of the stage, and the emanations from the burners are carried off through two pipes reaching to the roof. The luminous rays, collected by a double reflector in the shape of a sea-shell, are transmitted to the stage through a sloping aperture, covered with a plate of dull glass, which subdues the glare of the gas. By this contrivance, all danger of the actresses' dresses catching fire is obviated, and a source of hurtful emanations and disagreeable heat, as inconvenient to the spectators as it is to the actors, removed. The air, being no longer disturbed by the vibrations caused by the heat, the propagation of the sonorous rays is much more regular, and even the light cast on the stage is stronger and better distributed. M. Lissajoux, professor of natural philosophy at the Lycee St. Louis, is the inventor of this system.

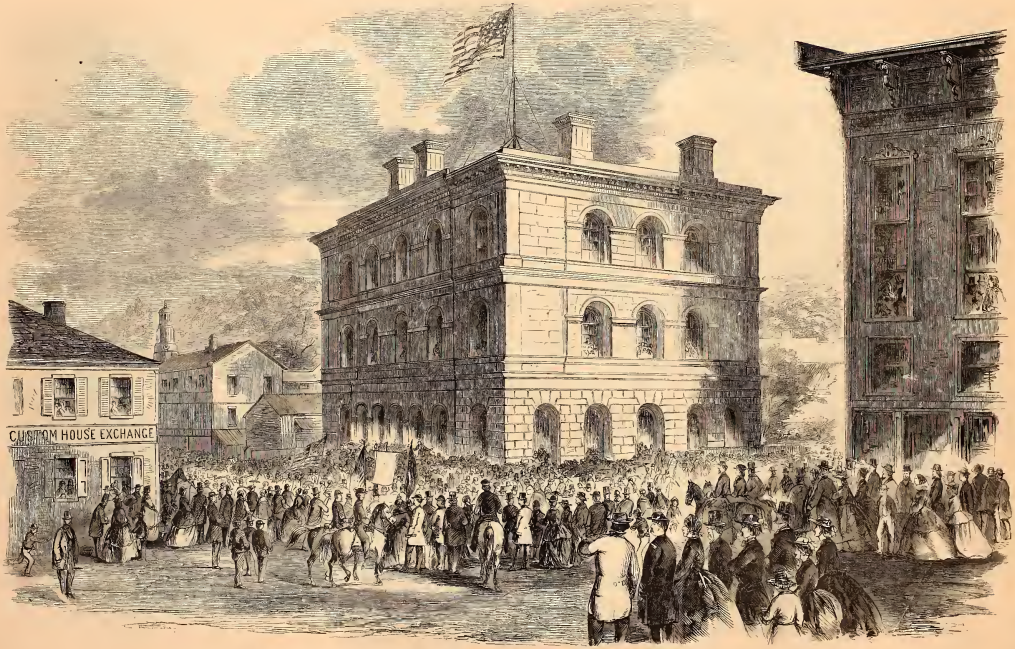
The brigandage in the Abruzzi and in Calabria recommences. Letters received by deputies from these provinces describe the position of affairs in very alarming terms. The mountains and plains are swarming with brigands, who, being unable to satiate their vengeance on persons, gratify themselves by the most wanton destruction of property. Could not Garibaldi "put this down?" He has made Italy great, he might make her a little more respectable in the eyes of the world.

A curious rencontre took place the other day on board one of the Rhine steamboats. An officer of noble extraction, belonging to the Guards, had ensconced himself in the cabin with some ladies of his acquaintance, when an elderly gentleman, in ordinary attire, came in and joined the circle. The officer received the visitor in a surly manner, telling him to take off his hat. The gentleman taking no notice of the request, his hat was immediately struck off by the military hero. Upon this the insulted individual immediately complained to the captain of the vessel, requesting him to put in force one of the bye-laws contained in his instructions, and set the offensive officer on shore at the next station. From this offensive proceeding the skipper naturally shrank, apparently not wishing to take active measures against so noble a specimen of humanity as an officer of the Prussian Guard. After the next station had been passed, and he found that his request had not been attended to, the old gentleman again repaired to the captain and disclosed himself as Prince Hohenzollern, President of the Prussian Cabinet. Now at last the scene changed. The proud were humbled and the mighty cast down. The master of the vessel no longer hesitated to act up to his instructions; the officer of the Guard was at the feet of the highest personage in the realm next to the reigning dynasty, and humbly begging for pardon. The Prince then addressed the offender in the following very sensible terms: "It is in my power to punish your unseemly behavior against a person not distinguished by military uniform in a way that would ruin your prospects for life. I shall, however, content myself with seeing the instructions of the captain put in force." The crestfallen officer was then landed at the earliest opportunity.

Judge Dooly was remarkable for his wit as well as other talents. At one place where he attended court he was not pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of his arrival a hog, under the name of pig, had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect, and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished dinner, Judge Dooly rose from the table, and in a solemn manner thus addressed the clerk:

"Mr. Clerk, dismiss that hog on his recognizance until the first day of the next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

THE GREAT UNION GUN, INTENDED TO BE MOUNTED ON THE DECK OF THE MINNESOTA, NOW ON THE DOCK AT FORTRESS MONROE, VA. THE SHOT FOR THE UNION GUN WEIGHS THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist accompanying Major-General Butler's Command.—See Page 193.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT WHEELING, VA., NOW THE SEAT OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 1.

OUR WATERING-PLACES—VIEW OF FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT HARBOR, RHODE ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NEWPORT LIFE ON THE SEASHORE.

Breathing is a necessity of life, at least so it is generally admitted, and breathing in the summer time is quite as necessary as it is in the winter season. But that it is more difficult to do that natural functional exercise in the city during the summer months is an ascertained matter of fact, from the experience of a vast number of our citizens. The general desire is to go somewhere "where they can breathe," and so they go by thousands to Newport, where the breezes from the great ocean inflate their lungs with health, in the same proportion as their pockets are depleted by the great bill for necessary expenses. This is all right; for as they could not live in New York, and can live in Newport, the privilege is certainly worth paying for.

It is no use telling our readers that in ancient times Newport was a place of great commercial importance, or that the ravages of the British during the Revolutionary War reduced that busy place almost to a desert, and its population from twelve to four thousand, for they know all about that as well as we do ourselves. But the romance of history which hangs around the place is not the least of its many attractions.

Fashion has dedicated the place to pleasure, and her votaries flock to it year after year with the anticipation of renewed delights. It has many picturesque and charming features within easy reach of ride or drive. Among them its beaches stand pre-eminent. They are known as the First, Second and Third. The one most used is the First Beach; as it is the great bathing spot of Newport, and as bathing is one of the daily duties of seashore life, the importance of this particular beach may be better imagined than described. The Second and Third Beaches are scarcely less attractive. There will be found the famous rocks called Purgatory, and the still more famous Hanging Rocks, under whose cool shadows it is said that Bishop Berkeley wrote his "Minute Philosopher."

All classes visit Newport, and the social demarcation line is not so rigidly drawn as in our cities. The merchant princes will hobnob with the small trader or artist, and talk horse with the fast men, and mingle indiscriminately in the dignified pleasures of the billiard-room and the faro saloon. Before the erection of the numerous private villas which now adorn the city, hotel life wore the aspect of a general hail-fellow-well-met community, which was most agreeable to the stranger, and made the whole season a real pleasure time to all. The villa system has tended to reconstruct society on the city basis, and has reproduced the aristocratic and exclusive element; but still Newport maintains its position as a fashionable watering-place, and is second to none in popularity and in patronage.

Who shall describe life at our watering-places? It comprises such a jumble of infinite nothings, in which dancing, eating, drinking, smoking, bathing, walking, riding, singing, playing, talking, flirting add their mites to the grand total. Having nothing to do but to live, the question is how to do it with the least trouble and the most pleasure, and to accomplish this end there is no doubt that one and all exert themselves to the very utmost. That this is not accomplished without many heart-burnings may well be imagined, for where all of the fair sex strive to lead society some must go to the wall, and disappointed ambition is very hard to bear. Still, after a brief time, undue pretensions find their proper level, and the real leaders assume their position, and the rest fall in their wake or establish limited outside coteries of their own to preside over. All this takes the natural course of things, and the wheels of society roll on with a regularity of a machine which, wound up to go, goes.

One of the pleasantest features recently introduced by some of the leading ladies at Newport is the musical matinée, at which distinguished amateurs and artists performed, and to which selected guests were invited. These were given not only at the hotels but at the private houses, and the social courtesies were extended from the one to the other.

One resource to pass away the time is the numerous Newport pleasure boats, in which parties embark to sail or fish in the harbor, or to visit Forts Adams, Wolcott and Brown. The landing place at Fort Adams which we illustrate is often the scene of animated excitement. But the beach at bathing time is a scene which once witnessed will not be easily forgotten. The variety of ladies' costume, some killingly fascinating, to say nothing of the wearers, and others execrably ugly, also to say nothing of the wearers; the jaunty dresses of the gentlemen, the pretty terrors of some and the preposterous fears of others, the strange pranks which the surf plays with many, the plashing, puffing and diving, and the general excitement and jollity of the bathers and the lookers-on, form a picture of seashore life not to be found in any other country in the world.

Taking it all in all, one can hardly be said to have seen the most peculiar phase of American life if he has not passed at least one season at Newport.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE CONSTRUCTING A MARINE BATTERY,

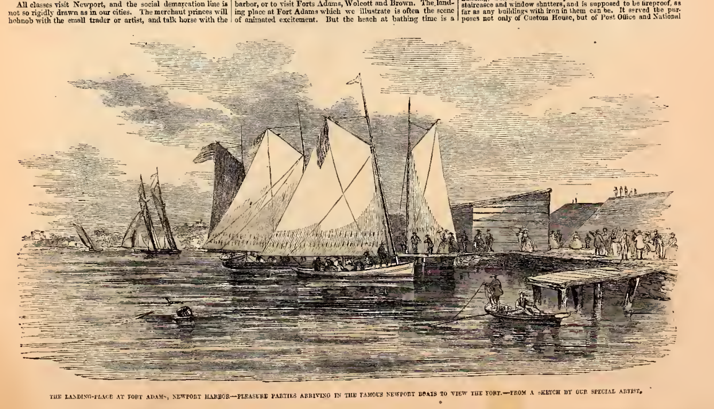
At Shutter's Hill, Virginia.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances which attended the arrival of the New York Naval Brigade, commanded by Lieut. Bartlett, in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, and its utter disorganization and dismemberment, it has done good service in its department on many occasions. It is now reformed, well organized and disciplined, and proves a most valuable arm of the service. In addition to its other duties, it is now engaged in constructing a powerful marine battery at Shutter's Hill, for the purpose of guarding Alexandria and commanding the approaches of the Fairfax road. It is an important position, and the work is well planned, strongly constructed, and will be armed with powerful and effective guns.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT WHEELING, VIRGINIA,

The Seat of the New Government.

The Custom House at Wheeling, Virginia, is a handsome granite building, well and substantially erected. It is furnished with iron staircase and window shutters, and is supposed to be fireproof, as far as any buildings with iron in them can be. It served the purposes not only of Custom House, but of Post Office and National



THE LANDING-PLACE AT FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT HARBOR—PLEASURE PARTIES ARRIVING IN THE FAMOUS NEWPORT BOATS TO VIEW THE FORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Court Rooms. To these distinctions another has been added, and the Custom House has become the Capitol of the Seat of Government of regenerated Virginia.

The two largest apartments have been surrendered for the use of the Senate and the House of Delegates, and several others furnish ample and convenient offices for the Governor, Secretary, Auditor, Treasurer, &c., of the Commonwealth.

The following is a list of the new Government which has been recognised at Washington: Governor F. H. Pierpoint, of Fairmount; Lieutenant-Governor, Daniel Paisley, of Mason county; Secretary of the Commonwealth, L. A. Hagans, of Brandonville; Auditor of the Commonwealth, Samuel Crane, of Beverley; Treasurer, Campbell Tare, of Wellsborough; Attorney-General and Adjutant-General, James S. Wheat, of Wheeling. The Speaker of House of Delegates is Daniel Frost.

COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE.

This gallant officer, whose portrait, with those of his staff, we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers, is the commander of the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, and recently distinguished himself by his march upon Romney, where he surprised and defeated a large body of rebels. This brilliant achievement we have illustrated in No. 293.

Colonel Wallace belongs to a noble and patriotic family, since his brother commands the Ninth regiment of Indiana Zouaves, also one of the crack regiments in the national service.

The Eleventh Indiana regiment has distinguished itself most nobly up to the present time. Under the gallant, daring, yet prudent leadership of Colonel Lewis Wallace, it has done good service, acting offensively with gallantry and success, and maintaining itself against all the efforts of the enemy in a difficult and dangerous country. Colonel Lewis Wallace is loved by his officers—a fine body of brave gentlemen—and by his men to a point of devotion; and it is little to say that they would follow wherever he led, no matter what lay before them. He is the personification of the bold and

of the American army at Bunker Hill, and was afterwards killed at the battle of Harlem Heights, New York. The two brothers, Thomas and Daniel Knowlton, had both distinguished themselves in the war between the colonists and English against the French from 1755 to 1760. At the commencement of the Revolution we find these two brothers among the first to take the field in defence of their country, and at Bunker Hill both the historian and the artist have contributed to place the name of Colonel Knowlton among the most prominent of those whom a grateful country will ever delight to honor.

The oft-recited deeds of daring and patriotism among his ancestors thus falling upon the ears of young Nathaniel Lyon, from a mother's lips, may have fired his youthful heart and had much to do with his choice of the profession of arms. At an early age, while under the tuition of an experienced teacher, he showed great mathematical talent, and a power of combination and plan in the development of schemes, which, added to an iron will and an indomitable perseverance, thus early and unmistakably marked him as one "born to command." Nathaniel Lyon was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1841, and has remained in the army ever since, having risen to the rank of captain in the Second Infantry, and by the recent choice of the Missouri Volunteers has become their Brigadier-General. He is now in the prime of life as a military commander, being forty two years of age. As will be seen, he has had great experience in his profession, especially in the rougher duties, which fit him so especially for his present position. His service has been principally upon the frontiers—in the Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Kansas and other Indian and border wars.

He entered the Military Academy as cadet in June, 1837, and graduated in 1841. On graduating from the Military Academy he received his commission as lieutenant to the army, and was at once ordered to join the army in Florida, then operating against the Indians. After uncomplainingly passing through that most disagreeable campaign among the everglades of Florida, he was stationed for some years at various posts on our Western frontier.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities between the United

movements the highest qualification for the command and control of large operations. His victory over Governor Jackson and General Price, at Booneville, proved that war strategy was familiar to him. He has the confidence of Scott and McClellan, and is idolized by his men, who would follow confidently wherever he led. Connecticut should be proud of her son.

RETURN HOME OF THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH.

The return home of the gallant Sixty-ninth regiment of N. Y. S. M., on Saturday, July 27, was an ovation as warm and enthusiastic as their orderly conduct, endurance and bravery deserved. Their service of three months has been arduous and trying, and its results have been of infinite service to their country and of enduring honor to themselves and their State. The magnificent fortification —Fort Corcoran, on Arlington Heights, is a splendid memento of the hard work they have done, and their daring and chivalrous bravery at the battle of Bull's Run showed the splendid material of which their regiment was composed.

On the morning of their arrival, the streets were crowded by immense masses of people; the windows and roofs were thronged, and from every available spot flags and tokens were displayed. The gallant fellows were greeted with shouts and applause along the whole line of march, and there was but one regret—that Colonel Corcoran was not present to witness that triumphal entry.

It is well that New York should thus do honor to her brave sons.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. K. F. MANSFIELD.

General Mansfield is a native of Connecticut, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point, in 1817. He graduated in July, 1822, and was immediately appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846–7. He was promoted

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND—HIGH BATHING TIME—ANIMATED SCENE ON THE BEACH—EXTREMES MEET—YOUTH AND AGE, FEAR AND FUN, BUT THOROUGH ENJOYMENT AND GOOD HUMOR EVERYWHERE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

enterprising soldier, perfectly fitted to the position he occupies, and calculated, from a frank, earnest manner and a warm-hearted impulsiveness, to endear himself to a body of dashing and gallant men, and at the same time to win their perfect obedience and respect. With such a leader and such men, we have perfect faith in the future of the Eleventh Indiana regiment of Zouaves.

EVACUATION AND BURNING OF HAMPTON, VA., ON THE JAMES RIVER.

The village of Hampton, situated on the left bank of the James River, about two miles from its entrance into Chesapeake Bay, is a very old town of much historic interest, having been settled as early as 1705. It derives its principal importance from its proximity to Fortress Monroe and Old Point Comfort. It contains several churches, a large number of stores and many fine private dwellings.

On the 27th July, it was deemed necessary by Major-General Butler to evacuate the village and destroy some of the most prominent buildings, and retire the forces within the Federal line. It was reported that the rebels were advancing in force, and prudence demanded the concentration of our forces round our entrenched position at Newport News. Odd Fellows' Hall, the Jail, and several other buildings, were unavoidably destroyed, and also a portion of Hampton Bridge, but the latter, in case of immediate necessity, can be replaced by our troops in a very few hours.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

General Nathaniel Lyon is the son of Amasa Lyon, of Ashford, Windham county, Connecticut, and is the descendant, paternally and maternally, of families who were distinguished for intellect and integrity of character. His mother was of the Knowlton family, which produced two of the distinguished officers of the Revolution —one, the famous Colonel Thomas Knowlton, who, as major, commanded the Connecticut boys at the old rail fence on the left wing

States and Mexico he was ordered to join General Taylor, and after reaching Monterey accompanied the expedition against Vera Cruz. In the bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz, and the severely contested battles of Contreras, Cherubusco and others which occurred between that place and the City of Mexico, his activity and military skill found full play. He took an active part in each and all of them, and while fighting in the streets in the City of Mexico, near the Belen gate, on September 13, 1847, received a wound from a musket ball.

After the conclusion of peace with Mexico, he was ordered to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., for a contemplated march overland to California. By a change of orders from the War Department his regiment was despatched by ship via Cape Horn, and reached California soon after its acquisition by the United States. His stay in California was prolonged beyond that of most of his fellow officers, and his time unceasingly employed in operating among the Indians, subjected to long and tedious marches, constant alarms and frequent skirmishes, living a large portion of the time in tents, and subject to the fatigues and privations incident to a campaign in that new and hitherto unknown country, so far removed from the comforts of civilization.

After being relieved from his long service in California, he was again stationed on our Western frontier, serving most of the time in Kansas and Nebraska. He consequently became familiar with the men and measures which have so agitated the country for the last few years in that section of the country, and imbibed no special love for the spirit of slavery propagandism. Although he had before acted with the Democratic party, the acts of fraud and violence which he witnessed in Kansas so disgusted him with the organization under whose sanction they were perpetrated, that he threw up his commission and retired to private life. General Lyon is the right man in the right place.

May 17th, 1861, for the signal service rendered by the capture of Camp Jackson, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. His energy is unceasing and his determination immoveable. With him action follows immediately upon conception, but rapidity is always governed by soldierly caution, and he displays in all his

to the honorary rank of Brevet Major for gallant and distinguished services in defence of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded at the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high scientific and military talent of this distinguished officer, promoted him to a full Brigadier-Generalship, and he was in command of the troops at Washington until the recent appointment of Brigadier-General G. B. McClellan, whose command now embodies those of General Mansfield and General McDowell. He is about fifty-five years of age, tall and graceful in form, with a snowy beard and a handsome head of gray hair.

The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his grace rode up whilst the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor."

"A very good name, too," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men; our Taylor will soon make a pair of breaches—in the walls!"

At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

An Ancestor of Gentle Blood.—At a time when Curran was called before his college board for wearing a dirty shirt, "I pleaded," said Curran, "inability to wear a clean one, and I told them the story of poor Lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton.

"'I wish, mother,' said Barry, 'I had eleven shirts.'

"'Eleven, Barry?—why eleven?'

"'Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be comfortable, ought to have the dozen.'

"Poor Barry had but one, and I made the precedent my justification."

THE NAVAL BRIGADE CONSTRUCTING THE MARINE BATTERY ON SHUTTER'S HILL, TO GUARD ALEXANDRIA, VA., AND COMMAND TILE FAIRFAX ROAD, LIEUTENANT PERKINS COMMANDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 178.

COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE, OF THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, ZOUAVE REGIMENT, AND HIS STAFF—ON SERVICE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 199.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

It was a dull, cloudy morning; the sunshine, which fell occasionally, seemed to me as if it had been soaked through. The street looked dull and dingy; the passers-by looked eccentric and dirty. Their hairy countenances reminded me of the stories I had read; of Louis and Marie Antoinette, and of blood-stained *sans-culottes*. Mr. Timbs took me by the hand and we sallied forth. I was struck by the energy with which the citizens did nothing. The shopman, killing a blue-bottle on his shop window, gesticulated like one about to fight a battle. The very ragged boys seemed always excited and passionate. The pert grisettes showed their ankles in the most energetic and business-like way imaginable.

We passed through many fine streets, through squares where fresh trees were growing, and by fine shops, until we came to a quarter of the town where business, or idleness, or vanity, or whatever you like to call that spurious excitability which distinguishes French people, seemed rather stagnant. And the hairy faces grew dirtier and uglier, as the neighborhood grew dirtier and uglier, and as Mr. Timbs grew duller and more misanthropic.

At last, however, we halted before a low, closed door, in a narrow and quiet street. Mr Timbs rang the bell, and the door swung open, revealing a bearded man in a box, with a small inscription over his head, "*Mont de Piété*."

"Monsieur Charles?" asked Mr. Timbs, with a smile of recognition.

The porter nodded his head.

We passed up and halted before another door, in which was a little window with iron rails. Mr. Timbs knocked again, and a face appeared at the grating. The door was then opened and we entered a kind of office, divided into desks, with low rails of wood. Two individuals were in this office. One, whose face we had seen, was a middle-aged, mis-shapen, bullet-headed dwarf, with no legs to speak of; his hair was fair, his eyes were blue, his features were far from unhandsome, and his smile was anything but disagreeable. The other was a tall, slightly made man of about seven-and-thirty, with closely compressed lips, flaxen hair and sanguine complexion. I noticed that this last person could never look one in the face, that he blushed inveterately, but that something sly and impudent in his face and eyes always contradicted the blush, which might otherwise have been set down to modesty. The latter, I found, was Monsieur Charles. A conversation in French took place between him and my escort, and he now and then glanced furtively at me. Meanwhile, the dwarf, who had perched himself at a stool, looked at me fixedly, biting the end of a quill pen, and obviously adding me up.

"Speak English," said Monsieur Charles, at last using that tongue, and blushing wickedly. "Broussais here will not understand us; he speaks only French, you know."

He was evidently alluding to the dwarf, who, having added me up, was deep in accounts, and seemed to hear nothing.

"Well, then," said Mr. Timbs, humbly, "this is the young gentleman."

"Good! 'This is the young gentleman.' Proceed."

"From personal observations made on the spot, I'm able to make the following report: He's seven and a half years old; he's as happy as he is rich; he's had schooling of some sort, and he loves his ma like anything. You do, don't you, Master Brown?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" I cried, rather amazed at the turn affairs were taking.

"Very good," said Monsieur Charles, blushing approval. "Very good, indeed! Proceed."

"I visit 'em according to instructions received, Mr. Charles; I find 'em dwelling, out of sight and mind, in a hencoop; happy they are as birds in a nest; rich they think they are, as cattle in clover. I make known my principal's wishes, and here I am."

Monsieur Charles here turned to me, and said that I was a handsome little fellow. I made no answer, but hung down my head. Glancing up a moment afterwards, I saw that the good-looking dwarf, having possibly made an error in his former calculation, was adding me up once more with his quiet blue eyes. Monsieur Charles saw him too; he said something in French, and the dwarf passed into an inner room.

"And your mamma," said M. Charles, "is, I hope, quite well, young gentleman?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir," I answered. But Timbs broke in nervously,

"She might be better, sir, she might be better. Confound it, though! I ought to have told you before. There's danger in the wind, Mr. Charles! He's alive!"

"To whom do you allude, my good friend? Truly, you speak in riddles."

Mr. Timbs fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and producing the paper I had received from the velveteeny young man, thrust it into the hand of Monsieur Charles.

"Just glance your eye over that, if you please, and then tell me what can be done."

Mr. Timbs looked pale and frightened. Monsieur Charles seized the paper, glanced over it, bit his lips and blushed. There was malice and fear in his sly eye, I thought. He then tore the paper into shreds and crushed the fragments under his heel, as one would crush an adder. Mr. Timbs looked on, with open mouth, half fright, half admiration.

"Who gave you this? and how, when and where?" asked Monsieur Charles.

Mr. Timbs walked up to him, and whispered something in his ear. Monsieur Charles smiled.

"That's the who," said Mr. Timbs. "For the how, when and where, question him."

Monsieur then turned to me, and asked me all about the velveteeny person. I here take occasion to observe that monsieur had a peculiar way of getting the truth out of one against his will (had I been a forger I should have criminated myself), and that he got the truth out in the most unostentatious way imaginable. So I described the interview, the conversation and the results of that dreadful morning, with the circumstantiality of a counsel at the Old Bailey.

"Well, well!" muttered Monsieur Charles, turning to Timbs. "Have you told her?"

"Meaning his ma?" said the other. "Yes; of course she knows all about it."

"I am alluding to quite another party, my good friend. Have you told her?"

"Oh! her? Why, no, I haven't."

And she still remains in the belief that he sleeps under the ground. In point of fact, I mean, she has seen no reason to hope that he may have escaped from the fate which was supposed to have overwhelmed him."

"No," roared Mr. Timbs, growing redder in the face. "I should like to catch her at it! She, indeed! Excuse me, Mr. Charles; but if she was to bring up the subject before me, I'm jiggered if she and I wouldn't settle accounts before to-morrow morning!"

Mr. Timbs was a brute, and I saw at once that monsieur was aware of the fact.

"Is it not possible, my friend, that they may have met unknown to you?"

Mr. Timbs was taken so aghast by this question that he could only pant, like a locomotive, and shake his white head in savage dissent.

"You think not. So far, so well. Well, a meeting between them might not be productive of pleasant consequences. Confound the knave! I wish he was dead and buried."

Monsieur (whose English, by the way, was remarkably pure) did not blush this time. He turned quite white for a second, and gnashed his teeth. Then, as if utterly ashamed of having exhibited feeling, he blushed more outrageously than ever.

"We will talk over this matter again, my good Timbs. Broussais!"

The dwarf came shuffling from the inner room, with his pen behind his ear; and monsieur spoke to him in French. Broussais nodded his head, glanced at me, put on his hat, and left the office. Monsieur pointed after him, and said,

"I could trust that man, Timbs, with untold gold; but I will not trust him with secrets. He is a faithful fellow, that Broussais, but even walls have ears."

"I never liked him, sir," said Mr. Timbs, sententiously. "He's too slow."

Monsieur Charles smiled, and observed that it was all prejudice. He then passed into the inner room; whence he returned with a suspicious-looking black bottle and a glass. Mr. Timbs's eyes twinkled thirstily.

"Drink," said monsieur, pouring out a glass of brown brandy. "You are thirsty."

Mr. Timbs drained his glass, drinking our healths sturdily.

"And now, adieu!" said Monsieur Charles, waving his hand. "Leave us."

Mr. Timbs nodded his head, put on his hat, and stood waiting for orders.

"Return in two hours. The young gentleman and I will, in the meantime, have some conversation together."

Mr. Timbs walked out quite humbly, and Broussais again walked in. The dwarf bore in his hand a little box of sweetmeats and an orange; he gave them to monsieur, who led me into the inner room, and closed the door. It was a comfortable little chamber, furnished as a study; there was a table, on which stood a bunch of flowers; there was an escritoire in a corner; and ranged round the walls were shelves, with books, which looked like ledgers, in fine bindings.

"Sit down, young gentleman," said Mr. Charles. I seated myself opposite to him. He opened the little box of sweetmeats, and, placing it on the table between us, told me to help myself. So saying, he abstracted a sugar plum, and sucked it.

"We will chat, my little friend, and we will eat bon-bons. Come, let me make the best of our time. You are very fond of Mr. Timbs, who has been good enough to bring you here—you are very fond of him, are you not?"

"I hate him!" I said, quietly. "I said he was a bear, and he is a bear. I like Mrs. Martha Timbs though, quite as well as my mamma."

Monsieur Charles rubbed his hands together, and flushed scarlet with enjoyment.

"You hate him, do you, my pretty boy? Take another bon-bon."

"What did he hit her for?" I exclaimed, as a thought struck me. "I saw him do it. He's a bear?"

Monsieur lifted up his eyebrows, and asked me to what I alluded. I explained the matter by describing the scene I had witnessed in Mr Timbs's dwelling, when they thought that I slept. His eyes twinkled and burned.

"He struck her," said he, quietly, "because it served her right. She's a bad one."

Being staggered by this solution of the difficulty, I relapsed into silence.

"Yes, she's a bad one. Take my advice and have nothing to do with her. She was bit by a butcher's dog that went mad, and has been a bad one ever since."

I opened my eyes in amazement, doubting, yet inclined to credit the assertion. Monsieur Charles continued to attack the sweetmeats, with an air that was partly thought, partly relish. I became quite confidential.

"If you please, sir," I said, "can you tell me what is an imp?"

"I can't," he replied, immediately. "You're a droll boy. What do you dream of, when asleep?"

"All sorts of things."

"For instance?"

"Ghosts!"

"Dear me!" said monsieur, glancing at me with a sly light on his face.

"Oh, yes, sir; and they never go away—never. I dream of them in the day too, sometimes. I can't get rid of them; they frighten me so."

My new friend seemed more and more puzzled. He took to biting his finger-nails, glancing perplexingly at me every now and then.

"Your mamma is very kind and good to you, I hope," he observed at last.

I had answered this question so often, that it was incumbent on me to nod my head in the affirmative.

"You are happy, are you not? You have nothing to complain of?"

"I don't like being taken away from home, and Mr. Timbs is a bear."

"So you say. Then, if you are happy at home, why do you see ghosts?"

"If you please, I don't mean real live ghosts, like those I have read of in books. I mean things that won't go out of my head—faces I seem to remember."

"Faces?" he asked, looking at my forehead.

"Yes, faces?"

Monsieur Charles seemed more perplexed than ever. He rose up, and walked up and down the room, blushing in his nervousness.

"You are nearly eight years old, my little man. Tell me, have you a long memory?"

"I don't know, sir," was my answer.

"When you were taken to the house where you now live, how old were you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you remember living in another house, before that time? Do you remember living, before that time, with a lady? and was that lady your dear mamma?"

"I remember faces," I answered, quietly. "I remember a proud lady in fine clothes and jewels, and a nasty man, who was vulgar. I remember a dark room, a sobbing, and some one dying in a white dress, and a black waving thing, and a church. I remember a journey with the proud lady."

"Is that all?" asked monsieur, who seemed breathless with interest.

"That's all," I answered, nodding my little head emphatically.

Monsieur bit his lips, and eyed me keenly. I was eating a sugar-plum, and must have looked guileless. He muttered something to himself; then, walking to the window, he threw up the sash, and gazed out, with his back towards me. By-and-bye he walked over to the escritoire, and took something from a small drawer. He came to the side of my chair, and leant over me, blushing and smiling.

"So you see faces, my little friend?"

"I see faces. These are very nice sugar-plums."

"Say, then, did you ever see my face before to-day?"

"Please, sir, no."

"It is well; you speak the truth. Now, little friend, look at this picture, and tell me if you ever saw the face before?"

Monsieur Charles fixed his eyes on my face, as he handed me a little miniature, at which I glanced half carelessly.

Could I mistake those sad, wistful eyes and that piteous child-face? It was the portrait of the little girl's ghost?

CHAPTER V.—MONSIEUR CHARLES PUZZLES ME.

Yes; there was no mistaking the sad, wistful eyes, the light ringlets, and the doll-like face of the little girl who was growing up for me in dreamland. But I did not turn pale, nor blush nor feel awed. At seven years old, one finds that the boundary between the real and the purely imaginary is very indistinctly defined, and that dreams bear that relation to childish existence which shadows on running brooks do to the clouds which cast them. Had I been a philosopher, I might have detected an anomaly in the idea of a ghost having sat for a portrait. Had I been a boy of the world, I might have thought that monsieur was practically humbugging me. Being, however, what I was—a rich little boy, who had been much left to myself and solitary speculation—I simply noticed the fact that the little girl's face was scarcely so pretty in point of fact as it had been, when simply as a creature of imagination. Surely, it was a weak face, the face of a Dutch doll, or a clock, or a picture of the sun in a book of Hindoo mythology. There was no pride, none of the fire which is born of pride about it. It was the face of a Rachel in swaddling clothes, a Rachel who would not be comforted. When I say swaddling clothes, I speak figuratively. For the ghost in the picture was attired in a pretty blue muslin dress and a laced pin fore. After all, the weak, pensive little image pleased me more than a bolder and prouder one might have done; and I thought to myself (forgetting for the moment that she had been growing up to marry me) that the little girl's ghost would make a very nice sister. I concluded, too, that the name of a nice sister, with that expression of countenance, would, of necessity, have been Mary Ann.

"You recognise the face, I see," observed Monsieur Charles. "You have seen it before?"

"I have seen it before. She is a very pretty little lady, and, if she were here, sir, I would give her a sugar-plum."

Monsieur took the miniature from me, and continued, blushing,

"You have seen it, young gentleman, before. Come, then. Where?"

"I have seen it," I said, "in dreams."

"Often?" he asked, looking at me sidelong, and with firmly compressed lips.

"Always."

"In dreams; always? Have you never seen it, my little friend, as you see me—real, alive, out of dreams? Have you never kissed the little girl, or played with her, or taken her by the hand, or called her by her name?"

"I don't remember. Is her name Mary Ann?"

Monsieur crunched a sugar-plum between his teeth, and shook his head with a smile.

"I thought it was. She looks as if her name was Mary Ann. Please, sir, what is it?"

"Her name," said monsieur, quietly, "is Sister Elizabeth."

Where had I heard that name before? What possible connection could it have with my childish dreams. Sister Elizabeth! The name thrilled through my veins, and I was absorbed, as it were, out of myself. I was carried back into a past life, with Sister Elizabeth ringing in my ears—a life full of strange, familiar faces, and of calm. Then it seemed to pass out of a great mist, whence a light surged in upon me.

"Her name is Sister Elizabeth. Little friend, you seem puzzled."

"It is a very pretty name," I observed, "and I remember it."

"You remember it? Good! Where have you heard it before to-day? Speak, little boy."

"I heard it long ago. Yes; now I remember. I heard it in a dark room, long ago. My mamma was there, and I sat in an arm-chair, crying; and the nasty man, who was vulgar, patted me on the head, and said that Sister Elizabeth was growing up to marry me. I was dressed in black, and felt cold, and mamma gave me an orange. I wonder where oranges grow! I don't like them when they are sour."

"Elizabeth was a very little girl," said monsieur, "when this picture was painted. She was just as old as you are now. If she were alive now she would be a young woman, tall and old. But she is dead. You hear me, little friend, she is dead."

"I am sorry she is dead."

"Why, little boy?"

In point of fact I hardly knew why, and, consequently, found the question a difficult one to answer. Seeing that he expected my reply, I worded the thought that first came uppermost, and said,

"Because she had hair like mine, and because her name was Sister Elizabeth."

"Those are droll reasons," observed monsieur. "Have you no other one?"

"I am sorry that she is dead," I replied, "because she was growing up to marry me. We would have lived together in a wood, on bread and butter and oranges, and I would have showed her birds' nests. I am rich, and I would have bought her sparrows from boys."

"Well, little man, she is dead, and you must forget her. Besides, she was a bad little girl, and not fit company for a rich young gentleman. She died because she was bad."

I regretted to hear this account of Sister Elizabeth, for whom I had conceived a great esteem and admiration; but I did not for one moment doubt the truth of monsieur's statement. His blushes were decisive and final, and carried conviction with them.

"Listen!" he said. "Sister Elizabeth is dead, and buried in the ground. You will never see her again, and must forget her."

"I can never forget her."

"Nonsense, boy! You will have forgotten her wholly three years hence."

"She has said, in dreams, that she will never leave me, and that she is growing up to marry me. She is always at my side. Please, sir, was she so very wicked?"

He paid no attention to my last question, but walked to the window and looked out, biting his lips. Then he went to the room door and beckoned somebody. Immediately afterwards Mr. Timbs entered.

"Timbs," said Monsieur Charles, smiling, "our little friend is far too wise and clever."

Mr. Timbs cocked his eye at me, observing that he thought so from the beginning, and that boys, as a body, had been gradually degenerating since he was one of them himself. These being propositions which were practically incontrovertible, Mr. Timbs was suffered to remain uncontradicted, and to assume the air of one who had said a good thing, and thereby settled an important argument point-blank.

"It is necessary, therefore," said monsieur, "that he should be sent to school."

Mr. Timbs opened his eyes, being evidently of opinion that one too wise and clever naturally would only add to his cleverness and wisdom if thus dealt with. But Monsieur Charles interpreted his surprise, and, with a blush, patted Mr. Timbs soothingly on the shoulder.

"It appears, my good Timbs, that you cannot see further through a deal door than your neighbors. He must be sent to school, to forget, to unlearn what he has already learned. He knows too much; he requires discipline. It follows, that he shall go to school."

"Here?" inquired Mr. Timbs, deprecating the conclusion with a humble shake of the head.

"No. There! It seems to me, Timbs, that you are more than usually stupid this morning. Is it not so? Or have I to compliment you on your penetration?"

Certainly Mr. Timbs was not in a position to merit compliment, so far as his penetration went. To be plain, he appeared hopelessly perplexed and muddled.

"Little boy, go into the office and make friends with Broussais," said Monsieur Charles, waving me out. "He is a brave child, Broussais, and will amuse you vastly."

I walked out, and the door was closed after me. The dwarf was not too deeply engaged to notice my approach. He held out his hand, with a smile, saying something in French. I gave him my hand candidly, for, though I could make nothing of the French, the smile was sufficiently intelligible. Then he held me at arm's length, adding me up, with tears in his eyes; and, after patting me on the head, plunged again into his calculations. Little business seemed doing in the office that day. Once or twice, persons, shabbily or richly clothed, as the case might be, dropped in, in a hang-dog manner, and did some business with the dwarf, in a hang-dog manner, but there was no bustle no activity in the place. It seemed gaping only for victims of some sort, and put me in mind of a mousetrap.

I was rather puzzled at the conduct of Broussais, the dwarf. Not content with taking my measure a dozen times over, he positively winked at me and poked me in the ribs; the wonder being that these actions were done, as it were, out of pure sympathy, and not accompanied with any marked demonstrations of good humor or delight. Now, I did not at all dislike Broussais; his figure was certainly not aristocratic, but his face was handsome, and his manner seemed kind. However, I could not make him out. Was he slightly touched in the head? Why did he exhibit feeling? His submission to monsieur was of the most businesslike kind. He felt nothing, said nothing, heard nothing. But now, his whole disposition seemed to change, and to melt away, as Shakespeare says, "like a pat of butter that melts at the sweet tale o' the sun." I got up on a high stool, and took a survey of the room, trying to seem unconscious that his eyes were once more fixed upon me. What was my astonishment, to hear the dwarf, after having added me up for two minutes, and multiplied, subtracted and divided me for two minutes more, murmur audibly the remarkable words:

"That for 'em! Scempe!"

He saw by my face that he had forgotten himself, and he looked perplexed accordingly; becoming reassured, however, by my innocent face, that I was rather perplexed than suspicious about the matter, he again smiled his little smile, and became quite confidential. It is not impossible that he may thereupon have told me his whole private history; but, unfortunately, the language he used was French, and I was consequently unable to make out his meaning. I was quite convinced, however, that he regarded me as a fit object for pity. This conviction touched my pride home, and I felt rather inclined to resent his view of me. He seemed so tender and good-natured, that my feelings shortly took a different shape, and I excused him on the sophism that he was vulgar, and did not know any better.

Ten minutes elapsed ere the conference in the other room ceased; ere, blushing and beaming quite angelically, Monsieur Charles came forward with Mr. Timbs. Then monsieur patted me on the head, told me to be a very good boy, and shook hands with me; leaving in my little hand a piece of French money.

"Good-bye, young gentleman," said monsieur. "We shall meet again, very probably. You are now going back to mamma, whom you love so. Timbs, shake hands."

Mr. Timbs put out his huge red hand, and grasped the slender white one of monsieur.

"Wish Broussais good day, little friend. He is a good child, Broussais, and likes to be noticed."

Monsieur appeared to regard the dwarf as a rather harmless,

weak-minded person, who ought to be patted and made much of, for business purposes.

"Good-bye, Broussais," I said, quite familiarly.

Monsieur laughed. The dwarf looked up from his accounts, and nodded.

So I followed Mr. Timbs out of the office, which had seemed like a mousetrap, feeling glad to reach the fresh air of the street once more.

CHAPTER VI.—MORE OF THE VELVETEENY PERSON.

We returned to London, Mr. Timbs and I, and one of us at least felt a little worn out by his journey. Tedious had been that journey; tedious had been Paris the Magnificent; tedious, exceedingly, had been those long cross-questionings on the part of Mons. Charles. I observed, with little or no surprise, that Mr. Timbs's manner subsided into its old familiarity as we reached the English metropolis. That blue eye—which he was for ever cocking at me—said plainly enough: "Oh, yes, my young friend, don't labor under a mistake; I'm not to be humbugged by the Bank of England. You're a very little one; and if I ever pay you more respect than is due, it's on account of a promissory note, which I don't want you to dishonor." It was provoking, to say the least of it, of the jolly man: it was inconsiderate; I was a rich little boy, and my riches certainly demanded more consideration.

I could not, for the life of me, get Sister Elizabeth out of my head. "Rich little boy, I am growing up to marry you; proud little boy, I'll cling to you for ever and ever." The burthen of those strange dream-words never left me. I heard it in the jolting of the railway carriage; in the "Home, Sweet Home" of Italian organ-grinders; in the rush and roar of street-life; in the silence of my own heart. There was no delusion, then? Sister Elizabeth (what strange recollections the name conjured up!) had really lived and breathed, and had died because she was bad. Now, I questioned the truth of that last statement, and thought to myself that Monsieur Charles—who had abused Martha Timbs on the same grounds—was indisposed to do justice to unrecognized merit. Surely that pensive and pathetic little face could harbor no thought of evil?

There was the dwarf, too—Broussais. A queer fellow, that Broussais, I thought. What a pity it was, considering his face was so handsome, that his lower limbs were so disreputably short. He had a pleasant smile, that Broussais, and a kindly heart. But why should he commit the absurdity of pitying a rich boy, who, if money can purchase happiness, ought to have been the most enviable of little boys? Broussais was right, though, I concluded, after a long argument with myself on the subject. I was to be more pitied than envied, in spite of the intimation that I was growing up to be a director of the Bank of England.

It was in the evening when Mr. Timbs and I reached London, and it was deemed expedient that I should again pass a night with my guide. This arrangement was not at all to my taste—for I dreaded lest the occurrences of that other night might be repeated. Moreover, I was now really anxious to get back home, and to seek consolation in the warm heart of Susan the maid. I longed, too, to feel the old associations again around me. I was a speculative idealist, you see, and did not at all relish the disenchantments of gentlemen like Monsieur Charles.

Mrs. Martha received me very kindly, in the chamber which I have already described as a pattern of neatness. M. Loret was there too when we arrived—there, with his fiddle. Mrs. Martha was dull again, she said; and the dancing-master added that he had consequently stepped up with his instrument, music being the food for love, and capable of soothing the savage breast.

"She's always dull," said Mr. Timbs, chuckling—for he was himself again. "There's no more life in her than there is in a bridge, or a bucket, or the Houses of Parliament. Why doesn't she pluck up a bit, and comfort a fellow, instead of making him miserable?"

There was such utter scorn and loathing in the eyes that glanced at the jolly man—there was such silent contempt in the lips that curled, but formed no answer, that I almost shuddered. Plainly, there was no love lost here.

"Come, come, neighbors," quoth Loret, in a soothing tone of voice, "don't quarrel."

"Quarrel!" roared Mr. Timbs; "bless you, we dote on one another, me and Martha; we're as fond of each other as can be, Martha and me. Ain't we, old woman?"

The old woman, as he affectionately called her, conjured up her sickly smile, and nodded her head in a a mocking kind of way. So we all had tea together, and became quite cosy and comfortable. After tea, Loret took his fiddle, and said that he must really take his departure for the lower regions.

"Stop, though!" he cried, turning back; "I have a question to ask."

Mr. Timbs looked at the dancing-master; Mrs. Timbs looked at me.

"Has any one here ever been to Botany Bay?"

The jolly man shook his head decisively, and waved off the question.

"Is there a returned convict, or a thief, or a coiner, in this company? No! That's plain and point blank."

Mr. Timbs asked M. Loret, rather impatiently, what he was driving at.

"At a bailiff in disguise, or a p'liceman in plain clothes, I don't know which. He's been hanging about the street this two days, chewing straws and injuring the property, by bringing it into discredit. That's who I'm driving at. Ugh! I should like to drive over him."

None of us seemed to understand the drift of Loret, but he continued:

"I come in and I go out, and I see him standing at the corner, two days continuous, with his eye on this house. Not content with that, he stares me out of countenance, as if I was a suspicious character. Not content with that, he begins asking me questions about you and Mrs. Martha here. Of course I tell him you're respectable, and pass on."

"Asks questions about us, does he, Loret?" said Mr. Timbs. "What's he like?"

"Seedy," said Loret, with disgust. "Scar under the right eye; moustache; short and stout; seedy."

Consternation!

"Why, it's the man that——" I was beginning, in surprise.

"Never you mind what it is," cried Mr. Timbs, aghast.

"It's enough to drive a fellow wild," said M. Loret, going downstairs. "We've got characters to lose, and so this sort of thing don't pay."

Mr. Timbs said nothing, but fell into a brown study; while Mrs. Martha Timbs appeared utterly careless and unconscious that her husband's emotions were unpleasant ones.

The night passed—I sleeping on the sofa as before—without anything unusual taking place in the Timbs household. I awoke early, and saw Mrs. Martha, as before, busy about the chamber. Then Mr. Timbs and I started off for the railway station. There was a train at eight, which he wished to catch, and it so happened that we had to start without breakfast. This was not agreeable.

When we reached the station, however, we were just too late for the train, and there would not be another until nine o'clock. So Mr. Timbs proposed that we should have some breakfast, and I assented with all the energy of which an empty stomach is capable. We dropped into a coffee-house close to the station, and were soon regaling ourselves on tea and toast.

I saw suspicion in Mr. Timbs's eye whenever I dared to meet it. He evidently doubted me, and thought I knew rather too much.

"Don't you think, Master Brown," he said, half savagely, half jocosely, "don't you think I'd better step round to the undertaker's at once, and order you a coffin that'll fit? You're far too clever to live long, you are."

"I wish I was dead!" I said, while the accumulated mysteries of my late adventures weighed heavily on my heart. "I am very unhappy."

"And he calls that gratitude!" cried Timbs.

I had never done anything of the kind.

"Little boys have ears," he continued, "and they have tongues; but woe to little boys if they talk of things that don't concern them. Remember, Master Brown, you've seen nothing, heard nothing, and that you don't know nothing. Good—good—gracious."

And Mr. Timbs's eyes started out of his head; it might have been through fear, it might have been through amazement. For a young man had lounged into our box, taken a seat opposite to Mr. Timbs, and, leaning his chin on both hands, was regarding that worthy with a complacent sneer.

It was the velveteeny young man, of course. That young man appeared to have no other business on his hands save that of frightening my acquaintances out of their wits. That young man was not only a mystery to me, but also something more than a mystery to dear Mr. Timbs.

"Now then," said the velveteeny young man.

"Now then," gasped Timbs, trying in vain to appear composed.

"Why don't you ask me how I am? Old pals shouldn't meet in this way, you know. How are you?"

Mr. Timbs made no answer, but subsided into one long-continued stare.

"Things seem thriving with you," continued the velveteeny young man. "You're as round, and red, and jolly as ever. But look at me! Bones, every bit of me; no flesh to speak of. You're in luck; I ain't. So here I am, on business."

"Call again," murmured the last button on Mr. Timbs's waistcoat. The other winked derisively, and then nodded to me.

"Dear me!" he said, with an assumption of innocent admiration. "What a nice little boy! Yours?"

Timbs only closed his eyes, with a protesting gesture.

"To look at that boy, now, one would fancy he'd been reared in a nobleman's hot-house. He's a credit to you, Timbs. That reminds me: how's the missus?"

"Which one?" asked Mr. Timbs, looking very dolorous.

"Yours."

The eyes of the velveteeny young man burned—absolutely burned—with passion as he asked this question. The poor jolly man put up his hand, as if to ward off a blow.

"She looks tidy," quoth the persecutor, "tidy and happy. I've seen her."

This was evidently too much for the jolly man. He started up with an oath.

"Why ain't you dead and buried!" he cried.

"Because it didn't suit my purpose, old fellow, to give up all the good things of this life. Because I wanted to shake hands again with old friends. Because my grave wasn't deep enough to keep me out of the money market."

He paused, sneering, waiting for an answer, but no answer was given. He went on—

"There, don't get alarmed. I've seen her, but she hasn't seen me. I hope a meeting won't be necessary. It won't, if you're the friend I take you for."

Mr. Timbs seemed a little relieved by these last words.

"What do you want?" he cried, with a gesture of impatience.

"What do I want!" repeated the velveteeny person, with a grin. "Money."

"Haven't got any," exclaimed Timbs, nodding decisively.

"Nonsense."

"Fact, I tell you. Not a blessed farthing."

"Don't deceive an old friend who is starving. Bless your kind heart, I know you won't refuse me. Money I want, and money I'll have, or——"

Mr. Timbs looked helplessly at me, the other followed the glance and winked.

"Yes, he's a nice young gentleman, and his eyes are very like his mamma's. Come now, out with an instalment, Timbs, on my life annuity."

"What can a fellow do? Tell you flat, I haven't a halfpenny."

"Bless the little gentleman's heart," sneered the persecutor, pointing to me, "he wouldn't refuse a man and a brother. Never mind him. He's much too wise and clever, and must go to school."

The words of Monsieur Charles. No wonder that Timbs opened his eyes in horror, and sank down on his seat, perfectly exhausted.

"Come, now," said the other, coaxingly, "how about the golden pump in Paris?"

"Dry long ago," was the deprecatory answer.

"You don't say so. Come, I say, be a Good Samaritan. Just hand over three ten, and I'll go. Why, you don't call that exorbitant. The young gentleman knows that three ten is just half of seven pounds, and that seven pounds wouldn't quite pay his schooling for a quarter."

Mr. Timbs seemed more and more confounded and amazed.

"You won't, then?" said the friend of other days. "How's Sister Elizabeth?"

That name again. It went through my blood like fire, and I stared at the velveteeny person with more surprise than ever. Timbs was quite conquered. He drew out a long cotton purse, and took thence two pounds in gold and ten shillings in silver.

"Take 'em," he growled, hoarsely. "Vampire!"

His companion only laughed, pocketing the money with a complacent air. Then his whole manner changed in an instant. His face turned pale with suppressed passion; his lip quivered, and his brow darkened.

"Tell him, when you see him," he whispered hotly, "that I haven't forgot him; that I shall never forget him; and that the day is coming when he and I shall settle accounts. Tell him that I have sworn it a hundred times—sworn it by this."

He placed his grimy finger on the scar, which had become quite livid.

"What more do you want?" grumbled Timbs, like one grievously ill-used.

"What more do I want? Hear him! I want what you can't give me; what you couldn't give me if you were as rich as the Queen of England. You've bled gold and silver, and shall bleed 'em again. He shall bleed——"

"Well," said Timbs, seeing that the velveteeny person paused.

"Blood!"

Timbs could not repress a shudder at the light in those fierce eyes.

"Yes, blood! Tell him so. The time hasn't yet come; but it's coming fast. Oh, there's a long bill to settle. The time is coming—by this!"

He again placed his finger on the scar, looking hideous with hate.

"Tell her, when you see her," he continued, "that I haven't forgot her; that I shall never forget her; that her account is my account, and that I'll clear off both with blood. You hear me?"

"Do be reasonable," murmured the jolly man. "Where's the use of talking about blood and gore, and him and her, and all that sort of thing; turning a fellow's blood cold for nothing. It doesn't look like business."

The velveteeny young man struck the table, and laughed mockingly.

"As for you," he said, "look out! Money I'll have out of you; I can't starve. Half the money you spend on this young gentleman would set me up in a respectable business."

"Then why don't you be reasonable? Take the cash, go into the public line, or the poultry, or something of that sort, and let us alone."

The velveteeny young man rose up, put his hands in his pockets, and deliberately stared Mr. Timbs out of countenance. He stood staring thus for some minutes, to the other's obvious embarrassment. Then he cocked his rough-looking hat on one side, slapped the crown, and winked at me.

"Take care of the young gentleman's health," he said, tauntingly. "He's a handsome boy, and worth millions. Coddle him; but remember that my time's coming. And take care that I haven't an account to settle with you, about her."

So the velveteeny person lounged away, leaving Mr. Timbs petrified.

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Lord Kingswood was greatly excited by the communication which Pharisee had made to him. It may easily be imagined that he was keenly alive to the necessity of securing the documents of which he had spoken, and he resolved, after some anxious consideration, to seek old Pengreep in person, without any delay, and bribe him not only to transfer those important papers to him, but to disclose to him the whole of the details connected with the part he had played in the long drama which had yet its denouement to come.

Lord Kingswood had not a doubt respecting old Pengreep having been Ishmael's agent, and from what Pharisee had let fall he had more than a suspicion that the old scoundrel had a disposition to act treacherously, that is to say, to make the best market he could of the secrets he possessed.

On the following morning he was astir soon after dawn, and, after he had devoted some time to his political labors, he proceeded to pay a visit to Sir Harris Stanhope. It was necessary to secure him at once.

Sir Harris was at breakfast with Beatrice and Carlton when Lord Kingswood arrived. In order to avoid excuses or evasions, Lord Kingswood would not suffer himself to be announced, and as the servant knew his lordship, he complied with his request, and ushered him into the breakfast room without a word.

The abruptness of his entry occasioned at first some little confusion. Sir Harris was a little embarrassed, and was profuse in apologies and excuses, but Lord Kingswood checked him, saying, with a smile,

"Say no more, Stanhope; if the water will not come to the horse, the horse must go to the water, eh?"

Lord Kingswood and Sir Harris Stanhope were soon left alone.

Lord Kingswood laughed.

"The old, old story, Stanhope," he exclaimed.

"Yes, my lord," returned Sir Harris Stanhope, gravely; "but not the subject for hilarity, especially if your lordship knew all the facts."

"Tut—tut," rejoined his lordship, quickly. "I have no desire to pry into your domestic affairs; my own require too much of my attention. Are we quite alone here, Stanhope?"

"I believe so," he responded; "but if your lordship will accompany me to my study, I can be sure there of no eavesdroppers catching our words."

"Conduct me thither," said his lordship, laconically.

As soon as they were in Sir Harris Stanhope's room, which was armed with double doors and double casements, Sir Harris said,

"Your lordship may speak freely here; no sound can penetrate either from within or without."

Lord Kingswood threw himself into a chair.

"You guess the object of my visit, Stanhope?" he said.

"I believe that I do, my lord," returned Sir Harris.

"May I inquire how it is that your promise made to me at Chillingham's evening party has not been fulfilled?"

Sir Harris Stanhope cleared his throat.

"The truth is, my lord, that I have been unable to gather together those proofs I was desirous of placing in your hands, which would relieve your lordship's mind of much of its natural anxiety," he observed, with some slight embarrassment.

Lord Kingswood gazed at him with a fixed, steadfast look.

"Proofs that the ceremony of marriage left to your arrangement was a mere mockery, performed by a hired layman dressed in canonicals," said Lord Kingswood, "a mere cheat, although the scene, where it was enacted, was the chancel of a village church."

"Exactly so, my lord," replied Sir Harris, with a restless movement of his eyes.

"Will you swear that?" demanded Lord Kingswood, emphatically.

"A—a—yes. Oh, of course, yes, my lord," answered Sir Harris, with a very perceptible wince.

"Pray, Harris Stanhope, repeat that to me, but do not do so without seriously reflecting upon the enormity of a false oath," said Lord Kingswood, with a startling sternness of tone.

"My lord!" ejaculated Sir Harris, with a perturbed air.

Lord Kingswood slowly and emphatically repeated his words.

Sir Harris, disconcerted as he was, was yet too much of a diplomatist to confess to the imputation so directly conveyed to him.

"Will your lordship do me the honor to be explicit?" he rejoined. "Innuendos rarely facilitate business, you know, my lord."

"Very true," returned Lord Kingswood. "Then, to come to the point, I will at once inform you that the ceremony was a real marriage, performed by an ordained clergyman in a consecrated place of worship, and properly witnessed by yourself. Now, Stanhope, further disguise or attempt to deceive me are useless, as I know all."

"All?" iterated Sir Harris, with an unpleasant expression of surprise upon his features.

"All," returned Lord Kingswood, with a stern tone and frowning brow. "You have plunged me into a desperate dilemma, Stanhope, and you must help to extricate me from it."

Sir Harris Stanhope's face had become as white as his moustaches and whiskers.

"Your lordship knows that I would do my utmost in your lordship's service," he said eagerly.

"I have just given you an illustration of it," rejoined Lord Kingswood drily.

"But, my lord," exclaimed Sir Harris.

Lord Kingswood stopped him.

"What was the name of the clergyman who performed that terrible ceremony of marriage? He was a friend of yours, Stanhope. Do not hesitate, or——"

"I—a—he—was the Rev. Charles Weatherley, a—my lord," stammered Sir Harris, "a—the—a fact was that time pressed—a—I—a could not get—a—the church—a—I got the clerk out of the—a—way, but the—the—man I engaged disappointed me—and—I, my friend—a—Weatherley—a college chum—a, my lord—he consented to keep the matter quite a secret, my lord, and I believe he did, but——"

"Where did he reside?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"At the vicarage, near to Avening, my lord," replied Sir Harris, quickly.

"But he has quitted there," said Lord Kingswood, sternly.

"Oh, yes—a many years since," returned Sir Harris, with some confusion.

"Whither did he remove?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"I—I—think to Kendal, in Westmoreland," answered Sir Harris. "He married and changed his name to Brand, on account of a fortune he obtained with a wife, but I have neither seen nor heard of him for many years. A difference sprang up between us, and we were never afterwards reconciled."

"May I ask you the grounds of your quarrel?" interrogated Lord Kingswood.

Sir Harris Stanhope consumed a large pinch of snuff.

"A trifling question of money matters," he answered. "I paid him a sum which I was indebted to him, and a year or so afterwards, growing avaricious with his increase of fortune, he renewed his application to me for the sum I have alluded to. As I had paid it once, I refused to pay it a second time, and so our old friendship is broken up and for ever."

"For ever, indeed," responded Lord Kingswood. "He is dead."

"Ah, is it so?" exclaimed Sir Harris. "I am neither surprised nor grieved to hear it. He was neither strong enough nor sufficiently worthy to live long."

"Aye, but do you not see the importance of that fact to me?" observed Lord Kingswood, in an energetic tone.

"To you, my lord?" repeated Sir Harris Stanhope, with a dubious air. "A—oh—yes—it is of some importance to you certainly."

"Some importance, Stanhope!" cried Lord Kingswood indignantly. "It is of the last importance to me in my present position. Mark me. You, Stanhope, procured this clergyman—you alone! You confided to no person breathing but himself that it was your intention to engage him in the affair of which we are now speaking."

"Most assuredly, Lord Kingswood, to no person breathing did I mention that I intended to secure, or that I did secure, the services of Brand," hastily replied Sir Harris.

"You were present at the marriage, Stanhope. The only witness," continued Lord Kingswood, in the same marked tone.

"The only witness, indubitably," rejoined Sir Harris Stanhope.

"Now, observe," continued Lord Kingswood, fixing his eye with a penetrating steadfastness upon Sir Harris Stanhope, and speaking with slow and deliberate emphasis. "What if I have in my possession the only copy of the certificate of that marriage ever given? What if I possess also the leaf of the parochial register-book in which the original entry was made? The clergyman himself being dead, and the mouth of the only witness hermetically sealed, where are the proofs that a marriage ever took place? Should Vernon dare to bring forward the boy he set down beneath my roof as my son and heir, can I not give to the accusation an unqualified denial, and triumphantly dare him to produce any proofs in sustain his assertion?"

Sir Harris Stanhope felt a strange thrill run over his frame as he heard this proposition put by Lord Kingswood.

So, then, he was the only living witness of this clandestine marriage, and he had Lord Kingswood completely in his power.

A throng of ideas rushed through his brain, all addressing themselves to the subject of his own aggrandisement, but he was too astute a diplomatist to permit his thoughts to register themselves in his face, especially as he perceived the eager eyes of Lord Kingswood perusing his features with a view of ascertaining them.

He took a pinch of snuff, and then said, after a slight pause,

"I admit the importance—the very great importance of the situation you suggest, my lord; but are those valuable documents of which you speak in your possession?"

"Tantamount to that, Stanhope," returned his lordship; "I know where to place my hand upon them."

"Has Horace Vernon, my lord, made any further movement towards establishing the legitimacy of the boy he has taken under his protection?" inquired Sir Harris.

"He has taken, I may say, his third step," replied Lord Kingswood.

"His third step?" echoed Sir Harris. "Pray explain your meaning, my lord."

"Well," rejoined Lord Kingswood, "his first step was to, suddenly and without warning, set down the boy in the midst of my family at Kingswood Hall. There my hands were tied, and I was compelled to let matters take their course. His second step was to appear with him in the circles in which we move, and again I am compelled to act passively, for he afforded me no grounds for interference. His third step has taken this shape."

Lord Kingswood, as he concluded, produced the letter he had received from Vernon's solicitors, and flung it over to Sir Harris Stanhope.

The latter perused it with attention, and returning it to Lord Kingswood, said,

"The object of that letter is very clear."

"Possibly," said Lord Kingswood, in reply; "but oblige me, nevertheless, with your interpretation of it."

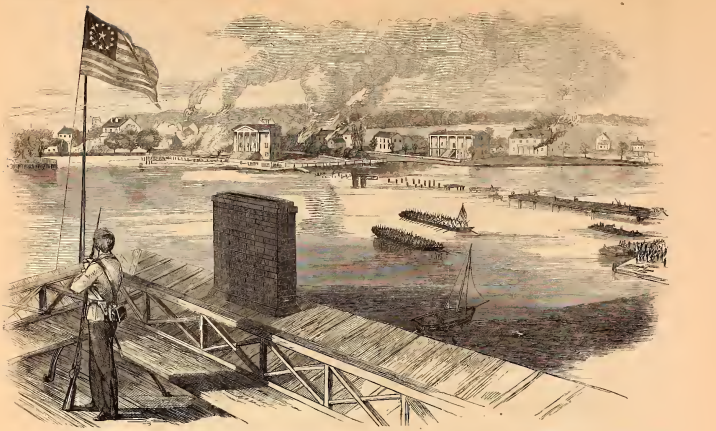
"It is Vernon's intention to avail himself of every tittle of evidence," replied Sir Harris. "He will put young Mr. Gower into the witness-box. Your lordship will have to appear, and the very striking resemblance between you may go far to influence the verdict of a jury."

"Pshaw!" returned Lord Kingswood. "A resemblance is no evidence, Stanhope, or at best but a weak piece of circumstantial evidence. It is clearly no proof of marriage. Vernon must produce legal documents in support of his claim."

"And he has them not?" suggested Sir Harris.

"He has not," replied Lord Kingswood, vehemently, "nor shall he, whatever may be the cost to me."

"The exposure will be an unpleasant one," observed Sir Harris Stanhope, as if reflectively.



EVACUATION AND BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF HAMPTON, VA., BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE ADVANCE OF THE REBELS IN FORCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 199.

"I shall positively, and without qualification, deny the charge brought against me, and only it so be sub-sanctioned by proof, and will in turn commence an action against Victoria for conspiracy and fraud," returned Lord Kingswood, excitedly.

"And the Heiress?" persisted Sir Harris.

"But for Lord Kingswood, equally," "now you harp on that."

"It is no remarkable thinking," replied Sir Harris.

"What of that?" cried Lord Kingswood. "It must be taken for just so much as it is worth."

"Hem!" coughed Sir Harris.

A plan had occurred to him, calculated to be of great advantage to his client's pecuniary and political fortunes, but how to carry it into effect, he knew not; and, consequently, he took refuge from the coldness of the by-play in an appeal to speech at last.

"Why not?" asked Lord Kingswood. "Indeed, it is the only plan I can peruse with a view."

"Sir, Kingswood," urged Sir Harris, with a pretended show of heart-felt ery, "the boy is only one, he is the son of your lawfully wedded wife, my lord, and he is your heir!"

A pallid hue overspread Lord Kingswood's features.

"I cannot, dare not acknowledge him!" he exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Not in the world, assuredly," replied Sir Harris; "but you will not disavow, dearest, recollect him otherwise?"

"What can I do, what can I do, without demolishing my own position—my own—my—my—Sir Harris, you are a fiend with a perplexing air.

"Do not be too hasty, my lord, in reaching this conclusion," observed Sir Harris Stanhope, thanks fully. "Much may be done for him without your super-fine particularity in the matter. Where is Mr. Gower? I presume still with Horace Vernon?"

"I do not know," returned Lord Kingswood.

"Then, of course, it is hasty to the last degree to let prejudice against you," continued Sir Harris. "Now it appears to me that it would be very desirable to get hold of him before that rich cousin, who, opposite to his youthful and reputed feckless, promises to him a high and assured position in the Government of India, and leaving obtained his consent, which, with such lavish prospects before him, he will hardly withhold, you can clap him off, or let him down his way as, as Mr. Gower, in my height he was the other day, when hoisted by your confidential agent, Mr. Hyde, and you agree to my devising him a handsome allowance, he will keep his own counsel, and you will then succeed in casting the ground completely from under the feet of Vernon's revenge, and of gratifying your own generous nature in amply providing for your offspring, brought into this world of woes under such unhappy circumstances."

"Your reasoning is new without its merits, I own it," returned Lord Kingswood, musing. "Indeed, I should be very glad if it could be realized. Yet I do not see, if I am not to oppose in any arrangements to be made with him, how I can employ an agent without compromising myself."

"I leave that move entirely in the hands," replied Sir Harris, with eagerness. "Fearless has seen Mr. Gower, they have met, and he has invited him to his house. Now, I propose that you shall meet with his cousin a large quantity of cash." "I am given to understand that Gower is himself equally matter, but that, uncertain of his future, he very laudably withdraws himself from the influence of his generous, and the consequent loss of her fortune make and duties spoken. Now, my lord, where young lovers are concerned there are actions that must be sometimes done which, taken per se, are not to be justified, but which, in the end, are found to be the most virtuous that he was enabled to assist her in any desperate way. Now, I know that he is your son, my lord, yes I said he's, though for ever I shall endeavor that secret to my own breast. I will, more-

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, COMMANDING THE FEDERAL ARMY IN NORTHERN MISSOURI.
SEE PAGE 199.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. K. F. MANSFIELD, RECENTLY IN COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL FORCES IN WASHINGTON AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—SEE PAGE 199.

RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., ON ITS RETURN FROM THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, ESCORTED BY THE NEW YORK SEVENTH—EXCITEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM [illegible]—See Page 199.

fore, bring this union about, give my consent, celebrate it privately, and leave your lordship to do the rest."

"My dear Stanhope," returned Lord Kingswood, "you overpower me with the old gallon you are pressing upon me."

"Your lordship may rely upon me," returned Sir Harris. "I will not lose an instant, and I will keep your lordship acquainted with my proceedings as I go on. There is my son Carlton, by the way——"

Lord Kingswood drew out his watch and consulted it.

"I must leave you, Stanhope," he said, hastily. "I shall expect to see you shortly at Kingswood House. By-the-bye, there is a neat little appointment just vacant, which will suit your son Carlton. Send him to me at this hour to-morrow morning."

"Oh, my lord!" exclaimed Sir Harris, with an air of humble gratitude.

"Not a word," said Lord Kingswood, checking him; "but pray keep faith with me this time."

"My life upon my truth, my lord," returned Sir Harris, with emphasis.

Lord Kingswood smiled pleasantly, wrung him by the hands, and hurried away.

As Sir Harris listened for the departure of his carriage-wheels, he exclaimed,

"Erle Gower is Lord Kingswood's son and heir. Beatrice shall wed him. When the knot is fast tied then shall she occupy a high seat beneath Kingswood towers. The Honorable Mistress Erle Kingswood, soon Lady Kingswood of Kingswood. I am the only living witness. Oh, but I will weave my children's fortune out of that one fact. Ho! Atrice, love! Atrice! I have such news for you!"

Uttering these words aloud, he hastened to his daughter's chamber.

CHAPTER LIX.

Lord Kingswood quitted the house of Sir Harris Stanhope with greatly improved spirits.

He had some difficulty in finding Gray's Mount, for it was situated in a locality of which he knew nothing; but at length he stood before the door of old Pengreep, and looked inquiringly up at the house.

He ascended the steps and knocked at the door with a gentle strength, and it was almost immediately opened by a tall, gaunt old man, with pallid, wrinkled face, and who gazed at his visitor with a sharp look.

"Your name is Pengreep," said his lordship, in an undertone. "I wish to speak with you."

"Your name is Lord Kingswood; come in," was the laconic reply.

Lord Kingswood was surprised at being thus recognised, but he did not make any observation respecting it. He simply complied with the invitation of old Pengreep, and entered the house.

Pengreep closed the door behind him, and turned the key in the lock. Then ascending the stairs, he said,

"Follow me, my lord."

Lord Kingswood obeyed, and was invited into old Pengreep's *sanctum sanctorum*.

The old man observed a similar precaution to that he had performed below, and locked the chamber door.

Lord Kingswood remarked it, and said, inquiringly,

"Is it necessary to exercise such extreme caution? Are you in fear of undesirable intrusion?"

A peculiar grin played upon the features of old Pengreep.

"My lord," he said, significantly, "you are in the enemy's camp. You are here to make overtures to one of the chiefs arrayed against you. If I am caught by any of my own side listening to you, I shall be challenged with a disposition to entertain your lordship's propositions, and be declared guilty of treason."

"Very good; I see the necessity for caution now, and I approve of it," responded Lord Kingswood. "You will, however, I hope, listen to me, and, I trust, entertain my propositions."

"I am prepared to listen to your lordship, or I should not have admitted you here," returned Pengreep. "Whether I shall entertain your lordship's propositions will materially depend, first, upon what they may embody, and, secondly, the inducement."

"I understand," said his lordship.

There was a moment's pause, which Lord Kingswood broke by saying,

"You are, I think, acquainted with my valet?"

A singularly malicious grin, which, however, displayed also no expression of intense enjoyment, twisted up Pengreep's wrinkled face.

"I think I am," he replied.

"I am aware," said his lordship, "that he attempted to outwit you."

"And I am aware, my lord, that he has singularly outwitted himself," rejoined Pengreep, with another silent but expressive grin.

"Without going into particulars respecting the skilful exercise of cunning which you have both displayed," continued his lordship, "I will confine myself to the matter which more immediately concerns myself. I have learned from him that you are in full possession of certain unfortunate incidents which occurred in the early part of my life, and to which I was one of the principal actors. Is that so?"

"It is, my lord," rejoined Pengreep, emphatically.

"Enough," rejoined his lordship. "It is also true that you have been acting for many years for Mr. Vernon—engaged in tracing out all the circumstances, searching for links, and procuring them, until you have succeeded in forming a chain of evidence which, when produced, will imperil the position of Lady Kingswood and controvert the title of my son, the Honorable Mr. Cyril Kingswood, to be my heir-at-law."

"You appear to approach this very serious matter with great deliberation and calmness, my lord," observed old Pengreep.

"I have well-grounded reasons for so doing," returned his lordship.

"I am not disposed to dispute your statements, my lord," rejoined Pengreep; "I have only to inform your lordship that I have obtained that chain of evidence link by link, and that your lordship, whatever may be your well-grounded reasons for calmness, will be totally unable to disprove it when produced."

"That for the future, if it should come to the issue," remarked Lord Kingswood. "I am, however, prepared to admit one thing. My position as a member of the Government, and my rank as a descendant of an ancient and noble family, would render a trial in which certain accusations would be brought up against me——"

"And substantiated," interpolated old Pengreep.

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to deprecate interruption, and continued—

"Would be extremely annoying to myself and painful to the feelings of Lady Kingswood and my son."

"No doubt," chimed in old Pengreep.

"I am, therefore, most anxious to prevent the suit already commenced against me proceeding to trial."

"I can well believe that, my lord," remarked old Pengreep, keeping up his offensive fire of interruptions.

"I have, therefore, sought you with a view of offering you a most handsome compensation if you will transfer to me the services you have hitherto rendered to Mr. Vernon."

"I have served Mr. Vernon for very many years," replied old Pengreep, reflectively, "and he has always very liberally compensated me. I presume you would regard me as a precious scoundrel if I were to be guilty of such a monstrous piece of treachery."

"I do not regard such a transaction in that harsh light," rejoined Lord Kingswood, quickly. "You have served one person for many years, and another offers you far higher terms; it would simply be an act of prudence and self-justice to accept the better offer."

"And go over to the highest bidder—secrets and all," added Pengreep, significantly.

"Briefly, then," replied his lordship, "I require from you that packet of papers which my valet obtained, but which you recovered, and subsequently nothing more than to keep a profound silence respecting me and my affairs. The papers I seek includes a marriage certificate subtracted from a parochial register book, and a copy of it, together with such other documents as may bear on the legality of that marriage. You have these papers yet, I believe?"

"I have, my lord," returned old Pengreep.

"Name your price," exclaimed Lord Kingswood. "I am aware of their value, and am disposed to be liberal."

At length he said, in quiet tones:

"I cannot affix any price, my lord, either to the articles I shall place in your hands or to my services; they are of a value which can only be determined by yourself. I am sure your lordship is generous, liberal and noble. I will place the documents in your hands, and throw myself exclusively upon your lordship's generosity."

"And I will reward you, Pengreep, beyond your most sanguine expectations," rejoined Lord Kingswood, promptly.

Old Pengreep went to an antique secretary which stood in a corner of the room and opened it. He appeared to ferret among some papers, and eventually he touched a spring, a band of wood flew out, and disclosed a secret drawer. This he opened, and brought forth from it a packet of papers endorsed with the name "Kingswood." He then handed them to Lord Kingswood.

His lordship took them and opened them, and his hand trembled as he turned each paper over. At length he opened one—it was the copy of the certificate of his marriage in the little church of Avening. His eyes swam with a momentary gush of tears, but in a moment they were dry again, and the paper was put aside. Then he next came to a large sheet of paper folded up, it was the leaf torn from the register book.

He examined it carefully, and turning to Pengreep, he said:

"I am at a loss to understand why Vernon should have caused this leaf to be extracted from the book, when, in the interests of his revenge, it should have remained there intact, to be produced when needed."

"Mr. Vernon believed, my lord, that you would forestall him in the very deed," returned Pengreep, quickly. "You would have prevented its production by destroying it—he preserved it, that it might be produced."

"There are here all the papers which Vernon and yourself have gathered from first to last of this unhappy affair?" he added, after a minute's silent thought.

"There are, my lord," said Pengreep, promptly.

"The—the particulars of the—the death of——" Lord Kingswood stammered, as he uttered his words, and abruptly paused.

"The clergyman," suggested old Pengreep.

"No!" cried Lord Kingswood, impatiently.

"The lady?" suggested Pengreep.

Lord Kingswood bowed his head in assent.

"Yes, my lord, full particulars," returned Pengreep.

"Pray how long after the birth of the—her child, did the sad event occur?" he asked in a subdued tone.

A wild, fierce flash gleamed in the eyes of Pengreep, but he instantly bent his head down, and said, almost in a tone of apathy:

"About three years, my lord," he replied.

Lord Kingswood groaned. He clutched at the packet of papers within the pocket of his coat, and thought of Lady Kingswood, but no word escaped his lips.

"All the papers relative to her decease and to her burial, you will find within the packet," observed old Pengreep, with a strange, malicious glare in his eyes.

"It is well," murmured his lordship, passing his hand hastily over his eyes.

Then he said hastily, as if a sudden recollection forced itself upon him—

"The child of which we have been speaking was abducted from the mother when but a few months old, and placed in the hands of persons presumed to be trustworthy. They said it died, and they swore that they were present at its death, and that they afterwards buried it."

"They lied," said old Pengreep, laconically.

"I have been informed by one who has an interest in deceiving me, that the child did not die, but was stolen from those who had charge of it," observed his lordship.

"Recaptured, my lord," corrected Pengreep, with ironical emphasis. "It was stolen in the first instance."

"Is the assertion true?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"It is, my lord," he replied, with a short, triumphant laugh. "It was I who, through a clue given to me by Mr. Vernon, watched my opportunity and bore it away under his instructions. I afterwards placed it where it was educated, namely, at Avening, within sight of the church in which his mother was married."

Lord Kingswood winced again, but though he felt acutely, he controlled his emotions with much firmness.

"You can answer me, in that case, a most important question," he said, calmly, without betraying how intensely interested in it he was. "My valet, returning to me from an interview with you, brought me a strange story, to the effect that the child of which you have been speaking was——"

"A girl," interrupted old Pengreep, "who was brought up in Kingswood Chace, and was known to the people on your estate as the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

"Explain," ejaculated Lord Kingswood, almost inaudibly.

"Mr. Vernon, many years since, directed me to a cot in the depths of a forest in the heart of Gloucestershire, and there—as he informed me I should—in the sunshine in the morning, playing before the door, I saw a little child, and I bore it away. I placed it in his hands as soon as I reached the spot where he awaited me, and he immediately leaped into a carriage, to which four horses were attached, and galloped away with it. Twelve months elapsed ere he placed it in my hands again. In the excitement attendant on seizing the child and bearing it from its forest home, I confess I did not observe its features; so that when Mr. Vernon gave Mr. Erle Gower into my charge, and bade me bear him to Avening, to certain persons who were prepared to receive him, I took it for granted that he was the same child that I abstracted from the forest. Subsequently I discovered—it is unnecessary to say under what circumstances—that Mr. Horace Vernon was passing a solitary life in Kingswood Chace."

Lord Kingswood started to his feet.

"In Kingswood Chace!" he iterated, with amazement.

"Even there, my lord; tending, rearing and educating a young girl, who was never permitted to wander beyond a certain range. I confess I am only partially informed on this part of Mr. Vernon's history. I may be able to learn more; but this I know, my lord, that while Mr. Erle exactly resembles you, the young girl Violet, whom he has reared, exactly resembles the lady you married at Avening."

Lord Kingswood dropped down in his seat as if shot.

For a time he could not speak. At length he muttered, incoherently,

"What horrible mystery is here enveloped? The boy stolen, the counterpart of myself; the girl like—like——"

"Erle! my lord," cried Pengreep, sharply. "Erle of Kingswood Chace, too, my lord."

Lord Kingswood's eyes flashed upon him.

"How know you," he cried, "that——"

"My lord, I know more than you dream of," returned Pengreep, significantly; "but I cannot yet enlighten you on the point you wish to be cleared up. I have merely to require from you the reward which is due to me for placing so great a power to preserve your good name and defeat the plots of your bitterest enemy in your hands."

Lord Kingswood, scarcely able to articulate a word, flung to him a pocket-book.

"It contains notes to a considerable amount," he said, huskily, "yet it is but an instalment. Come to me in a day or two. I shall require your presence. I have yet much to ask you. Send up an envelope, with your card enclosed, and let your visit be made at night, as near midnight as possible. I cannot say more to you now."

Old Pengreep bowed and conducted him to the door, and Lord Kingswood passed out into the street.

He had got possession of the coveted packet, yet his return to Kingswood House was made in a gloomier and sadder spirit than when he left it.

Old Pengreep fastened the outer door and scrambled up stairs. He locked himself in his room.

"A gold mine!" he cried, in hoarse, chuckling tones. "A gold mine! Treachery! Who said treachery? Selling copies of the originals cannot be treachery!"

(To be continued.)

THE GUNBOAT JEROME NAPOLEON.

Arrival of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde.

The arrival of the Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde, on Saturday, the 27th ult., was so quietly conducted, that no one, save a favored few, was aware of it. They passed through the city in a close carriage, and unpretentiously took up their residence at the New York Hotel. They attended divine service at St. Stephens, Dr. Cummings's Church, on Sunday, and during the week visited Camp Scott, the Navy Yard, &c. They preserved a strict incognito and refused a public reception.

Prince Napoleon is the second son of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and is, after the young Prince Imperial, the heir to the throne of France. Princess Clothilde, his wife, is the daughter of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. Whether their visit is one of policy or simply a pleasure tour, it is impossible at present to determine; but looking at the aspect of affairs, the unsettled policy of the European Cabinets in regard to our present difficulties, it is more than probable that Prince Napoleon's visit has a high political bearing. He is now in Washington.

The Jerome Napoleon, commanded by Captain Dubussion, is a screw propellor, and a perfect model of a steam yacht. She sits like a swan upon the waters, and is the object of the praise of every one who sees her. She is more of the style of a pleasure ship than of a man-of-war, but the officers and crew are all *en regle*, and the discipline and management are as strict as those of any fighting vessel in the service.

The yacht was built at the port of Havre, so late as the year 1860, and is therefore one of the newest in the service. She is seventy metres, or about two hundred and thirty-one feet long, and ten metres, or thirty-three feet wide. Her machinery is simple, but strongly constructed, and the speed of the vessel, as evidenced during the late voyage, is at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. She has a crew of one hundred and eighteen men, carries two new brass twelve pounder rifled cannons, of the Emperor's invention, and is very powerfully constructed amidships.

Captain Turner, of Inverness, who has gained a name from his weather predictions for the past and present year (and who is well known to tourists on the Caledonian Canal), paid a visit to Elgin in the end of last month. While the worthy captain was on the railway platform of the Elgin station, a person standing near said to a friend,

"Who's that? I think I know that face."

"Oh," said his friend, "that's Captain Turner, from Inverness."

"Ou," was the reply, "that's the man that sent us the desperate bad weather this winter?"

"My child, take those eggs to the shop, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen, bring them back."

Jemmy went as directed, and came back again, saying,

"Mother, let me alone for a trade; they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em to ninepence."

A captain of a rifle company, who shall be nameless, was, we regret to say, guilty of an unheard-of piece of barbarity the other day—the day, too, being one of the coldest we have had of late. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."

Anamboo, an African prince, visiting England, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hand upon his heart and exclaiming,

"Oh, madame, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

"Maister," said an old Scotch servant, "whether it's gude manners when a gentleman gives you a glass o' whuskey, to tak' a drop or drink aff the hail o't?"

The master having in homely phrase judiciously replied to this poser that the courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief,

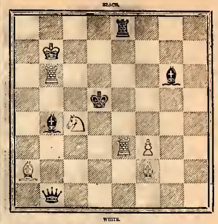
"Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly!"

It is better that a woman should scold than do worse. Better for us to endure the present ills than fly to others that we know not of. We do not relish the noise of scolding. We never did. Scolding seems to be a poor use to make of a woman. But then, scolding may have its advantages. We do not like the noise of a boiler blowing off steam, but if it saves the boiler from bursting, we should be content to endure it.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 302.—Inscribed to Dr. Lenard, Fort Wayne, Ind., by Frank, of Kalamazoo. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The following is the ninth game in the match played by Messrs. Watkinson and Thorold. It will be found highly interesting, as exhibiting some positions of great intricacy:

WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. W.	WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. W.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	33 K to Kt 2 (m)	R to R 3 (n)
2 Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	34 Q R to Q sq	R to Kt 3 (ch)
3 P to Q 4	P tks P	35 K to R sq	P to Q B 4
4 Q tks P	Q B to Q 2	36 K R to K Kt 2	R to R 3
5 Q B to K Kt 5 (a)	P to K B 3	37 R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to B 2
6 Q B to K R 4 (b)	Kt to Q B 3	38 K to Kt 2	P to Q Kt 4
7 Q to Q 2	B to K 2	39 P to Q Kt 4	Kt to Q B 5
8 B to Q B 4	P to K B 4 (c)	40 R to K Kt 7 (ch)	K to Kt 3
9 B tks Kt (d)	R tks B	41 P tks P (ch)	K tks P
10 Q to Q 5	R to K B sq.	42 K to R sq	P to Q R 4
11 B tks B	Q tks B	43 Q R to Q 4	R to K 3
12 Q Kt to Q 2	B to K 3	44 P to Q R 4	R to K 6
13 Q to Q Kt 5	P tks P (e)	45 Q R tks K B P	R tks Q B P
14 Kt to K B 5 (f)	Castles	46 Q R to K B 5 (ch)	K to Q 5
15 Kt tks B	Q tks Kt	47 P tks P	P to Q R 5
16 Castles (K R)	P to K B 4 (g)	48 K R to K Kt 4 (ch)	K to K 6
17 Kt to K B 3	R tks Kt (h)	49 K to Kt 2	P to Q R 6 (o)
18 P tks R	Kt to Q 5	50 K R to K 4 (ch)	K to Q 7
19 Q to K B 6	P to K 7	51 Q R to Q 5 (ch)	K to Q B 7
20 K R to Q B sq	R to K B sq	52 R to K 2 (ch)	K to Q B 8
21 K to Kt 2	R to K B 5	53 K to B 3	R to Q B 7
22 P to Q B 3	R to K B 4 (i)	54 R tks R (ch)	K tks R
23 Q to K Kt 4	Kt to Q B 3 (k)	55 K to K 2	P to Q B 7
24 R to K sq	P to K Kt 3	56 R to Q sq	P to Q 4
25 P to K B 4	Q to Q 4 (ch)	57 P to K B 4	P to Q 5
26 Q to B 3	Q tks Q (ch)	58 P to K B 5	P to Q 6 (ch)
27 K tks Q (l)	P to K Kt 4	59 K to K sq	Kt to Kt 7
28 R tks P	Kt to K 4 (ch)	60 P to B 6	Kt tks R
29 K to Kt 2	P tks P	61 P to B 7	P to Q 7 (ch)
30 P to K B 3	R to K Kt 4 (ch)	62 K to K 2	Kt to Q B 6 (ch)
31 K to B 2	R to R 4	63 K to K 3	P to Q B 8 (Queens)
32 Q R to K R sq	R to R 6	64 P to B 8 (Queens)	Q to K Kt 5 (ch)

And White resigns.

(a) Always a good move at this juncture; it was first played by Lowenthal against Harrwitz, but its force was not fully appreciated until adopted by Morphy. In his hands it invariably led to his obtaining superior positions.

(b) Some prefer here B to K 3.

(c) A move which we cannot recommend, because if properly opposed White still improves his position.

(d) Badly played; the correct move would have been B tks B. Had it been adopted White's game would have been preferable. Let us suppose:

9 B tks B	Kt tks B (or A)	10 Kt to B 5	Kt to K 4

11 R to Kt 3 with a fine game.
11 Kt to K 6 might also be played with advantage.

(A)

	9 Q tks B	11 Kt to Kt 5, and we prefer White's game.
10 Castles	P tks P	

(e) A good move.

(f) Q tks Kt P could not have been ventured; Black would, in reply, take Kt with Pawn, obtaining an excellent attack.

(g) All this is well conceived.

(h) Admirably followed up.

(i) Black did not make the best of the position, otherwise he must have observed that there was an easy method of deciding the game by simply checking with R to Kt 3, followed by Kt to Q B 7, &c.

(k) Why not the obvious move Kt tks K B P?

(l) White has been allowed to get out of his difficulties, and has now the preferable game.

(m) Played with equal care and skill.

(n) It is obvious that taking P with Rook would have cost Black a piece.

(o) This Pawn is assuming a threatening aspect.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

Problem No. 298.—R to Q 4; P tks B; R to K 3 mate; variations.
Problem No. 299.—R to Q B 7, &c.
Problem No. 300.—K to Kt 3; B to Q B 6 (best); Kt to Q B 5; R from B 2 tks Kt; Kt to Q 7, B to B 2 (A and B); Kt to Q B 5; anything; B or Kt mates accordingly, with variations.
Problem No. 301.—B to Q R 2; Q or R tks B (best); R to Q B 4 (ch); P tks R; B mates.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wellsville, Ohio, June 18, 1861.

M. Phelan, Esq., New York.—Dear Sir—It being my play, I make a carom on my opponent's ball and one of the reds, at the same time forcing the red off the table. Do I lose the shot, or am I entitled to a count? If entitled to a count, how many? Please answer in *Frank Leslie*.

Yours, &c.,
B. D. Jasse.

Ans.—You are entitled to two points, and you continue your play.

P. M. McC.—In such a case the ball remains off the table until its spot is vacant.

Brooklyn, L. I.—You are at liberty to withdraw.

W. T. B., Cleveland.—"Mind your own business" is a golden rule in the game of billiards, as in all other varieties of the game of life.

Neophyte, New York.—To execute the shot of which you send a diagram, you must strike your ball about a quarter above the centre, to the left, making it strike the object ball to the right.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

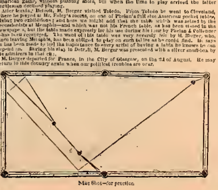
M. Berger's Movements.—This distinguished player has given exhibitions at Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, Milwaukee and Detroit. At the latter place he was assisted in his exhibitions by Mr. Seereiter, the well-known player. The following was the result of six games played by them:

	SEEREITER.	BERGER.	
1st Exhibition	27	100	game.
2d "	73	100	"
3d "	40	100	"
4th "	25	100	"
5th "	31	100	"
6th "	38	100	"
	235	600	

The game was the three ball carom, but the balls were American size, Mr. Seereiter having refused to play with M. Berger's balls, with which all the other American players who encountered M. Berger played. M. Berger and Mr. Seereiter had agreed to play the American game, without pushing shots, but when the time to play arrived the latter gentleman declined playing.

After leaving Detroit, M. Berger visited Toledo. From Toledo he went to Cleveland, where he played at Mr. Foley's rooms, on one of Phelan's full size American pocket tables, giving two exhibitions; and here we might add that the table which was seized by the Secessionists at Memphis—and which was not his French table, as has been stated in the newspapers, but the table made expressly for his use during his tour by Phelan & Collender—has been recovered. The want of this table was very severely felt by M. Berger, who, since leaving Memphis, has been obliged to play on such tables as he could find. He says he has been made to feel the importance to every artist of having a table he knows he can depend on. During his stay in Detroit, M. Berger was presented with a silver snuff-box by his admirers in that city.

M. Berger departed for France, in the City of Glasgow, on the 3d of August. He may return to this country again when our political troubles are over.



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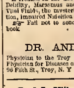

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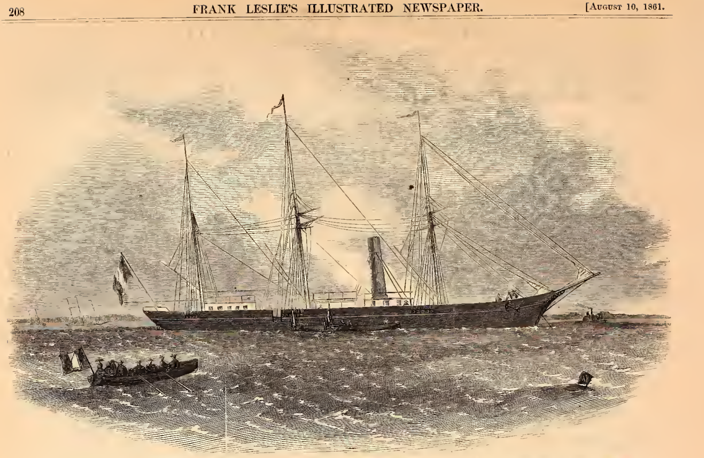

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SEE PAGE 206.

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NEWSPAPER

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NOTICE!

FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR, No. 5 of this magnificent Pictorial History of the War is now ready. The immense rale which has attended its production has already exhausted two editions of the back numbers. The painting of this great work is a matter of extreme difficulty and delicacy, and cannot be hurried through like an ordinary newspaper. It requires time, and those who are impatient for their back numbers will please bear this fact in mind as a sufficient excuse for apparent delay. Nos. 2 and 3 are now ready, and Nos. 1 and 4 will be ready in a few days.

BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF HAMPTON, VA.

By the Rebels under General Magruder.

In our last issue we gave a sketch of the village of Hampton, showing the burning of two or three prominent buildings by order of Major-General Butler, on the withdrawal of his forces from that place. Since then the village, one of the oldest in the State, together with its picturesque old church, which we engrave elsewhere, has been utterly destroyed by order of General Magruder of the rebel army, who has advanced towards it with a force of seven thousand men, including two hundred cavalry and eight pieces of artillery, viz., three Parrott guns, four howitzers and one rifled cannon. Part of the troops were from Williamsburg. Monday night they encamped at Great Bethel, which had been completely deserted.

A few minutes past midnight on Wednesday, 7th inst. General Magruder, with about six hundred rebels, some of them belonging to Hampton, entered the town and immediately fired the buildings with torches. The greater part of the five hundred houses were built of wood, and no rain having fallen lately, the fiery flames wind soon produced a terrible conflagration.

Mr. Seofield, a native of Boston, Connecticut, and a resident of Hampton, Virginia, for the past five years carrying on a general variety business in that village, was there at the firing of the place by the rebels. At about half-past eleven o'clock on Wednesday night the rebels arrived at Hampton and completely surrounded the place. The poor inhabitants, at least all that were left, were sound asleep, and awakened by the sharp firing of the rebel pickets and the Union troops of Colonel Weber, who were posted on the other side of the creek. It was now about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock on Thursday morning when Mr. Scofield noticed about six houses, down town, being fired through the weather boards with turpentine or torches, apparently saturated with tar. An old female slave walked through the place and awakened those that had not heard the firing. All was hurry and confusion. Mr. Scofield hurriedly dressed himself in a light suit tying loosely to his head, and by the time he had on his pantaloons and shirt he heard loud knocks at the front door, and before he could get out of the door his bedroom was already set on fire by one of the torches. In the confusion he escaped, but heard some one say, "We want you," and Mr. Scofield, asking who addressed him, was answered that it was a member of the North Carolina regiment. Mr. Scofield, however, escaped, having been fired upon once by a pistol shot; but fortunately escaped unhurt. On the outskirts of Hampton, going towards Old Point, he met an old acquaintance formerly of Hampton, belonging to the cavalry, who answered to a question why Hampton was fired, that the "cussed Yankees" having had possession of the place once and evacuated it, they (the rebels) might not get another opportunity, and they would set fire to it at once and

BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF HAMPTON, VA., BY THE REBEL TROOPS UNDER GENERAL MAGRUDER, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7TH. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

keep them from having the same for winter quarters. The village is a complete wreck; every house is gutted with the exception of about five at the north and south end of the town, which are the residences of Mr. Moody, the sutler at the fort; Miss Eliza Jones' (a brick building); the Episcopal parsonage; the house of Joseph Phillips, H. Clay Whiting's store and warehouse, and one or two small frame houses on the outskirts.

The reason of these being spared was that the rebels had no time to prosecute their hellish work further, being closely pressed by Colonel Weber's men, and the wind blowing south-west swept through the middle of the town, leaving these buildings untouched.

Barnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1861.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate.—On Tuesday, the 6th August, Congress adjourned, *sine die*, having fulfilled the object of its most momentous Session in a manner calculated to incur the lasting respect of the nation. The Senate spent a considerable portion of the time previous to adjournment in Executive Session, acting upon appointments and communications sent in by the President, who, with several members of the Cabinet, was at the Capitol attending to the approval of bills. All the measures passed by Congress were approved by him, earnestly and cordially; the only one at which he hesitated was that providing for the confiscation of rebel property. This, after some little consideration, he signed. The resolution to consider the imprisonment of certain Baltimoreans unconstitutional was rejected by 33 to 7. After unimportant matters, the Senate closed the labors of its Extra Session, and adjourned *sine die*.

House, AUGUST 6.—The Senate bill to increase the pay of the volunteers and regular army was passed. A resolution was adopted, calling upon the President to communicate at the next Session copies of all correspondence with foreign nations since 1853, relative to maritime rights. The hour for adjournment having arrived, the President was waited upon by a Committee in the usual way, and, through them, informed the House that he had no further communication to make, whereupon the Speaker declared the House adjourned *sine die*.

Foreign News.

England.—Lord John Russell, now Earl Russell, of Ludlow, has taken his farewell of the citizens of London, in a speech he made at Guildhall. Lord Palmerston assumes his position as exponent in the House of Commons of the foreign policy of the British Government. In a recent debate, Lord Palmerston made a very bitter speech upon the Spanish Government for its infamous patronage of the Slave trade. It is evident that, however England may want cotton, it has still the same rooted hostility to the slave trade that it had in the days of Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay. The British press confine their attention almost exclusively to the consideration of our American troubles. Their tone is more friendly, but their view of the case, with the exception of the Manchester *Guardian* and the London *Daily News*, shows so much ignorance of the real issue, that their speculations are of little interest except as evidences of national sentiment.

France.—The Emperor is still at Vichy, from whence he would depart for the camp at Chalons on the 1st of August. The French journals (with the exception of the *Moniteur*) were discussing Lord John Russell's speech in the British House of Commons, in which he said that if France were to take or accept Sardinia, it would put an end to the alliance. *Le Nord*, the Russian organ, published in Brussels, was to be removed to Paris, where it would advocate the more cordial alliance between the Czar and Emperor. Considerable anxiety was felt in France on account of the American civil war, as it involved the tobacco and cotton crops, both of which are indispensable to the well-being of France—the former for revenue and the other for the manufacturers. In other respects, France was prosperous and quiet, although there was beginning to be felt a great want of money.

Austria.—Hungary very discontented, but the undoubted alliance between Russia, Austria and Prussia for the summary putting down of any rebellion, paralyzed any effort to revolt.

Italy.—Ricasoli continues the policy of Cavour, and remains on the same good terms with his great ally, the hero of Solferino. The health of the Pope was very fluctuating, and public opinion was already roaming in search of a successor.

Japan.—A correspondence had taken place between Mr. Harris, the American Minister, and Mr. Alcock, the British Minister, on the expediency of removing the Consulates from Yeddo to Yokohama, to which latter place the French and British Consuls went on the murder of Mr. Houskon. Mr. Harris is inclined—if we may judge from his letters, too much inclined—to favor the Japanese, who have proved themselves to be, in every transaction, cruel, crafty, false and treacherous. He actually lays the murder of Mr. Heuskon upon the imprudence of that unfortunate gentleman, rather than upon his miserable assassins.

State of the Nation.

THE official reports from the General commanding, the Generals of divisions, Colonels of regiments and batteries, of the battle at Bull Run, although they bring no new matter to light, are highly satisfactory as evidence of the excellent behavior of a majority of our men in the field, and of the fact that, up to three o'clock in the day, we had won a victory which was only wrested from us by the pouring in of large re-enforcements to the ranks of the rebels. Our men succumbed to superior numbers, but the retreat or panic of a portion was gallantly covered by others, and we showed an unbroken, if retreating, front to the enemy.

General McDowell's report is a simple, straightforward account of his plan of action. So far as we can judge, his plan was well conceived, and would have been carried out successfully with the force under his command if he could have moved at the time he proposed. But a delay of several days, caused by the sluggish movements of the Government, disarranged his plans, robbed him of trained troops, and enabled the force of General Johnston to form a junction with the rebels on the very day of the battle, a fact which turned the Federal victory into a panic and a defeat.

The country will be satisfied with this report, because it shows that, although the action was not successful, it was not the mad, unconsidered enterprise which many have represented it to be. It had in it the elements of success; judgment, foresight and undaunted intrepidity distinguished it, and only the accession of new foes, which made the odds too great, turned the tide against us.

Counting up our losses, and balancing them against the experience we have gained, which, showing us where we were most weak, has indicated the means of acquiring the necessary strength, we are prepared to say that our loss has been a positive gain, and that the blood of our brave soldiers will not have been shed in vain.

General McClellan is quietly but energetically carrying out his plan of organising our army. He is too thorough a soldier not to know that the crowning element of a successful army is discipline, rigid, if not arbitrary, and he is making our men realise that important fact. The idea that all men are equal may do very well as a civil theory, but it is utterly impracticable in a military sense. The men cannot grumble, for the same rules are made applicable to their officers, who, under McClellan's rule, begin to lean that a soldier's career has higher responsibilities than bearing the title of captain, and sporting a dashing uniform in saloons and bar-rooms. The present is the most serious epoch in our country's existence, and it is well that it should be viewed with a gravity becoming its importance.

We cannot forbear quoting one paragraph from General McDowell's report, yet we do so with a sense of shame that there could be found in the ranks of the defenders of their country so many white-livered recreants as this passage indicates. Let New York and Pennsylvania read and blush for their false-hearted sons:

> On the eve of the battle the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers, and the battery of volunteer artillery of the New York Eighth Militia, whose term of service expired, insisted on their discharge. I wrote to the regiment, expressing a request for them to remain a short time, and the Hon. Secretary of War, who was at the time on the ground, tried to induce the battery to remain at least five days. But in vain. They insisted on their discharge that night. It was granted, and the next morning, when the army moved forward into the battle, these troops moved to the rear, to the sound of the enemy's cannon.

In South-western Missouri that gallant and active soldier, Brigadier-General Lyon, has achieved another victory over the rebel troops. On Friday, the 2d inst., he learned that Ben McCulloch and his Southern hordes were approaching to give him battle, ordered his men under arms, and marched out to meet him. On approaching a ravine known as Dug Spring the enemy was discovered in large force and marshalled in battle array. Our force was eight thousand, that of Ben McCulloch's fifteen thousand. The engagement was opened by Lyon's artillery, which was promptly replied to by the enemy.

After some hard fighting, in which the artillery of Lyon proved its superiority, the enemy retreated with a loss of forty killed and forty-four wounded. Our loss is eight killed and thirty wounded. We took eighty stand of arms, fifteen horses and wagons, and other trophies.

The advantages of cavalry were exhibited in this contest. During the engagement a small squad of dragoons made a sudden charge upon a column of the enemy, numbering some four thousand. The suddenness of the onset created a stampede among the infantry, and our boys cut their way through them, and came back with the loss of five of their number.

The next day General Lyon advanced from Dug Spring towards Curran, when a body of rebels, some three thousand strong, were discovered posted on a hillside south-west of that place. He immediately formed his men for battle, and was moving forward, when Captain Dubois's battery opened with such effect that the enemy was forced to beat a hasty retreat, without waiting for General Lyon's arrival. The loss of the rebels is not known—that of the National forces was none killed and none wounded.

One of our war ships has done something at last, and did it very effectually too. The Confederate States pirate schooner Petrel, some time since the United States revenue cutter Aiken, when off Charleston discovered the United States frigate St. Lawrence, and at first mistook her for an East Indiaman. She made for her at once, but soon discovered her mistake. The captain, however, descending to his cabin, took a stiff horn of brandy, and with a foolhardiness altogether astonishing fired three guns at the St. Lawrence, once with grape and twice with solid shot. The St. Lawrence opened her ports, fired her broadside into the pirate, which sunk her at once. A shell struck her bows, and bursting literally tore her to pieces. Eight of the crew were instantly killed, and the remaining thirty-six were rescued by the boats of the St. Lawrence, and are now lodged in Moyamensing jail.

At Athens, on the Des Moines River, North-east Missouri, a brisk fight took place resulting in the success of the Union forces. A considerable amount of arms and ammunition for the National troops were stored there, under the care of Captain Moore, with three hundred and fifty men, and a band of rebels upwards of a thousand strong made an attack upon the place for the purpose of capturing them. The fight lasted about an hour, when the rebels were forced to retire without their booty. Captain Moore, having been reinforced with one hundred and fifty men from Centralia, subsequently pursued the rebels about a mile and a half, killing and wounding a number, and capturing several prisoners. The rebel loss in killed was fourteen, while the National loss was only three killed and eight wounded.

A thrill of intense satisfaction ran through the whole Union States on the receipt of the glorious news from Kentucky. As in the case of Missouri, the rebels hoped by the Convention to vote Kentucky out of the Union; but the loyal men exerted themselves, and the rebels were utterly defeated by a majority of over sixty thousand votes. This is one of the most glorious triumphs of law and order, and will prove a terrible blow to the hopes of the Confederate traitors. It is now expected that John C. Breckinridge will at once resign his seat in the Senate. He pledged himself to do so if Kentucky declared against him, and as his place will be filled by a loyal man, his loss will be our gain.

General Fremont is displaying extraordinary activity in his command. He is personally inspecting every point, and his presence everywhere excites the highest enthusiasm. He has received an immense amount of heavy ordnance, and we have perfect confidence in his ability to use it to the best advantage. His presence gives unbounded confidence to the Union men in Missouri, and we shall soon see the war spirit rising to a point of enthusiasm which will utterly extinguish the hopes of the Secession traitors in that quarter.

The barbarous and unnecessary burning of the pleasant village of Hampton, Va., by the rebel troops under Magruder, we have illustrated and described in another place. It was an act of shameless wantonness, and utterly disgraces the man who conceived and those who executed it.

General Banks maintains his position at Sandy Hook, Md., and no demonstration to attack him has as yet been made by the enemy.

Prince Napoleon has paid a visit to the rebels at Manassas Junction. He was received by Beauregard and Johnston, passed the night in Beauregard's bed, examined the fortifications and returned to Washington with a silent tongue. It is believed that he was not very favorably impressed with what he saw, for though earnestly pressed to proceed to Richmond by Beauregard, he declined very decidedly to take the journey. We are rather inclined to think that the living was hardly up to the mark of his fastidious Parisian taste.

With the exception of the threatening advance of seven thousand rebel troops under Magruder upon Hampton, and the transfer of several regiments from Washington to the defensive lines on the Potomac, affairs in Virginia are unaltered. Rumors are afloat of some great movement to be speedily executed, but such rumors are not to be trusted.

General McClellan has made arrangements with the correspondents of the press, so that no information in advance of military movements can be transmitted to the papers. The enemy must therefore derive his information from other sources.

It has caused some surprise that, while the resolutions to indemnify the President for certain violations of the Constitution, such as raising an army, suspending the *habeas corpus*, putting down the St. Louis *Gazette*, and other extraordinary acts, passed the House of Representatives, these very necessary resolutions to hold the President harmless did not pass the Senate. They have been, it is said, held over. One of the reasons given is, that while the Senate perfectly approved of the exercise of these extra-Constitutional privileges, yet it was not desirable to give his Excellency a fresh licence to start again. The matter, however, is of little importance; the people approve of every one of those acts which have rendered a resolution of indemnity necessary, to save the President from those imaginary pains and penalties which the Secessionists so amusingly threaten him with.

PERSONAL.

IT is somewhat a singular coincidence that by the Fulton Mrs. Patterson, the divorced wife of the late Jerome Bonaparte, arrived, and took up her quarters in the New York Hotel, where the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde remain while in this city.

ON Thursday the Palmer Brothers, editors and proprietors of the *Democratic Standard*, a Secession paper published at Hartford, Conn., were waited upon by some citizens and some of the returned soldiers, who demanded the retraction of some remarks reflecting upon the courage of the regiment. The Palmers not only refused the apology, but fired at the crowd, wounding two soldiers. The mob thereupon gutted the office, and destroyed the entire stock in trade of the *Standard*. The police had considerable trouble in getting the editors to a place of safety.

THE Committee for the Prize Anthem have announced that as none of the twelve hundred poems sent in were worthy of the prize, they have withdrawn from their position. The idea that twelve hundred American Tennysons cannot write a national anthem between them is too absurd, why, it is at the rate of sixty-seven poets to a line, or six seven-tenths of a young Milton to a word. Why does not the Secretary of War invite the rejected twelve hundred to form themselves into a regiment, under the command of Colonel Grant White? We want cavalry, and then every man could ride his own Pegasus.

SENATORS BRECKINRIDGE and Vallandigham were entertained by their Secession admirers on Friday, the 10th of August, at the Eutaw House, Baltimore. Upon Senator Breckinridge commencing a speech from the balcony, the crowd refused to hear him, and he thereupon retired.

MR. SOTHERN, the Lord Dundreary, *par excellence*, of the drama, has lately been performing a farewell engagement in Buffalo, previous to his departure for Europe. He has lately produced two novelties, "Sothern in a Fix," which is a roaring farce, and "The Angel of Midnight," which is a drama of supernatural effects and pretensions. Mr. Sothern will doubtless make a great hit in London, since the hereditary Dundrearies will, of course, be anxious to see how an American translates the manners and customs of the Peerage.

OUR excellent and genial English friend, John Cassell, whose tour in America, now publishing in *Cassell's Journal*, has caused so much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, has sent us a beautiful ribbon, which cannot fail to be welcome to every patriotic American. It represents, on a field of blue, the American Eagle resting between two flags of the Stars and Stripes, and with the motto of *E Pluribus Unum*. The manufacturer of this beautiful symbol is Mr. Henry Slingsby, of Coventry, England, a renowned ribbon manufacturer of that famous city. The badge is doubly welcome on account of the sentiment and the donor.

WE very cordially welcome among the editorial corps of New York city Mrs. L. D. Shears, long a valuable contributor to our columns, and a lady of varied and admirable ability. She has taken charge of the *Ladies' Wreath*, a monthly magazine, which in her hands will assuredly become widely and deservedly popular. A new and highly interesting serial tale, by the editress we presume, called "Little Brown Bessie," is commenced in the August number, which contains, besides much pleasant matter, an excellent engraving and the first of a series of colored plates of our gallant regiments.

THE Editors of London are a gallant class. Mrs. Stirling, an actress, lately was robbed of all her jewellery, genuine and bogus. Dreadful was it for her to personate a princess without pearls, or a duchess without diamonds. She was on the point of using cherries as earrings, when Tom Taylor, Mark Lemon and Dudley Costello gave her a complimentary benefit, raised the funds, and the woman, who was dying for diamonds, was saved by a vital supply of brilliants, pearls, paste, amethysts, rubies and other necessaries of life.

GRISI took her farewell of the public world at the Queen's Theatre, London, on the 24th July. Even that deformed humorist, *Punch*, was affected.

OUR Napoleon, Fernando Wood, and his Clothilde, visited the Princess Clothilde on Friday, at the New York Hotel, and were received with distinguished consideration by the fair daughter of the House of Savoy.

SELDOM have congenialities been better located than they are now at Long Branch. Archbishop Hughes, whose Solferino and Bull's Run established his fame over Jefferson Brick, is now hobnobbing with our Billiard Editor, Michael Phelan, at the best hotel in Long Branch. The Wallacks, *père et fils*, are at the "Hot." The ever blooming Mrs. Hoey, the most piquant, *spirituelle* and charming actress of the age, blooms like a violet in a little cottage close by, making Johnny Cakes; whilst the greatest and worst of our actors, Blake, rolls, grampus-like, in the neighboring ocean. England had once her Admiral Blake; we excel her by a syllable, we have our Admira(ble) Blake!

BRUNO WOLLENHAUPT, the great violinist, has been dangerously sick, at his residence in this city. He is now convalescing.

ROBERT STOEPEL is the musical director of Wallack's Theatre the ensuing season.

MRS MATILDA HERON STOEPEL is quietly waiting her opportunity. She has several fine new plays, which she will probably produce during the coming season.

HERMAN, THE MAGICIAN.

WE have heard so much talk recently about the new magician who has visited this country, and will in all probability make New York individually acquainted with his skill at the end of August, that some two days since, on seeing a magnificent photograph recently taken of him at Gurney's, we have been induced to make some inquiries respecting him from friends who have seen him performing in Havana. From these we have heard enough to convince us that he is one of the greatest necromantic marvels that has ever visited this country.

Herman, the magician, is a man who almost entirely depends upon his single skill in the art of wheedling an audience out of their seven senses. He uses no stage apparatus, as the commoner class of magicians ordinarily do; but accomplishes his tricks right under the nose of a doubting spectator, with far more certainty than other of the *dii minores* of his art manage theirs with confederates and the whole of their costly stage machinery. This alone ought to entitle, as it has entitled him, to a first-class recognition in every country

which he may visit. He has shone in Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, England, Spain, Portugal and Brazil as a living marvel. Emperors have petted and kings caressed him, while themselves and their families have bestowed upon him the costliest *cadeaux*. It now only remains for him to prove himself the human wonder which he is said to be in the greatest republic that has ever existed. When he does so he will find that our emperor, the people, will be even warmer and more generous in their admiration of him than any crowned head has yet been, while their gifts will be such as perhaps he may not deposit in his private museum of imperial and royal jewellery, yet will swell to a larger value upon the right side of his banking-book.

SOUTHERN MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston.—Despite the blockade several arrivals and departures have occurred. It is said that the captain of a British gunboat called the Racer had an interview with the captain of our blockading steamer the Wabash, and that afterwards the latter vessel sailed away, and was absent more than two days, during which several vessels laden with produce sailed for Liverpool. The more probable account is that the captain heard some intelligence of one of the Rebel privateers, and went after her. Trade is very dull. The Charleston *News* has been discontinued. The Charleston press does not rejoice so much over the recent victory as the rest of the Secession journals. It is said that Governor Pickens is not satisfied with the manner in which the State he rules has been treated.

LOUISIANA, New Orleans.—The refusal of the bankers to agree to the Rebel loan has very much surprised the ultra Secessionists. It was proposed that the Government should purchase all the cotton at ten cents a pound, and the tobacco at seven cents, and issue Treasury notes for the amount—this to be used as currency. The great objection to the plan consists in the chance that all this produce will not be sold, in consequence of the blockade, till next year, when a second crop will have rendered both these grand staples mere drugs in the market. This would, of course, involve the Government in a loss of above one hundred millions. The New Orleans papers indulge in the most poetical versions of the Bull's Run affair. It seems very certain that the loss on the Confederate side was fully equal to that on the Union.

Baton Rouge.—Great preparations are making here to form a camp, to be prepared for General Fremont's expected advance in November.

FLORIDA, Pensacola.—Only 3,000 Rebel forces remain here. General Bragg spends all his time in drilling the companies that are sent to him from Alabama and Louisiana, and then despatching them to Richmond. There seems to be much more method in the Confederate Government than in ours. In the meantime the Wilson Zouaves are being trained at their camp on San Rosa. Many complaints are made by the Unionists at the inefficiency of the blockade of the coast—more especially the mouths of the Mississippi—as several privateers have escaped to prey upon our commerce. Several British vessels of war are cruising along the coast, occasionally anchoring alongside the Federal fleet. Sir Alexander Milne, the British Admiral of the West India station, has denied the statement of the New York *Times* that he had reported to the British Government that the blockade was inefficient. The privateer McRea escaped from New Orleans on the 30th of July, and is now doubtless committing havoc on our trade.

The *Florida Peninsular*, of July 20, says: "From a reliable source we receive information to the effect that the steamer Cuyler, blockading this port, has landed thirty or forty men, with three eighteen-pounders, on Egmont Key, who have erected a battery on the east side of that island. Our readers will not be at a loss to account for the causes which induced this movement on the part of the enemy, when we inform them that the portion of the smack Wilbur's crew who were permitted to leave here for Key West, on Friday of last week, instead of going directly to the latter place, ran alongside the Cuyler, immediately after which the troops and cannon above mentioned were sent ashore. This crew could have avoided the blockading steamer by taking the inland passage, but (as was feared by those of our citizens who doubted the propriety of allowing them to go back to Key West at that particular time) they preferred giving their friends a call before going home. We say friends, because our informant states that this same crew were on the island with the troops—whether as volunteers in the Lincoln service, or as prisoners, the reader can judge from the facts before him. We hope that this affair will serve to make our commander more cautious in future in allowing persons, whom he does not know to be 'sound on the goose,' to go in the direction of Key West, or in the neighborhood of the blockading steamer."

TEXAS.—R. C. Flournoy arrived in Memphis from California on Saturday. He came by the overland route to St. Louis, and by rail thence to Louisville, and from Louisville to Memphis. He passed through Los Angelos on the 4th day of July. General A. S. Johnston left Los Angelos for Texas on the 2d ult., with a party of nearly one hundred men, and among the number several other resigned officers of the United States Army. The party designed to cross the Colorado desert into North-western Texas, which would require a journey of sixty days. So their arrival may be looked for about the 1st of September. Mr. F. says the party is well mounted and fully armed, and no fears need be entertained for their safety.

VIRGINIA.—A correspondent of a Tennessee paper writes from Staunton, Va., July 27, as follows: "We reached Charlottesville on Thursday night, but instead of being ordered to Manassas, as we desired, we were ordered on to the north-west, to meet and check the troops under McClellan or Rosencranz, whoever now commands. We started again on Friday morning, about seven o'clock, and reached this place in the evening, and pitched our tents again. We will wait here only till all of our brigade, under command of General S. R. Anderson, get all together. Some of them got here before us, more arrived last night, and they still continue to come. In all probability we will start this evening or to-morrow. When we start from here we will do it on foot. We will march, unless countermanded, for the mountains, where we will, in all probability, co-operate with the independent army of 20,000 under Gen. Wise."

The following, from the Richmond *Dispatch*, shows that both the Wises have made a successful retreat upon their reserves: "Captain O. J. Wise, of the Richmond Blues, arrived in this city yesterday, on business connected with the War Department. We learn that the Blues, with the Wise Legion, are at the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier. General Floyd's brigade are at the Sweet Springs."

NORTH CAROLINA.—It has been pretty well established that the South is well supplied by the way of some little ports in North Carolina, Beaufort doing a very large business. The water is so shallow that our blockading vessels cannot follow them, and, consequently, the cargoes are landed, and sometimes the vessels are burned. The rebels are building batteries at certain spots on the coast to cover the retreat of these schooners, &c. Some came from Liverpool and many from Maryland and Delaware. A very large trade has been carried on with Snelton, a little village on the Pocomoke river. The late expedition of the Freeborn and other vessels from Fortress Monroe, it is said, will put an end to this supply. The Wilmington *Sentinel* says that a company of rifles is being raised in Delaware, and that a man named Spencer is to command it. It is certain that Delaware carries on considerable illicit trade with the rebels.

MISSOURI.—The St. Louis *Democrat* thus describes the recent battle at Dug Spring, between Lyon and McCulloch.

On Friday, the 2d instant, General Lyon hearing that Ben McCulloch and his Southern hordes were approaching to give him battle, ordered his men under arms, and marched out to meet him. On approaching a ravine, known as Dug Spring, the enemy was discovered in large force and marshaled in battle array. Our force was 8,000, that of Ben McCulloch 15,000. The engagement was opened by Lyon's artillery, which was promptly replied to by the enemy.

After some hard fighting, in which the artillery of Lyon proved its superiority, the enemy retreated with a loss of forty killed and forty-four wounded. We took eighty stand of arms, fifteen horses and wagons, and other trophies.

The advantages of cavalry were exhibited in this contest. During the engagement a small squad of dragoons made a sudden charge upon a column of the enemy, numbering some 4,000. The suddenness of the onset created a stampede among the infantry, and our boys cut their way through them, and came back with the loss of five of their number.

General Lyon is said to be strongly posted, and his camp is in close proximity to the rebels. A battle was momentarily expected. Springfield was in a state of great excitement. Only four companies of infantry, two cannon and six hundred Home Guards were left in the city.

An incident occurred in the battle which indicates the character of the foe we have to contend with. One of Colonel Sigel's lieutenants had prostrated a Secessionist, who then begged for quarter, which the chivalrous lieutenant granted, but as soon as the black-hearted rebel regained his feet, he seized his gun and shot the generous foe; but the lieutenant killed him and two other Secessionists, and rode back, when he fell from his horse and died in two hours.

The Secessionists, they say, are determined to take Springfield, on account of its determined Union sentiments. It is said there is a body of some five thousand men thirty miles west who are coming to attack the town.

Ex Governor Jackson, of Missouri, when in Richmond, on the 5th, said that he was going back to regain his State, which he should attempt at the head of 40,000 men, having that number already mustered in Arkansas and Western Missouri.

At Bethany, Harrison county, Mo., on the 19th, a camp of rebels was attacked by the Unionists, but they managed to escape. On the 24th, however, the Union forces surrounded another camp of rebels, and took them all prisoners. General Lyon would not release them on their offering to take the oath of allegiance.

The next day, Colonel Graynor, at the head of his regiment, surprised another camp of rebels near Gentryville, and after some parleying accepted their conditional surrender, namely, giving up their arms, flag and other property, and taking the oath of allegiance.

KENTUCKY.—Although the total returns have not yet come in, there can be no doubt that Kentucky has done for the Union by a very large majority. So much so, that both Senators Powell and Breckinridge have expressed their intention of resigning. This may, perhaps, mean going over to Richmond, but it is more probable a mere homage forced from them by such a remarkable and unexpected expression of State feeling.

Governor Magoffin has called for all the arms and ammunition taken by the Union troops at Mayfield, but it is doubtful whether the call will be responded to. Nevertheless, after the recent election, Kentucky may be considered as entirely safe for the Union. There have been no rebel or National movements in this State since our last.

THE POTOMAC.—Owing to the very proper reserve maintained by the authorities, little is known of the movements, and nothing whatever of their intentions; we have therefore merely to chronicle that General Banks has stationed his chief force on the Maryland shore, opposite Harper's Ferry, leaving a small force at the latter place to watch the enemy, who are strongly posted at Charlestown, about eight miles from Harper's Ferry and at Leesburg. A skirmish took place the other day between the advanced pickets, in which the enemy had several killed and wounded.

ALEXANDRIA.—It is stated that the Confederates have fortified Fairfax Court House, and are gradually getting nearer to Alexandria, which the Southern press loudly proclaims must be retaken by Beauregard. There have been no conflicts upon the river lately. Deserters represent Aquia Creek as having been strengthened both by large re-enforcements of men and cannon.

The Freeborn threw several shells into Mathias's Point on the 3d, but without eliciting any reply. It is, therefore, more than probable there is no battery there.

VIRGINIA.—Fortress Monroe is still to remain under the care of General Butler, and more regiments are to be sent with all possible dispatch. The contraband niggers are becoming very numerous and very troublesome. Greater order reigns both in the Fortress and Newport News, in consequence of the abolition of whiskey and the sutlers. The First regiment was represented as being very demoralized through the intemperance of some of their officers, but is now fast being worked into order again. A great difference of opinion exists as to the merits of the court martial upon Colonel Allen.

NEWPORT NEWS.—By the last accounts the regiments stationed here were on the *qui vive*, expecting an attack from General Magruder's force, which moved on the 9th of August to Great Bethel to the number of seven thousand. In the evening the rebels burnt Hampton, only giving the few families that remained there fifteen minutes to leave the town. It is said that several families perished in the flames. On the 8th General Butler paid a visit to Newport News, and presented to Colonel Phelps his commission of Brigadier-General.

TENNESSEE.—The Memphis *Argus* says: "We have just received information of a gallant exploit, in which a portion of our Memphis soldiers participated. Last Saturday night, Captain J. S. White, of the Tennessee Mounted Rifles, with a detachment of 200 men, composed of his own company, a portion of Captain Arri's (Hardeman county) Avengers, and Captain Price's Missouri Scouts, made a forced march to the Cairo and Fulton Railroad, and destroyed three or four hundred yards of the track across the cypress swamp, between Charleston and Bird's Point. The Abolition pickets were driven in, and the passage of trains on the road effectually stopped, as what could be torn up was burned. This road was very valuable to General Prentiss, and has been frequently used by him to convey marauding parties into the country. All the principal trestlework was guarded by Cairo troops, who, however, incontinently 'mizzled' on the approach of the Southern cavalry. This trestlework extends within six miles of Bird's Point, and one mile of Prentiss's masked batteries. The result of this gallant expedition was hailed with manifestations of joy by the citizens of that portion of Missouri, and at many places where previously the people, in consequence of their terror of Lincoln's thieves, dared not avow themselves Southern sympathisers. The cavalry found Secession flags flying upon their return."

ARKANSAS, Little Rock, August 5.—The Quartermaster of General Pearce's brigade, just down from the North-west, says that a scouting party of twenty-five from Churchill's regiment, encountered one hundred Federalists near Cassville, killing from seventeen to twenty-five of them. We escaped with the loss of four horses killed and wounded. Captain McClear, of Yellville, says the Federalists drove the Missourians out of Forsyth a few days ago, and robbed the place. The Missourians killed thirty-six and had one man wounded.

IOWA, Burlington, August 5.—The *Hawkeye* received the following special despatch this afternoon:

"Keokuk, Iowa, August 5, 1861.

"About 1,500 mounted rebels attacked 500 Union men at Athens, Mo., this morning, having two cannon. They were repulsed and fled, with a loss of twenty killed and many wounded, a number taken prisoners and sixty horses captured. The Union men, under Captain Colmore, were greatly aided by Captain Belknap's City Rifles and Captain Sample's cavalry, of Keokuk, on foot, using long range rifles. The battle lasted two hours. They were reinforced by McDowell's Division of 400 men, which left here this morning; 800 troops left this afternoon under Colonel Worthington."

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

A letter from Atlanta, Ga., gives this incident of the battle at Bull's Run. A staff officer from Charleston, engaged in the battle of the 21st of July, says: I rode out the day after the battle to view the ground, and passed piles of dead in various positions. Under a large tree I saw a body lying, very handsomely dressed, with a fancy sword, and a handkerchief over the face. It attracted my curiosity. I stopped, removed the handkerchief, and saw one of the handsomest faces I ever met with of a boy not more than twelve or fourteen years old. His appearance and dress indicated high social position—probably he was a temporary aid to some general officer. To ascertain who he was I examined his pockets, and found a Testament, in which was written,

"James Simmons, New York. From his loving mother. My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

I wished very much to take the body away, but I was six miles from quarters, on horseback, and it was impossible.

The Richmond correspondent of one of the Charleston papers relates the following:

"Among the prisoners is a noble looking and intelligent Zouave. I saw him on the field just after he was taken. While passing a group of our men, one of the latter called him some hard name. 'Sir,' said the Zouave, turning on his heel, and looking the Virginian full in the eyes, 'I have heard that yours was a nation of gentlemen, but your insult comes from a coward and a knave. I am your prisoner, but you have no right to fling your curses upon me because I am unfortunate. Of the two, sir, I consider myself the gentleman.'

"I need not add that the Virginian slunk away under the merited rebuke, or that a dozen soldiers generously gathered around the prisoner and assured him of protection from further insult.

A female was detected in Col. Guthrie's Kentucky regiment, at Racine, Ohio. She enlisted in Company D, on the 10th of May last, and has been doing soldier duty ever since. On all the long marches we have made, she has carried her musket and knapsack the whole time, and has never complained or lagged behind. On being closely questioned, she confessed that she was a spy and in constant communication with the rebels—that she is a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and through that Order, members of which she finds everywhere, she has found the means of forwarding letters to the rebels. She says she knew full well that the penalty for being a spy was death, and she is ready, whenever they wish to shoot her. She has been kept a prisoner ever since, and will be forwarded to Columbus for safe keeping. She poisoned one of the soldiers who discovered her sex. It did not injure him seriously. A confidant of hers, by the name of Williams, has been arrested, and will probably give some information of her.

An F. F. V., with rather more than the usual superciliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his servant. Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro and white man, stopped the carriage, and roared out, "Pickets." Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mud-sills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey, and motioning him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo.

"All right," said the latter, glancing at it, "move on," accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue.

"What? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass."

"Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the bearer, and the bearer of it has already passed. You can't get two men through this picket on one man's pass."

Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but fell back in confusion when the "shooting-stick" was brandished towards his own breast.

"Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo zoo.

"Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gent in the carriage.

"Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't let any one come from Fairfax on that ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road at a hand gallop.

"Now, sir, if you stay here any longer I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. grabbled up his lines, wheeled around, and went off at the best trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.

A Wealthy Vivandiere—A Young Heiress goes to the Wars with the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment.—Company K (Dunn County Pinery Rifles) of the Fifth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, that passed through Cleveland a short time ago, is composed wholly of men who were in the employ of an extensive mill-owner of Dunn county, named William Wilson. Wilson is immensely rich, worth several millions in fact, and fitted out the company himself. The men have been in his employ from boyhood up, and he appears to them almost in a fraternal light. His daughter, Miss Eliza Wilson, a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, was exceedingly active in forming the company, and when they went to camp she accompanied them, and has been with them ever since. She was with the regiment when they passed through Cleveland, and declares her intention to remain with them through the war. She has been chosen "Daughter of the Regiment," and beside being nearly worshipped by the rough soldiers from her father's vast "pineries," she is held in great esteem by all the officers and soldiers of the regiment. She is a great enthusiast on the war question.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. LANE.

Foremost among the energetic men who have fought against Southern arrogance and the Slave Propaganda is Brigadier-General J. H. Lane, whose persistent opposition to the Missouri Border Ruffians in the Kansas conflict first brought him prominently into notice. When Mr. Buchanan sent Governor Walker and Mr. Stanton to put down the troubles in that unhappy Territory, they found Mr. Lane one of the firmest and most active supporters of Constitutional law and order, which he enforced in his favorite style, and which, it must be conceded, was the only one his opponents could understand. Upon the breaking out of the present rebellion, he offered his services to Mr. Lincoln, and raised a regiment for the defence of the Capital. He has recently been appointed a Brigadier-General. He is about forty-five years old, and fit for any emergency.

It may be adduced as a singular proof of General Lane's practical mind, that he chooses the best men, regardless of country. His staff comprises the following:

Captain Luigi Navoni, of Nice, Italy, has been in the service for years, having served with much distinction both in the Crimea and the late Italian war. He wears decorations received from the English, Turkish and Sardinian Governments.

Lieutenant Guis Laiguanite, of Calabria, has seen military service for twenty-two years, and was recently with Garibaldi in Italy.

Lieutenant Achille de Vecchi has the reputation of being a good soldier. He was a captain of artillery at Solferino, and has seen service for thirteen years.

Lieutenant Luigi Marini, of Sardinia, is a man distinguished for his brilliant services in Europe, and has been a soldier all his life.

Lieutenant James M. Pomeroy is an American, a cousin of Senator Pomeroy. He has been an officer in one of the three months' New York Regiments.

COL. WM. P. BENTON,

Eight Regiment Indiana Volunteers.

Colonel Benton, who distinguished himself by his personal bravery at Rich Mountain, was born in Frederick county, Maryland, in 1828. At the age of eighteen he enlisted for the war in Mexico, in the company of mounted riflemen under Captain Walker. He was present at Contreras, Cherubusco, Chepultepec, and at the capture of the city of Mexico. On his return he re-entered college and finished his studies as a lawyer. He served as Prosecuting Attorney of Wayne county, Indiana, and was elected in 1856 as Judge of Common Pleas, Richmond, Wayne county.

When our present difficulties commenced Judge Benton at once prepared to enter actively in the struggle, and twenty-four hours after he commenced raising a company for the present war he was on his way with his boys to Indianapolis, where he was mustered into the service of the United States, his company being the first offered by Indiana. At Rich Mountain they captured the cannon on the right of the barn, Colonel Benton rushing on twenty feet in advance of his men. He exhibited the most marked gallantry. His fearless bearing encouraged his men, and made each one emulous of noble deeds. Colonel Benton is immensely popular with his men, who both love and respect him, and is an able and energetic officer.

BELLE AIR, OHIO.

Steamboats Conveying Troops and Munitions of War for the Federal Forces on the Great Kanawha.

Belle Air is a town situated on the Ohio river, three miles below Wheeling, Virginia. It is the eastern terminus of the Central Ohio Railroad, and the point for crossing the river connecting the Baltimore and Ohio with the above named railroad.

The place contains a population of fifteen hundred or two thousand inhabitants. Its importance, however, is owing to its eligible position for the rapid concentration of troops.

The sketch represents a fleet of boats lying in the river awaiting their quota of troops and munitions for the prosecution of the war on the Great Kanawha.

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

The late Emperor Nicholas of Russia was very fond, it is said, of whiskey toddy after dinner, and he used to make it himself. General X—— having one day had the honor of sitting to punch with him, and remarking that he had become more sociable than usual, asked his majesty what he thought of Poland. Instead of answering, the Czar began to brew a fresh bowl, and having cut a lemon in two, he squeezed it, threw it into the fire, and in a hasty, peevish mood said, "Thus must Poland be treated before any good result from it to my empire."

An unsinkable iron ship has just been floated by Mr. Langley, of Deptford Green. She is called the Briton, and is destined for Cape service. All the possible damage to any and every part has been arranged for, and if broken into bits and the bottom torn off, there will be life in the old sea dog still. The vessel, from the description, resembles those insects that are indestructible—cut them into any pieces, and each piece has full life in it, and seems, as it runs off on one leg, to relish the joke.

A story that is true, and is too good to be lost, is the following: A few days ago the good ship Atalanta, Captain Spratley, sailed from Southampton with a cargo of four hundred female emigrants, bound for Melbourne. The ship was two or three days in the Downs, and on the third day, just as the pilot was preparing to take his leave, off the Needles, it was reported to the captain that a great quantity of what sailors call "spun yarn," or "line line," but which really means rope, of about the thickness of a finger, was missing. This rope had been stowed away in the lower deck, where the berths had been fitted up. Search was made for it in vain, and, as the captain could not put to sea, on such a voyage, without the requisite supply, great was his rage and disappointment at the robbery. The passengers' accommodation was then minutely searched for traces of the missing rope, when the captain's wife discovered that the whole of it had been taken by the girls and worked up into crinolines. The consequence was that the captain had to delay his voyage, and send to Southampton for a fresh supply; but whether the young ladies were mulcted in the cost we are unable to say.

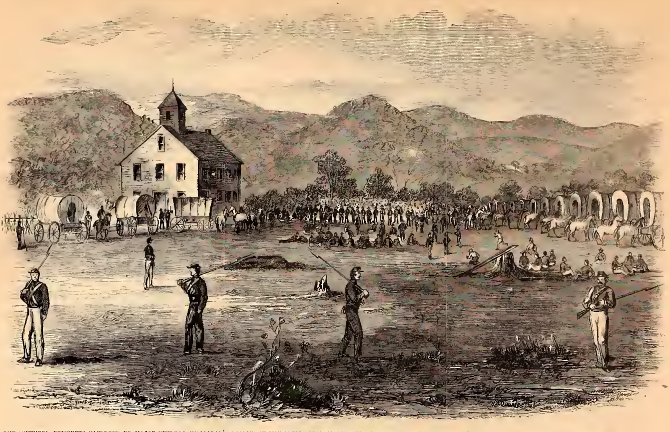
On Friday, the 5th July, there was a sale by auction at Newstead Abbey of valuable effects, formerly the property of Lord Byron. Many of the lots realized only moderate prices. The first printed copy of his early poems, with autograph, after a vigorous competition, fetched only nine pounds, Mr. Webb being the purchaser; and a pair of brass candlesticks, used by his lordship in college, were bought in by the same gentleman at three pounds and ten shillings. Lord Byron's punchbowl, broken, but repaired, and not perhaps intrinsically worth one shilling, realized three pounds and five shillings.

Prince Pierre Bonaparte, of Auteuil, has lately printed a little poem called "Sampiero," for private circulation, written originally in Italian, and translated by himself into French verse, both versions being given. It is a Corsican legend of war and patriotism, and shows the author to have inherited the talent for poetry possessed by his father, Lucien, who, it may be remembered, wrote an epic while an exile in England. M. Lamartine likens it, in a prefixed letter, to the "Jerusalem Delivered."

From Zara (Dalmatia), we hear of the death of another Louis XVII. in the following terms: "A man named Trevisan, a watchmaker by trade, died at Zara a few days ago, at the age of seventy-four. When the cholera was raging at Zara in 1836, this individual, apprehending an attack of the disease, confided a strange secret to a lady in whose house he lived, which, since his death, she has communicated to the authorities. This secret is, that Trevisan was no other than Louis XVII. After escaping from the cruel hands of the cobbler, Simon, he went to London, thence to Scotland, and subsequently to Padua, where a married couple, named Trevisan, gave him a document, stating that he was born in the year 1787, but the names of his parents are not mentioned in it. On his deathbed Trevisan made a similar statement to his physician. The authorities, in consequence of this information, caused a photographic portrait of the deceased to be taken, and an inquiry is to be made as to the truth of the facts alleged.

Pretended Fainting.—Madame de X. was lately dining with Madame Z. at Paris; the dinner had passed off pleasantly, when, on rising from table, Madame X. thought proper to faint. She was immediately carried to the bed of the lady of the house, where she remained immoveable. Her lacing was cut—salts applied to her nose—everything was useless—Madame X. still remained immoveable on the elegant bed ornamented with silk and lace. One of the lookers-on, more scandalous than the rest, pretended that this fainting was only an ingenious device for taking a *siesta*, and declared himself ready to go and faint upon a sofa in a neighboring saloon. The mistress of the house grew weary of being employed for so long a time about the same person; her *ennui* made her a little malicious, and, to spread a snare for the fair fainter, she simply said, "Do you know what makes her ill? Her hair is too tight—it must be untied." These words acted like magic. Forgetting everything, by an involuntary movement the fair invalid put both her hands up to her head to defend her false braids from an aggression which might reveal too much; and feigning to come to herself, "Where am I?" said she, in a feeble voice. "At my house," replied her friend, "but your carriage is here, and in five minutes you will be in your own?" Moral of the story—Pretended fainting requires real hair.

The finest and largest of M. du Chaillu's gorilla skins has at last been set up by a competent stuffer, and is now visible at the Geographical Society.



THE SOUTHERN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COLUMN IN THE SERIES OF BRILLIANT VICTORIES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, UNDER GUARD AT BEVERLEY, RANDOLPH COUNTY, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND. SEE PAGE 214.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, after a brief glance at the leading public works in New York, took the cars for Washington, and arrived at the capital on Friday, the 2d inst. He remained at the French Minister's on that night, and the next day he paid a visit to the President at the White House. He was most cordially received, Mr. Lincoln offering him the hospitalities of the Presidential mansion and alluding to the critical period of his visit. The Prince was equally cordial in manner, but was far more reticent in his expressions. The dinner which the President tendered the Prince was a social and pleasant one, politics as a general thing being avoided.

Mr. Seward in a great measure "did the agreeable," showing him that attention and courtesy due to his high position and the good will our country bears towards his. Our sketch shows the Prince and the distinguished guests of the President on the portico of the White House, enjoying the beautiful scene and the delicious music discoursed by the band in the grounds.

BEALINGTON,

Near Laurel Hill, Western Virginia.

THE victorious career of Major-General McClellan has rendered many places in Western Virginia memorable. From the first moment McClellan placed his foot upon Virginian soil he has met with an uninterrupted course of success. Bealington, the scene of one of these victories, is a small village, consisting of a few scattered houses and the inevitable "store," situated on Beverley Pike, and near Laurel Hill, which the "Pike" crosses. Our sketch shows the fortified camp of the enemy, together with their batteries, and the hill where the gallant Sixth Indiana regiment overcame the rebel enemy.

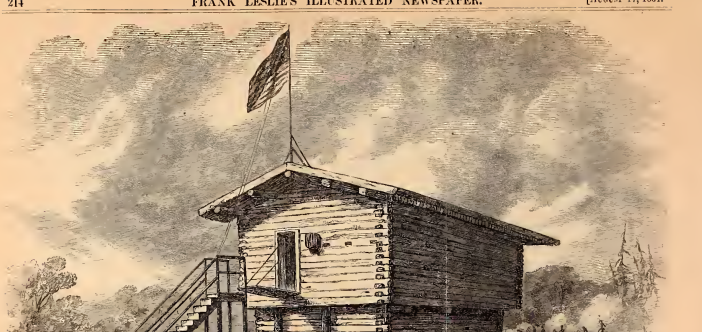
DISCOVERING A NEW REBEL BATTERY

At Messech's Point, near the Mouth of Back River.

THE activity of the Rebels on the Potomac and the confluent rivers is almost incredible. In one night some point hitherto defenceless is made to bristle with cannon, and the first intimation of its locality is a leaden messenger winging its way on its mission of death. Within a few days a party of the Tenth Regiment of New York Zouaves, while out scouting through a dense wood, came suddenly in sight of Messech's Point, and there beheld the Rebels at work upon an almost completed battery, which had sprung up with magical rapidity. They noted the location carefully and reported it. The new battery is situated on Messech's Point, near the mouth of the Back River, and is about twelve miles from Fortress Monroe. Whether the Rebels will be disturbed in their work by our flotilla on the Potomac is unknown, but from its present inactivity we should judge not.

THE OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VA., RECENTLY DESTROYED BY THE REBEL SOLDIERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENERAL MAGRUDER. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 215.

PRINCE NAPOLEON VISITING PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 208.



BLOCK-HOUSE ERECTED NEAR FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA., BY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

THIS historical old building is described, as it appears at the present day, in a very graphic manner by the spirited correspondent of the *World*:

The State House at Columbia, South Carolina, can scarce be called an imposing structure. It is old, is the State House; in appearance half a century old, at least. It is built of wood—of wood that has not been painted very recently, and that is, *par consequence*, of a dingy white color. Almost as old-fashioned as it is old, the open-work iron staircase that makes a semicircular sweep to its battered doors is the only appurtenance of a modern look that this State House can boast. The architectural projection, supported by the columns whose bases are in the landing-place of this semicircular staircase, constitute the only deviation from a strict rectangle that this State House has allowed itself.

I do not know what occult motive influenced the builder in ordaining the thing to be so, but I do know that the State House, instead of facing the street boldly, sidles up to it in a very undignified manner. Before the work on the new State House began and the grounds about the old one were converted into a stone-yard, the Senators and Representatives approached their house of deliberation, in consequence of this sidling that I have spoken of, at the southern end, instead of at the front, and now the short cut through the stone-yard into them, in equal violation of all known rules of taste and convenience, slip upon the northern end of that dingy white building.

Traversing stonyard in legislative company, we, too, make the semicircular ascent and enter the battered door. Now we come upon a little branch passage-way that leads us over a yard or two of carpet into the large passage-way that runs in a straight line between the doors of the Senate Chamber and those of the Chamber of Representatives. Out of this passage-way open doors into the State library; into the Solicitor's room, where, mounted on high stools, sit the engrossing clerks, driving away, as if for dear life, at powder-ma bills, and wishing, in their inmost hearts, that the framers thereof had hearkened to the familiar injunction to "cut it short;" into a small committee-room; into a retiring-room for the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House; and upon a stairway leading to the gallery of the House. Preserved from the dust, in a glass case against the wall of the little branch passage-way that is opposite to and corresponds with the one we entered by, are the torn and battle-stained flag that the Palmetto regiment of the State carried through the Mexican war.

The new State House, as will be seen, is in strong contrast with the old one, which it will replace. It is nearly completed, and is really a splendid building. The material is granite of the finest quality, which is got out of the bed of the river, in many cases, in masses of over thirty tons. This is conveyed by a mule railway to the State House grounds and there shaped. The massive columns are *turned* out of a solid block. The interior is richly ornamented with columns, &c., in various colored marbles.

The new State House will cost a vast sum of money, but it will be an enduring monument to the taste and liberality of South Carolina.

COLONEL KENLEY, FIRST REGIMENT OF MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS, LATE PROVOST MARSHAL OF BALTIMORE.

COLONEL KENLEY, LATE PROVOST MARSHAL OF BALTIMORE.

COLONEL KENLEY was appointed Provost Marshal of the city of Baltimore, by General Banks, in consequence of the arrest of Colonel George P. Kane, charged with treason; he is well qualified by education and experience, by prudence, determination and fearless devotion to duty for the station, and his appointment in the present distracted condition of that city reflects great credit upon the foresight of General Banks, and his sagacity in selecting the right man for the place. Colonel Kenley was born in the city of Baltimore, about the year 1820, and had acquired, through the severe and arduous struggles of early life, a respectable position at the Baltimore bar. When the Mexican war broke out and the Maryland regiment was organized, he was appointed Major, and served with his regiment through the war with credit to himself and to the honor of his native State. Since that eventful period he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession, and the Baltimore bar has no member who is more highly esteemed for his estimable social qualities, or more respected for his legal ability by all those who have an intimate acquaintance with him. Having been commissioned by the War Department a Colonel in the First regiment Maryland Volunteers, now awaiting the orders of the Government at Baltimore, he was actively engaged in drilling and perfecting his command in military discipline, in which he has sustained a high reputation, when he received the order of General Banks to act as Provost Marshal of his native city. To the discharge of its responsible duties he devoted himself with all the energy and determination of his active mind, and to the satisfaction of all Union-loving citizens.

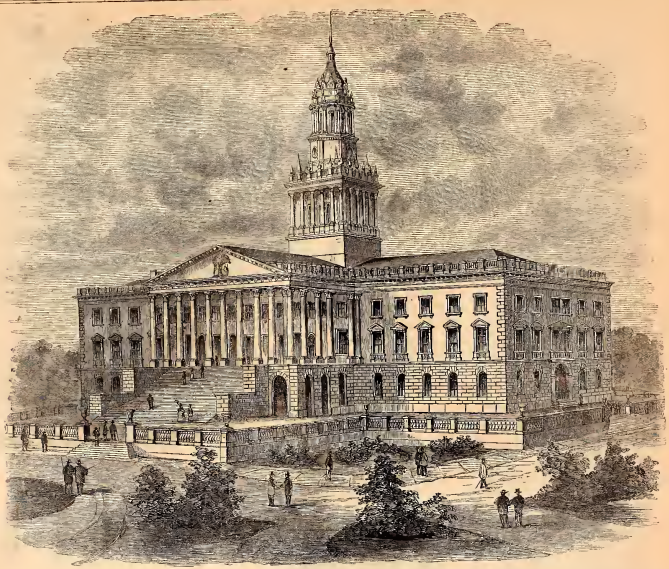
BLOCK-HOUSE, FORT CORCORAN.
Arlington Heights, Virginia.

Our sketch represents one of the block-houses erected by our troops on the Potomac line of defences. It is strongly and compactly built, and is the work of the Twenty-eighth New York regiment. It is pierced for muskets, and its only entrance is guarded by a chevaux-de-frise. Against anything but artillery it would enable its occupants to hold out a long time against a much superior force.

PRISONERS OF WAR,
Taken by the Federal Troops at Beverley, Western Virginia.

AFTER the battles which were won with such rapidity by the colonels under Major-General McClellan, in Western Virginia, a vast number of prisoners were left in the hands of the Federal forces, some six or seven hundred of which were marched into Beverley, recently the headquarters of General McClellan, and held there, together with a large amount of arms, camp equipage and military stores captured from the enemy, by a sufficient force of the Federal troops. The prisoners were in a wretched condition, and resolved to be slightly grateful for their treatment by our hands.

Beverley is the capital of Randolph county, Virginia, on the Tygart's Valley River, about two



THE NEW STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

hundred and ten miles north-west of Richmond. The valley is a perfectly level prairie, surrounded by mountains, which rise to the height of from two thousand to three thousand feet. To the left of the Beverley Academy will be seen the new famous Rich Mountain, signalized at once by a great Federal victory and the death of the rebel General Garnett.

THE OLD EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT HAMPTON, VA.

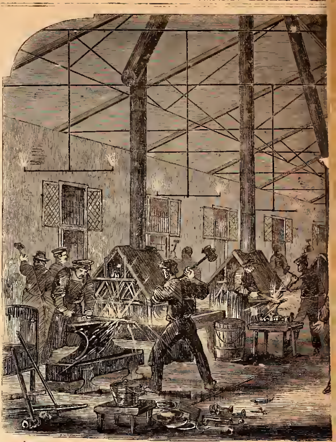
The old church at Hampton, Virginia, which we illustrate, is supposed to be the oldest church, with one exception, in the United States. The town is situated on the left bank of the James River, about two miles from its entrance into Chesapeake Bay, and about seventy-six miles from Richmond, Virginia. It was settled about 1705, and has experienced some vicissitudes. Its population has not varied much for the last few years, being at the present time, we believe, about two thousand. The old Episcopal church was built of brick brought from England, and during the last war with that country it was occupied by the British troops as a barracks. The bell having been broken, it was replaced at the conclusion of the war, by the then reigning monarch.

In another part of this issue we have given an account of the total destruction of the village of Hampton, together with the Old Church. The voice of prayer will be heard no more within its walls, it will know no more vicissitudes whether of war or peace. Posterity will blame this wanton conflagration as an act of unmitigated barbarism.

Mrs. Hawker says, "It is quite a mistake to suppose the Arabs more than who have some partakers of their hospitality. As long as the stranger is under their immediate protection they respect both him and his property; but no sooner has he left their encampment than he is a lawful prey, and the former feels no other tie than is necessarily."

THE OLD STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

MOULDING BULLETS



FORGING IRON WORK F

THE WATERVLIET ARSENAL, TROY, NEW YORK.

ONE of the most important, as well as one of the largest, handsomest and completest of our public buildings, is the Watervliet Arsenal at Troy. It fronts the Hudson River, and its grounds, which are finely laid out as regards roads, &c., comprise nearly a hundred acres of land. The front view of the Arsenal gives but a faint idea of the immense extent of the buildings, which extend back over acres and acres of ground, affording separate houses for the various departments of manufacture of cannon and war munitions.

Two monstrous brass cannons face the walls near the entrance gate—trophies of victories won by the brave defenders of America's rights in the stirring days long time ago of revolutionary valor. These brazen-throated ambassadors of a proud monarch, bearing the insignia of British royalty, bristled upon the summit of Stony Point, when that formidable height was in possession of the red-coated troops. The exploit which made them American property was one of the most daring and dashing of many executed by our troops in Southern New York. Mad Anthony Wayne, the lion hearted, led the attacking force. The assault was made by surprise. The General had resolved to carry the place at

1. TWELVE POUND HOWITZER CANISTER, FIXED—I. E. WITH CARTRIDGE ATTACHED. 2 A[illegible]
4 SPHERICAL CASE SHOT. 5. TWENTY-FOUR POUND HOWITZER CANISTER. 6. GUN CA[illegible]
SHOT. D. THE BORMANN FUZE, WHICH IS USED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY WITH SPHERICA[illegible]

STRAPPING SPHERICAL CASE SHOT

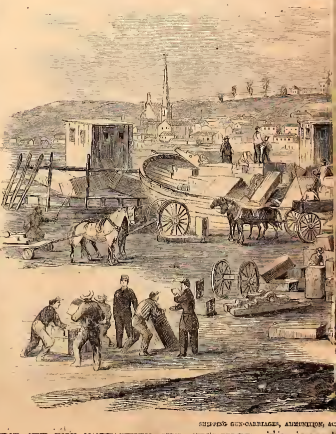
FILLING SPHERICAL CASE SHOT WITH ROSIN.

the point of the bayonet, and the soldiers were commanded not to load their muskets. One craven who disobeyed that order was run through by his commanding officer, while in the act of ramming down a cartridge. Swiftly and in perfect silence, in the dark night, the sturdy soldiers clambered up the forbidding height. Not a word was spoken, none scarcely breathed aloud until the command to charge was given, and then with a wild hurrah the brave soldiers rushed forward, leaped over the parapets and closed with the astonished Britishers, with their own favorite weapon. The conflict was terrific but brief. Victory soon perched upon the American arms, and an achievement was accomplished which, though characteristic of its projector, took the county by surprise, and stimulated other deeds of dauntless heroism.

The Arsenal landing, or wharf, has for some time past been the scene of spirited business and excitement; sloops and boats are continually arriving and departing, loading and reloading, thus giving evidence of the great activity within the walls.

The blacksmith's shops, built of heavy stone, are fully employed at the present time manufacturing iron for the heavy gun carriages, shells, rough tools and various fixtures necessary to the work carried on in the Arsenal. The work-rooms

FILLING CANISTER SHOT.



SHIPPING GUN-CARRIAGES, AMMUNITION, &C

THE WATERVLIET UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT TROY, NEW YORK—MANUFACTURING GUNS, GUN-CARRIAGES, SHOT, SHELL, &C

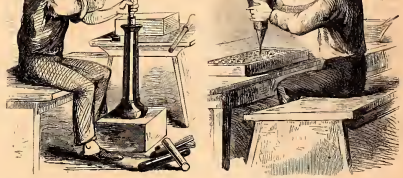
MOULDING BRASS FUSE PLUGS FOR EIGHT AND TEN INCH SHELLS.

are large, high, well ventilated, and supplied with every facility for labor. The power is usually furnished by water but when the fyls there is a condensing steam engine of an indefinite amount of horse power, which will run all the machinery of the works. What most attracts attention is an admirable mechanical contrivance to supersede the venerable trip hammer, which in olden days, with such an extravagance of clatter, flustered, promoted and shook the hairs of iron in every describable form. This is a pneumatic hammer, impressing so to speak the forces of the vapor and the atmosphere in the service of man, and by the simple compression and expansion of this volatile element bringing a power to bear upon the pudgeous shoulder that sends it down with resistless momentum upon the yielding metal. It, in fact, is a pair of powerful sheers of monstrous calibre, the upper blade swinging back and forth constantly upon a pivot. Be the substance of iron an inch in diameter or cut in two as smoothly as a woman would with her slender taper fingers slim of a piece of broadcloth, coming out after the contact almost burning hot from friction and the compression of its particles. Yet in mind better than the slow manual process of doing away the iron, so destructive or other power is dispensed.

The present capability of this shop is Timothy Hosmer, whose principal claim to public honor rests in the fact of having cured John G. Heenan, the man of muscle. Whose battering exploits have made him even more famous than if he

GUN-CARRIAGES.

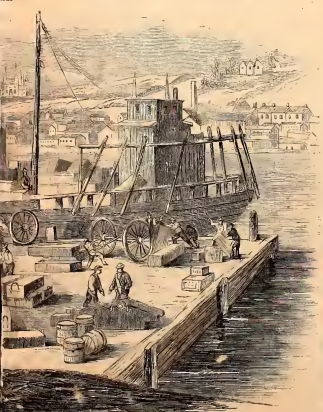
STANDS OF GRAPE FOR EIGHT AND TWELVE POUNDER HOWITZER OR COHORN-HEAD SHOT. 7. ROCKET. A. THE CARTRIDGE TIED TO THE SABOT. B. THE SABOT. C. THE CASE.



DRIVING SIGNAL ROCKETS. FILLING CARTRIDGES FOR SMALL ARMS.

were a gentleman, a hero and a scholar, like the Major over in the quarters. Heenan the elder is a stout built, good natured, happy-tongued man, possessing in a strong Celtish accent, and exhibiting the same exposure between the shoulders, and the same lack of diameter at the hips as characterizes his prodigious son. He is an enthusiast in the cause of Heenan the younger, whose feats dwells he recounts with manifest gusto. The Benicia Boy was like mine, in his native and possibly better days, a blacksmith in this shop, and exercised his sinewy muscles in his heavy work, until transferred to another establishment in the proprietorship of Uncle Sam, at Benicia, California, upon his enemies. In the latter place he first learned that stout arm and great nerves of endurance were not designed for any ideal purpose. He was never known for anything peculiar in the fighting line in West Troy, in fact there were dozens of rough and tumble rascallions who were reputed as his superiors. It took a fight in the California mountains to bring him out as a champion.

In the machine-shop the bullets are cast on the old plan by running the lead into moulds. But this antiquated method is quite superseded by a new method, the operation of which may be seen within a few feet of the shop. This new method of obtaining bullets was invented by Mr. A. G. Sayles, the foreman of the room.



AT THE TROY ARSENAL WHARF.

MAKING GUN-CARRIAGES.

ROCKETS AND OTHER MUNITIONS AND REQUIREMENTS OF WAR FOR THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE.

The lead in round bars, about two feet long, is taken in the hand and held in an orifice, where a piece of the proper size is clipped off, and after passing under a weight to make it more dense, enters the mould, in which it assumes proper shape and receives still further compression, dropping out a perfectly formed hard bullet. Each of these operations is accomplished in an instant of time, the bullets falling out with an incessant "click, click," and the operator having nothing more to do than furnish it with lead to "chew up." The speed with which it runs may be inferred from the fact that it turns out eighty thousand bullets in twenty-four hours, and can be run at that rate continuously, day and night.

The "Shrapnel" shot is manufactured in a room over the machine shop. These are among the most terribly effective instruments of death used in the service, and always attract great attention from visitors as military curiosities. The Shrapnel shot is a round, hollow ball, the heart of which is filled with iron scraps, bullets and other missiles, melted sulphur being poured in to fill up the interstices and make them perfectly solid. Attached to the ball by strips of tin, which serve the purpose of binding it together, is a bicolor fuse, in which its great superiority over any other shell consists. This fuse is marked upon its face like the dial of a watch—the several figures indicating the length of time that will ensue between the instant of its being fired and that of the explosion. If it is punctured at three, three seconds, and if at seven, seven seconds will intervene before they burst. In firing a cannon, the artillerist first ascertains the length of range, and then the amount of time that will be required in making the flight. If it is four seconds, he will puncture the fuse at the mark four the moment it is thrown into the cannon, and at the very instant when the four seconds have elapsed the explosion will ensue. In thousands of experiments which have been made, there has not been a failure of a discharge at precisely the right instant. The fuse is a Belgian invention. Its superiority over the old style is very great. The length of time that would transpire before the explosion of a bomb with the ordinary fuse could only be determined by its length, and as this was very uncertain, it was a common occurrence for daring fellows to pick them up after they had fallen, and throw them over a parapet beyond reach of danger. Of course, when an explosion takes place the instant the shell falls, this is impossible. The Shrapnel shot are used only for field bombardments, the heavier shells being employed for siege attacks.

There are many dangerous and delicate operations performed in certain departments of the Arsenal, such as filling and driving signal rockets, filling cartridges for small arms, filling shells and canister, and filling spherical case shot with resin, all of which require delicate and careful handling. The moulding of brass fuse filings for eight and ten-inch shells, and the strapping of spherical case shot are operations both curious and interesting. A thousand other items which come under the head of materials of war are manufactured in the numerous departments of the Arsenal, all of which have their importance, but which we have not space to mention in detail.

A more thorough and comprehensive establishment cannot be found in the United States; it embraces the whole scope of manufacture which properly belongs to an Arsenal, and the work is carried on with a regularity and a military precision worthy of all praise. The various departments are superintended by competent foremen, the whole governed by a Commandant, assisted by Ordnance Officers G. C. Strong and G. T. Balch. To Lieut. G. C. Strong our Artist was greatly indebted for extraordinary courtesy and kindness, and we beg to tender him our warmest thanks for the same. We are also indebted to the Troy *Daily Times* for many of the facts and details of our description.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER VII.—EXTENDS THROUGH MANY YEARS.

On my arrival home, I found that my proud mamma still remained the passive, aristocratic lady who had waved me from her side through life with an idle, listless hand, and who had shown such abject subservience to the will of dear Mr. Timbs; but the house wore a different aspect—an aspect, to my mind, similar to that of the Parisian mousetrap. There was the same air of expectant decay about it, the same languor, the same hinted danger; and it seemed gaping for victims. Of course, I now know that to the great moral wrought in my own mind by strange incidents, this unpleasant change in the outward aspect of home was to be attributed. At that time, however, I was not a metaphysician.

Directly I began to regret that I had been born a rich little boy, I found my Golden Skeleton in the cupboard of my soul (that's poetical), and was haunted by it in accordance. Now, in the course of a long and chequered experience, I have noticed it as a peculiar characteristic of skeletons in cupboards, that no coaxing or threatening will draw them from their peculiar hiding-places, or cupboard, and that we are haunted by them, not because they dog our footsteps, but because we ourselves seek them out, and penetrate secretly to their proper sanctuaries.

My Golden Skeleton first revealed itself, I say, when I reached home. I was guided to it—as Queen Eleanor was guided to Rosamond's bower (assuredly not a bower of roses)—by a silken clue, to wit, the memory of Sister Elizabeth. The dark hints of the velveteeny young man had convinced me that even an embryo director of the Bank of England might be unhappy, and I somehow felt sure that Sister Elizabeth had been grossly libelled, perhaps poisoned, certainly ill-treated, somehow or other. I no longer felt pleasure in counting my imaginary yellow guineas; I no longer experienced pride at the idea of being a rich little boy, with wealth and comfort looming in the distance.

So I was ever hunting out my Golden Skeleton, and gloating my eyes on it, and trembling at it, and weeping with it, and visiting it by stealth. There was a mystery about my wealth, which I felt anxious to unravel. There were wicked people connected with me, whom I felt anxious to checkmate. There was a mystery in London, which (had I been big enough) I might have thrashed out of the jolly man. There was a mystery in France, which (had I been wise enough) I might have wheedled out of Monsieur Charles. As matters stood, I felt uncomfortable—and wicked. What did the velveteeny young man mean by the golden pump in Paris?

When I went to school—which I did in less than a fortnight after my return home—my Golden Skeleton went with me; there was no getting rid of it.

The school was a small one, and I was taken to it, as a matter of course, by Mr. Timbs. There were six little boys beside myself; and all six were both rich and very miserable. The school was situated some few miles from an English market town, and a great many more miles from anything like knowledge. The master was a retired clergyman, quite blind to the beauties of the classics, full of secresy, impudence and mock piety. But my story little concerns either schools or schoolmasters. Enough to say that I became no wiser and no cleverer than before. The society of the six little boys was by no means healthy. They were morbid, misanthropic little boys, who pined eternally for home, disdained to study, and were too unhappy to play. They left me a great deal to myself, after they had satisfied themselves, by repeated cross questionings, that I was not an impostor.

Some months after my arrival, however, there came another bigger boy to the school—a rollicking, frolicking London boy, full of fun and sports of all kinds. His name, he said, was Stirrups; his father was an eminent haberdasher; he, himself, was twelve years old. Between Stirrups and myself there sprang up a close friendship; though our opposite tempers might apparently have rendered such a friendship impossible. He was a merry, light-hearted boy, Stirrups. Thanks to him, I now and then forgot to visit my Golden Skeleton.

In the course of the first four years I passed at this establishment, I paid to home four visits of a fortnight each. I found few changes in my mamma, and I heard and said nothing of Mr. Timbs. My visits seemed to me like pure visits of form; made, not for the gratification of affection or any of the vulgar virtues, but simply for the purpose of reminding me that I had relations and friends of some sort.

Thus years passed on, till I was in my fifteenth year. Seven years had passed; but I still clung to my Golden Skeleton, more and more conscious that there was something wrong somewhere, and that I had an account to settle with somebody. The Parisian adventures never faded from my mind for a moment. I was still distinctly conscious of the influence of Mrs. Martha Timbs, Mr. Timbs, Monsieur Charles and the velveteeny young person. This was not all—matter of memory; certain incidents occurred, which served to remind me of my position.

"For instance?"

For instance, some sixteen months after my introduction to school, the face of the velveteeny person looked over the wall of our little playground. Stirrups and I were playing at marbles.

"Good morning!" said the velveteeny young person.

"Good morning, sir," I murmured, quite aghast at the sudden apparition.

"I hope you're as well as might be, Master Brown?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"I'm jolly glad to hear it. Mamma—how's she?"

I intimated that, so far as I knew, mamma was in perfect health.

"How do you like school? Hate it, of course?"

"I like it very much."

"Whop you?"

"No."

"Keep you short of victuals?"

"No."

"Teach you anything?"

"No."

The velveteeny man appeared satisfied, and, nodding his head, said again,

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," I answered; whereupon my visitor disappeared.

Regularly every four or five months the face of the velveteeny young man appeared over the walls of the playground, and a conversation like the above took place on each occasion. He was in the habit of bringing me presents. On one occasion he brought me a box of figs; on another, two pots of raspberry-jam. As I grew older, and as he grew older, his gifts increased in importance. From figs and jam he arrived at penknives with six blades and a corkscrew; from penknives to pistols; from pistols to miniature copies of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Robinson Crusoe."

I began to alter my opinion of the velveteeny young man. His gifts proved that he was not destitute of consideration.

One morning I was informed that a visitor desired to see me. This was rather an unusual circumstance, and put my poor little heart in a flutter. I was then in my fifteenth year—the Golden Skeleton still haunted me—and anything unusual caused me great excitement. The retired clergyman, bidding me put on a clean collar, told me that his orders were to prevent my receiving any visitors, but that he disobeyed orders on this occasion, because the person was a friend of the gentleman who had, in the first instance, brought me to school.

I was ushered into the parlor, where I found two gentlemen—a stout and tall one, a stout and short one. The short gentleman I immediately recognised as Mr. Loret, the pathetic professor of dancing and calisthenics. His companion was red faced, pink-eyed and clean shaven; his hair was cut very short, and the same might be said of his brown paletot; he wore a rusty-black hat, cocked jauntily on one side, and he smelt of beer. He had a habit of drawing himself to his full stature, frowning keenly, and biting the tips of the nails of his right hand.

"Excuse the liberty," said Loret, skipping up to shake hands. "The fact is, my friend and I are cultivating the arts in the neighborhood. I had no idea, you see, that you were here; but yesterday, as I saw you pass through town with the other young gentleman, I recognised you at once. Pray excuse the liberty."

"I am very glad to see you," I returned—"very glad indeed."

And I was, for I liked Mr. Loret amazingly, and his fresh innocence pleased me.

"And my friend," said Mr. Loret, pointing to the tall gentleman. "That reminds me. Vamps, Master Brown; Master Brown, Mr. Vamps."

I bowed. Mr. Vamps held out an unsteady hand, and asked me if I was all right, old fellow; an observation which he followed up by tapping his forehead sagaciously, as if to imply that they were cramming knowledge into me rather, and by afterwards biting his nails at me with a gloomy frown.

"Vamps," said Mr. Loret, "is one of those individuals on whom the world disdains to smile. Vamps is an artist; he has lungs and originality. What, then, prevents his making a position in the line, except frowning fortune? Nothing."

"Right," commented Vamps, in harsh baritones. "Fortune's a humbug."

"Truly—sadly true. Genius without friends is as hopeless as genius without lungs. Vamps's lungs has been tried, and not been found wanting; but friends he has not. Vamps, am I right?"

"You're always right. May you never want a friend or a bottle to share with him. The enemies of England's glory are managers; the friends of England's glory are Shakespeare and Fitzballoon. The stage, Loret, is stript of its brightest ornaments by managers."

"We talk to stone," cried Mr. Loret, as a bright thought struck him. "To the glorious mysteries of the drummy our young friend is a stranger. This, Master Brown, is Vansittart Vamps, one of the stars of the provincial firmament. You should see him, Master Brown, as a tyrannical father. Talk about heavy men! Pooh!"

As the conversation was getting rather unintelligible, I sat listening, and permitted Mr. Loret to have all the talk to himself. He went on to state that he and his friend were performing at the theatre in the neighboring town—he as leader of the orchestra; Vamps as a planet of tragic magnitude. Business was bad, he said; the common herd had no souls for music and the drama. They had the bad taste to disappreciate Mr. Vamps's lungs, and to underrate the powers of his (Mr. Loret's) fiddle.

"And how is Mrs. Martha Timbs?" I asked, at length.

"As well as ever; no better, no worse. I'm afraid that she mopes, Master Brown. But as I have broken up my humble roof, finding that calisthenics without dinners didn't pay, and spoilt the temper, we have parted. An admirable woman, Master Brown, but she has a temper of her own, and I'm afraid she mopes."

"How is Mr. Timbs?"

"Jolly as ever. A good hearted fellow, Timbs, but uneducated. I took the trouble once to examine his bumps. Benevolence, very large; philoprogenitiveness, immense; soul, I regret to say, lamentably undeveloped."

More conversation of this sort ensued. Mr. Loret was full of astonishment and admiration at my growth. In the end, he put two little pink tickets into my hand, and requested me to visit the theatre that evening, for the purpose of seeing Vansittart Vamps in the "Burglar's Nest." I said that I was afraid that I should not be permitted to avail myself of the treat; but I found that Mr. Loret had already persuaded the retired clergyman (whose creed, by the way, contained a direct condemnation of theatricals) to allow me to spend the evening in the way suggested. I was to take a friend, if I pleased, and I immediately fixed upon Stirrups. So it was arranged that Stirrups and I were to be at the Theatre Royal at seven precisely that evening, when Mr. Loret would find pleasure in conducting us to the boxes. Mr. Loret and Mr. Vamps then wished me good-bye, and respectfully took their leave.

At the appointed hour, Stirrups and I, attired in our best black clothes, stood at the door of the theatre, and were escorted through a dark lobby to the boxes. The theatre was a very small and a very cobwebby one; it was dimly lighted by flyblown chandeliers. Stirrups and I sat alone in a dull box, like a cave. The audience, which consisted of some thirty people in all, dropped in by twos and threes; until at last the lights grew brighter, and the orchestra (consisting of Mr. Loret, two lank young men with fiddles and a diminutive drummer) began to strike up. Then the curtain rose on scene the first—"The Nest"—which consisted of a piece of pasteboard, with a door cut in it, two wooden chairs, a table and a picture of a peer of the realm on the walls. Three dissipated-looking persons (generally described in the programme as "the Band") were carousing nothing out of wooden glasses. Some general conversation ensues. Music. Then enters "the Captain" (Vansittart Vamps), attired in seedy trowsers and a very large cloak, with brass clasps, and followed by a ragged gentleman, who tries to be funny, and only succeeds in looking hungry. The Band bids the Captain dispel these clouds of care, and drink of rosy wine; to which the Captain replies by shaking his head, biting his nails, and talking about revenge. Then, seasoned with much facetious dulness on the part of the ragged gentleman, ensues a dark consultation, during which it oozes out that the Captain has once been moral; that he was a confidential clerk in a large banking house; but that, being unjustly accused and convicted of forgery, principally by means of an envious clerk, he was transported. He is now desirous of revenging himself on the envious clerk, who has risen to wealth, and is now the head of the banking firm; and it is arranged that the Band shall break into the house, and rob the envious clerk of his "gi-old." The Captain then asks for Lily, his daughter; but it turns out the Band has not seen her for hours; whereupon the ragged gentleman goes in for comic pantomime, wherein he expresses his rapturous affection for the young lady. More consultations—more plotting. The scene closes with a dark soliloquy by the Captain, who is compelled into pathos ever and anon by the thought of his "che-ild."

Scene second was just commenced, when I felt a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, I met, to my surprise and fear, the blushing face and sly eyes of Monsieur Charles. He looked more old and worn than he had done on the occasion of our first meeting, but his blushes were still youthful, and bade fair to be perennial.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, rising hastily from my seat. He stretched out a soft, white hand, which I touched with my forefinger.

"Good evening," he said, quite familiarly. "You seem surprised to see me. You have not forgotten me, I suppose, young gentleman?"

"Oh, no."

"I thought not; I saw by your eyes that you recognized me. May I hope that you are well?"

"I am very well, thank you."

He saw also by my eyes that I was wondering what he did in that out-of-the-way theatre, and what he wanted with myself. He shrugged his shoulders, and nodded.

"I have come," he said, "on business."

"On business?" I repeated, glancing at Stirrups, who was deep in scene the second.

"Yes. Great changes have taken place, and you must come home immediately. You have a friend there, I see; shake hands with him, and come. I have already hinted the state of affairs up at the school, where I have been seeking for you."

"I will come immediately. Good-bye, Stirrups; they've sent from home for me. Don't forget me, you know, if I shouldn't come back."

Stirrups and I shook hands, after I had explained affairs; and Monsieur Charles sallied out into the dark street.

"Your mamma is ill," said Monsieur Charles, as soon as we were alone.

I am afraid that my countenance expressed more surprise than grief.

"She is seriously ill. Pshaw! let me be plain with you; she is——"

"Dead?" I cried, pausing anxiously, less from grief for her than from fear of death.

"Dead, or dying," observed Monsieur Charles, walking on. "It matters little which. Well, I will be plain with you, my good boy. Calm yourself; she is dying."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

At fifteen years of age one knows little of those sore griefs and trials which make strong men and women of us. It is a changeful age—the age of hope. Care passes lightly over it, and leaves few marks of its presence. It is busy castle-building in the air, and grief only serves to give color and outline to its cities among the clouds. Nevertheless, my life has been so solitary, and my solitude itself so peculiar, that my heart was more in tune with the harsh discords of life than are the hearts of the majority of boys at fifteen.

Little as I had communed with my mamma, little as I had learnt to love her, I could not restrain my tears at the thought that she was then, in all probability, lost to me for ever. There is in death, moreover, something so uncommon and so terrible to a mind so ignorant of its significance as mine, that the first strange consciousness of its near presence stunned me. It is possible that I could have borne a final parting with some equanimity, had not the thought of the churchyard intervened. There was something fearful in the knowledge that one's flesh and blood was wearing away to foul dust among the worms.

As Monsieur Charles had already intimated to the retired clergyman that my absence was necessary, there was no need for delay of any sort. At two o'clock that morning we reached the railway station of our village, and, hiring a coach at the inn, drove speedily to the house.

The door was opened to us by Susan, who was in tears, with red eyes and a choking voice. She immediately caught me round the neck, and kissed me, hysterically informing me that I was a wretched orphan. She had never borne any peculiar affection for mamma, but I have since noticed that maids-of-all-work and nursery-maids have a peculiar tendency to out-Herod the most extravagant griefs of afflicted households.

"Bah!" said Monsieur Charles, pushing her away with his white hand; "leave the little gentleman alone."

Susan pinched up her mouth to express contempt, ushered us into the drawing-room, and bounced away. In the drawing-room we found a stout, tall and rather pompous gentleman, dressed in black, and with a heavy watchchain.

"How is the patient, Doctor Pestilend?" asked Monsieur Charles, quietly taking a chair.

Doctor Pestilend glanced at me, shook his head with an appearance of fathomless sagacity, and said that it was a very bad case indeed.

"Is there no hope?"

"I regret to say, none. Since your departure this morning, our patient has gradually sunk. I begin to fancy that the brain is affected; she talks a good deal."

Monsieur Charles turned slightly pale at this, and glanced at me anxiously.

"And this, I presume," said the doctor, "is the—the orphan, the unhappy orphan?"

Monsieur nodded his head, and Doctor Pestilend condescended to look at me with a sympathetic movement of the eyebrows. I was seated upright in a cold chair, crying quietly, and wiping my red eyes with my cotton pocket-handkerchief. The old associations of home, mingled with the new consciousness of impending calamity, had a curious effect on me. Monsieur Charles seemed anxious and nervous. Ever and anon he glanced at me anxiously with his sky-blue eyes, as if fearful that I was getting too old to be trifled with.

Here Doctor Pestilend was called away to the patient by Susan.

"Cheer up, boy," said monsieur. "Such things as this happen every day."

I made no answer, but felt a longing to strike more fire from monsieur's cheek by a blow.

"Well, she was a good mother to you. Your tears are excusable; you are young; she was good to you, and you loved her. Is it not so?"

"It is so," I answered, curtly enough. He noticed my manner.

"I am afraid that you hardly do me justice. You consider me an intruder."

"Yes; I cannot help thinking so."

"Then you think nonsense. Listen. I am your mother's beloved brother; your uncle."

I was too bewildered to be surprised at anything or anybody. I simply said "Oh!" in a conciliatory tone of voice, and again subsided into reverie.

"You take the matter coolly, my dear nephew. Come, we are bound to be friends; shake hands."

I arose up, and took his white hand. He held it tightly, and looked me in the face.

"Proud fellows, look you, come to grief," he sneered, bitterly. "I know you hate me, though I don't know why; but I see it in those dreamy eyes of yours, young gentleman. Well, you must learn to like me, if only as a matter of policy. I am your only surviving relative, and, as a matter of course, have been appointed your guardian."

He released my hand. I said nothing, but made an inward resolve to get out of Monsieur Charles's hands at the first opportunity. At this juncture Susan entered, and summoned us to the sick room. We followed her, I with a heavy and nervous heart.

The bed-room in which mamma lay was dingily dusk, for the blinds were drawn. It felt hot and close. A woman, whose back was towards us as we entered, was busy at the end of the room.

"Hush!" murmured monsieur, as we noiselessly entered.

The woman turned hastily round, and I recognized the pale, worn face and wild eyes of Mrs. Martha Timbs. She glanced hurriedly at me, but avoided the eyes of monsieur.

"How fares the patient, nurse?" asked monsieur, in a whisper.

"Worse."

"You have never left her?"

"I have never left her."

"You have heard nothing?"

"I have heard nothing."

"Good. Is she awake?"

Mrs. Timbs nodded her head in assent, and monsieur stole to the

bedside. Mamma was lying on her back, white as snow, with closed eyes, breathing heavily. Monsieur stole back.

"Is Doctor Pestilend in the next room?" he asked of the woman.

"He is."

"Good. You can leave us for a moment. Stay; has she asked for the boy?"

"Twice."

Mrs. Martha glided from the room, and monsieur again approached the bedside. This time mamma opened her eyes and looked about her.

"Is Charles here?" she asked, faintly.

"I am here," said monsieur, bending his head and touching her lips gently. With a convulsive effort mamma flung her arms round monsieur's neck, and kissed him in return. He would have stood upright again, but she held him close. He was quite pale now.

"I have been a good wife, Charles," she whispered. "Answer, have I been good?"

"You have," answered monsieur, turning paler than before.

"It is all over, dear; for I die, I die! I have been a miserable sinner. God forgive me!"

Monsieur bit his lips till they almost bled. There was a long pause.

"I love you, Charles, I love you. I am a sinner. God forgive me!"

She released him at last, and sank back exhausted. He came to my side.

"Do not cry, Henry," he said; "it is almost over. The brain is affected, and she rambles in her talk. It imports not. Hush!"

Mamma had opened her eyes again and was gazing vacantly around her.

"Where is the boy?" she asked, faintly.

He beckoned me to the bedside, and placed my hand in hers. She grasped it firmly with her hot fingers, and laid it on her beating heart. She was silent, though her lips moved once or twice as if to speak.

"It is all over," said Monsieur Charles, breathing hotly on my cheek. But the eyes of mamma opened, and her tongue moved.

"Is Charles here?" she asked, in a voice hardly audible.

"I am here."

He bent his ears to her lips, as if to listen.

"Promise, then, dear, to make atonement for our sin. Promise, while he is here to listen; promise before I die. You will set all right, will you not? Promise."

"I promise."

But in those sly, sinister eyes of his a lie seemed blackly visible.

"It is well," panted mamma. "God bless you, Charles. I have been a good wife. Promise again to save her, to rescue her, to give her her own—ay, and the boy too"

"I promise."

"Is the boy here."

I pressed her hand gently, with a bleeding heart.

"Tell him to kiss me."

I bent down and pressed my lips to hers. Monsieur Charles looked anxious; he moved to the door and beckoned somebody. He was not away for more than one moment, but in less than that time the dying woman pressed her lips to my ear, and said, hardly audibly,

"Bless you Henry; all will be well, dear. We have been miserable sinners, and I am not your mamma!"

And she fell back on the bed without motion. Her hand slipped from mine. A great mist swam before me. I saw the faces of Monsieur Charles, the doctor and Mrs Martha Timbs; then I fainted away. When I recovered I found that Mrs. Timbs was bathing my brows with cold water, while monsieur and the doctor stood at the bedside, whispering.

"All is over," said Doctor Pestilend. "Be comforted."

The face of Monsieur Charles was buried in a very white pocket-handkerchief.

"You are sure that she is quite dead?"

"Quite. The excitement overcame her. Pray be comforted."

The doctor's certificate was sound; mamma had died in the usual course of events, of decline. Monsieur was grievously cut up by the events. In less than a month afterwards I stood in the little churchyard of the neighboring village, Caverford, puzzling my brains over the following inscription:

GONE BEFORE.

SACRED
To the Memory of
LOUISA,
Wife of
The late Henry Vanhommigh Brown, Esq.,
Who Departed this Life at Caverford,
On the 14th of March, 1845,
Aged 39 Years.
This Tablet was erected by her loving Brother-in-Law, Leonard Charles.

CHAPTER IX.—FACES NEW AND OLD.

I soon ascertained that Leonard Charles, the loving brother-in-law who raised the white stone tablet to mamma's memory, was legally appointed my guardian. Mamma had arranged this in a will, which had been drawn up many months before her death. So, at least, I was led to believe, by means of certain dark consultations which took place under the eye of papa's portrait. There was a hungry-looking lawyer, whom I loathed; there was Monsieur Charles, whom I feared; there were two seedy relatives from London, with whom monsieur appeared to be well acquainted. The will was read in full conclave, and I was handed over bodily to the tender mercies of the owner of the Parisian mousetrap.

But this state of affairs was so peculiarly repugnant to my juvenile mind, that I protested. I made bold to tell my uncle, as he called himself, that I had a cupboard skeleton, and that it was made of gold; in other words, that there was some wicked mystery connected with the disposal of myself and my property.

"Now, mark you," he said, blushing impudently, "those are rash words."

We were sitting alone together in the drawing-room, in the twilight.

"Yes, rash words," he continued. "Quarrel with me, and you quarrel with your bread and butter; keep friends with me, and you butter your bread on both sides. You hear?"

"I hear and understand. I wish I had been born a beggar."

"Imprudent, that wish of yours. Attend to me, nephew. Beggars are not at all enviable, in the first place; riches are enviable, in the second place; finally, it is not too late to take to begging, if you have any predilection for that sort of life."

"Words like those are easily spoken, sir; but they do not affect the matter in hand."

He laughed, mockingly. I somehow felt assured that he was desirous of picking a quarrel with me—why, I knew not and cared not.

"They tell me," I said, "that I have property coming to me. That is the case, is it not?"

"That is the case."

"And that it should come into my possession when I am twenty-one years of age?"

"I believe that such is the arrangement of your lamented mamma."

"Very well, then," I cried, recklessly, "sign me a receipt in full give it me, and let me go; I would rather not touch the money or property you speak of."

The effect of this absurd proposal was peculiar. My uncle's eyes flashed, his face turned white, and, coming close to my side, he shook his fist in my face.

"I shall do nothing of the sort. Take your own course and do as you please."

He took his white hand away and laughed, as if he had done something funny. I said nothing, but rose from the seat and walked from the room. As I approached the door I saw a dark figure flutter from it—the figure of a woman. It passed along the lobby, and I followed. I pursued it into small, dark pantry, when I came up with it, face to face, and ascertained that it was Mrs. Martha Timbs. She was excited and pale.

"I was listening," she whispered, grasping my arm. "I heard you."

I nodded my head, and said, briefly, that I had thought as much.

"The villain!" she was good enough to say.

I appreciated the expression.

"If you think it better to go—go. No harm shall come of it, and you shall have help. What will you do?"

"Go away."

"Very well; you shan't come to harm. Take this paper; friends are always to be heard of at that address. Write to it occasionally (address to me), for the friends wish to know where you are. All will come right in time, but the time has not yet arrived."

I promised to do as she requested, and pocketed the paper.

"When will you go?" she asked, abruptly, after a short pause.

"To-night."

"Very well. You shall hear from friends immediately. Have you any money?"

"A little—nearly three pounds."

"Here is something more. Pshaw! don't thank me: I have my own ends to serve."

I shook her by the hands, and her firm, cold face softened.

"God bless you!" she said, gliding away into the darkness, and leaving in my hand a little purse of beads, which contained three pounds in gold and some loose silver.

We went to bed early in those sad times. It was about nine o'clock when I retired to my little room, took the carpet-bag which I had brought with me from school, and began packing into it all my available property. That done, I laid down on the bed in my clothes, waiting until the members of the household should all be retired to rest. At about ten, monsieur knocked at my door, wishing me good-night through the keyhole, and I answered him quite cheerfully.

My notions as to what I should do in my extremity were as shadowy as the fear which suggested flight. I had some thoughts of seeking the protection of Mr. Loret. I had other thoughts of going on board ship, and becoming an admiral. I had still other thoughts of searching out the velveteeny man, and wringing his secret from him forcibly. Anything, I decided, was better than my Golden Skeleton; but I did not reflect at the time that I was bound to take my Golden Skeleton with me.

Strictly speaking, it was not my moral consciousness of evil so much as my desire for excitement of some kind that encouraged me to fly from the home-cupboard, where my Skeleton had originally been kept. My days had been so lonely and my heart so solitary, that I looked upon a fight with the world as an intoxicating draught to drown care.

It was pitch dark when I crept down stairs with my carpet-bag in my hand, and stole along the dimly-lighted lobby towards the front door. Passing by the drawing-room door, which was on the jar, I heard voices.

"I say again," said the voice of Mrs. Martha Timbs, "that no harm shall come to him."

"And I say again, you goose," said the voice of Monsieur Charles, "that no harm is meant to him. Nevertheless, I have ends to serve."

"You villain!"

"Bah! Don't be aggravating. Come, kiss me."

"I wish that my kisses could poison you; that my lips could curse you."

"You silly little woman, come here. There, feel my pulse. It beats coolly, Martha. Well, then, do you know that, if you are so obstinate, I shall be compelled to kill you."

"Kill me!" in a scornful tone.

"Yes."

She laughed, mockingly, and I crept down stairs. Two moments afterwards I had reached the door, closed it behind me, and stood alone under the starless night.

I walked along the road in the direction of the village. Something led me towards the churchyard where the dead lady had been buried. The wall was low and narrow, and I crawled over it. As I did so, I became conscious of the sound of footsteps behind me. I listened, and they ceased. It was dark, but I found out the grave by its locality, and bending my eyes close to the tablet, I made out, or fancied I made out,

"SACRED
To the Memory of——"

A dark figure sprang up from behind a tombstone, and almost frightened me into fits. It came close up to me, till I recognised the velveteeny person. I was not at all sorry to see him, in spite of the mystery which attached itself to him.

"I knew you'd do it," he said, triumphantly. "How are you?"

I told him that I was perfectly well, physically, but that I was rather uneasy in mind.

"Of course you are!" he cried. "I've had my eyes on you; they've been humbugging you."

"I'm afraid they have."

He walked up to the tablet and kicked it savagely, growling aloud.

"I'm going to make pills out of this tombstone to choke them with. They'll find it almost as tender as that inscription. You've read it, I suppose?"

"Yes"

"And your opinion is—'I know that it's all stuff and nonsense.' You're right. Sacred, indeed! It ought to be ashamed of itself for deluding the innocent. Never mind!"

He growled the last words slowly and decidedly, impressing me with the belief that the "never mind" comprehended a final decision that matters should be set right.

"Shall I tell you what you've done? You've done just what he wanted you to do. You quarrelled with him, packed up your things, and ran away. I knew you'd do it, and have been waiting to see you. Now, then, where are you going?"

"Anywhere."

"No, you don't, if I can help it. Look here! In the first place, you ain't afraid of me, I hope?"

"Not a bit."

"That's right. I'm not much to look at; but it serves my purpose to do you a good turn. Say you trust me, and give me your hand on it."

I said I trusted him, and I gave him my hand on it immediately.

"Come along, then."

He led the way from the churchyard, and I followed him. I'm afraid my trust in him was not so great as to prevent me from feeling any qualms in his company. But I reflected. I came to the conclusion that nothing else could be done under the circumstances, and I had every hope, at the time, of getting out of the velveteeny person (whose fault seemed candor) the mystery of my Golden Skeleton.

"Don't be afraid," said my companion, after we had left the churchyard behind us. "They won't miss you till morning; and what is more, I fancy they won't care to go very far in the search for you. How's Mrs. Timbs?"

This question reminded me of the conversation I had heard as I passed the drawing room. I described to him the nature of that conversation. He gnashed his teeth, but said nothing.

After a pause, he spoke, in an accidental way,

"I knew Mrs. Timbs years ago, and liked her. I know her by sight at the present time, and pity her. You see, Master Brown, her husband is a brute and a humbug."

"I never liked him."

"Like him! I should think not. He'd murder his own baby, if he had one, to make its blood into black puddings."

I hereupon entered into a description of the scene I had witnessed that evening when Timbs had struck his wife a blow. The velveteeny person winced, and grinned savagely.

(*To be continued*)

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Paris was reached, and though late in the day Madeline and Lucille took the little stage that was to set them down at the cottage of Rose Perre, and at each revolution of the wheels the agitation and anxiety of both increased. Neither spoke, but with their hearts reflected in their eyes looked alternately on each other and the landscape before them. At length the little village was in sight. They looked from the window, each expecting, though darkness was veiling objects from view, to see the one their whole thoughts were bound up in start up before them from the clumps of turf and wild thyme, with which the village on all sides was fringed. At length the coach stopped; it was before the cottage of Rose Perre, and a woman stood in the entrance in deep mourning, as if expecting them. It was Rose Perre, and her gloomy brow and moist eyes told that they had come, not as they had anticipated, to the home of happiness. A faintness came over Lucille as she said, in a low tone,

"My child! ask her for it, Madeline."

"Let us enter the cottage," said Madeline, in the same tone, "it is night, she may be in bed."

"Ah! but the woman is in black," said Lucille. "The house seems almost tenantless; death has been busy within its walls."

This was uttered in a hollow voice. As she entered, the mother's high raised hopes vanished. She glanced round, then sank on a chair, for the glance told her that the woman was sole tenant of the poor habitation.

Madeline, little better in spirit, tried to utter words of consolation.

"Dearest Lucille," she said, "do not despair; this is unlike you, to meet misfortune midway." Then turning to Rose, she added, "Have you received a letter? did you expect us?"

"Yes, madam," she returned, sobbing; "and my heart is broken at the mischief I have done. That lady is the original of the beautiful picture which Birdie called her mamma."

"Yes, yes!" said Lucille; "but what of Birdie? She lives—say she lives, and all else will be forgiven you."

"She lives," said Rose Perre; "yes, she lives, and is well cared for, but——"

Here she was interrupted, for Lucille slightly screamed, and every trace of color quitted her cheeks and lips, and she fell back inanimate. She had fainted; her sorrows had been too intense for a moment's inaction; but the two words, "she lives!" had caused such a sudden revulsion that it deprived her for a time of life, proving that joy is more powerful in its operations than the severest grief. It was some time before she recovered. When she opened her eyes, Rose Perre was bathing her hands. A moment she looked wildly round, and then exclaimed, firmly grasping the hand that held her, "You said she lived; at once tell me if your words had truth in them, deceive not yourself, by deceiving me, for I must know it. That mourning dress, why do you wear it?"

"Alas! madam, I am a childless mother, like yourself, with but this difference, that you may once more press a mother's kiss on the lips of your child; but mine, my little Blanche, sleeps with her father, the sleep that neither father nor child will awake from."

Lucille saw in a moment the depth of the woman's grief. She pressed the hand she had grasped, to her lips. "Pardon me," she said, "absorbed in my own sorrow, I forgot all else; but you have a mother's heart and can feel for mine; compose yourself before proceeding further, I can wait with firmness now I know of my child's welfare."

Rose piled up her turf fire, and drew Lucille's chair close to the hearth, and with sundry articles stopped up the broken panes in the window to keep out the autumn wind, which whistled sharp and fitfully through them; for Lucille shivered as the cold blast brushed over her lifting unceremoniously the light curls from her forehead, and she shivered more, when she thought that during the inclemency of the last winter her child had been exposed to its piercing blasts.

Rose Perre's tale was soon told; and both Lucille and Madeline shed tears for her, as well as for their own bereavement, and when it was ended, the former asked if they could be accommodated for the night beneath her roof.

"It will be poor accommodation, madam," replied Rose; "but the children's bed still stands there, which is at your service; I have not had heart to take it away, for Birdie begged so piteously that it might remain. Poor child! she used, after Blanche's death, to bury her head in the pillow and sob herself to sleep; and a sore illness she had on that bed, brought on by sitting on the cold grave, and when she quitted, leaving her cloak on it to keep poor Blanche warm. Ah, madame, you will go to the churchyard, I hope, if only to see the rosetree and forget-me-nots blooming so luxuriantly on the little sward, all planted by the tiny hands of Birdie."

Lucille wept copiously at this trifling incident of her child's affection and sensibility; and as that child had so often done, she buried her head deep in the poor, small pillow, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Madeline stretched herself beside Rose Perre, but her busy mind vainly sought repose; her ardent spirit wanted to be up and away on the path she had determined to pursue. She had vexed to find no resting-place till the child, lost through her uncontrollable illness, was again restored to its parents; and she determined as soon as she had seen Lucille in England and joined Batiste, together they would commence a new search with what she hoped now a clue to guide them.

Lucille dispatched a short letter to her husband, telling him in as softened terms as possible the result of her journey, and that she should remain a few days beyond the prescribed time from England. Indeed, the spot she was on had charms for her, even more deeply linked with her sympathies than her chateau, or the home of her childhood; for it was here her child had first began to think, and young as she was, to feel desolate in the midst of life and bustle; it was here she had mourned the loss of companionship, and oppressed with sickness, had had none but strangers to bestow the charitable mite and scanty aid upon her infant wants.

Lucille walked to the churchyard with Rose, who pointed out the grave of her husband and child. The grass was thick and green upon it, and Lucille knelt beside it, and with a silent prayer rested her forehead on the spot she fancied Birdie's had so often touched before; then plucking a rose and a handful of forget-me-nots, she placed them reverently in her bosom, saying in a low, choked voice, as if speaking to herself, "They are the last relics I shall ever see of my darling. They shall not leave me while I live, and in death they shall go with me to the grave."

Madeline was weeping silently near—perhaps the same thoughts were passing through her mind, for she kissed the blossoms she culled, and hid them in her dress.

When Lucille had recovered sufficiently to speak on other subjects, she said to Rose, "A monument must be erected here to the memory of your husband and child, Madame Perre. It will be a feeble tribute to the just and good. It is the only acknowledgment I can bestow for the kindness shown to the being he thought forsaken. And you, Madame Perre—what can I do to serve you?"

"Nothing," returned Rose, with a burst of feeling, "unless, madam, you will take me with you, and let me find a home in your home. Longer I cannot stay in this place. The cord is broken to shreds that bound me to it, all near reminds me of what I had, what I have lost, and that nothing remains to me to lose, and when you depart another void will open in my heart. Madam, if you would do aught for me, let me be your servant."

"Oh!" said Lucille, with a swelling heart, "you have spoken my own wishes, wishes I feared to speak, thinking you would not leave your country. But, Anette, an old and valued servant is compelled to leave me for a time, for the cold damp climate of England has so injured her health, that unless she goes to her own sunny valley for a time there is little hope for her recovery. Will you come with me, then, and be as she has been to me, a humble friend and companion?"

"Joyfully," replied Rose; "make me what you like, I will be grateful if allowed to be near you."

The compact was settled between them, and Madeline and Lucille went to Paris to spend a couple of days with Emile, to whom the latter told her wishes in regard to the monument to be placed over the grave of Jean Perre, and the little gentle girl, who had been to Birdie her all of childish comfort, while she lingered with her in her short pilgrimage.

Rose in the meantime was to prepare herself for her journey, which she performed with alacrity, her hopes of comfort being fixed on a new home, a new country, and views to which, till within a few days, she had been a stranger.

A few days after they landed in England. D'Almaine with folded arms awaited them on the pier; he hastened to receive Lucille, who, with widely different feelings, met him, to those she had parted from him. He drew her arm within his own.

"Hope then was fallacious, my wife," he said, in a low tone, pressing her arm close to his side.

"It has deceived us," she replied; "but I am happier than when racked with doubt. Our child lives, and if appearances can be trusted, is with those who will be kind guardians to her, but I fear to us she is dead."

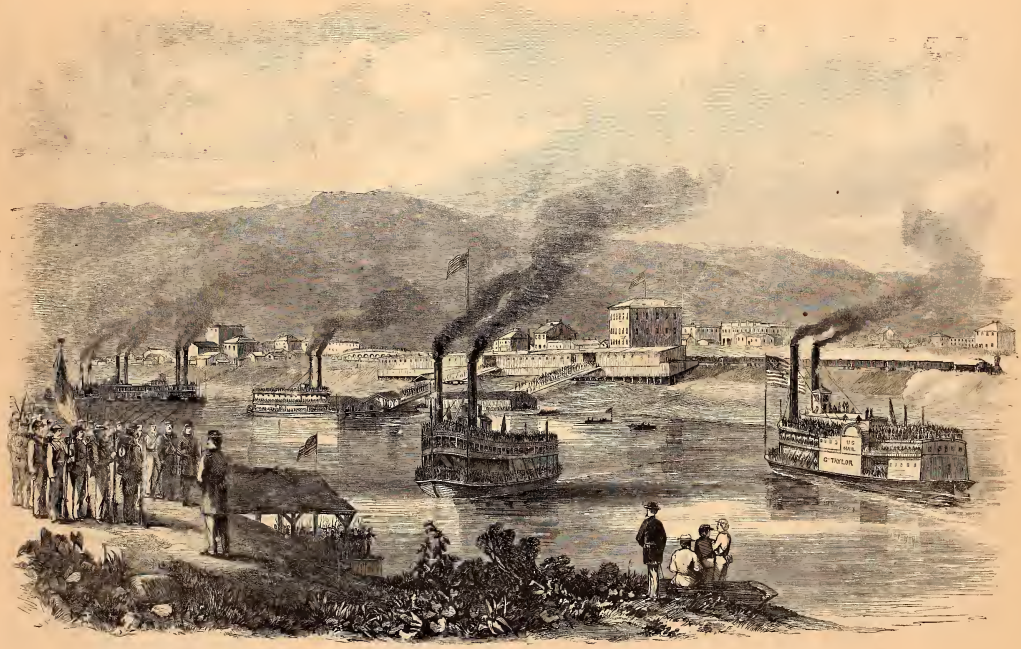
The count groaned. "It is a sorry prospect," he said, after a pause: "I had hoped to have kept the Batistes near us, but we shall shortly lose them; by degrees thus drop our friends from us."

"I regret their loss," said Lucille; "but they quit us in our own cause. May Heaven direct their course!"

"Amen!" he responded fervently.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The passage of five years often brings great changes, but it had brought but few comparatively to Lucille: all was in the same mysterious doubt concerning her child. Madeline and her husband were still on their vain pilgrimage, and with the exception of being



BELLE AIR, OHIO—STEAMBOATS CONVEYING TROOPS AND MUNITIONS OF WAR FOR THE FEDERAL FORCES ON THE GREAT KANAWHA.—From a Sketch by Emil Bott, Wheeling, Va.—See Page 211

VILLAGE OF BEARINGTON, ON BEVERLEY FIKE, NEAR LAUREL HILL, WESTERN VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 312.

in straitened circumstances, and Lucille's health gradually declining, there was no change with the D'Almaines worth naming. To a large a sum spent in the hope of recovering their child had much more rendered them. Their country had been sold, the plate and jewels turned into cash, which had also vanished, and the last year of her father's pecuniary well-be ing had passed into the hands of Lucille.

It was morning, and Rose Perre, now a steady matron, and the only domestic they could be called so—for she watchfully relieved Lucille of every duty—was just removing the breakfast cloth. Lucille was sitting in an easy chair, her elbow on its arm, and her head resting on her hand. She was still beautiful, but much thinner, pale, with an unusual brightness of eye, with a languor about her extremely touching, as it impressed the soft shiler with an idea of her fragility. D'Almaine entered from the next room, and had gently laid his hand on her cheek before she perceived him.

"In deep thought as ever, dear Lucille," he said, in his generally lively, careless manner, "our small housekeeping causes more long and serious cogitation than any royal household in Europe."

"Unbosom all that," she replied, attempting to smile, "for I am in a humor to be sympathetic to-day."

"Suppose," he returned, with a perceptible start. "The dreadful grow will never do that. Promise them, for most assuredly some day they shall be paid."

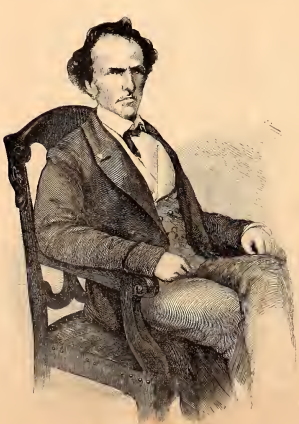
"I have long promised. I fear we cannot do so much longer," replied Lucille; "but dearest Jules," she added, cautiously, "I wish I had power to keep you more at home, for unknown to you, because you will not be at the trouble of thinking, a great portion of our small resources are spent in pastime."

"Oh, you mistaketaste, dear Lucille," returned D'Almaine. "Brought up in retirement, you know so little of life, of money or its magic, that could I form my mind to sit over my own fireside for ever, our expenses would not be decreased, for my waste would be heavier, and do but imagine you see me sitting before you week after week and month after month, brooding over irremediable misfortunes. You would grow weary of me, and I am sure I should of myself end of life, and I was going to say of you. You had better persuade me to turn preacher at once; but seriously you think too much on these stupid money matters, leave them to themselves awhile till something better shows itself; we have had nothing but losing cards in our hands of late, when next we shuffle them who knows but we may have our share of trumps?"

"But in the interim, what shall we do, Jules? You note I gave you an hour since was our last."

"Our last!" He hesitated, then added "Well, our money will soon cease to be a burden to us, for every penny of the note is doomed. There now, be cautioned, kissing her, "you are going to expostulate, thus let me stop your lecture till our next meeting. Good-bye, my dear, do not despair, for every cloud, however dark, has its silver lining."

Lucille's face, which had sunk on her hands, remained there long



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. LANE, OF KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 311.

COLONEL WM. P. BENTON, EIGHT REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.—SEE PAGE 311.

after he had departed. "How thoughtless he is!" she said, musingly: "pressed and sick; sadly needing rest and quiet and unbeserving, yet will he not listen a single minute to my pressing entreaties. And if he did," she added, with a sigh, "I know not that it would render our emergencies, for he is too proud to eat a favor, and so unattuned to ever method to relieve our circumstances, that if they depended on his exertions they would fail. On myself, then, must depend the trial. Something must be done by which way to turn or what to do upon I cannot determine."

She opened her desk and took out her little purse. They were alike sad, especially when before her, and hastily put them back again, and, with a long, deep drawn breath at the calculation, with quivering lips and clasped hands she bowed her head and leaned herself back in the chair to strive some plan to relieve their necessities. She thought of her husband's unfortunate love of drawing, but she had confidence in neither; and after many a review of them, hastily brushed from the temples the dark curls which the throbs were not equal to the task of a teacher. She was in the same position she had been when Lucille left the room, and as they were broken in upon by a rather sharp rap on the hall door. She started, and, recollecting herself, put her hair back into order, and approached the room door to warn Rose; she could not see any one, but the rap was repeated, and, thinking it the tones of which seemed familiar to her, demanded to see her.

"Is Mrs. Lucille Devereux at home?" he said, in the kind friend of her father, the manager of the Opera-house, existed her with the familiarity and kindness of an old friend.

"I am glad to find you alone," he said, when they were seated, "for had you been at home I should have insisted upon your being named my errand."

"Ah!" she replied, smiling, "and what can be the errand to the wife that the husband cannot be the bearer of? Surely you do not, Mr. Lucille, and madame, I have come to ask; and really it is so profound a one that I almost fear to put it to you, lest you should consider me impertinent."

"Pray proceed, sir," said Lucille, "for I promise not to be too implacable if you commit yourself, being assured that it will not be done intentionally."

"Thanks for your encouragement. I will at once to my errand. I engaged a lady very highly, two days since, to appear in a character I conceive she was to have made her debut; but last evening I had a note from her requesting me to excuse her appearance, and would appear at Covent Garden on Monday, in the very character she was to have appeared in at my theatre. Now, madame, I have, you perceive, no time to make my wrongs known to the world. I am therefore, under the circumstances, left to be ridiculed, or suffer delicacy for it. I have therefore, on the strength of mine and my father's friendship, come to ask you, and if you come to you, to ask for your assistance."

Mrs. Lucille looked at him in unfeigned astonishment. "How can that possibly be? How can I assist you in this emergency?"

By appearing there, madame," he said, "in a few songs or four songs in Italian, both of which you are perfectly competent for."

"I appear before the public as a singer?" said Lucille. "Monsieur, you do indeed jest."

"On my honor, madame. If you will so far oblige me, I shall be grateful to you forever."

"But my husband Lucille.

"Is admirable," said he. "Your consent is all I require. You know what I had to say, and I am sure you will not refuse me when it was deemed so a considered a sphere."

But sorrow, madame," he said, "the voice so much as it will gain the eye and complexion, even more than time, and I have tasted many of the luxuries you have enjoyed in your native land."

"Your beauty has certainly not the freshness, nor your form the graceful roundness of your accomplished sister," said Lucille, "and if bloom has added to the interest of your appearance, and your voice, when last I heard it, was not as full and rich as hers, I shall incline to consent to your request."

"But my husband," said, thoughtfully, without noticing his compliment. "I fear to grant your wish without his knowledge; his acquiescence in my appearing on the stage, that his consent would never be obtained."

"What do you fear him to return?"

"This evening," she replied; "but to-morrow he goes to Lord Llewyn's for a week."

"Then why need he know aught about it?" said the manager. "Is he not the husband to whom you have promised to obey? Why need the name be changed? It will only please him, my father tells me, to see his name in the bills, and I am sure that Signora Vestali, the first singer of the day, will be pleased to have her name in connection with that of the Signora Devereux, and will, next season, be glad to engage the first singer of the day, and will, next season, be glad to engage the first singer of the day, and will, next season, be glad to engage the first singer of the day

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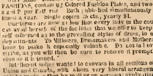

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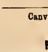

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861 by Frank Leslie in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 301 — Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

DEATH OF GENERAL LYON.

It becomes our painful duty to chronicle the death of Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon, whose portrait and a sketch of whose life appeared in our issue of the 10th instant. He fell at the head of his little army of 5,000 men, in a desperate fight at Wilson's Creek, Missouri, on the 10th of August, while leading a charge against the rebel forces under Ben. McCulloch, numbering 25,000 men. The circumstances of his death are given in the account of the battle printed in another column. In his fall the country has sustained a severe loss, for General Lyon was one of the very few men whom the exigencies of the time seem to have raised up to be leaders in this war for the preservation of the Union and the vindication of the Constitution and the laws. A painful reflection will be raised in the minds of the American people by the statement of a correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, writing from Springfield the day after the fight, in which General Lyon was killed, and which leaves the impression that the battle was fought against fearful odds, as a reinforcement, rendered necessary by Government neglect and apathy. Says this correspondent:

"On Wednesday—two days before the battle—he said to me, 'Well, I begin to believe our term of soldiering is about completed. I have tried earnestly to discharge my whole duty to the Government, and appealed to them for reinforcements and supplies, but, alas! they do not come, and the enemy is getting the advantage of us.'

Should future developments prove that General Lyon was not

BATTLE AT WILSON'S CREEK, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI—DEATH OF GEN. LYON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

properly supported in his efforts to crush out rebellion in Missouri, the people will hold the Government to a fearful responsibility for his blood. How long are our officers to be compelled to fight the battles of the country with forces numerically inferior to those of the rebels, and sacrifice their lives in unequal and fruitless contests? How came it that General Lyon was left with less than 6,000 men to keep down local treason and repel invasion in Southern Missouri? Was it for the same reason that but 18,000 men of the 250,000 volunteers, of which the Secretary of War boasted in his report of July 4th as at his orders, were launched against the rebel stronghold at Manassas?

The country will not easily forget that while a hundred regiments of volunteers were refused acceptance, the Government had failed to bring an equal force with the rebels into actual conflict.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1861.

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The Tendencies of the Struggle.

THE important military events of the past four weeks have greatly overshadowed the action of Congress during that period. Yet that action has been most significant and important, and in no respect more so than in the indications which it affords of a change in the character and purposes of the war.

Up to this time, in theory and practice, it has been, on the part of the North, a war for the vindication of the Constitution and the integrity of the Union. And although none have been so blind or so ignorant as not to know that Slavery and the issues raised in its behalf have been and are at the bottom of all our existing as well as past difficulties, yet the Northern people have endeavored to close their eyes to the fact, and have tried to convince themselves that the Union can be preserved, harmony restored, and prosperity secured for the future, with little if any change in the *status* of Slavery, as it existed at the outset of the war. And although knowing that "the institution" is the greatest source of weakness to the rebellious States, and that an edict of emancipation of slaves in any or all of those States would be a direct and decisive way of clearing them of all opposition to the Federal authority, yet the public mind has refused to entertain such an expedient. Not that any one would hesitate to recommend or adopt it in case of war with a foreign State, but from considerations of ancient friendship, and a repugnance to visit on the Slave States a blow of such terrible and bloody force. We justly shudder in contemplating the results of a servile insurrection, or an uprising of the slaves, even under the restraining influences of the Federal arm.

But it is not to be disguised that this reluctance to crush out rebellion with its own instrumentalities, and bury it with its causes in a common grave, is rapidly giving way. The atrocities of the Rebels, on sea and land, are fast depriving them of whatever claims, real or sentimental, they may have had on our sympathies and forbearance. The cruelties which they have practised on men and women of Northern birth, who have been found on Southern soil; the employment of bodies of savages against the Northern soldiery, and their attempts to seduce the Western Indians into an espousal of their cause; the organization of negro regiments, and the piratical raids attempted on our commerce—all these have contributed to overcome Northern disinclination to visit on their heads the full measure of the punishment they have provoked. Measures of repression which we before refused to consider are now becoming familiar to our minds, and the propriety of a resort to them is freely discussed. The public is rapidly preparing for their adoption, and the Government, in its Legislative branch at least, appears to be in no respect behind the people.

On the 9th of July, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, induced Congress to take a long stride in the direction we have indicated, in the passage of a resolution, by a vote of 92 ayes to 55 nays, declaring that "it is no part of the duty of soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves."

And again in the Senate, on the 22d of July, an amendment was made to the bill for the confiscation of the property of rebels found in arms against the Federal Government, providing that slaves employed in any way in aiding the rebellion shall be forfeited by their masters. The vote on this amendment was ayes 32, nays 6.

Under this provision a very large portion of the slaves of Virginia must become forfeit; in other words, emancipated, either on the conclusion of the war, or as rapidly as the Federal forces occupy the State. The wisdom and policy of such a law, under the actual condition of the country, cannot be called in question. The Government must exert all its powers and means of repression, in and out of the field, in order to put down a rebellion so formidable. On the other hand, the South, which claims and holds the negro as property, cannot consistently object to his being put in the same category with other property. Technically, the owner loses a money value, which is the penalty of treason, but in fact the country enters on a stupendous scheme of Emancipation.

The Sinews of War—$150,000,000.

AMONG the most important results which the rebels anticipated from the repulse at Bull's Run, and which they exultingly proclaimed as inevitable, was the damaging, not to say fatal, shock which (they seem to have believed) that reverse would give to the National credit. Their newspapers announced the large appropriations made by Congress for war purposes with open sneers, and projected their elbows into each others' sides (figuratively speaking), as much as to say, "Don't you wish you may get the money?" Keenly aware of their own financial weakness, and finally convinced of the shallowness of Cobb's cotton loan expedient, they felt great satisfaction in thinking that the American Government would soon be reduced to the same miserable shifts with themselves, and make a show of paying its obligations by forcing the people to accept a worthless and irredeemable paper currency. They so far undervalued the prestige and position of the United States, and so far over-estimated the consequences of a single skirmish on a large scale (for such was in fact the affair at Bull's Run), as to believe that public credit and confidence had disappeared, and that capital, always timid and seldom patriotic, would close its resources to the Government in its hour of greatest need. This illusion, however, has now been dispelled by the prompt and sweeping action of the combined banks and moneyed institutions of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Through their representatives, in a meeting held at the American Exchange Bank in this city, on the 15th inst., they resolved to take the whole of the loan of $150,000,000, authorized by Congress, at par; one-third, or $50,000,000, to be paid in at once; another $50,000,000 in 60 days, and the remainder at the end of 60 days thereafter. The Government obligations take the form of Treasury notes, bearing 7 3-10 per cent. per annum. The three cities above-named take the loan in the following proportions: New York, $30,000,000 of each instalment; Boston, $15,000,000; Philadelphia, $5,000,000.

By this action the Government is supplied with funds at the rate of a million of dollars per day, for the next four months, at the end of which time the people expect there will be something to show for the money besides the old, sickening stories of masked batteries, furtive and futile cannonading, at long range, on fortifications steadily growing up on the south bank of the Potomac, and attacks by inferior forces on heavy masses of the enemy, entrenched in positions of their own choosing. With the superior resources at its command, lavishly provided by a patriotic and earnest people, the Government will prove unworthy of its trust if, by the 1st of January, the arms of the Republic are not pushed victoriously far beyond Richmond, to the very gates of Charleston and the levees of New Orleans. One of the resolutions adopted at the Bank Convention, on the 15th, expresses the feeling of the country in this regard:

Resolved, That this meeting, in assuming the grave responsibility of furnishing means to sustain the Government in this important crisis, beg leave respectfully to express to the President of the United States its confident expectation that the Government will, without respect to party or personal considerations, so conduct its affairs in every department of administration, as to insure vigor, integrity, economy and efficiency to the triumphant termination of the war.

Printed Treason.

THE country is waking up to the reality of war. It protests against liberating armed rebels, taken in the overt act of treason, on the simple requirement of holding up their right hands and affirming that they will fight no more against the Government; while Union men and women, as well as Union soldiers, are locked up in prisons and fetid tobacco warehouses, and threatened with the rope, in case Southern cut-throats and pirates caught on the high seas are brought to the punishment prescribed by the laws. It protests against treating spies to a gentle reprimand, and then letting them off to renew their traitorous practices. It protests against conceding immunity to mutineers, to the utter disorganization of the Federal army. It insists, also, that printed treason, as well as spoken and acted treason, shall be amenable, if not to legal at least to popular restraint. Two of the organs of the Secessionists and rebels in the North have lately been suppressed by outraged communities, namely, the *Democrat*, published in Bangor, Maine, and the *Democratic Standard*, published in Concord, New Hampshire. The office of the latter was demolished on the 9th, and that of the first on the 13th of August. In New York popular patience has not yet been wholly worn out, and the rebel organs follow their unholy proclivities with impunity. It is not likely that they will meet with violence, but there is a prospect, as well as a hope, that they may be reached in a legal and proper manner. At any rate, the Grand Jury have presented the *Journal of Commerce*, the *News*, the *Day Book* and the *Freeman's Journal* of New York, and the *Eagle* of Brooklyn, as aiders and abettors of treason, with a view to such action as the courts may advise. After quoting the language of some of these papers, the Jury declares that "if its utterance, in the streets or through the press, is not a crime, then there is a great defect in our laws, or else they were not made for such an emergency."

In St. Louis (Mo.), the organ of the rebels, the *Herald*, has been summarily suppressed by order of Provost Marshal McKinstry, in virtue of the following emphatic order addressed to Col. McNeil commanding the Home Guard: "You are hereby ordered to suppress the newspaper called the *Morning Herald*. I will not allow the publication of the same from the date of this order." It should be observed, however, that St. Louis has been formally placed under martial law.

THE war to be effective must be downright, earnest and severe. The rebels are unscrupulous and implacable. Half measures are not regarded by them as evidences of paternal or fraternal forbearance, but of weakness and cowardice. The gangrene of Secession is past the remedy of old ladies' emollients; it requires the firm hand and sharp knife of the surgeon for its extirpation.

THE FOURTH IN GUATEMALA.—We have received, rather late in the day, an account of the celebration of the 4th of July, by the citizens of the United States resident in the city of Guatemala. Our correspondent mentions, as a gratifying incident, that the flags of the foreign representatives—Ministers and Consuls—were raised for the first time in honor of the anniversary. A dinner, during which a series of patriotic toasts were drunk, closed the proceedings of the day. We have only room for a single "Epigram," which was got off on the occasion, at the expense of Mr. John Bell, of Tennessee, who was run, during the late Presidential election, on the platform of "The Constitution as it is:"

> Once on a time they strove to place
> A Bell beneath the White House dome,
> To warn the good old ship of state
> Of breakers hidden 'neath the foam;
> But thank our stars! thank God that we
> Escaped such dire calamity!
> For the poor Bell true metal lacked,
> Or may be it was only cracked!

THE TRUE MARTIAL RING.—The following is the order read to the mutineers of the 79th New York Regiment, on Wednesday, the 15th. It has the true martial ring, and will go far to convince our volunteers that we are involved in a downright war, in which subordination, system and strict obedience to orders are the essential conditions of success:

"The General Commanding has heard with the deepest pain of the acts of insubordination on the part of the Seventy-ninth Regiment. Without at all stopping to enter into a discussion of the causes, it is sufficient to say that they are frivolous and groundless.

"That these acts have thrown disgrace upon the regiment and the service, and, taking place at this time, they give rise to the strongest suspicions of the most abject cowardice. The regiment has forced upon the Commanding General an issue which he is prepared to meet.

"The men are ordered to lay down their arms and return to duty. All those refusing to do so will be fired upon immediately. If they comply with the order, the ringleaders only will be punished.

"The colors of the regiment are taken from them, and will be returned only when their conduct in camp shall have proven that they understand the first duty of a soldier—obedience; and when, on the field of battle, they shall have proved their bravery. The names of the leaders in this revolt will be sent to the Governor of New York, to be placed in the archives of the State. A court martial will be held forthwith."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The fatuity which induced the Secretary of War to decline volunteer regiments when pressed upon him, and to embarrass all others with harrassing and retarding conditions, seems to be giving place to a more energetic and rational policy, which it is devoutly to be hoped will be consistent and permanent. Witness the following despatch to the Governor of Wisconsin:

"WASHINGTON, August 13, 1861.

"Governor Randall—Send all the organized and available force to General Fremont without delay. Give him a full supply of field artillery and small arms.

"The utmost promptitude is desired. Advise the Department of your action.

"SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War."

CORRECTION.—In our issue of the 10th, the construction of the fine earthwork on Shutter's Hill, dominating Alexandria, and called Fort Dahlgren, was inadvertently credited to the New York Naval Brigade, originally commanded by Colonel Bartlett. The Naval Brigade is stationed at Fortress Monroe, and the work in question is manned by a body of seamen of the regular service, from the Washington Navy Yard, under the command of Lieutenant F. A. Parker, U. S. N. Fort Dahlgren is now a powerful battery, and has been of much service in giving confidence to the volunteer regiments near Alexandria. It will prove of great efficiency should the rebels undertake to advance on Alexandria or Washington.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When General Garnett was killed in Western Virginia, his body was taken care of, embalmed and sent home to his friends, but when Colonel Cameron was killed by the rebels, the men that were sent after his body were imprisoned.

NO QUARTER.—General Pillow, reported to be in command of 17,000 rebels at New Madrid, Missouri, has issued a proclamation to the people of that State, in which he not only repeats the vile slander on the Northern troops first uttered by General Beauregard, but proclaims that "no quarter" will be shown to the Union troops who may fall in his power. His language is as follows: "Our mission is to place our down-trodden sister on her feet, and enable her to breathe after the heavy tread of the tyrant's foot. Then by her own brave sons she will maintain her rights, and protect her own fair women from the foe whose forces march under banners inscribed with 'beauty and booty' as the reward of victory. In victory the brave are always merciful, but no quarter will be shown to troops marching under such a banner."

THE FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD.—The adage that a "burnt child dreads the fire," is not of universal application. One would suppose that after their experience in Mississippi repudiation, of which Jefferson Davis was the arch inventor, British capitalists would be the last in the world to have anything to do with the worthless bonds of Jefferson Davis's "Confederacy." But the fools are not all dead yet. A Mr. Thomas H. Sorrell, of New Orleans, it seems went to London lately, where he succeeded in negotiating some $300,000 worth of Davis's promises to pay, and thereupon started in gleeful spirits for New York in the steamer Persia, with the fresh Bank of England notes nicely packed away in a belt around his body. But Sorrell was bibulously inclined, and took a few "nips" too many while on board, became, in fact, "tight," and while in that condition he let out the secrets of his splendid speculation on J. Bull, Esq., the consequence of which was his prompt arrest on his landing in New York, on the 13th. He was duly relieved of his booty, together with various papers of rebellious import, which have given him an excellent prospect for a protracted residence in Fort Lafayette. Alas! Sorrell, you should have remembered that "when the wine's in the wit's out;" or rather, that when brandy's in the same result follows.

THE PRIZE NATIONAL HYMN.—A committee consisting of Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King and Hamilton Fish at the head, and Mr. Maunsell B. Field at the tail, was raised sometime ago to decide on the merits of a National Hymn, for which a prize of $500 was advertised. The committee have just published their report, in which they say that they received nearly 1,200 manuscripts in competition for the prize, of which about one-third furnished new music as well as words. None of them, however, came up to the committee's standard of excellence, and they accordingly availed themselves of a condition in the advertisement of the prize, and rejected the whole. We doubt not their action was just. A hymn which shall take such a hold on the hearts of the people as to become truly national, can never be elicited under the stimulus of a money prize. It will leap forth from some fervid brain, when it does come, like lightning from a surcharged cloud. We are willing to wait for the phenomenon, and meantime shall not feel ourselves in despair for a National Hymn while we have "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or even "Adams and Liberty."

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

GOVERNOR GAMBLE, of Missouri, has ordered an election on the first Monday in November next for a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State and members of the Legislature, and also for taking the sense of the people upon the recent action of the State Convention, by which the late Governor and other officers of the State, as well as the Legislature, were deposed from office.

THE renewal of the Saturday afternoon concerts at Central Park meets with

much favor. These entertainments are an opportunity for hearing good music, of which large crowds avail themselves.

The appropriations made by the late extraordinary session of Congress for the support of the war were as follows:

For the Army	$166,038,305
For the Navy	63,384,230
Contingent for the War Department	255,455
Total	$259,675,990

The appropriation for civil purposes is $535,400.

The Louisville (Ky.) *Democrat* makes the following statement: "Some time last week two men from the First District went over to Camp Boone, to look around, and perhaps with the intention of joining the Confederate army. Not liking the appearance of things there they were about to leave, but were informed they could not return. They were blindfolded, and would have been shot but for the interference of the Colonel in command. These men, one of them named Jones, a man of family, were then taken over into Graves county, and blindfolded and shot. One died immediately, and the other lingered thirty-six hours, and although his wife was near him, she was not permitted to administer to his suffering. He lay in the sun, where shot, until death came to his relief. Can any Sepoy surpass in cruelty and inhumanity such conduct as this? There is the most trustworthy authority for this statement."

There are 900 colored contrabands now in Fortress Monroe of the following classes and value:

	NUMBER.	VALUE.
Able-bodied men	300	$300,000
Old men	30	—
Women	175	87,500
Children	395	118,500
Total	900	$506,000

The statement that the rebels have enrolled several negro regiments for the war against the Government has never been fully credited in the North. It has, however, been distinctly reaffirmed by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, under date of the 16th. He says: "To-day a negro arrived in our lines, and was brought to General Mansfield's office. He is one of the celebrated negro regiment. He fought at Bull's Run, and made his escape with a servant of Beauregard, after the battle, and succeeded in reaching Point of Rocks after great privation. He states that a regiment of 1,000 slaves were brought from the Cotton States, and the perfection of their drill led to the organization of two regiments of negroes from South-eastern Virginia. Before the battle they were compelled to drill three hours a day, and for several hours beside were put to work in the entrenchments."

The law of Congress increasing the pay of non-commissioned officers and privates makes the salaries of the men hereafter as follows:

	PER MONTH.
Ordance Sergeant	$26
Sergeant Major	20
Quartermaster's Sergeant	25
First Sergeant	24
Sergeant	21
Artificer	19
Corporal	17
Private	15

The rations are computed at $9 a month, and the clothing at about $3, or $36 a year. When in actual service the soldier does not require the whole of his rations or clothing, and all that he does not take he receives the cash value for. The annual pay of a private is now about $324, with the prospect of a suitable bounty at the close of the war.

Great complaints are made, and with justice, of the inefficiency of the blockade of the rebel ports. The following is a list of the privateers the names of which are known:

Steamer Coffee,	Steamer McRae,
Steamer Sumter (reported captured),	Steamer St. Nicholas,
Steamer William H. Webb,	Brig Jeff. Davis,
Steamer Calhoun,	Schooner Dixie,
Steamer Music,	Schooner Petrel (blown up),
Steamer Winslow,	Schooner Savannah (captured),
Steamer Gordon,	Schooner York.
Steamer Marion.	

Besides these, four others have been seen whose names are unknown, to say nothing of those of which nothing has been yet heard, but which are undoubtedly afloat along the coast or in mid ocean, or near the shores of countries where our foreign trade is chiefly carried on. It appears that these privateers are for the most part vessels of light draft, and that when in danger they enter the inlets, where ships of war cannot follow them. One noted rendezvous of theirs is Newbern, N. C.

The returns of the recent Kentucky Legislative election, as far as heard from, foot up as follows:

	UNION.	SECESSION.
Senate	22	2
House	59	14
Total	81	16

One of the gunboats contracted for on the 20th of July, by Mr. John Englis, was launched from the foot of 10th street, on the 17th. She is to carry 13 guns, and will be ready for sea by the 1st of October.

General Scott issued a general order on the 17th, uniting the Military Departments of Washington and North-eastern Virginia, including Maryland as far as Bladensburg, into one Department, to be called the Department of the Potomac, and to be under the control of General McClellan, who is ordered to proceed to organize the troops in the Department in divisions and independent brigades. This order will soon be followed by another, establishing stated periods for division and brigade drills, and the troops will thus become accustomed to moving in large bodies, while their officers will obtain a more perfect knowledge of what may be expected of them on the field of battle.

Attempts have been made in some quarters to fix the odium of burning the village of Hampton on the Union troops. A telegraphic despatch in the New Orleans *Delta* of the 10th, dated from "Richmond, Saturday, August 10th," however, fixes the responsibility of this act of vandalism where it belongs. It is as follows: "The village of Hampton, outside Fortress Monroe, was entirely burned on Wednesday night last by order of General Magruder, Virginians themselves applying the torch."

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

Rebel Losses at Bull's Run.—Official reports of the killed and wounded of eight rebel regiments during the battle at Bull's Run exhibit the following figures:

	Killed.	*Wounded.*
Five Mississippi regiments	60	202
Two Virginia regiments	24	105
One North Carolina regiment	22	46
Total	106	353

Conscription in Virginia.—John Letcher, the rebel Governor of Virginia, is not satisfied with the disinclination of the people to volunteer in the rebel army. He has been compelled to issue a proclamation calling out the Militia to the extent of ten per cent. of the white population, as ascertained by the census of 1860. The volunteers from each county are to be credited as part of this ten per cent., the remainder of which will be impressed into service.

Banishment and Confiscation.—The following ordinance, thoroughly Mexican in its character, was recently passed by the rebel State Convention sitting at Richmond, Virginia:

"1. Be it ordained, that any citizen of Virginia holding office under the Government of the United States after the 31st July, 1861, shall be for ever banished from this State, and is declared an alien enemy, and shall be so considered in all the courts of Virginia.

"2. Any citizen of Virginia who may hereafter undertake to represent the State of Virginia in the Congress of the United States, in addition to the penalties of the preceding section, shall be deemed guilty of treason, and his property shall, upon information by the Attorney-General in any court in this Commonwealth, be confiscated to the use of the State."

The War on the Potomac.—The Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* thus dampens the expectations of that portion of the rebel constituency who fancy that the big skirmish of Bull's Run will prove the decisive conflict of the war:

"Let our people not deceive themselves with the notion that either the first or second battle of Bull's Run is decisive, or likely to terminate the campaign on the Potomac. Facts do not justify such hopes, nor does our position warrant the expectation. Washington is not taken. It is strongly entrenched, and Scott has available many more troops than ourselves. The forces that have just been routed will be rallied, reinforced and brought back into the field, with every precaution and advantage that generalship and military resources can furnish."

Judge Catron.—The venerable Judge Catron, of Tennessee, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, was lately driven from his home in Nashville, by the so-called Vigilance Committee of that place, because he would not resign his seat as Supreme Judge. He was compelled to leave his aged wife behind him, she being too ill and feeble to be removed.

The Telegraph in the South.—The rebel Congress convened at Richmond, Virginia, has passed a law putting all the telegraph lines of the South under the direct control of the rebel Government. The following is an extract from the act: "During the existing war the President is hereby authorized and empowered to take such control of such of the lines of telegraph in the Confederate States, and of such of the offices connected therewith, as will enable him effectually to supervise the communications passing through the same, to the end that no communications shall be conveyed of the military operations of the Government to endanger the success of such operations, nor any communication calculated to injure the cause of the Confederate States, or to give aid and comfort to their enemies."

Contraband Slaves.—The rebel Congress at Richmond has passed the following resolution: "Resolved by Congress, That the committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into and report on the expediency of prescribing by law, while the facts are fresh and susceptible of proof, some uniform mode of taking, authenticating and preserving the evidence of the abduction or reception by the enemy, of slaves owned by any of the Confederate States, as also of the age, sex and value of said slaves, to the end that indemnity may be hereafter exacted from the enemy."

A Mystery.—There seems something significant in the following from the Richmond, Virginia, correspondence of the Charleston, South Carolina *Mercury*: "The Government seems zealously to conceal everything they can from the public here. Up to this day no report is made of the wounded or dead, nor will they allow those who have sons and brothers at Manassas to go to ascertain their fate, and administer to their necessities if wounded. All we learn is from the newspapers, which obtain their information chiefly from the wounded who are brought here. The death of Colonel Fisher, of North Carolina, was not known until his body arrived, on its way to North Carolina."

Mr. Russell.—The Vicksburg *Sun* devotes an elegant paragraph to the correspondent of the London *Times*, as follows: "The last that was seen of Russell, barrister, LL.D. and S.N.O.B., he was in full retreat from Manassas. We hope that he managed to preserve his notes so as not to draw on his imagination for his facts, as he did during his summer tour. If he is ever caught south of Mason and Dixon again, we bespeak a warm reception for him—warm tar covered with feathers—another essentially American institution."

The Rebel Strength.—The New York *News* has the following estimate of the strength of the rebel forces, which, however, must be taken with considerable allowance for sympathetic exaggerations. "The South have in their army 210 organized regiments, comprising, together with independently organized and enrolled companies of infantry and cavalry, about 150,000 men. These are apportioned among the States, according to local estimates in the respective States, as follows:

Georgia	22,000	North Carolina	20,000
Louisiana	14,000	Virginia	65,000
Mississippi	18,000	Florida	3,000
Texas	9,000	Maryland	1,000
Tennessee	25,000	Missouri	22,000
South Carolina	15,000	Kentucky	1,500
Arkansas	10,000		
Alabama	18,000	Total	243,000

We have included the estimated number of 22,000 men in Missouri, bearing arms under the call of Governor Jackson, making 243,000 active men in the field against the Federal Government. Mr. Hooper, of Montgomery, Secretary of the Confederate Congress, places the present number of well armed and drilled troops at 250,000."

Financial Movements.—The merchants, bankers and traders of the Seceded States, met at Macon, on the 29th of July, to consult upon their financial crisis. They have issued an address, in which they state that their present struggle is as much for commercial as for political independence. They lament that the North has, by their superior industry and attention to business, taken the management of their own affairs out of Southern hands. This, they say, must now be remedied. They therefore call a mass convention of merchants, traders, bankers and others, for the 14th October, at Macon, for the purpose of devising some plan for establishing a system of credits between the Confederate States of America and foreign countries, which may be practicable and available to all desiring to use it, and which will also command the hearty support of the citizens of our whole country. We opine it will be very difficult to devise a plan to restore credit to States already famous for their doctrine of optional payment, and presided over by the Lucifer of Repudiation, Mr. Jefferson Davis.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Non-Intercourse with the Seceding States.

Whereas, On the 15th day of April, the President of the United States, in view of an insurrection against the laws, Constitution and Government of the United States, which had broken out within the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and in pursuance of the provisions of the act entitled "An Act to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions, and to repeal the act now in force for that purpose," approved February 28, 1795, did call forth the militia to suppress said insurrection and cause the laws of the Union to be duly executed, and the insurgents have failed to disperse by the time directed by the President, and

Whereas, such insurrection has since broken out, and yet exists within the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, and whereas the insurgents in all the said States claim to act under authority thereof, and such claim is not disclaimed or repudiated by the persons exercising the functions of Government in such State or States, or in the part or parts thereof in which combinations exist, nor has such insurrection been suppressed by said States,

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in pursuance of an Act of Congress, approved July 13, 1861, do hereby declare that the inhabitants of the said States of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Florida (except the inhabitants of that part of Virginia lying west of the Alleghany Mountains, and of such other parts of the State, and the other States hereinbefore named, as may maintain a loyal adhesion to the Union and the Constitution, or may be from time to time occupied and controlled by the forces engaged in the dispersion of said insurgents), are in a state of insurrection against the United States, and that all commercial intercourse between the same and the inhabitants thereof, with the exceptions aforesaid, and the citizens of other States and other parts of the United States, is unlawful, and will remain unlawful until such insurrection shall cease or has been suppressed, that all goods and chattels, wares and merchandise coming from any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, into other parts of the United States, without the special licence and permission of the President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, by land or water, together with the vessel or vehicle conveying the same, or conveying persons to or from said States, with said exceptions, will be forfeited to the United States, and that from and after fifteen days from the issuing of this proclamation, all ships and vessels belonging in whole or in part to any citizen or inhabitant of any of said States, with said exceptions, found at sea or in any port of the United States, will be forfeited to the United States; and I hereby enjoin upon all District Attorneys, Marshals and officers of the revenue and of the military and naval forces of the United States to be vigilant in the execution of said act, and in the enforcement of the penalties and forfeitures imposed or declared by it, leaving any party who may think himself aggrieved thereby to make application to the Secretary of the Treasury for the remission of any penalty or forfeiture which the said Secretary is authorized by law to grant, if, in his judgment, the special circumstances of any case shall require such remission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the city of Washington, this 16th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Foreign News.

The news of the battle of Bull's Run has been received in England, and of course has had a depressing tendency. Mr. Russell's account completely reflects very severely upon the Union troops, but the English are too practical a people to jump to conclusions on a single reverse, since no nation has fought longer against misfortunes and blundering than themselves. Lord Palmerston declared in Parliament on the 6th, that the collection of the duty on a single cargo on the deck of an American ship-of-war, would vitiate the blockade. The Queen had prorogued Parliament, and while expressing her regret at the state of American affairs, had reiterated the determination of the British Government to preserve the strictest neutrality. It is needless to add that the news of our repulse at Bull's Run had caused the greatest excitement in Liverpool, the head-quarters of Northern and Southern merchants.

The Paris press seemed to be of opinion that Louis Napoleon would acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, but the wisest politicians felt assured nothing in this direction would be done without the co-operation of England.

The British press strongly denounce Mr. Belmont's proposed loan, declaring it as contravening the Queen's Proclamation of neutrality. A little consideration should show John Bull, that having 500 millions of dollars invested in our railroads and other public securities, he is equally interested with ourselves in the welfare of the Union. Mr. Bright has made a liberal speech.

France is apparently tranquil. The Emperor was at Vichy, semi-convalescent. The press, with the exception of the *Moniteur*, were denouncing Lord John Russell's gratuitous speech about the transfer of Sardinia from Victor Emanuel to Louis Napoleon. There was an under-ground opinion that France was really more favorable to the Southern Confederacy than even England, but it was mere speculation. There had been an unseemly dispute between General de Goyon, the Commander of the French troops at Rome, and Abbé Merode, the Papal War Minister, in which the two disputants had nearly come to blows. It is said that the Emperor was very much annoyed, since the War Minister of Pope Pius had spoken of the eldest son of the church in very uncomplimentary terms. The rest of Europe offers nothing of interest to this side the Atlantic. The discontent in Warsaw and Hungary remains as usual—wide-spread and threatening.

Affairs still continue very unsatisfactory in Japan, the Tycoon trying to evade his treaty obligations by every means in his power.

Considerable disgust was lately caused at Spa by the decision of a wager of 2,000 francs, between Baron Dumesnil and M. Bernard, of Liege, the latter having backed his horse, a cob of the Ardennes breed, to run a distance of forty-eight leagues against a half-bred English horse belonging to the baron. The maximum time allowed was sixteen hours. The horses started at half-past eight in the morning, and were to go three times to Liege and back. The English horse did two thirds of the work, but broke down at Cuener, and is not expected to live. The cob did the whole distance, but died from exhaustion while being led to the stable. Such acts of cruelty surely do not come within the limits of legitimate sport.

Latest Intelligence.

The War Department has ordered all regiments and parts of regiments to proceed with all despatch to Washington, at the expense of the United States Government. A very important order has likewise been issued by the Secretary of State, as follows:

"Until further notice no person will be allowed to go abroad from a port of the United States without a passport either from this department or countersigned by the Secretary of State. Nor will any person be allowed to land in the United States without a passport from a minister or consul of the United States, or, if a foreigner, from his own Government, countersigned by such minister or consul."

Due time is to be allowed for its promulgation in countries from whence the passengers arrive.

General Butler, who resigned his command in Eastern Virginia to General Wool on the 19th, took upon himself the responsibility of paying the New York regiments stationed under his command at Fortress Monroe and Newport News.

The steamer Pocahontas was fired on from the rebel batteries near Aquia Creek, on the 17th. This is the first time the rebels have attempted to interrupt the navigation of the Potomac. It is believed that they are attempting to close the river by batteries at Mathias Point.

The Navy Department is displaying great activity. There are between thirty and forty vessels of war building at the various shipyards of the North, and over fifty purchased steamships and sailing vessels rapidly being fitted for war purposes, besides those that have already gone to join the blockade.

Major-General Sanford has resumed command of the First Division of New York State Militia, and has issued an order (August 19th) to the Colonels of the various regiments to report to him the condition of their commands with reference to their full organization and preparation for duty.

The St. Thomas papers publish an official notice from the Danish Government, excluding privateers from all the ports of the Danish West Indies.

The report of the death of the Hon. Alexander R. Boteler, late representative in Congress from the Harper's Ferry district of Virginia, is not correct. It was his son, bearing the same name, who was wounded in the foot at Bull Run, and died of lockjaw.

The Superintendent of Police has directed the arrest of every soldier roaming the streets, who is not able to give a good account of himself, as a deserter.

Major-General Butler is on his way to Massachusetts, to recruit a new division of 5,000 men to serve during the war.

Advices from Kentucky state that the new Union Legislature will request Senators Breckinridge and Powell to resign.

The sureties of George N. Sanders, late Navy Agent in this city, have been sued by the Government, on an alleged default of $21,000 in the accounts of Mr. Sanders.

C. F. Jackson, the runaway rebel Governor of Missouri, has issued a proclamation from some place in Virginia, declaring "the political relations existing between the people and government of Missouri and the United States totally dissolved." It happens, however, that the State Convention of the people of Missouri some time ago "totally dissolved" all connection with Mr. Jackson, and elected Mr. Gamble in his place. Jackson seems to think that he owns "the people and government of Missouri." He is evidently a fool as well as knave.

There are the following regular National forces now in New York:

	Men.
Governor's Island	280
Fort Hamilton (regulars)	720
North Carolina Receiving-ship	1,250
Marine Barracks	270
Vessels in the stream	200
Total	2,720

The Memphis (Tenn.) papers place the rebel loss in the fight against Gen. Lyon at Wilson's Creek, at 800 killed and 1,200 wounded. In proportion to the numbers engaged, this battle was four times as bloody as that at Bull's Run.

The Treasury Department will immediately begin the gradual issue and employment of United States notes of the convenient denominations of fives, tens and twenties, payable on demand in specie, on presentation at the branch offices of the Treasury designated in the corner of each note.

The following is the only paragraph in the Queen's Speech, proroguing Parliament, which relates to the United States: "The dissensions which arose some months ago in the United States of North America have, unfortunately, assumed the character of open war. Her Majesty, deeply lamenting this calamitous result, has determined, in common with the other powers of Europe, to preserve a strict neutrality between the contending parties."

Colonel McCunn, of the New York 37th regiment, has been tried by court martial in Washington, on a charge of unofficerlike conduct, found guilty, deposed from his command, and broken of all military rank.

Lieutenant F. G. West, of the United States Navy, resident of New Rochelle, New York, has committed suicide by taking laudanum. Cause, domestic trouble.

The *Jeffersonian*, a Secession sympathizing newspaper, published in Westchester, Pa., was "cleaned out" by a committee of the people, on the night of the 19th.

A careful computation of the killed, wounded and missing on both sides, since the commencement of the present troubles, gives the following result:

	UNION LOSS.	REBEL LOSS.
Killed	768	1,132
Wounded	1,844	3,130
Prisoners	1,216	1,242
Total	3,828	5,503

Among the 250 officers of volunteer regiments who have resigned under the new order of things at Washington—which is changing our army from a political to a military standard—177, or more than two thirds, are from the state of New York.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A sarcophagus, intended for the royal mausoleum at Frogmore, has arrived in London. It will enclose the coffins containing the remains of her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent (the mother of Queen Victoria), and is of blue marble of very fine quality. The principal part is formed from a block of some six tons in weight, hollowed out to the requisite depth entirely by the chisel. On one end there is a monogram of the letters Alpha and Omega, encircled by a serpent, executed in the early Christian symbolic style, and on the bevel of the top, on one side, an inscription in English, setting forth the titles, age, &c., of her late Royal Highness, an inscription in German occupying the other side.

There is to be a grand Congress of artists of all nations at Antwerp, this month. The gentlemen chosen by the Royal Academy, to represent English art, are Sir Edwin Landseer, Messrs. David Roberts, E. M. Ward, Dorr and Westmacott.

The storehouse of scenery of the Opera, Paris, destroyed by fire on July 10, contained 133 sets of scenery, beside other properties; the loss amounted to 750,000 francs. The scenery of "Semiramis," "Tannhauser," "La Sylphide," "La Juive," "Orfa," "La Reine de Chypre," was destroyed; but that of the operas now being played was kept in a different place, so that there will be no interruption of the performances.

The Irish census, just published, discloses the fact that during the last ten years the population of Ireland has decreased 787,842, or 12.02 per cent. upon the gross amount. Within the period mentioned, no fewer than 1,230,986 Irishmen sailed from ports of the United Kingdom, 1,174,110 of whom were represented as permanent emigrants.

Two children having lately died in London, the police, in trying to find out the cause of their death, discovered that their parents belonged to a sect called "The New Lights," who think it a crime to use any medicine, God alone being the arbiter of human life and death.

The magistrates of Burton-on-Trent, England, lately dismissed an aggravated case of assault because one of the witnesses would not say that he believed all the contents of the Bible.

Count Cavour's confessor, Brother Giacomo, visited the Pope soon after the statesman's death. On learning that the count had made no recantation, Pius grew exceedingly angry and threatened the monk with the terrors of Holy Office, unless he either reported that Cavour had recanted, or signed an acknowledgment that he had failed in his duty as confessor. The monk's only answer was, "Would that all Christians could die like Cavour!"

A solid bar of silver, bearing date 1532, of the value of £125, was discovered at Erith, by some grubbers, at the foot of an old decayed tree. By the consent of the owner of the land, and no claim being made by the Government, the bar was sold and the proceeds divided among the finders of the treasure.

What sporting men will consider an absurd exhibition took place a few nights back in the forest of Fontainebleau—a stag hunting at the night! The hounds were duly turned out, the huntsmen were at their posts, the courtiers in costume of green and gold proceed to the rendezvous, and their Majesties were present. A stag was let loose, but he didn't run far; the hounds could not maintain the scent, the huntsmen made blunders—everything, in a word, went wrong. It was perceived that a stag-hunt by night was an impossibility. The newspapers have been "invited" to say nothing of the ludicrous affair.

LANDING OF UNION TROOPS AT PARKERSBURG, WESTERN VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist accompanying Gunboat Expedition's Command.

SCENE IN ADAM'S EXPRESS OFFICE, AT FORTRESS MONROE—THE VOLUNTEERS RECEIVING LETTERS AND PARCELS FROM HOME.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. BUTLER'S COMMAND.

PARKERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

PARKERSBURG is a thriving post village on the Ohio River, and is the capital of Wood county, Virginia. It is situated at the mouth of the Little Kanawha River, and altogether presents a most picturesque appearance, the houses being very neatly built, and well placed. It is about 100 miles from Wheeling, and 238 miles from Richmond in a direct W. N. W. direction. It contains a court-house, churches of several denominations, a bank, a printing-office and several steam mills. Its population is nearly 4,000. It has excellent turnpike roads to Staunton and Weubester, and the north-western branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad terminates here. Our view represents the arrival of Union troops during the present campaign, previous to the total clearance of the Kanawha Valley from the presence of Wise and his Rebel troops.

SCENE AT THE OFFICE OF ADAMS'S EXPRESS, FORTRESS MONROE.

It is only those who have relatives in camp who can tell the feverish anxiety of the troops to hear from those they love at home, and from whom a few months since they had fondly hoped nothing but death could ever them sever. Alas! duty, a principle as immovable as death to the honorable mind, has stepped in, and demanded the sacrifice of separation from all a man holds dear—a separation which may be only for a season, but, alas! may also be for all time. We need hardly describe a scene which so thoroughly explains itself. The name of Adams's Express will henceforth be a household one, both to the donor and receiver of good things sent to the absent soldier.

HON. FRANK H. PIERPONT, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

HON. FRANK H. PIERPONT, who has been recently elected Governor of Virginia, in place of John Letcher, who vacated his office by his treason to the United States Government, is a resident of Marion county, one of the strong Union counties of North-western Virginia. Mr. Pierpont has been a member of the General Assembly of the State, and has had considerable legislative experience. He is a considerable-in-law by profession, and occupies a good position at the bar. He is yet in the prime of life, being about forty-five years of age. He has a fine personal appearance, a full form and florid complexion, and is an earnest public speaker. He was a warm supporter of Bell and Everett at the last Presidential canvass, and is now an unconditional Union man. He was a member of the Reform Convention, and was a zealous opponent of Mr. Carlisle in his efforts to effect, at that time, the organization of a Provisional Government.

HON. FRANK H. PIERPONT, ELECTED GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA BY THE UNION CONVENTION AT WHEELING, IN PLACE OF JOHN LETCHER.

TAKING AWAY THE COLORS OF THE Seventy-Ninth New York Regiment.

A WASHINGTON correspondent thus describes the taking away of the flag of the 79th New York Regiment, which they had carried with so much honor at Bull Run, but which they subsequently discredited by open mutiny at Washington. "The scene during the reading of the order of Gen. McClellan was exceedingly impressive. The sun was just going down, and in the hazy, uncertain twilight the features and forms of officers and men could scarcely be distinguished. Immediately behind his sad was General Porter, firm and self-possessed. Colonel Stevens was in front of the regiment, endeavoring to quiet his rather nervous horse. In the rear of the regulars, and a little distance apart, General Stokes sat carelessly on horseback, coolly smoking a cigar and conversing with some friends. At the time during the reading a murmur passed through the line of the mutineers, and when that portion of the order directing the regiment to surrender its colors was read, a private in one of the rear lines cried out in broad Scotch tones, "Let's keep the colors, boys!" No response was made by the remainder of the regiment. Major Sykes at once rode up the line to where the voice was heard. It would have been more than the soldier's life was worth had he been discovered at the moment, in pistol range, by any of the officers."

MUTINY OF THE SEVENTY-NINTH NEW YORK REGIMENT.

THE word "mutiny" is a terrible one to military ears, and will strike with peculiar emphasis upon the European tympanum. It should, however, be remembered that our voluntary system materially modifies its significance, and what a strict disciplinarian might consider as unpardonable has many palliating circumstances. A state of real war is so strange to our citizens that they do not as yet realize its necessities, and cannot understand its duties. A little wholesome reflection will soon show our citizen soldiers the folly and danger of tampering with the solemn responsibilities of discipline.

The Seventy-ninth, or Highland Regiment, had behaved with so much steadiness at the unlucky Bull Run battle, that the news of

a motley in its ranks caused more than usual surprise. The ostensible grievance is that the soldiers were promised a furlough, in order to see their families, arrange their affairs, and elect their officers, the death of Colonel Carnduff having necessitation of others, having left several vacancies. It is observed that the regiment was very unwilling to been called in the Sickles Brigade. These circumstances so much influenced the minds of the men that, when they received orders to cross over into Virginia on the 16th instant, a large majority flatly refused to march a step. When this was reported to General McClellan he ordered the attendance of four of infantry, cavalry and artillery, under the command of Provost Marshal Porter, to surround the camp of the 79th Regiment, and disarm, and dismount their arms. It is said that the 79th Regiment, Colonel Markham, was ordered by General Scott for his squadron, the veterans passed, and said "Suppose that we should refuse to march, what will you do?" The victor of Gunner replied, "I have force to compel them!" Gen. Scott signed the order. An eye-witness thus describes the complete scene:

"This order was executed by General Porter in excellent style. When he had his men in position, he ordered them to load, and in a good deal scattered. Suddenly they found themselves surrounded by artillery, cavalry and infantry. Immediately Porter told Colonel Stevens to order his men to fall in. The order was given. The obedient regiment of the Sickles Brigade—Colonel Stevens, welcomed General Porter, and were in line with their arms; he ordered and then dismissed by Colonel Stevens. When this order to fall in was given, the men obeyed promptly. General Porter then took up the line of march for the city. The obedient regiment were ordered to camp in the rear, and the disobedient were ironed and put under guard. It was soon shown that superior discipline had been used to induce most of the disobedient to take up which they now regret. They are accordingly returned to their duty.

Our artist has sent two excellent sketches of this untoward event—one representing the arrest of the mutineers, and the other the conveying them to jail. It is to be hoped that this example will not be lost upon other regiments, who may have similar loose ideas of discipline. At the same time, every military authority should remember that they are equally bound to fulfil their part of the contract by giving proper furloughs, promptly granting proper officering and wholesome rations. These conditions fulfilled, and we are convinced the Union army will be invincible.

GREAT BATTLE AT WILSON'S CREEK, MISSOURI.

A GREAT battle was fought in Missouri on the 10th inst., near Wilson's Creek, on the road to Springfield, the capital of Greene county, between the Unionforces, under General Lyon, numbering 5,000 men, and the combined rebel army, under General McCulloch and Price, numbering 25,000 men. The rebels were led by General Lyon, in command of the centre, supported by General Sigel and Major Sturgis. The rebels were commanded in the great disparity of numbers, the rebels were driven from their position and had entirely to retire, leaving their dead, wounded and prisoners. The victory, however, was dearly purchased, General Lyon, the leader of the brigade, was killed. The loss of just killed, and between one and two hundred wounded. Major Sturgis is reported to be killed. The rebel loss is reported to be very heavy. Federal reinforcements were hurrying forward to Springfield to relieve that the rebel army had retreated.

After the fall of General Lyon the command devolved upon Colonel Sigel, who, with the remainder of the troops, numbering about 5,000 men, retreated to Springfield, and there awaited the attack of the Union cavalry did not pursue the rebels, but returned to Springfield. Sigel fell back upon Rolla, where he was joined by reinforcements, and the rebels, it is supposed, will not attempt to follow. It is believed that General Sigel will have command of the entire force shall have been placed on something like a numerical equality with that of the rebels. Missouri is now safe, and the rebels Creek must be regarded as only second in importance to that before Manassas. The following account by a participant is written on the 11th, five days after the battle:

On the night of August 9th we had a camp of 5,000 men united in the cause of our country, and ready to do battle for the right. Our position was in a military point of view the most well-nigh impregnable, but from the rebel position we were only 1,000 men. Our force was divided into two brigades of about six regiments each, and a very large body of cavalry. Our brigade was commanded by General Lyon, and the other by Colonel Sigel. Our camp was situated on the banks of Wilson's Creek, a little branch of the Missouri River, and the surrounding country should not have come to us, we had left them without a struggle.

General Sigel, with six pieces of cannon, his own regiment and that of Colonel Salomon, and a large body of cavalry, was ordered to march to Springfield, passing round by a circuitous route—a distance of twenty miles, and there to attack the rear of the rebels, while General Lyon attacked them in front, opening the battle.

General Lyon, with the volunteers composing the Missouri 1st, Iowa 1st, Kansas 1st and Missouri 2d, and a battalion of regulars, and a battery of Captain Totten's flying artillery, three or four companies of mounted Home Guards, a force of 5,000 men, marched at midnight, and took up his position and his guns to protect Sigel, by flanking the rebel attack from marching upon his rear, and to attack them in front.

Sigel's force had marched all night, and had arrived at the point of crossing over the hills to join the enemy, but a portion of our column had already commenced the attack by the time Sigel had arrived at the point of crossing over, at which time we should reach camp about eight hours. He also came in sight of the rebel camp, and commenced the attack with his artillery, and the General Lyon, seeing that Sigel had commenced the attack, and that the rebels were in force, so pressing an attacked us opposite to our camp, etc. The rebels were drawn up in battle array on the hills overlooked us the south, and were said to be full as large as our force, and in fact, from the number of their camp fires, we supposed that they outnumbered and had a battle, following the woods on the creek, since where from the top of the hills the rebels could fire down upon us, and we could not get at them.

Lyon opened the left on the south, sweeping in a side-westerly direction, Captain Totten's battery on the right, and the Missouri 1st and Iowa 1st, as to run off a party of rebels south of that direction. Colonel Blandowit, with a gun, guarding the rear of the left wing, and Colonel Salomon with his movement in the direction of the rebels. His appearance in full view caused a halt in the rebel ranks, and a battle ensued. The rebels were commanded by Generals Price and McCulloch, and were said to be 25,000 strong, drawn up in battle array on the south. We had completely surprised them. The evidence of that was in our camp—tents standing, fires burning, and the breakfast and all the utensils of cookery were active, and they were in one point to camp, were put into confusion and driven from their position.

On the flanks of the first ridge, on the eastern side of the valley, Colonel Salomon, with the Missouri 1st, and Colonel Blandowit, with the Iowa 1st and artillery, met the rebels in battle array, and the battle commenced. Here the contest, and the deadliest rebels disputed rapidly, firing two divisions with a terrible effect. Here the only casualties occurred in the Union ranks, particularly in the Iowa.

The rebels were thus thrown, and were soon met by a well-supported regiment of Iowa men, Missouri 1st, and Totten's battery, and the rebels were driven from the hill, and were seen gathering on every thicket. Captain Totten's artillery was then brought into action

"Your eyes are Satan's eyes, and put me in mind of other days. Your eyes will curse you over the world. Eyes like yours cursed me. Go."

I went at his bidding, and joined Augustus in the kitchen. Augustus looked at me sharply, and, biting his finger-nails thoughtfully, began to question me.

"You have spoken to him?" he said. "You seem scared."

"Oh, no! I am only a little surprised at his manner. He seemed to remember me."

"Ah! He wanted to know who you were."

"Yes."

"And you said?"

"That my name was Master Henry. Then he seemed to fancy that he had been mistaken, and called me common."

"Was that all?"

"No. He called me back again, and his face looked wild and dreadful. He said that I had Satan's eyes, and that they would curse me over the world, as they cursed him."

"Pshaw! he raved, he raved! Heed him not; yet do not forget him. By and bye, you will understand him better. He is not a bad fellow, but he is light-headed."

"You keep him?"

"No."

Augustus uttered the monosyllable indignantly; then he continued, placing a heavy hand on my arm, and making his scar look hideous with concentrated feeling,

"Listen to me. I am a scamp now, and years ago I was a scamp; but I had a heart then, and I have one now. I made a slip, and he pardoned me. I made another slip, and he pardoned me again. Had I been less of a scamp he would have saved me. Well, time passed on, and a moment came when he had a fall, and when I made enemies. It happened, strangely enough, that his enemies were my enemies, and that we had wrongs to avenge in common. We vowed to hunt our enemies down. We were buried for a time, but now we've come to life again, like the risen dead. We are hunting them down now."

"And they are——"

"Nameless. By-and-bye they will be remembered. Their names are written down in his madness. Their names are branded here—in this scar. Their names are written in fire on the heart of Mrs. Martha Timbs. They are written yonder, in the churchyard, on that grave. Lastly, they are written on a face that blushes with a living lie, and on the torn bosom of a little girl. Enough."

"And is your friend upstairs nameless too?"

"Aye; till the time comes. We must call him something, however, and we will call him Ornamel."

"Ornamel!"

"Yes. He knows himself by it now; he had once a name which—I thank goodness!—he has forgotten. But come, we have had questioning enough for one day—to breakfast."

That day passed quietly enough, neither Augustus nor myself budging out of doors. The next, and the next, glided just as evenly, and I saw no more of Ornamel. His wants, which did not seem many, were ministered to by Sarah, whose cheerfulness and good-nature, by the way, tended very much to enliven my mind and spirits. She asked no questions, inserted her Ego into no conversations, made no comments. But she was a nice cook, and her smile was reassuring as her cookery.

Be it confessed, however, that my juvenile mind was in a ferment. I was but a boy, but (oddly enough, my early isolation considered) a courageous one. My inner life, in its intensity, seemed to have a negative influence on my physical life, and to make me bold. Augustus I trusted, chiefly because he hated those whom I detested.

I told you, in my last chapter, that I ran away from home to avoid my Golden Skeleton, little dreaming (I was ignorant of metaphysics) that I was forced to take my Golden Skeleton with me. Well, on the fourth day of my stay with Augustus, I became curious about Ornamel, and (it followed as a matter of course) I found that my Skeleton had taken up his quarters in Ornamel's room. On the fifth day, curiosity tempted me to have a look at it through the keyhole. The door of the room was closed and locked, and the keyhole was my only resource.

The man was sitting, with his back towards me, at the table. The table was strewn with papers, and he was writing busily. He was interrupted ever and anon by his wheezing cough, and I thought to myself that he could have very little life left in him. This was a mistake; he had a purpose, which kept life in him, even by tugging at the very roots of life.

I made up my mind, then, that my Golden Skeleton was lurking, in all its shining nakedness, in Ornamel's apartment. There it was, with Ornamel, looking ghastlier than ever. Oh, that I could have freed myself from it, forgotten it, buried it!

I was suffered to walk about the house as I pleased, inside it, and into a little neglected garden, enclosed between walls, at the back. There were no other houses very near to us, and we lived secluded, while Sarah did the marketing.

I had been just a week with Augustus, when he coaxed Ornamel to take a stroll into the back garden for fresh air. This he did with some reluctance, as I judged from a whispered conversation carried on upstairs. At last, wrapped up to the chin, and with a large wide-awake over his eyes, he came down stairs, and began pacing with Augustus in the garden aforesaid. He seemed very nervous, and glanced sharply round now and then, as if afraid of spies or eaves-droppers.

In his absence, curious beyond endurance, I crept up to his room and entered.

The table was strewn with the same sheets of foolscap, and with others; but on all the words "Barnard & Co." were written, over and over again, in the same handwriting. This time my eye fell on a small bit of note paper, dirty and crumpled, which seemed like a scrap torn from the end of an ordinary letter. Here, too, I found the signature, "Barnard & Co.;" and this one looked like an original, from which the others had been copied.

I was looking it over, when I heard a loud cry at my back. Turning round, I met the ghastly white face and foaming lips of Ornamel. Before I could draw my breath or make a movement, he sprang with a shriek at my throat.

"Spies! Robbers! Murderers!" he shrieked.

He caught me with his long, bony hands, and pressed his sharp fingers on my throat. In vain did I try to free myself. The room swam around me, my eyes started from their sockets, my blood burned, my brain whirled. He was strangling me. Suddenly a strong arm tore him from me, and, released from his hold, I fainted away. I recovered almost immediately, to see Augustus wrestling and tussling with Ornamel.

Augustus was the stronger as well as the cooler of the two, and he soon had the best of it. Ornamel fell beneath him on the bed, sobbing and moaning like a child.

"Mercy!" he shrieked. "Spare me! Indeed you are mistaken! Kill me, if you please; but have mercy! have mercy!"

He was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Augustus released him, the fit passed over, and Ornamel sat on the corner of the bed looking blandly around him.

"Now, look here, governor," said Augustus, shaking his finger at him. "This won't do at all. You'll get us into trouble, you will, with your nonsense; and it must be put a stop to. I send up an innocent young orphan to put those things of yours to rights, and you next door to murder him. It won't do."

"He's a spy!" cried Ornamel, in a whining way.

"A spy! Hear him! Look into those innocent eyes of his, and tell me he's a spy. Pooh! He's as guileless as a sucking-pig, and can neither read nor write."

"His eyes are like hers, and they haunt me. I hate him!"

"Hear him!" soliloquized Augustus. "It's enough to make one's blood turn cold. I hire an orphan to clean knives and house boots—an orphan who can neither write nor read—and here you take away his character for no thing. There's gratitude!"

Glancing at Ornamel just then, I was again struck by the resemblance of his face to that of Sister Elizabeth. It wore a sad expression, like that of the portrait. I thought it best to leave the two men together; my presence did not seem necessary. So I walked down stairs and into the garden. Shortly afterwards Augustus joined me.

"Master Henry," he said, quietly, "have you ever heard of Peeping Tom of Coventry?"

"Yes, Mr. Augustus."

"Well, then, haven't I told you that matters can't be explained yet and that you're too young to understand them. Peeping Tom lost his eyes by looking at the naked truth; and you'll get into trouble if you don't remain in the dark—there!"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Augustus, if I have caused you any annoyance."

"That will do. No apologies. It isn't your fault if this state of affairs can't last. You've roused the old fellow's suspicions; and Ornamel, when suspicious, is dangerous."

"I am sure that I meant no harm, Mr. Augustus."

"I dare say not. Nevertheless, you must have something else to think of. I'll see what can be done. In the meantime, come along."

I went along. He led me up into my bedroom, and from a cupboard therein took a small sort of clothes—a pair of moleskin trousers, a torn moleskin coat and a brown cloth waistcoat.

"Now, then, let me see. Is your shirt clean?"

Clean it certainly was not, and I immediately told him so.

"All the better," he said. "Take off that suit, then, and put on this one."

I felt some disgust at the old suit; it was dirty and vulgar. Augustus saw my disgust; but told me that a change was absolutely necessary. So I made the change immediately. Glancing into the looking-glass, I saw that the metamorphosis was perfect. There is a great deal in clothes, after all. I was now as vulgar and common a village youth as could readily be found in a day's march. I only required a little mud to make me perfect.

Augustus surveyed me with a look of admiration—whether for my vulgarity, or for his own art in producing it, I am quite at a loss to decide.

"You'll do!" he murmured, approvingly. "Well, Master Henry, you can now stroll about out of doors; but take care not to speak too much, or you'll betray yourself. Keep a quiet tongue in your head, and you're safe. I'm pretty sure, too, that it won't suit their plans to hunt you out, so you need not be frightened."

"Am I to go out and walk, then?"

"Of course you are. And mind how you walk. Don't kick the paving stones as if they were dogs, and don't hold your head high. Slouch, if you can. This way."

Here Augustus bent his shoulders, let his hands dangle heavily, bent his knees, and imitated the gait of a vulgar awkward youth. I copied his manœuvres, and he clapped me on the shoulders, approvingly.

"Your own father wouldn't know you now," he cried. "Go in and win. I thought you could never stand indoors coddling, and so I've arranged the matter in this way."

"Shall I go out now?"

"You may as well. Come back in an hour or so to tea, and let me know how you get on. You couldn't manage to quarrel with a butcher, could you?"

"I would rather not," I answered, smiling at the question.

"Ah, I thought so. A black-eye would have made you perfect; but never mind. There's nothing to be afraid of."

So, imitating to the best of my abilities the awkward stride of a clodhopper, I walked out of the cottage. Turning at the gate, I saw Augustus standing at the bedroom window, watching me, and grinning approval on my acting.

I strolled along the road, but avoided the neighboring village. The clodhoppers appeared to take me for one of themselves, and made no comment. A baker's boy, passing, tried to fraternize with me; but I did not encourage his advances. I was annoyed, too, by a very small boy, who began throwing stones at me.

The ordeal, which I passed on the first occasion unscathed, was repeated; but I always took care to avoid the more frequented localities. Day after day I walked out in my vulgar boy's attire, and day after day I returned, very little refreshed in mind. The quiet listlessness was getting too tiresome, and my ardor to unearth my Golden Skeleton, and to smash it to pieces, soon assumed the shape of morbid misanthropy. Sated with change, I began to ask myself whether Augustus had not some sinister motive in taking possession of me, and whether he was so disinterested an ally as I had at first imagined. Several questions soon after this presented themselves to my mind. How did Augustus live? What possible object could he have in taking such strict care of Ornamel? In what manner was Augustus connected with my past life?

I was presently made aware, however, that Augustus was not the idle fellow that the velveteen coat and waistcoat (which he still wore, or seemed to wear, for they were exactly like those in which he had first appeared to me) might have led me to imagine. He made wine or speculation, and sold them to the trade.

I got heartily tired, I say, of my uneventful life, and longed for excitement. In the course of my deliberations, I pulled out the paper which Mrs. Martha Timbs had given me on the evening of my departure from home. On it was written, in a clear female hand,

MADAME TINKALLETTI,
11 *Little Leopard Street*,
Camden Town,
London.

I was to write to Mrs. Martha Timbs at that address, then. Secretly procuring a sheet of paper, an envelope, and pen and ink, at the shop of a grocer, who dealt in stationery, I succeeded in producing the following epistle, which I wrote at night in my little bedroom, and popped into the post next day:

"DEAR MRS. MARTHA TIMBS—I am among friends, but I feel very unhappy; they are very kind to me, but I should like very much to know what I am to do now I have run away, and lost all my money, because I was unhappy, and thought that I had better do something dreadful. Your obedient servant,

"MASTER HENRY BROWN."

I was a boy of nearly sixteen; but my education had been none of the best, and the above was my first attempt at a composition of the kind. I added a postscript, to the effect that Mrs. Timbs had better send her letter to the post-office, to be called for. Day after day I called for the expected epistle. At the end of a week it came. It ran briefly thus:

"I knew where you were, and that you were among friends; but if, as you say, you are unhappy, you had better come here. Tell your friends that I have asked you to come. They know me."

This letter, in spite of its emphatic tone, seemed satisfactory. I took it home with me.

"Mr. Augustus," I said, finding him in the kitchen, "I am going to leave you."

Augustus did not seem surprised. He nodded his head in a reflective way.

"Well?" he said, seeing that I paused, in my embarrassment.

"I thank you very much for your kindness. I thank Sarah very much too. I hope you have no objection to my leaving you?"

"That depends. Where are you going to?"

"I am going to London, to Mrs. Martha Timbs."

"I thought so. When?"

"Whenever you are willing that I should go. Have you any objection?"

"None. Answer straight, Master Henry. When are you going?"

"I cannot quite say."

"Will to-morrow do, or the next day?"

"The next day."

"Very well, then, you shall go. You are right; it is better. Stay; it is necessary that you should go alone. Will you be able to find your way when you reach London?"

"I think so."

"You must do so, at any rate. Consider the thing settled for the day after to-morrow."

Little more was said on the subject. It was decided for me that I should go in my old suit, and leave my respectable clothing. This was rendered the more necessary, because, there being no railway station in our village, I would be compelled to take the train at Caverford. It was also proposed that I should leave the cottage at dusk and walk my five miles in the evening. Being of a courageous disposition, I accepted the proposal.

I was puzzled by Augustus still more than ever. Arguing on the basis of his previous language, I had anticipated some opposition on his part; but I was agreeably disappointed. He appeared cordially to approve of my plans of proceeding; I persuaded myself, therefore, that he himself was in communication with Mrs. Timbs. On this supposition I began to believe in him again; for I had a great belief in Mrs. Timbs—chiefly, I think, because she was a woman, and I was led to believe women tender-hearted.

I had spent only a few shillings of my money, and was consequently in a position to defray all expenses. I felt rather proud that this was the case.

The evening of the third day came, and Augustus again alluded to the subject of my journey. He was sitting in his old place by the fire, smoking.

"You were to go to London this evening," he said. "Have you changed your mind, or are you ready?"

"I am ready."

"Good! I like people to be decided. Remember, you take nothing with you but those clothes on your back. She'll look after that. Are you ready now?"

"Yes."

"How about money matters? Don't deceive me."

"I have far more than enough," I said, showing him my six golden sovereigns. I regretted to see his eyes sparkle rather greedily.

"You'll do nicely," he said. "Well, the train passes at ten, and it's now half-past six. Take a good three hours to do the distance. I'll see you half way."

I had not seen Ornamel since the day that he found me in his apartment, and I did not see him before leaving. I wished Sarah heartily good-bye; and Augustus and I sallied out into the gray glooming together.

It was an autumn evening, and the country landscape grew dark below with a clear moon above. The shadows fell, lengthy and vast, interspersed with silver moonbeams. We trudged swiftly along the road, in the direction of Caverford. We had time enough and to spare on our hands, but (for some reason of his own) Augustus hurried me. It was about nine o'clock, when, about a mile and a half from Caverford, Augustus parted with me.

"Remember, Henry," he said, grasping my hand, "that all this is for the best. We'd set matters right to-morrow, but it's impossible! The good time is coming. Remember, above all, that you are among friends."

"I do—I will."

"And, by all you hope and live for—by the mother that bore you, and by the hand that has cast you down—do not forget the man called Ornamel."

He stalked back through the shadows, leaving me alone on the quiet road. Half courageous, half frightened, I trudged on, with the moonbeams about me.

The churchyard lay on the hither side of the village, at some little distance from the dwelling houses of the villagers. In its precincts grew six huge elms, which shaded the graves. Passing the spot quietly, and rather timidly, I felt an indescribable impulse to visit my mamma's grave—or, say rather, the grave of the lady who had told me on her deathbed that she was not my mamma.

Nervously and noiselessly—nervous and noiseless in my awe for the mystery called death—I approached the low wall which separated the churchyard from the highway. I was about to clamber over into the enclosure, when I startled at the sight of a dark figure, standing not six yards from me, reading the inscription on the grave—

"SACRED

"TO THE MEMORY OF——"

It was the figure of a man, whose back was turned towards me—a man wrapped up in a heavy great coat, long and dark. His shadow fell full length on the tablet as I gazed, and he did not hear me. I crept back into the shade, with my eyes looking over the wall, and watched him. In another moment he turned his profile towards me, and I recognized the face of Monsieur Charles. His face was very white in the moon; but there was a smile upon it. He was muttering to himself aloud, spurning the green sod as he did so.

"She was growing dangerous," I heard him say; "and women's tongues too often spoil the works of men's heads. Bah! why rake up excuses? Is Conscience the jade that fools take her for? I know not. She is no acquaintance of mine; I repudiate her, that Conscience, *la méchante dame sans merci*. Well, the woman died, as other women die. She was dangerous, and she died."

I became conscious of a dark figure, crouching out of his sight, behind the tablet on which he was gazing so eagerly.

"We are dust, all of us, like this; but she was a woman—a niggling, nervous, chicken-hearted woman. She was not to be trusted. And the boy, too—the querulous, dreamy boy—the poor fool began to pity him. And pity, as I know to my cost, is a dangerous commodity."

The dark figure rose to its knees—it was that of a veiled woman.

"What am I doing here?" considered monsieur, my uncle. "Moralizing? No. Mourning? No. Plotting? Yes. I have new ends to serve, and must keep my eye on the boy. He cannot be far away, and I knew those who can soon set eyes upon him. The enemy lives; but should the boy be with him, I care not. I could hang the rascal. He cannot harm me. Should he come forward with his old woman's tale, the laws of England would hold him mad."

The dark figure rose to its feet, but was still hidden from the eyes of Monsieur Charles.

"As for her, let her sleep in peace. She served my ends; she died in the nick of time."

The veiled woman rose her height, threw back her veil, and, leaning over the tombstone, gazed at monsieur—like an apparition of the risen dead.

"Mercy!" cried monsieur, falling backwards on the green tomb; "she has arisen!"

The woman's face, now unveiled, was pale as snow; but the eyes were flashing like fire. The moonbeams fell upon it, brightly, ghastlily. It was the face of my dead mamma.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

MAJOR-GENERAL WOOL has been assigned to the command of the South-eastern Military Department of Virginia. Gen. Butler, it is understood, will remain at Fortress Monroe for the present. Gen. Wool's experience in the war of 1812, and the important service rendered by him in Mexico, give confidence that wherever he commands there will be efficiency and discipline in the highest degree.

THE President has appointed Major Randolph P. Marcy, Paymaster United States army, to be Inspector-General of the Army, with rank of Colonel. Capt. Marcy's skilful march of an important train through Utah is not forgotten.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, when lately in Washington, paid a visit to the rebel camp at Manassas. It is stated that he was received with great enthusiasm, saluted with captured guns, and entertained hospitably by Gens. Beauregard and Johnston, with whom he breakfasted. He declined their pressing invitation to visit President Davis at Richmond. At departing he was saluted with artillery, but in reply to the expression of a hope by Col. Stuart that he would interpose a good word when he got home, the Prince very properly replied, "I know nothing."

IT is considered a significant fact in regard to the mental condition of Queen Victoria, that she recently gave a concert at Buckingham Palace in honor of her daughter and guest, the Princess of Prussia, and, when all those who were invited had arrived, instead of entering the apartment where they expected her, ordered a carriage, and taking with her one of her daughters, the Princess Helena, went to pass the night in a country house she owns at Richmond, from which she returned next day. Prince Albert did the honors of the concert, to the great surprise of the guests, for whom this singular incident of course furnished a theme of conversation during the evening.

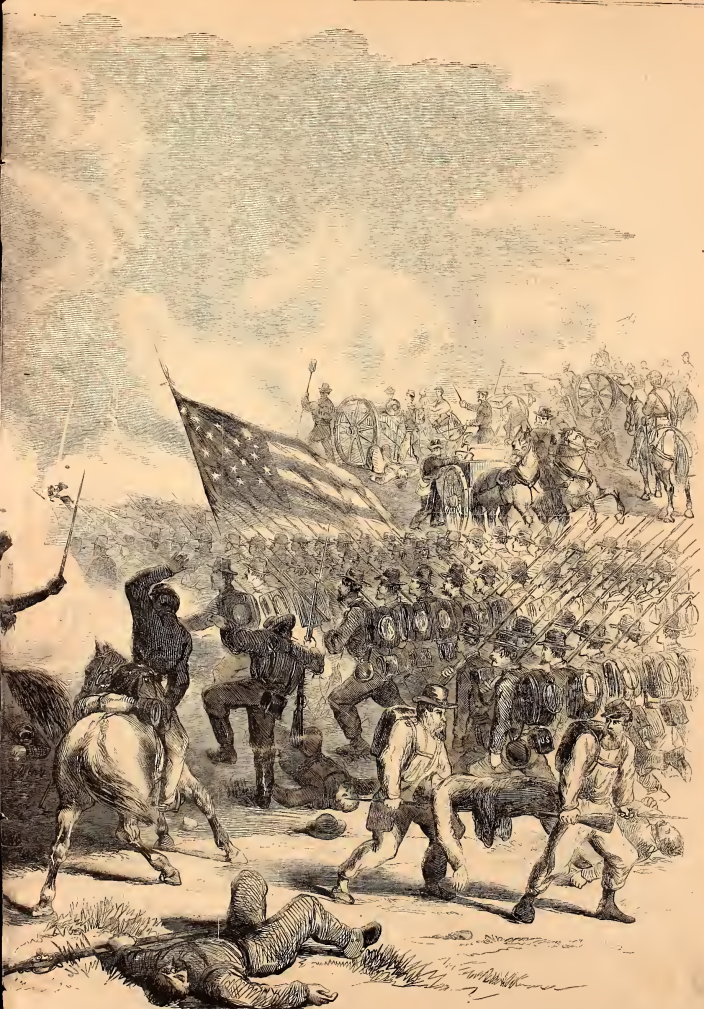
HON. T. R. A. NELSON, lately a member of Congress from Tennessee, and one of the leaders of the Unionists of the Eastern portion of the State, has been arrested by the rebels in the vicinity of Cumberland Gap and carried a prisoner to Richmond, charged with treason to the "Confederate States." Mr. Nelson presided at the late Convention of the people of East Tennessee, when it was resolved not to recognize the unconstitutional proceedings whereby Tennessee was declared out of the Union.

AN intimate friend of the late Count Cavour relates that the great statesman once expressed himself in regard to Louis Napoleon in these terms: "He has no definite policy. He has a number of political ideas floating in his mind, none of them matured. They would seem to be convictions founded upon instinct. He will not steadily pursue any single idea if a serious obstacle presents itself, but will give way and take up another. This is the *mot de l'enigme* to his policy. It is by steadily keeping this in view that I have succeeded in thwarting his designs or inducing him to adopt a measure. The only principle—if principle it can be called—which connects together these various ideas, is the establishment of his dynasty and the conviction that the best way to secure it is by feeding the national vanity of the French people."

MME. LAGRANGE is in Paris. It is said that she is in treaty with the impresario, M. Bagier, to sing in Madrid during the next season.

MRS. LINCOLN'S visit to Long Branch has caused a great sensation along that "seagirt shore." It was designed that 34 little girls, all dressed in white, should receive her at the depot, but only 27 could be found and got ready in time. Jenkins, of the *Herald*, states that "next Wednesday or Thursday, a grand ball will be given at the Mansion House. As Mrs. Lincoln is a great admirer of music, never misses an opportunity to visit the opera, and has already delighted the *habitués* of the White House by a few *recherché* private concerts at Washington, it is designed to secure Carlotta Patti, the only rival of Adelina, for a grand concert in Mrs. Lincoln's honor, to be given some time next week. This was undoubtedly the object of Grau's visit here last week, of which I wrote you, and we may shortly expect to see him here again. Grau's terms, however, always rise with the occasion, and he has such a gem in Carlotta that he is fairly master of the situation. I think she will come, however, as negotiations are already in progress. Mrs. Lincoln cannot but be pleased with such an entertainment. Mrs. Lincoln designs to remain here for about 10 days. Carriages and riding ponies have been provided for the whole party, and I am sure that there is every disposition and every arrangement to make their stay here comfortable and enjoyable."

GREAT BATTLE AT WILSON'S CREEK, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, BETWEEN 5,500 UNION TROOPS UNDER GENERALS LYON AND SIEGEL,



ND 23,000 REBELS UNDER GENERALS McCULLOUGH AND PRICE, AUGUST 10TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 229.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."

By John Pierpont.

The harp of the minstrel with melody rings
 When the Muses have taught him to touch and to tune it;
But though it may have a full octave of strings,
 To both maker and minstrel the harp is a unit.
  So the power that creates
  Our Republic of States,
 Into harmony brings them at different dates;
And the thirteen or thirty, the Union once done,
Are *E Pluribus Unum*—of many made one.

The science that weighs in her balance the spheres,
 And has watched them since first the Chaldean began it,
Now and then, as she counts them and measures their years,
 Brings into our system and names a new planet.
  Yet the old and new stars—
  Venus, Neptune and Mars,
 As they drive round the sun their invisible cars,
Whether faster or slower their races they run,
Are *E Pluribus Unum*—of many made one.

Of that system of spheres, should but one fly the track,
 Or with others conspire for a general dispersion,
By the great central orb they would all be brought back,
 And held, each in her place, by a wholesome coercion.
  Should one daughter of light
  Be indulged in her flight,
 They would all be engulfed by old Chaos and Night
So must none of our sisters be suffered to run,
For, *E Pluribus Unum*—we all go if one.

Let the demon of discord our melody mar,
 Or Treason's red hand rend our Union asunder,
Break one string from our harp, or extinguish one star,
 The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.
  Let the discord be hushed!
  Let the traitors be crushed!
 Though "Legion" their name, all with victory flushed
For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun;
E Pluribus Unum—though many we're one.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Lucille's engagement was indeed a complete triumph, and the manager reaped rich profits. Nightly the house was filled to overflowing, while the rival Venoni sang to empty benches, and the manager who had lured her from her engagement sighed with empty purse over the failure of his scheme, and with others of his craft tampered with Lucille for a higher remuneration to leave her engagement.

While the journals teemed with encomiums on her voice, her beauty, her elegance, and crowds watched as she passed through the corridors to catch a glance of her closely-veiled figure, murmured accents of admiration assailed her on all sides, and many a man whose lofty birth and fortune caused hundreds to bow at his slightest nod, would have deemed himself honored by handing the great singer to the carriage waiting to convey her home.

Home! It is a thrilling word, a word the rich, the poor, the strong and the feeble nurse in their hearts as a place of hope and love, a word the weary nourish as a haven of rest.

Home! what did it seem to Lucille as she entered her small, dark parlor, so dimly lighted, contrasted by the scene of glitter, of show and homage she had quitted. She drew her cloak tighter round her as she threw herself exhausted on the sofa.

"So cold and dreary," she murmured. "None to meet me after my night's trial—for trial it is, though the task seems easy. My child, why am I robbed of you? My husband, why does not your presence and welcome greet my return? A word from you would cheer me. For though you might accuse me of disgracing your name, your heart is too noble to withhold your forgiveness where you know the sacrifice has been all my own. Jules, why do you absent yourself so often? Ten long days you have been away. Alas! what is home without those we love to share it with us?"

She looked gloomily round. "It is a heartless world," she added, "yet its pleasures draw the best and noblest into its vortex." She pressed her hand to her bosom; a restless spirit had made its entrance there, and home for a time had lost its charms. Had it been a palace, her sensations would have been the same, for her heart longed for communion, the communion of those whose interests were her own.

She still lay on the couch, the thoughts of years flitting like whirlwinds through her brain, when a knock, the well-known knock of her husband, sounded at the outer door. In a moment she was on her feet, the tears in her eyes were chased from them, the chill of despondency was gone, and though her hand slightly quivered, in his ardent pressure warmth was restored to it, and the home so lately sad and lonely was decked with charms that love and peace can only shed over it.

"You do not upbraid me, Lucille, for my long absence," said D'Almaine, after the first greeting, "though I richly deserve your censure for keeping so long from you."

"What has detained you?" she asked. "You are pale and out of spirits. Have you received letters? My father! Emile! Say, are they well? A cloud is on your brow. Speak."

"Both are well," he replied. "But my uncle, the old admiral, who has so long and kindly interfered with the king for the restoration of my property, is ill, and from what I understand, on his last bed of suffering."

Lucille, though she knew the death of the good admiral would be a severe loss to them both, did her best to soothe him by observing that he might yet recover, and carry the point with his royal master.

D'Almaine was of too sanguine a temperament to dwell long on the dark side of a picture, and in talking on the cause of his unusually long absence and other casual matters, regained much of his habitual gay humor.

"Why, what is this?" he said, looking at the well-stocked plate-basket Rose was just removing from the sideboard. "Why, here is a goodly addition! I understood, when I left town, that our resources were exhausted."

"The cards have been well shuffled," she replied, laughing, "and, as you predicted, the best share of trumps has fallen to us."

"Hush! this is folly!" he exclaimed. "What means it, Lucille? You speak in riddles, when straightforward words are more applicable. It is unlike you to jest on points of importance."

He spoke with great impatience of manner, and looked sternly at her. She bore his earnest gaze, but replied, in a tone slightly tremulous,

"Jules, spare me for the present. I have much to tell you; but not to-night—to-morrow, or any other time, no matter when. Our fortunes are mended. This much I will say, and though you may condemn me for my folly, all connected with it is so strictly honorable, that you will hardly, under the circumstances, blame me. Oh, do not look so harshly at me, or I shall, in fear, remain silent; for dark looks and harsh words are so strange to me, that I shall sink under them."

Drawing near to him, she timidly let her head fall on his shoulder. He raised it, and looked into the depths of the clear blue eyes that shrank not beneath his flashing glance. In a moment the flash was gone, the brow unbent, and a deep crimson crossed it that a thought unjust to one so pure should have dared to find entrance in his bosom for a moment. He pressed her hands, and said, hurriedly,

"I ask no questions. Tell me what and when you list, only pardon me for doubting your truth for a moment."

"This is in your own generous spirit," she said. "I will not now begin to practise reserve with you. Let me tell you all before we sleep. It will relieve me for you to share my secret, for it has weighed down my heart like lead for the last ten days;" and she pressed her hands on her bosom, as if with the determination to master the reluctance that rose almost to check her utterance.

"No, no!" he said. "Let all be silence to-night and my rest peaceful; for if you tell me our necessities have been relieved through a gift from the De Paleron estates, I shall be inclined to spurn you as unworthy to bear the name of D'Almaine, or the honorable though more humble one of De Vernot." And he fixed his eyes with searching earnestness on her while speaking.

"It proceeds not from that source," she replied. "Rest secure in the assurance; for, like yourself, I am too proud to better our fortunes through the source which ruined them. But it is late; I feel exhausted, and inadequate to the task of conversing longer to-night on this or any other subject."

Taking up her candle, she left him. His eyes followed her till the door closed on her, when he sank into a deep reverie anything but pleasurable, and when he awoke from it fire and candle were both out.

As D'Almaine took up the *Times* lying on the breakfast-table, on the following morning, he exclaimed,

"Have you heard of this famous singer, Lucille? It is years, not in the memory of any living man, I understand, since one has been so popular in England. They seem each time she appears to find a fresh charm in her. Have you read the inexhaustible praises bestowed on her."

"Yes," replied Lucille, with some confusion, "I have read a little and heard much; but the encomiums are too elaborate to credit implicitly. I suppose she is what is termed a star, and the manager, at the expense of the public, is making the most of her."

"That remark is unlike you," said D'Almaine; "for you are so curiously apt to find out merit where it is difficult to discover it, that I more than wonder you should pass over this gifted singer so coldly."

"Have you heard her?" she asked timidly.

"No," he replied. "What say you to accompanying me to-night to the opera? I can command Livesay's box for the occasion, I know; and I long once more to see you in your proper sphere, mixing with the graceful and noble of the land."

A thought, rapid as the wind, flitted through her brain. She would go with him, and let him discover what she felt so reluctant to breathe a hint of to him. Turning, with a voice slightly tinctured by the hesitation she felt at practising anything like deception, she replied,

"The manager is an old friend of my father's—they fought together the battles of France. His box is at our service, I know; for he has frequently offered it to me."

"But why test the manager's good nature at a time like the present, when Livesay's will be unoccupied?" asked D'Almaine.

"But it is too conspicuous," said Lucille, "and I should be exposed to the gaze of so many, while the manager's box is private, and, when you desire it, quite shrouded from the public. Dear Jules, let it be the manager's box, and I will willingly go with you to hear this celebrated Venoni."

"I suppose I must consent," he returned, impatiently. Then added, good-humoredly, "Never did a woman possessed of your charms take such pains to conceal them. For once gratify me, and let them blaze in their full splendor to-night, to make me envied."

She shook her head resolutely; but a sigh escaped her that she dared not grant the desire prompted by true affection.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

D'Almaine returned from his club to an early dinner at the cottage, and at seven o'clock a plain, neat, hired brougham conveyed him and Lucille to her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. On the way the count was unusually chatty, and did not notice the extreme taciturnity and want of ease of his wife when the vehicle drew up to the stage door. The manager was there to receive her, and his wife stood in the entrance with Rose, who had gone earlier, to conduct her to her dressing-room. She drew the former aside, and in a few words stated to him her position with D'Almaine. The manager, with the vivacity of a Frenchman, took the hint; and after Lucille had whispered to her husband in a faltering tone, "I would speak to this lady before I join you," D'Almaine was conducted to the manager's box, who unperceived, by his flow of language kept him in discourse.

At length, at a break in the conversation, D'Almaine exclaimed, "But what detains my wife? Pray allow her and madame to join us, and let them finish their discourse here."

"I will send the ladies to you," said the manager, who had heard the tinkle of a small bell to summon him away, glad of this opportunity to escape.

When alone, D'Almaine stepped to the front of the box. The house was already full; and among the numerous fashionables he was soon recognised by many.

The gay and handsome Frenchman was a favorite whenever he appeared, and bows and friendly nods showered on him from all sides; and several came round to shake hands with him, and to expatiate on the merits of the syren Venoni. Thus occupied, the curtain arose amid loud plaudits, and during the buzz each found his seat, anxious to be in it when she made her appearance.

D'Almaine again withdrew within the box, and as the singer entered and bent gracefully and modestly to the greetings, like all present he felt spellbound as she advanced towards the lights; but the witchery had a far different cause that fastened his look on the form before him. He rubbed his eyes; was it a vision that had deceived him, and he raised his glass to be more certain.

The glass, however, fell from his hand, for the turn of that queenly head that had won his first admiration was no illusion. Furtively he glanced round. Every glass was levelled at her; she stood there a public spectacle; she, the wife of his bosom; she who till this moment he had believed had shrunk from the fixed gaze of all but himself. He rose, stamped his foot hard on the floor beneath it, and a few hissing words issued through his clenched teeth.

"It is profanity for a creature so chaste, so sensitive, to be exposed to it," he muttered; "I will drag her from their libertine, polluted gaze."

But hush, all is silent as the grave. A few low notes fall upon the ear, then again is profound silence. Again the notes, low and clear, fall on the expectant ear; this time they rise with all their power, trilling as the lark, melodious as the nightingale, they echo from the lofty columns, vibrate on all hearts: the singer has mastered her emotions. Oh, the ordeal of a first appearance was as nothing to the anguish she endured this night, knowing as she did that she was trampling on the kindliest feelings of her husband's nature. While the melody continued, D'Almaine seemed rooted to the spot; but as it ceased and the house rang with its spontaneous burst of admiration, fire was on his brain, within his heart. He rushed into the street, and like a maniac paced the colonnade. A hand was laid on his arm, he turned, it was the manager, and with a fierce look he shook it from him.

"It is you have done it," said D'Almaine; "she dared not. Mercenary wretch, you have made her a public spectacle, a show to all who will pay their money to you to look at her; but you shall answer for it; you shall know what it is to insult a Frenchman though he is an exile. Prepare."

The manager was a patient, friendly man, and, really feeling for his proud nature, by dint of soothing persuaded the count to re-enter the house and repair to the dressing-room of Lucille. On entering he banged the door, and with long and hasty strides paced the apartment till his fiery spirit somewhat cooled. He then flung himself on the sofa, and, covering his face with his hands, endeavored to shut out thought by the very means he took to augment it, still dwelling on his supposed wrongs.

Lucille's hand lingered long on the handle of the door before she turned it, and when she did she entered the room with so noiseless a step that she was leaning over her husband before he was aware of her entrance. She pronounced his name gently, and he turned with a convulsive start. Their eyes met; anger flashed from his, but she gazed tenderly into them till the flashing subsided and a mist came over them, then she glided into his arms; but he did not respond to her embrace. She then crept more closely to him, and said,

"I have wounded your feelings, your heart is sore. Oh! have some pity for what mine feels, and pardon me."

"Pardon you," he exclaimed, and his arms tightened round her; "ah, that is easy, but can I forgive myself? My thoughtless extravagance is the cause of this disgrace."

"Disgrace!" she retorted; "this is indeed false pride, my husband. Do not call an honorable mode of earning money by such an undeserved epithet."

"Undeserved epithet," he exclaimed; "is it not disgrace for a wife of the ancient house of D'Almaine, a house that never but from inadvertence had a blemish on its escutcheon, to be doomed to stand before a fickle public, a candidate for fame."

"Better that," she replied impressively, "than stand before the world a beggar, with the stain upon our character that we were fed by honest tradesmen, without even an existing hope that we could make them a return."

"Ah," he returned, softened, "I know your worth, the sacrifices you are capable of; but I cannot, will not submit to your continuing this hateful existence. Surely among our friends, our wealthy friends, one may be found to assist us for a time without this degrading resource."

"Among your wealthy friends," said Lucille, rising proudly from his arms. "As your wife, Jules, the loftiest spirit of the two, turn from the friends you dream of, the friends you would depend on, to true independence, though it be to the resource of a voice bestowed on me by my Creator that I might fly to it in the hour of need."

He looked at her with a degree of awe as she stood before him with upraised head, nostrils slightly distended, and curled lip.

"In the hour of need," he murmured. "And this you have done for me; I know it, Lucille, for your father's home was open to you. I thought long since I had divined the nobleness of your character, but each new trait tells me its depths are unfathomable. But you must break this engagement. I speak not now in pride, but in tenderness. The exertion is killing you. Your wasted form, your pale cheek, tell a tale I would close my eyes to."

"It is not the trifling exertion I undergo has paled my cheek and drooped my form," replied Lucille. "No, dearest husband," she added, "they have another, a deeper cause—but think not of it," and she again sunk into his arms, saying to herself, "it will, alas for him! unfold itself too soon."

As he held her tightly in his embrace he repeated, "Lucille, this engagement must be broken."

"Not so," she returned calmly, "you must surmount your pride. For me not to carry out my engagement would be unjust to the manager, to the public and ourselves. Let us home now; my duties here are ended for to-night, and I trust before twenty-four hours have elapsed to have persuasive power ample enough to lead you to acquiesce in my plans."

"Ah, let us home," said D'Almaine, "for this place is hateful. When I entered it three hours since, I little thought the anguish that it was to bring upon me."

Muffling her and himself closely in their cloaks, D'Almaine hurried her away.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was an arduous task for Lucille to overcome her husband's repugnance to her engagement, but she accomplished it. However, D'Almaine consented, and attended her to and from the theatre, though pride had still its ascendance over him, with the collar of his large cloak raised, so that the lower part of his face was concealed, and his travelling cap drawn low over his forehead, and tied by its broad bands under his chin, he passed with her without a suspicion being entertained that the proud Count D'Almaine was leading his wife from her nightly avocation in the character of the celebrated singer Venoni. But amid the triumphs which reigned around her Lucille's health was gradually, but surely declining. She crept to bed faint and weary, and in the morning rose from a sleepless couch, weak and languid.

"It is not the exertion that makes me thus," she thought; "for what is it? A few hours alternate nights; yet still I go to it with reluctance, and am relieved when it is over; but it will soon end; and then to Germany and my dear father. Perhaps I may recruit there."

The "perhaps" was uttered in a doubtful tone, and she thought of her husband and sighed.

At length the last night of Lucille's engagement was announced. Never was water to the parched traveller of the desert more joyfully seen than the approach of this night. The day before D'Almaine had been called to Dover on business of importance from France, and the support his presence ever gave seemed to die now he had departed.

With Rose Perre, Lucille departed for the theatre. The idea that she was going there for the last time gave an elasticity to her step, an animation to her whole appearance, which it had long wanted. The house was densely crowded, and never had her voice sounded clearer or more melodious; and when she came forward to take her leave the plaudits were deafening.

The Queen, who had honored the house with her presence, commanded Lucille before her; and Lucille, who would gladly have dispensed with the honor, was led to the presence almost passively.

It is needless to say how generously Lucille was received. Her Majesty, while telling her she should appoint a day for her singing at the Palace, took a bracelet from her arm and clasped it, with her usual gracious condescension, round the wrist of Lucille. She pressed the magnificent gift to her lips with gratitude, bowing her acquiescence to attend her Majesty when she might deem it proper to honor her with her commands, though with anticipations that she should never fulfil her promise.

"What a beautiful bracelet," said Rose. "And the Queen, how kind and gracious to bestow it with her own hand. Will monsieur the count allow you, madame, should her Majesty send to you to wait upon her?"

"No, he would not," returned Lucille, shaking her head mournfully; "but he will not be called upon for a refusal, unless like the dying swan I sing to the last."

Rose felt a cold shiver run through her; but the carriage stopped, and she alighted quickly to give her aid to her mistress.

Lucille on entering the house retired to her chamber, and sinking into a chair, pressed her hands to her temples.

"Oh, this pain!" she cried; "and my cough, too sorely it increases. Would that Jules may return to-morrow; for now we possess the means, I would seek without delay the air and change that may for a time invigorate me. Oh, Rose!" she exclaimed, "if I could but see my child, or be assured she was under safe guardianship, I should pass from life calmly."

"Oh, madame, do not speak of dying," said Rose. "Rouse your energies," she added, in a vain effort to conceal her feelings; "live to embrace your child; for I am as sure she will be restored to us as I am that I was mad when I parted with her."

"Energy!" she returned, encouraged by the speech of Rose. "I have seldom lacked it, and it shall not forsake me now." She rose and walked firmly across the room; the light shone on the bracelet hanging on her shrunken wrist, she touched it with her lips. "Happy wife, happy mother!" she breathed softly; "blessed in both characters; long may you hear them—your country's pride and hope." Again her eye fell on the bright gems, and from them to her arm. "Oh, me!" she added, "this thin arm once would have filled the bauble out; now—but why moralise, or wonder at the work of Heaven. I trust my husband will return to-morrow." She dismissed Rose, and sinking on the bed fell into a restless sleep. She was awoke from it by a ringing on the door-bell. "It is the count!" she cried. Never seemed he more welcome; and sitting up, she listened to hear his voice.

Rose Perre was quickly at the door. Lucille heard a strange voice, and quitting the bed, she was at the door as Rose reached it. Rose held up a letter. "This should have been here," she said, "three hours earlier, but the messenger was thrown from his horse, and consequently delayed. It is from Monsieur D'Almaine."

"Give it to me!" said Lucille, snatching the letter, and hastily breaking the seal. As she unfolded it, a sensation of fear came over her. "Is it not strange," said she, "that he should have written, when, if he is able, he will surely come to-morrow—and by express, too? I fear some new misfortune. Read it, Rose; for a film seems to spread over my sight."

Rose took the letter and read the following few hurried lines:

"My dear Lucille—Nothing but necessity keeps me from you, a few hours longer; fearing you might expect me to-night, I send this express to quiet your fears. But in the morning expect me with the lark, for I have such good, such glorious news for you, so unlooked, so unhoped for, that I think it expedient to warn before I see you. Adieu, a few hours longer. Ever yours,

"Jules."

While Rose read, thought rushed like a torrent through Lucille's brain.

"What is it, Rose?" she said, tremblingly, when Rose had read it a second time, and she had herself run her own eyes over it. "What is this good, this glorious news? Has he seen or heard from the Batistes? That must be it!" she continued. "He has heard of our child—the child of so many tears, Rose. I shall see my child, I am again a happy mother. Look through the blind. I see morning already dawning. Oh, what a sunrise it will be to me!"

The hours seemed interminable, before the first pale beam of morning fell upon the window, and lighted with the semblance of health her wan cheek, and then how long after she counted the tardy minutes. Oh, for the heart of an anxious mother!

Lucille's eyes were still on the timepiece when D'Almaine's knock sounded on every portal of her heart. She rose to meet him, her step faltered; she leant on the back of a chair or she had fallen. He dashed open the door; pride and exultation glowed on his fine countenance as he caught her, almost fainting, in his arms.

"My Lucille!" he cried, "toil and watching are past. We shall again rest in the home of my ancestors. But——" and the paper he held fell to the ground. "You are ill! Rose! Eugene! water! She faints!"

"No, no," said Lucille, faintly, but rallying herself. "It is nothing—the surprise, the expectation. Tell me—I am strong now—what of her—what of Birdie? for it is of her you would tell me. And Eugene here! Is he the bearer of the tidings?"

D'Almaine clasped her thin, cold hands, once so symmetrically beautiful, between both his own, and bowed his head upon them for several moments in silence. At length he murmured,

"How devoted, how undying is the love of a mother! Not so a man's. Filled with his own selfish pursuits, the object unseen is forgotten or remembered so apathetically, that pleasure, as it passes, fades it from his view. My wife, how willingly would I forego the satisfaction with which these papers (pointing to some Eugene held in his hand) have given my proud heart, to pour one drop of hope into your bosom. Alas! they are but a grant from the king, a full and free pardon and restoration of my estates. The fate of our child is still in uncertainty."

A short time she remained inanimate in his arms. In a moment the heart yearnings of home had been crushed; but severe as was the shock, she was too unselfish to dwell on it to cloud the bright future opening on her husband. She congratulated him with ardor, and with pleasure welcomed Eugene to England.

Eugene, who with pain had been silently watching her altered appearance, said, when she addressed him,

"Madame D'Almaine, you are ill. The count must hasten with you from England. France, I hope, will restore the health England has robbed you of."

"Yes," said D'Almaine, gloomily, "my country has done me justice; I can return to her. But her justice has been too tardy, for what is wealth and country, if the wife of my youth, she who has shared with me the storms of adversity, and dried the tears of affliction, is not with me to give them charms?"

"*La belle France!* our beloved country!" she interrupted, with a burst of enthusiasm. "The thought of returning to you will brighten my eye and lighten my step. Oh, we will lose no time here. I shall be well so soon as my feet touch the land of my fathers."

The animation of her manner gave a hectic flush to her cheeks, a lustre to her eyes. It is beautiful to hope; and as D'Almaine and Eugene saw the fallacious change, hope beamed on the countenances of both.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Before the sun mounted to its meridian, D'Almaine had dispatched letters to two of the principal physicians of London. They answered his call promptly, and as his earnest gaze fastened on the countenance of each, as his finger pressed the feeble pulse of his wife, neither pen nor painter could give force to the deep, unavailing agony, which seemed crushing him with its overbearing weight. He listened in silence—words had deserted him. In their opinion medicine was useless in a case like hers, but something might be hoped from a change of air and a warmer climate.

"Oh, give me hope!" said D'Almaine, drawing a deep breath. "Say she will live, and take all else from me!"

Lucille, who felt for him, though she could not say hope, did her utmost to reconcile him to an event she was too certain was irremediable. She busily assisted Rose Perre in preparations for their departure, and was at times cheerful almost to gaiety.

After an unquiet night, harassed by incessant coughing, as daylight broke through the dark clouds, Lucille fell into a heavy slumber. D'Almaine, whose night also had been restless, lay in feverish and exciting meditation, till finding it impossible to lie longer, he stole quietly from his bed; he moved mechanically to the window blind and drew it aside, a broad sunbeam flashed through the glass, and gleamed broadly on the pale and sleeping Lucille. Fearing it would wake her, he turned to let down the curtain; but he stood immoveable; that broad beam told a truthful tale, it showed the ravage care and illness had made on their victim; at the sight his lips became white and cold, his eyes fixed, and a whirl of agony, such as he had never felt or dreamed of before, chilled the current of his heart. He gazed with such intensity of thought, that he feared at length what he most dreaded had happened—she lay so pale, so still; he raised the lace of her cap, then put his cold, trembling fingers on her heart. The touch awoke her, she looked up and smiled, he breathed again, and uttered a low but fervent, "Thank God!"

Lucille's first words were, "Have you written to my father?"

"Yes," he replied; "I told him to meet us at Dover, but not to wait there if we had not arrived, but to come on to London. I named the route we should take, and recommended this plan to him, knowing the presence of your father ever works a charm on your health and spirits, love."

"You are right, Jules," said Lucille; "from infancy till I chose another, dearest, my father was all I had to love. Oh, I hope nothing will prevent his coming; but I am better to-day, that sleep has wonderfully recruited me. I shall rise early."

"Blessed words!" he returned, fervently. "May they prove auspicious."

As they sat together that day, Eugene D'Almaine, now a fine young man of twenty years of age, possessed of some of the best feelings of human nature, who was in mourning for his father the old admiral, sat near them, an interested listener to their conversation.

"You are certainly better, dear Lucille," said D'Almaine, his sanguine temperament deriving comfort from the flush on her cheeks which gave animation to her whole being. "Yes, you are better," he continued; "your eyes and complexion bespeak it, for they are beautiful as when first I looked upon them. All will be ready the day after to-morrow to quit this place. We will go at once to the south, to your own valley, Lucille, where the flowers are always blooming and the sunshine temperate; yes, to your own sweet valley, where the glades are always green, and you were the brightest wild flower among them, till I plucked you and bore you from them. Oh, what a world of woe we have both seen since then; but we have borne it together, dearest, and together we will sip the honey drops in the refuge we have won. And the cottage, the vine-grown cottage, I will write and have it prepared for us. How calmly we shall rest beneath its roof—the roof under which our first vows of love were breathed!"

"What lovely visions you are creating, Jules," said Lucille. "Ah, if we could but realize them, and who can tell," she added; but she checked herself, and continued, "but let us speak of other things, of our child if she be yet spared to us, Jules, before we quit England. You must give me your word, your sacred promise, that now you are free, have wealth abundant, and power to go where will or pleasure lead you—you, I say, the father, the rightful protector of this dear child, will search her out. Ah! though you be weary, sad and hopeless in your wanderings; still must you prosecute them till she is found; this, I say, this you must promise me."

"I promise," he answered, solemnly, "that as soon as you are well, and that I can leave you with safety to the care of others, my search shall commence, nor shall it end till I ascertain if she live, or is beyond our care."

"And I," said Eugene, in the same tone, "will be my cousin's companion in his wanderings; we will together seek her, trusting in heaven to guide us to the haven of our hopes."

"Enough," said Lucille. "Heaven will guide you. But, Jules," she added, "I have another promise to crave," and her voice was low and quivering; "this child, so long torn from our care and guidance, should you find her, it may be sunk, fallen from the level of goodness, of virtue, yet must she not be spurned?" Here her voice became firm and commanding as she proceeded. "No," she exclaimed, "though her calamities may disgrace the house she has sprung from, she must be cherished by her father; for if her course is vicious, which heaven in its mercy, forbid, we must remember it was her fate, not her will."

Exhausted by her energy, Lucille's head sank on the sofa arm, and D'Almaine tenderly wiped the dew from her forehead.

"Desist, dear Lucille," he said, "desist from this sad subject, it exhausts you; have my word now, in health it shall be renewed. Let it satisfy you that every wish about your child is re-echoed by my own bosom, and if diligence and love can restore her, she will one day sit between us round our domestic hearth."

"Happy, happy day," she cried; at the same moment, a tress, bright as ever sun shone on, fell from beneath her cap, and rested on D'Almaine's hand. He looked on it fondly, and kissed it with all the ardor of his nature; a smile spread itself over the face of Lucille, and, taking up a pair of scissors, in an instant it was severed from her head and touched by her lips.

"Take it," she said; "keep it for the lost one, it is a relic hallowed by the lips of her parents; and now we will speak of gayer scenes of the Chateau Noi, of Emile and Madeline, my early friend."

D'Almaine anxiously entered on other topics, and, assisted by Eugene, the invalid's words were soon in summer wandering from scene to scene of happier days; not so her thoughts, they strayed not without the narrow compass of the house she knew she should not quit living.

The day after the morrow came, but Lucille was too ill to rise. D'Almaine sat beside her bed, ministering to her smallest want.

"Has my father come?" she asked several times, each time more anxious; at length she heard a footstep on the stairs, she sat up and listened; the step was familiar to her, for she said in a quick tone, "It is he!"

At the same moment Monsieur de Vernet entered. He was pale and travel-worn, and he cast an anxious momentary glance on D'Almaine; but, without noticing him, approached the bed hastily.

"Father!" said Lucille, in the same quiet voice.

He put his arm round her, and drew her tremblingly and close towards him.

"My child, my Lucille!" he cried, "the thing dearest to me on earth; is it thus I see you?"

"You see me happy," she replied. "Am I not surrounded by those I love. But, my mother?"

"Not well, or she would have come with me;" "but, had she known all; what would have kept her away?" he added, and his voice died into a murmur.

"Father! father!" again repeated Lucille; and the smile deepened round her mouth. "I have watched long for your coming. Now I can sleep, Jules. No one places the pillow like you. There—that is comfortable;" and allowing her head to sink on the pillow, she crossed her hands on her bosom, and slept.

Long and in silence sat the husband and father; except at intervals, when on tiptoe they rose, thinking they saw her move; and deep sank the sun in the horizon, yet still sat the watchers; when Rose Perre, who had been weeping and watching with the rest, came near the bed.

"Hush!" said D'Almaine, "lest you wake her. This sleep will renovate her."

Despite of remonstrance, Rose drew herself nearer still. She touched the marble forehead; it was cold as its resemblance, but scarcely colder than Rose's own, as her fingers rested on the folded hands of Lucille, whose grasp had already relaxed, and the faded flowers she had gathered off little Blanche's grave had fallen from them. She uttered a short, sharp cry. The husband and father rose in perturbation. Rose had fainted. Lucille was at rest!

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORLD UNDERGROUND.

The excavations carried on by Mr. Farrer, M.P., Mr. Joseph Robertson, of the General Register House, Mr. Chalmers, Aberdeen, and others, in the Tumuli, near the Standing Stones, at Stennis, Orkney, have resulted in the discovery of some very interesting remains. Large subterranean galleries have been found, faced with stone slabs, whereon are several inscriptions, in the Runic character, in a fine state of preservation. The discovery is expected to throw considerable light on the history of our Pictish forefathers. A bowl-barrow, near the large quarry of Bookan, not far from the Standing Stones, was opened, and a circular building was found in it, containing four kists, arranged around a central kist, from which there was a small passage, leading towards the outside of the building. There were human skeletons in three of the kists, and a lance or spear head of flint and fragments of small rude clay vessels lay in the centre kist, but no bones. The covers of the kists had fallen in and crushed their contents.

During the past three months considerable progress has been made in exploring the ruins of the ancient cities of Phœnicia. In January last, Dr. Gaillardot commenced at Saida and M. Ernest Renan at Sour, and the operations at these places are now complete, with the exception of the excavation of the great necropolis at the former place. Remains of the Crusaders were found at both places, but none above ground of the Phœnicians. Gigantic blocks of granite, marking the limits of the ancient port of Sidon, still remain; also, on the plain, to the east of the site of the old city, a subterranean Salon has been discovered. Here, in 1855, the sarcophagus of Eschmunazar, in the cavern of Apollo, was found. This is the only great inscribed Phœnician sarcophagus hitherto discovered. Portions of another have been found in the same place by M. Renan. Also, in the rock caves of Sidon, some of which are anterior to the time of Alexander, sarcophagi of various forms, some of terra cotta, ornamented with garlands, have been discovered. Other remains of different epochs have been examined, and portions have been sent to Paris. Some of the sculptures, &c., resemble those of Egypt, others those of Nineveh and Persepolis. Among the objects found in the caverns and sent home are many articles of dress and common use, Phœnician coins, and a leaden sarcophagus of good workmanship.

Mrs. Lincoln, after a short stay at the Metropolitan, in this city, has gone to Long Branch. During her visit to New York she called upon the Princess Clotilde.

The Prince Napoleon has gone West on a visit to the prairies. On Wednesday, the 14th of August, he dined with Mayor Wood—on the 15th, at the Union Club. It would seem from all reports that the son of Hortense, and the brother of Mathilde, is eminently a genial man.

The famous cricketers, who visited America in 1858, have made an engagement to play with the players of Australia in 1862.

General Wool passed through New York on the 16th of August, on his way to Fortress Monroe, where he resumes the chief command. Despite his great age, he looked full of health and vigor.

A German paper says: "The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has proclaimed first marksman of Germany M. du Looaw, of Dusseldorf, who, in the recent national rifle match at Gotha, hit the centre 151 times out of 302 shots, and gained 120 prizes in money, and nine others." This is very poor work compared to our Berdan and his famous regiment.

Even the Sultan is "going ahead" of brother Jonathan in naval affairs. He has ordered four armor-clad iron steam frigates of war to be immediately built for him in England and Scotland.

A scion of a royal house, now in Paris, young, but celebrated for his oration and *mal-àpropos* remarks at the same time, was presented, a few days ago to one of our principal *peintres de genres*, Sir Edwin Landseer; and on the son of the brush making his obeisance, the great personage remarked, "Ah, I remember your name! Very glad to see you. I always was so fond of animals!"

The Soldier's Treasure—Great Gift for a Soldier.—It is seldom that we have seen so valuable a gift as the Soldier's Belt. This is fastened by an elastic string, and supplies warmth and sustenance to the wearer. Being filled with aromatic ingredients, which are absorbed into the system by contact, it has all the invigorating effects of a stimulant, without any of its ulterior evil consequences. While it is restorative in its results, it is also calculated to sustain a soldier on a march; and, by strengthening the abdominal muscles, it virtually acts at once as nourishment and tonic. The aromatic warmth it supplies prevents chills and fevers, and counteracts the evil results of sleeping on the grass and in an ill-fed state. Every person who wishes to do a soldier a service should present him with one of these belts, since they retain their virtue and efficacy for at least a year. The New York agent is Mr. Frazier, 35 Dey street.

Mr. H. F. Eastman, of Rochester, writes to his sister that he has escaped from his forced service in the "Prince William Cavalry" in the rebel army in Virginia, and has found shelter in Washington. He adds: "I deserted, and am now here, bound to be revenged. I want to get up a company of as desperate fellows as ever looked down on the muzzle of a gun, and go right forward with the Federal army."

On the new Sultan's accession to the throne, his mother purchased the most beautiful slave woman she could find in Constantinople, loaded her with jewels, and presented her to Abdul Aziz. "Take that woman away!" said the Sultan, sternly, "I have one wife, whom I love. Let me hear nothing more of such presents!"

An invalid General of the Italian army went, a few days since, to Turin, to take leave of an august personage, previous to carrying himself, his scars and his rheumatic pains to the baths of Genoa, according to his yearly custom. "Well, General, you are off to Genoa?" "Yes, sire, I am going in hopes of getting another grant of life." "I wish you success, my dear general; but mind, if the baths of Genoa do not set you up, I invite you to come with me in the spring, and try the waters of Venice."

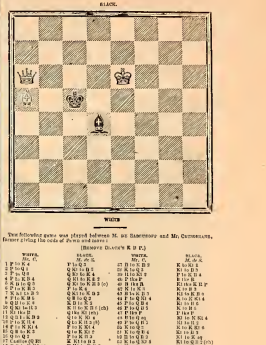
"The extraordinary character of the drill practiced by the Fire Zouaves is happily hit off," says an English paper, "by a literary Fire Zouave: We get up at two in the morning, and have somersault drill for two hours by squads, then by companies, and then we form in regimental line and turn fourteen sommersaults forward and fourteen backward, to the tap of the drum, keeping exact time, loading and firing revolving rifles at a target as we come forward, and firing at another target as we go back, with a revolver in each hand. If any balls are found more than an inch and a half from the centre, the man is discovered and put on columbiad guard for the day—this means keeping guard all day with two-inch columbiads tied across his shoulders. After sommersault drill, we have jumping and firing in the air by platoons for two hours. At the word of command the platoons jump thirty-three feet straight up, firing at an object fifty yards in advance the instant they reach their extreme altitude. This sort of practice, the colonel thinks, will be remarkably useful in firing at an enemy concealed behind breastworks."

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 111 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 303.—By Medicus, Newburg, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The following game was played between M. de Sabouroff and Mr. Cruikshank, former giving the odds of Pawn and move:

(Remove Black's K B P.)

White. Mr. C.	Black. M. de S.	White. Mr. C.	Black. M. de S.
1 P to K 4	P to Q 3	37 R to K B 2	K to Kt 2
2 P to Q 4	Q Kt to B 3	38 K to Q 3	Kt to B 3
3 P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 4	39 R to K R 2	P to K R 4
4 P to K B 4	Q Kt to Kt 2	40 P tks P	B tks P
5 K Kt to Q 3	Q Kt to K R 3 (a)	41 R tks R	Kt tks R P
6 P to K R 3	P to K 4	42 K to K 3	K to B 3
7 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to K B 2	43 B to K B 3	Kt to K B 6
8 P to K B 6	Q B to Q 2	44 P to Q Kt 4	K to K Kt 4
9 Q B to K 3	K B to K 2	45 P to Q B 4	Kt to R 5
10 Q Kt to R 3	K R to K R 6 (ch)	46 P to Q B 5	K to B 5
11 Kt tks B	Q tks Kt (ch)	47 P tks P	P tks P
12 Q B to K B 2	Q to K Kt 4	48 B to Q sq	Kt to K Kt 4
13 P to K R 4	Q to K R 3 (b)	49 P to Q R 5	Kt to R 2
14 P to K Kt 4	P to K Kt 4	50 K to Q 3	K to K Kt 6
15 Q B to K 3	Q to K Kt 2	51 K to Q B 4	Kt to B 3
16 Q to Q 2	P to K R 3	52 B to Q B 2	Kt to K sq
17 Castles (Q R)	K Kt to B 3	53 K to Q Kt 5	Kt to Q B 2 (ch)
18 Q B to K Kt sq	K Kt to K B 8	54 K to R 4	Kt to K sq
19 Q Kt to Q Kt 5	B tks Kt	55 B to Q 3	K to K B 5
20 B tks P (ch)	K to K 2	56 P to Q Kt 5	Kt to K B 3
21 K R P tks P	Q Kt tks P	57 P to Q Kt 6	P tks P (c)
22 K B to K 2	K Kt to K B 3	58 P tks P	K to K Kt 4
23 Q B tks Kt	Q tks B	59 K to Q B 5	Kt to Q 2
24 R to K B 3	Q R to K Kt sq	60 B to Q B 5	Kt to Q B 4
25 K to Q sq	Q tks Q (ch)	61 B tks P	Kt tks K P
26 K tks Q	R to K Kt 4	62 B to Q B 8	Kt to Q B 4
27 K to Q 3	R to R 2	63 K to Kt 6 (d)	P to K 5
28 P to Q B 3	Kt to K Kt sq	64 P to Kt 7	Kt tks P
29 K to K 3	R from R 3 to Kt 2	65 B tks Kt	P to K 6 (e)
30 Q R to Kt 2	R to R 3	66 K to B 6	P to K 7
31 K to Q 3	K to B 3	67 K tks P	K tks P
32 Q R to K R 2	K to Kt 2	68 K to B 7	P Queens
33 R to K B 5	K to B 3	69 P to Q 6	Q to Q R 5 (ch)
34 K to K 3	R from R 2 to K Kt 2	70 K to B 8	Q to Q B 5 (ch)
35 P to Q R 4	R tks R	71 K to Q 7	K to K 4
36 R tks R	R to Kt 4		And White resigns.

(a) Losing much valuable time; P to K 4 would have enabled Black to develop his game.

(b) Black judiciously declined taking the proffered Pawn, because White would thereby have obtained a strong attack by replying with R to K Kt sq.

(c) It is evident that P to Q R 5 instead of the move in the text would have been fatal on account of White's rejoinder, B tks R P, &c.

(d) A fatal error, which throws away an easy victory.

(e) White evidently overlooked that the King blocked up the diagonal of the Bishop, thus preventing him from stopping the advance of the Pawn.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. G. wants to know what a "bug" in billiards is? When any of the balls runs close along a particular cushion, it is said to "hug" it.

R. W. P., Oswego.—The same as if he pocketed his own ball.

Lewis, Orange.—No.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

Billiards in California.—A new billiard saloon has been opened in San Francisco by Messrs. Daniel Lynch and M. E. Hughes. It is situated on Montgomery street, opposite the new Metropolitan Theatre. The saloon is entered by a spacious stairway, faced with Sienna marble, is one hundred and thirty feet by thirty-five, and contains eight tables with Phelan's cushions. The room is magnificently furnished in all its details, marble mantels, rich mirrors and sketches of California scenery, painted by the landscapist Butman. Some of the tables are made of California laurel. The lighting of the room is admirably arranged, each table being surmounted by a dome eight feet in diameter, covered with a horizontal ground glass dome light. No expense has been spared to make it one of the most elegant saloons in the United States. Mr. Lynch is well-known as the most accomplished player in California, and Mr. Hughes is also well-known in connection with billiards in the Golden State. They cannot fail to achieve a success commensurate with their enterprise in preparing so elaborate a temple for the amateurs of billiards in San Francisco. A full and artistic description of the room is found in the California correspondence of *Wilkes's Spirit*.

American v. French Billiards.—Some amateurs in America have been somewhat mortified by the seeming inferiority of American billiards to the game as played in France, and as illustrated by M. Berger in his late exhibitions in this country. A little reflection, however, will convince them that the science in America is not in so backward a state as a superficial view would lead one to imagine.

The professional billiard-players of the United States, with a generosity which does them the highest honor, submitted to this seeming deterioration of their game during the time of M. Berger's stay in this country. As M. Berger, to use his own words, came to this country "not as a challenger, but as a friend," the billiard-players of the United States, one and all, received him as a friend, and acted with him as such for his own sole benefit. They consented to play with him, with his own balls, on his own table, machinery with which the practice of a quarter of a century had made him perfectly familiar, and which was entirely new to them.

They are all habituated to larger balls, and a more extensive superficies. The difference which so great a change makes in the game of any billiard-player, any tyro who has played three consecutive weeks on the same table and with the same balls can fully appreciate.

There are players in this country who were most anxious to test their skill with M. Berger on their own tables, with their own balls and at their own game, and who, they think, without desiring in the least to detract from M. Berger's great ability at the French game, would have achieved a different result on an American table and with balls of the average American size. They did not press their desire, however, for they wished, above all, to do everything in their power to make M. Berger's visit as pleasant and as profitable as possible, and to act up to the highest requirements of American hospitality.

Billiards by the Seashore.—The noble game does not lack votaries at the watering-places. At Long Branch it is the favorite amusement of both ladies and gentlemen, who take a great interest in it. On Friday evening, 9th inst., a billiard exhibition was given by Messrs. Kavanagh and Geary, at the request of the ladies and gentlemen sojourning at the Branch. Mr. Phelan, who is staying with his family at the Metropolitan, consented to play a game with Mr. Kavanagh on the evening in question. The billiard-table was set up for the occasion in the parlor of the hotel, and a brilliant audience of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the performance. Among those present were his Grace Archbishop Hughes, Very Rev. Dr. Starrs, Signor Brignoli, of the Italian opera, George Wilkes, Esq., editor of *Wilkes's Spirit*, and several other notabilities.

The entertainment commenced by a game of 500 points between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, which was won by Mr. Kavanagh. The playing was not as brilliant as it might have been, owing to the humidity of the atmosphere, the consequent dampness of the cloth clogging the march of the balls.

Mr. Kavanagh then made several of the famous masse shots, *à la* Berger. The *rationale* of each shot was explained to the audience by Mr. Geary, in a manner which rendered the mode of the execution comprehensible even by those who never took a cue in hand.

The ladies and gentlemen present expressed themselves highly gratified with the entertainment. Archbishop Hughes paid marked attention to the various shots executed. The Archbishop has a billiard-table in the archiepiscopal residence, his physicians, on account of his feeble health and the exhausting nature of his onerous duties, having prescribed billiards as a gentle relaxation. We have seen it stated in the French papers that his Holiness the Pope, whose health has been delicate for some years, was advised by his physicians, about two years since, to take gentle exercise at billiards for a couple of hours each day, a piece of advice which his Holiness has adopted with the best results.

Espionage in Paris.—A few days ago Mrs. B., an English lady, entered a bookseller's shop, the owner of which was known to be hostile to the present dynasty. She remained a short time inside, and then came out with a small parcel in her hand. She did not notice any one following or watching her; but, on reaching her hotel, after making two or three small purchases on her way, she was accosted by a police-agent, who followed her into the courtyard and peremptorily required her to give him the parcel she had brought out of the bookseller's shop. Mrs. B., in her surprise and astonishment, mechanically gave the parcel up, which was immediately opened, and inside were two books, "Paul and Virginia," and an abridgment of Buffon. Collecting herself, however, she added immediately after, "You have no right to do what you are doing, and I will complain to the Prefect of Police." The man, who was clearly ashamed of himself—a rare phenomenon in a *mouchard*—apologized and returned the books, with these words: "Madame, I mistook you for a French lady. These are not the books I am ordered to watch over. I sincerely beg your pardon; but, *croyez moi*, I am only acting up to my orders, and dare not disobey."

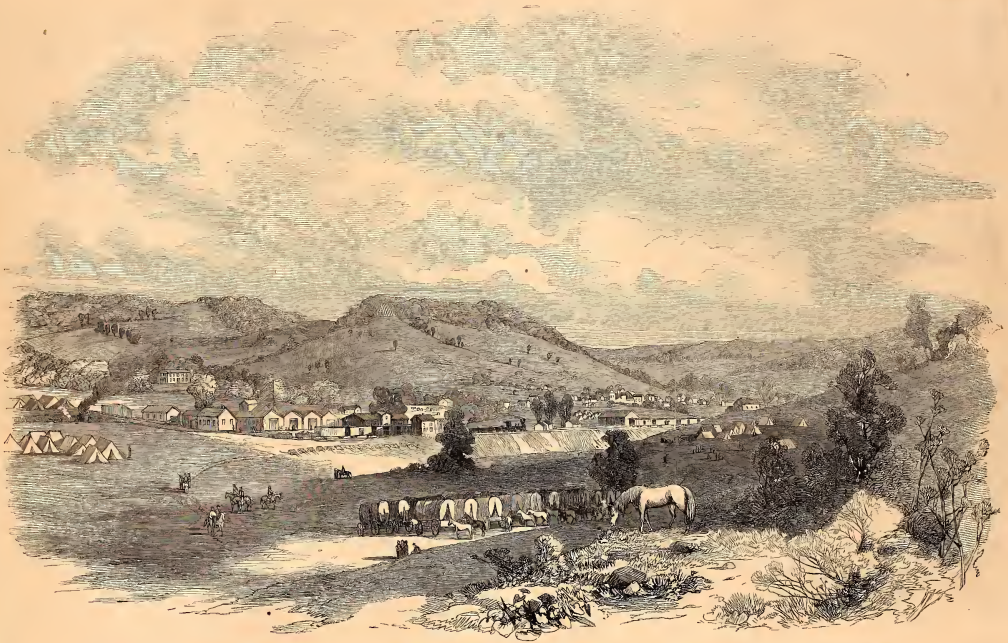
TAKING AWAY THE COLORS OF THE 79TH NEW YORK REGIMENT, FOR INSUBORDINATION AND MUTINY, WASHINGTON, AUGUST 14TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 229.

THE PRIVATEER SUMTER.

Our correspondent at Cumpas has sent us a photograph of this famous rover of the seas, as she appeared when taking in coals at the wharf at Cumpas. The remarkable success of this daring pirate has given her an almost romantic interest, such as attaches to the buccaneers of old. The original name of the steamer was the Habana, which was commanded and partly owned by Captain McConnell, and was employed first as a mail steamer between New Orleans and Tehuantepec, and recently between Havana and New Orleans. She is an American built vessel, and although a propeller, is a very fast boat. She usually made the run between New Orleans and Havana in fifty to sixty hours. The news about her sale to the "government" of the Southern Confederacy, and changing her name from Habana to Sumter, was published in the New Orleans and Havana papers in May or June last.

Her later career is too well known to need any notice. On the 30th of June she ran the blockade from New Orleans, and

THE MUTINEERS OF THE 79TH NEW YORK REGIMENT, UNDER ARREST, SURROUNDED BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES, ON THEIR WAY FROM MERIDIAN HILL TO THE OLD CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, AUGUST 14, 1861.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 229.



THE VILLAGE OF CLARKSBURG, WESTERN VIRGINIA—HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL ROSENCRANZ.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL ROSENCRANZ'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 238.

although pursued for several hours by the Brooklyn, managed to escape. We next hear of her taking nine prizes into Cienfuegos, Cuba; these have since been given up by the Spanish authorities. Her last appearance was at Curaçoa, where she arrived on the 16th of July, in quest of coals and provisions. There was at first some hesitation as to her being admitted, as her flag had no national recognition, but the Dutch Governor having consulted his officers, and having received a letter from the commander of the Sumpter, stating that he was a regularly commissioned ship of war from the Southern Confederacy, he was allowed to come in. After coaling and refitting, the pirate vessel sailed for the Mona Passage, on the 26th of July. The summary dismissal of Mr. Jessuron, the United States Consul at Curaçoa, indicates that he was deficient in his duty in not protesting against the entrance of the pirate vessel. Curaçoa is an island on the northern coast of Venezuela, belonging to the Dutch. It is 40 miles long, and about six in breadth. It is famous for its salt, coffee, sugar, and a certain cordial which goes by its name. It contains about 16,000 inhabitants, of which 9,000 are slaves.

There is a report of the capture of the Sumter by an United States frigate off Curaçoa, but the account, which comes by the way of St. Thomas, although circumstantial, lacks confirmation.

CLARKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Clarksburg, the present headquarters of General Rosencranz, a post village, capital of Harrison county, is situated on the west fork of the Monongahela River, at the mouth of Elk Creek, about 220 miles north-west of Richmond. It is built on a high table land environed by hills. It has several churches, academies, two printing-offices and many fine stores. Stone coal abounds in its vicinity. The North-western Railroad, a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio, passes through it. It has about 2,000 inhabitants.

For a short time Clarksburg has been the headquarters of General Rosencranz, although it is expected he will shortly leave for Beverley. The situation at present is briefly this: The Cheat Mountain Gaps, the key to this whole country, are held by a strong force—a portion of General Reynolds's Brigade—the remainder of which is stationed at Beverley, Huttonville and in that vicinity. Other portions of General Rosencranz's command are scattered over almost the whole of the north-western part of Virginia, guarding the railroad lines from Wheeling and Parkersburg down to Grafton, and thence eastward through the Cheat River country, Oakland, Altamont and almost to Cumberland, occupying the Kanawha Valley by General Cox's Brigade, and holding towns like Weston, Buckhannon, Summersville, Philippi and Bealington.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LX.

Philip Avon was right. It was no phantom he, attended by Tubal Kish and two officers, followed to the Chace. It was in truth Erle on his way to pay a visit to the old library once more, less with the anticipation that he should again meet Lady Maud there than with the hope that investigations which he intended to pursue would result in discoveries important to his future prospects.

He had slept long and soundly in Violet's chamber in the old tower, and when he awoke, refreshed and strengthened by his slumber, he found a repast of a simple kind, but clean and palatable, spread upon a table near to him.

Having partaken of it, he sought Eldra, but could not discover her; he called to her, but the tower only echoed his voice.

He stood at the window and watched the moon rise. As he did so he thought of his past night's adventure, what he had heard in the picture gallery, what he had seen in the library—for though, in the latter place, all that he had witnessed appeared to be the wild workings of an excited brain, enwrapt in a dream, it was yet vividly remembered, and was in all respects so striking in its suggestions, and so marvellous in its portents, as to urge him powerfully to seek a repetition of the wonders in his waking hours, or at least some confirmation that the dream was in reality but an inspired vision.

As he marked the progress of the moon sailing grandly and silently across the heavens, frosting the slow-moving tree tops with its silvery light, there suddenly recurred to his memory the strange, low, long drawn thrilling note of the horn which Violet had softly winded to bring Cyril Kingswood to her side—a sound which, when he heard it, had so moved him. He started as though even now it quivered in the air with prolonged and plaintive note, and he listened with intense attention, but nothing caught his ear save the sorrowful wail of the wind as it soughed through alley, brake and covert.

The illusion, if such it was, served to bring to his memory a throng of incidents common but of a saddening character. When he heard that note he stood in Kingswood Hall full of hope and aspiration, glowing under the first ardent impressions of love, and burning beneath the smart of undeserved insult, eager to establish those undefined rights which Ishmael had so sternly informed him it was his duty to assert, and deeply anxious to occupy the position which an inward and irresistible feeling told him he was entitled to fill. Then he had daily access to Lady Maud—then he could watch a fair, refined countenance, note its delicate mutations, its clear, ingenuous expression, and the soft and exquisite rising blush when her eye met his.

For the moment an immature wish rose up in his breast that he had pursued a different course, followed the counsel of Cyril Kingswood, tided over his quarrel with Philip Avon, and remained at Kingswood. But as the pale, malignant face of the son of Black Walter of Hawkesbury presented itself to his vision he scouted the wish, and felt rejoiced that he had pursued the path the promptings of his nature had directed. He, with but little reflection, preferred his present position, and proudly accepted all its risks past and to come, its uncertainties and its indications of future struggles.

The revelations of Eldra occupied also a very prominent space in his thoughts, for they, he felt convinced, referred to his mother. It seemed quite clear to him that the Erla named by the old woman was his long, unknown parent, and he was moved to this conclusion by the chain of circumstances which seemed ready prepared to his hand.

Eldra related that Lord Kingswood, upon whom his presence had made so powerful an impression, had in early life, by accident, encountered Erla, and had become enamoured with her beauty. He had repeatedly sought her, and whispered words of love in her ears. When removed from the Chace to Huntingdon he had followed her, and had prevailed upon her to fly with him thence, and they were married.

A deadly sickness seemed to seize him. Eldra, though she had stated that a marriage had taken place, appended to it a qualifying "but." But what? Was he to draw the inference that the marriage, in some way, had been invalidated, and that he was truly a nameless creature, a living evidence of his mother's shame, his only inheritance her wrongs? He bit his lips until the blood came, and he clenched his hands until the nails penetrated the flesh in them too.

A horrible confirmation of the fact appeared to exist in the part Vernon had played. He had characterised himself as the truest friend Erle's mother had known; he had betrayed the most intensely vindictive feeling towards Lord Kingswood and all connected with him, save himself, Erle.

It was Vernon who had taken upon himself the charge of his education, and it was he who, at an appointed day and hour, brought him before Lord Kingswood, an object at once of terror and despair.

The bitterness and the hatred which he evinced when the name of Lord Kingswood was mentioned might be traced to the very possible circumstance that he had loved Erla too; that he had entertained some impression that his suit was favored, and at this very period Lord Kingswood had snatched her from him. If he had loved her deeply and passionately, it was not surprising that he should possess feelings of the deadliest animosity against Lord Kingswood, and should do his utmost to blast his happiness in return; but at the same time all these possibilities and suppositions seemed to confirm his worst apprehensions. If Lord Kingswood had been legally married to his mother, what possible reason could there exist that he should be up to this moment not only unacknowledged but absolutely repudiated by his father? On the other hand, if they were not legally united, the object of the mystery and secrecy was plain enough.

He found it exceedingly painful and unpleasant to pursue these reflections, deeply interesting to him as the question was which they involved. He felt, however, that it would be necessary to follow up the clue he had obtained as immediately as possible, for the doubt upon his birth was as maddening as to clear it from stain would be blissful.

He saw clearly enough that upon the issue depended his future intercourse with Lady Maud. Honorably born, no matter under what occult circumstances, he could, without reserve, invite her to become his; but if his birth had taken place beneath a cloud of disgrace, farewell to her—to hope—to all the honors, awards, position the world might have to bestow. Of legitimate birth, he could dare and defy any trial fate might have in store for him; basely born, he would not struggle against the smallest eddy in the stream of life, but let its current bear him even where it pleased.

He remembered that Eldra had spoken of the archives of the Kingswood family. He felt it would be important to him to make himself master of them, and the inclination to visit the old library, in which she stated they were kept, was thus increased. Provided with a lamp, he believed that he could, in the dead hour of the night, roam the old library at will, could search for the volumes he was anxious to examine, pore over their pale and musty pages, make himself master of their contents, and when he had extracted all the information they could afford him, he could then return to the tower and learn from Eldra all she had left untold—all, indeed, that she could communicate to him, which would not only serve to convince him that Erla was his mother, but would assure him that she had been rightfully married to Lord Kingswood.

In this hour of cogitation, so full of solicitous and disquieting thoughts, he did not forget old Hengroep's extraordinary recognition of him at Gray's Mount, his subsequent statement that he had watched his progress throughout his school-life, and his gratuitous assertion that he was his friend—his devoted friend.

"He must know much," he muttered. "Employed and trusted by Ishmael for years, he can, without doubt, fill up any gap which may occur in the researches I am about to make. I will seek him. My destiny is now receiving its final direction. Everything which has happened since I quitted my school-home—everything by which I am surrounded—assures me that 'the dawning must be nigh,' to which the ruffian Tubal Kish and the old woman residing here have respectively referred. Let it come! But may Heaven, in its infinite beneficence, cause it to be the herald of a bright day!"

The evening wore slowly on, and, unable to endure the troubled thoughts which incessantly succeeded each other in his mind, accompanied by wild, fantastic images, and a strange, nervous thrilling through his frame, he quitted the room and made one more ineffectual search for Eldra, and then he passed out into the Chace, drawing the door of the tower closely after him.

His swiftness of foot, and his knowledge of the secret entrance to the subterranean passages which led into Kingswood Hall, enabled him to baffle Philip Avon and his myrmidons—for a time at least.

He adopted the Birchwood entrance in preference to the old postern door because he knew the hour of midnight had not arrived, and though never after nightfall were any of the domestics known to approach the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall, he wisely determined not to incur any hazard of being seen even by Tubal Kish, whose ferocious scowl, although it was mingled with an expression of awe, he had noted that day as indicating sanguinary intentions against him, if he could only be certain that he was actually flesh and blood, and not the shadowy phantom said to haunt the Chace.

He little dreamed, however, that the wisdom of this precaution saved him from being seized, brutally maltreated, dragged like a felon to the common lock-up of Hawkesbury, and subjected to the tender mercy of Black Walter Avon, acting under the malevolent influence of his son.

Once more he stood alone in silence and in darkness in the ancient library, this night resolved, if possible, not to give way to the feelings which the solemnity of the place, the hour and certain appearances, really natural, but apparently supernatural, were calculated to inspire, but to concentrate his mind upon his enterprise, and to question whatever his eyes beheld until he had, by close investigation, determined what it really was.

And now alone, calm and resolved, he detected that the strange, lurid light which filled the extensive chamber, was occasioned by the rays of the moon forcing their way through the dim, dust-encrusted, lozenge paned windows, and that, therefore, the unearthly glare which had enabled him to see every object so distinctly in the picture-gallery on the previous night, had its origin in the same cause. Its abrupt withdrawal had been effected by the sudden whirl of a storm-cloud before the face of the moon; and the tints of rose-bloom and livid blue, which had seemed successively to lend a natural glow and a ghastly aspect to the portrait of Kingswood of Kingswood, were but the dyes of the stained glass in the windows, as, in turns, the light falling through them, cast their hues upon the visage. He smiled as he remembered what thrilling effects had been produced from very natural causes. While yet a contemptuous curl rested upon his lip, he turned his eye upon the statue of the Lady Maud, and the face, so exquisitely chiselled, seemed to look corpse-like and ghastly from the pale blue tint of the dye which was thrown by the glass upon it.

Again a smile curled his lip, but it faded away; the blood rushed back to his heart, and a cold thrill ran through every nerve in his frame as he suddenly heard the rustle of silk sweeping past him, and the light beat of small feet pattered on the floor, the sound growing fainter as they receded, until he could no longer distinguish them.

Whatever natural causes might have produced some startling effects, here was one which much disconcerted him. For this, at least, his reasoning faculties declined to furnish him with an explanation. It was the third time he had heard these strange, thrilling sounds, and heard them distinctly, too.

His sight to the end of the library was unimpeded; the atmosphere, it was true, was something hazy, but it was yet clear enough to assure him that no visible object had passed him and proceeded down the centre of the apartment. He heard his heart beat as audibly as he felt it throb violently, and this, perhaps, because he was unable to fathom the meaning of what he heard. It was not a delusion of the eyes, for he had seen nothing, nor of the imagination, for he had heard the sounds distinctly, not once, but thrice, in different places and under dissimilar circumstances.

He laid his clenched hand upon his swelling breast, and murmured, with deep emotion,

"My life upon it, the vision of last night was no dream; the wild and singular mysteries by which I am surrounded; the awful visions connected alone with the traditionary history of this House, which present themselves to me when in a state not of sleep, but ecstacy; the successive corroborations of my resemblance to the most noted of the race, not less than to Lord Kingswood—all tend to confirm me in the belief that I am the heir of this proud lord; and are so many incitements to me to set about the task to establish it. In spite of all hazards, natural or supernatural, I will attempt it. If I am to lift the doom from this stricken House, it is needful that I should make myself master of the history of the circumstances which wrought it, and what must be done to remove the curse which seems clinging to the innocent and to the guilty alike? And so for the archives!"

As the last whispered words faded from his lip, he kindled his lamp, and at the very instant the wick shot up into a flame the bell of the turret-clock gave forth the first stroke which proclaimed the hour of midnight. At each stroke the sonorous tone of the bell rang quivering through the building, and seemed to add greatly to the solemnity of his situation. He, however, stood calm and self-possessed, resolved to suffer no emotions of horrified awe to interfere with the prosecution of his purpose.

It must not be imagined that he overlooked the questionable character of his position or his proceedings. He was here like a thief in the night, an unbidden, unwelcome visitor. Taking advantage of the superstition of the domestics and the solemn hour of the night, he had stolen into this reputed haunted old library, and was about to search and to ransack over receptacles, books and papers, without having the permission, and, indeed, in defiance of what he knew to be the wishes of Lord Kingswood; but he justified himself by the exceptional character of his position, with the conviction that he was suffering under great wrongs—wrongs which would remain unatoned unless he obtained their redress, and the only path open to him to accomplish it was that which he was now pursuing.

He took his lamp in his hand and commenced to examine the various large tomes which were ranged along the shelves, the backs dusty and discolored, but the lettering upon them yet plainly legible, with the intention of finding where the archives of the family rested.

His anxious search was after some time rewarded by the discovery of the important volumes; and he found, on examining them, that a volume was devoted to the life of each baron. He ran his finger impetuously along the back of each book to find that one which recorded the achievements, and probably recounted the crimes and the follies of that Baron of Kingswood whose name he bore. He was grievously disappointed to find it was not there. He looked hastily through the succeeding volume, but he found within it but one allusion to Erle, Baron of Kingswood, surnamed "The Bad." The records were painful. Bertram of Kingswood, who succeeded Erle, appeared to have lived a wild, reckless life, and to have met a violent death at the hands of one Sir Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, whose father, known in the county as "Black Walter," had, in mortal combat, slain Erle, Baron of Kingswood.

Erle was somewhat startled to find the name of Philip Avon there recorded, especially in connection with deeds of blood—not that, judging by the character of the descendant, who bore the same name, this ought to have surprised him, but at the coincidence that he—a Kingswood, for he had no doubt of that now—had been engaged in sanguinary contest with an Avon, and had yet, he felt, to pass through the ordeal of another desperate encounter with him.

A long and vain search for the missing volume decided him in the impression that it had been purposely removed, perhaps destroyed. Old Eldra had spoken of a gap in the history, and this was no doubt the one of which she had spoken.

It seemed, however, improbable to him that the book had been lost or mislaid. No doubt it had been frequently referred to, and therefore the probability that some one of those who, since the death of Bertram, had succeeded to the title, had placed it under lock and key in some secure place, unknown, perhaps, to those of the line who had followed him.

Erle suddenly remembered the antique chest, and a thought flashed through his mind that it might be there.

A vague impression seized him that he had looked within the chest, and there had beheld a sight which curdled his blood with horror; but he tried to chase it away, as if it was some wild, dreaming fancy, and he slowly advanced towards the tall, ancient, grim looking piece of furniture, with the intention of examining the contents, even if they should prove to be of a nature to paralyze him.

As he reached it he started back in wonder, for he saw rise up slowly from its side a gray, dusky figure, which for an instant kept a bowed attitude, and then suddenly flung off from its head the folds of a mantle, and discovered the face of old Eldra. Her eyes seemed to gleam with a supernatural light, as in a low, solemn tone, she said,

"What seek you here?"

He instantly recognized her, and as instantly recovered his composure.

"That which you told me I should find within this chamber," he answered.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The history of Erle, Baron Kingswood of Kingswood," he rejoined.

She shook her head.

"I told you not that," she replied, hoarsely. "The records of his life live only in that statue of the unavenged!" She pointed to that of Lady Maud. "In the blood-stained staircase of the forest lodge, in the terrible date which glistens upon yon pedestal, upon this chest, upon yon crimson-stained window-panes, in the doom which yet clings to the house. His life was written in his acts; but those acts were so hidden and secret, save in their dreadful results, that unless he himself committed them to paper they are yet unwritten."

"What were his crimes?" inquired Erle.

"They are unknown excepting to Him to whom all things are known," she replied.

"You mystify me," he said, impatiently. "What of those dreadful results? Surely they gave some clue to the crimes?"

"No," she answered, laconically.

"What were they?" he repeated. "Communicate them to me. I may, perhaps, find a thread which may lead me to the facts."

She approached him closely.

"Know you not in whose presence you stand?" she asked, with singular emphasis.

He raised his hand heavenward, and said,

"In the presence of Him whom alone I fear."

She pointed again to the statue.

"I am fluttering on the borders of another world, and I see what you cannot see," she said, with deep solemnity in her voice. "She, the Lady Maud, a sad, sorrowful, to me palpable spirit, stands there regarding you with wistful, melancholy eyes, and there," she added, turning abruptly, and pointing to the centre of the chamber, "a gloomy, misty shadow, stands he who has doomed the race; and is it in their presence you would have recited his dire crime and her bitter, unatoned wrongs?"

A singular, cold, crawling thrill ran over his frame as she spoke with marked and earnest emphasis, and motioned with her finger almost vehemently. He mechanically turned his head in the direction in which she was pointing, even as if he expected to see the phantom of which she spoke; but no dusky, horrible-looking shadow stood between him and the opposite wall.

"I see nothing supernatural near to me, dame," he said; "I recognise the figure of the Lady Maud as a statue, but nothing more. Were, however, the spirits of both before me now in this fitful and solemn hour, it would surely be a fitting time for me to hear the story which has brought the doom upon the house of Kingswood, and by it learn, perhaps, how the unavenged may be avenged and rest in peace."

He started as he concluded, and once more every nerve in his body thrilled, for close to him he heard the sound of rustling silk and the soft pattering of a light footstep.

"Heard you that sound, dame?" he exclaimed, in a sharp, hissing whisper.

She clutched his arm, and said, in as low a tone as his own,

"See where she sweeps along. She points to the hunting-lodge with impatient gesture. She is gone."

As she concluded, the old woman bowed her head upon her trembling hands. He waited until he had somewhat recovered his own self-possession, and then said, hurriedly,

"The story, dame? What are the cruel wrongs of Lady Maud, and how can they be avenged?"

"If that were known they would long since have been avenged," she returned, with a groan. "All I can tell you I have gathered from traditionary fragments, handed down verbally by those who have successively inhabited in misery and degradation, like myself, the Warder of Kingswood Chace. It is supposed that Erle of Kingswood himself wrote the records of his crime, and that he concealed them in a small ebony box, which he secreted no one has ever been able to discover where——"

"A small ebony box!" exclaimed Erle, breathlessly.

"Aye," answered Eldra, "the counterpart is represented in the portrait at the hunting-lodge. Every Kingswood having access to this library has searched in vain for it. I, who have secret access to this place by a way and by means I may not divulge, have searched this library o'er and o'er in the still night time, with the phantom of Erle of Kingswood following my movements and glaring at my futile labors."

"The history of the doom of Kingswood within that box?" ejaculated Erle, clutching closely the one he had found in the gallery, and a remembrance flashed through his mind that he had seen within it a roll of vellum.

"So saith tradition," responded the old woman. "The Kingswood, male or female, who discovers that box, will possess the secret of lifting the doom, and may hope to end his days in calm happiness. The spot yet by me unsearched is yonder ancient chest, but, alas! I have no means of opening it——"

"Hush!" whispered Erle, suddenly; "there is the beat of footsteps upon the staircase. Follow me."

Ere he had concluded, the old woman, who appeared to have caught the sound too, darted with an agility which surprised him to a dark corner of the library, and appeared to vanish. He himself suddenly extinguished his lamp and took his way to the secret door which had admitted him, and by which he could regain the ancient apartments adjoining them.

He had barely stepped through the opening and closed the door, and the spring with a sharp click had sprung into its place, when he heard the burried tramp of many men echoed by the vaulted roof of the old library.

Through a small crevice in the door he was enabled to catch a glimpse of the ghastly visage of Philip Avon, as it flashed past him filled with malignance. There was a smile of rancorous vengeance upon it, which boded evil to Erle if he encountered him, but as he noted it, a smile of intense scorn quivered his upper lip, and he moved slowly away.

"I will sort unto the old chamber," he said, musingly, "they will not look for me there, and when the fruitless search has ended, I will return thither and peruse the manuscript I have within this strange old box."

He seemed instinctively to know the sudden incursion into the library was intended for himself. He was at a loss to imagine how Philip Avon should have discovered his presence at Kingswood, but he thought of him and of the circumstances with a species of apathetic contempt, when it would have been wisdom to have displayed the greatest circumspection.

He entered the ancient bed-chamber; the darkness was intense, but he had no difficulty in finding the great old fashioned bed. He flung himself upon it with the intention of resting for an hour wrapt in thought. He sank into a profound slumber.

He dreamed.

He was in the Chace, the moonbeams lit the trees up with their cold silver light. He stood suddenly face to face with the phantom Baron of Kingswood, and the spectre shrank from him; he followed it through glade and alley, brake and thicket; at last it paused and stood before the door of the old hunting-lodge. The grim spectre broke into a wild discordant laugh, which grated so harshly and discordantly upon his ears, that he awoke.

Awoke to find the eyes of Philip Avon gleaming into his own, to see his sallow face, yet more pale and livid with intense vindictiveness, turned towards him at the foot of the bed, while there was a dozen other eager faces crowding round, gazing upon him with looks of half affrighted astonishment.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS, GLEANINGS.

Simple minded people believe that false eyes, like false teeth, are mechanical contrivances merely, intended to supply a deficiency in appearance; but, my youthful hearers, you will look into a great many false eyes that have sight and intelligence before your hair is gray, and my earnest hope and prayer is that you may never look out of false eyes.

Such was the spirit of opposition between the proprietors of two rival coaches, that one was lately advertised to carry passengers to Liverpool at the following rates: "Inside, what you please; outside, ditto!" This seemed to carry the matter as far as it would go; but the other party were not to be discouraged, and in a short time they issued placards, stating that their coach would take passengers at the following rates: "Inside, nothing at all, and a bottle of wine included; outside, ditto, ditto!"

"Mr. Child, the banker, desiring to hire a valet, one of those gentry presented himself, and inquired what wine Mr. Child allowed at the second table.

"Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child.

"I like a glass of Madeira, sir," returned the valet.

"Why," said Mr. Child, "there is the curate of the parish who cannot afford himself a glass of wine of any sort."

"Ah," replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, "I always pitied that sort of gentleman."

In the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness-stand to give her testimony.

"What is your name?"

"Virginie Loustalot."

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-five."

(Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.)

The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling; and the next witness was introduced. This one was a tall grown young man.

"Your name?" said the judge.

"Isadore Loustalot."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven years."

"Are you a relative of the last witness?"

"I am her son."

"Ah, well," murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

A Good Rejoinder.—A worthy clergyman was roused from his sleep at five o'clock in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night-capped head out of the window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond.

"What are you doing there?" said he.

"Fishing," said they.

"But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away."

"Go to bed again," was the rejoinder; "your Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen."

The good clergyman could, of course, only turn in again.

Trying the Color.—An old lady from the rural districts went recently to a linen-draper's shop and began examining a piece of cotton print. She pulled it this way and that, as if she would tear it to pieces, held it up to the light in different positions, wetted a corner and rubbed it between her fingers, trying if the colors were good. Then she paused awhile, seeming yet not entirely satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with a pair of scissors she had dangling at her side, and handing it to a tall, gawky-looking girl, of about sixteen, standing beside her, said, "Here, Lizzy Jane, you take an' chaw that, an' see if it 'fades." Lizzy Jane put it into her mouth accordingly, and dutifully went to work.

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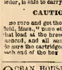

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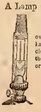

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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 302.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

THE ADVANCE OF GENERAL ROSECRANS'S DIVISION THROUGH THE POINTS OF LAUREL HILL, TO ATTACK THE REBEL ENTRENCHMENTS AT HIGH MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL ROSECRANS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 249.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL ROSENCRANZ AGAINST THE REBELS AT RICH MOUNTAIN.

General McClellan's plan for attacking the rebels under General Garnett, in Western Virginia, and driving them beyond the Alleghanies, involved the surprise of a large body, strongly entrenched, at Rich Mountain, in a position commanding the turnpike over Laurel Hill. He detailed Colonel, now General, Rosencranz to surprise them. This, in turn, involved a circuitous march through the dense forests of Laurel Hill, over a wild and broken country. General Rosencranz's column of 1,600 men was guided by a woodsman, named David L. Hart, who describes the march as follows: "We started at daylight, and I led, accompanied by Colonel Lander, through a pathless wood, obstructed by bushes, laurels, fallen timber and rocks, followed by the whole division in perfect silence. Our circuit was about five miles; rain fell, the bushes wetted us through, and it was very cold. At noon we came upon their pickets, and after drawing the dampened charges from our guns, immediately opened the action." The result of the battle is well-known. It ended in the utter rout and final capture of the rebels under Colonel Pegram, with a loss of 150 killed and 300 wounded. The sketch is by our Special Artist who accompanied General Rosencranz's column.

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N. B.—The Public and Trade are informed that the back Numbers have been reprinted, and full sets can now be supplied. Larger Editions are now printed, so that all orders can be promptly supplied in future.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

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Important Financial Movements—The National Loan.

New York is the first great financial centre of the continent, the second of the world, and its action is of first importance in all that concerns money and the means of obtaining it. We have already, in a previous number, recorded the prompt and complete manner in which the banks and moneyed institutions of New York, in conjunction with those of Boston and Philadelphia, have taken up the Government loan for $150,000,000, authorized by Congress, for the efficient prosecution of the war. But there are some facts connected with this loan which are not well understood, but which are of interest and importance to the people at large.

In the first place, the entire amount of $150,000,000 is to be issued within four months in sums of $50 and upwards, to suit investers, in the form of Treasury bills having three years to run, and bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, or two cents per day, for $100 invested—thus affording an easy way of computing the interest due. The interest on all bills above $50 is to be paid semi-annually in New York. On $50 bills it is to be paid annually. To insure the prompt payment of interest, Congress has provided an ample fund from augmented duties on many articles previously free, or nearly free of duty, and by the levy of an income tax. No investment could be safer, and very few more profitable than the purchase of these bills. The interest is more than double that carried by the securities of the British Government.

But there is another financial movement of the Government which has perhaps a greater popular interest, and which cannot fail to be of universal utility. *We refer now to the issue, also authorized by Congress, of Treasury notes of the convenient denominations of $5, $10, $20, payable in specie, on demand, at the branch offices of the Treasury designated in the corner of each note.*

In the present disturbed condition of exchanges, a circulating medium, convertible with certainty into specie, and which will have a uniform value in all parts of the country, must prove of incalculable utility. Hitherto banks have been established all over the land in which the highest security for the redemption of their issues, as fixed by law, has been a reserve of State and National stocks—the latter, of course, holding the highest value, and constituting the main reliance of the public. But now, instead of taking somebody's promise to pay on the strength of Uncle Sam's securities which he ought to hold and is presumed to hold, we deal direct with Uncle Sam himself, and know precisely where we stand. In other words, instead of getting a dubious currency at second hand, we get a sound one from a known and unquestioned source, convertible into gold at will, and worth precisely as much in St. Louis as in New York.

The new system will be bad for brokers. Patrick can now send five dollars from Chicago to his sister in New York without subjecting her to a loss of fifty cents before she can convert her Chicago bank note into available currency. The issue of these notes, furthermore, is a corresponding addition to the aggregate circulating medium of the country, and must, in an obvious and direct manner, assist all departments of business. Our New York banks afford us but a small amount of circulation; only $7,484,000 against $52,000,000 of specie, and $70,000,000 of capital. We are consequently in great part dependent on the issues of country and distant banks, of the value of which we are ignorant. The bill which we receive in the morning may prove to be a worthless scrap of paper at night. But with a Treasury note in hand we know we have a positive and convertible value, "good" for every part of the country.

And here we may, without impropriety, state a few significant facts about the financial condition of the country. We have during the past six months, as compared with the corresponding months of last year, in round numbers, decreased our imports $24,000,000, increased our exports of produce $25,000,000, and diminished our exports of specie $25,000,000. In other words, as regards our business relations with the outside world, we are $74,000,000 better off than we were during the first six months of 1860. We have bought less and sold more, and proved that we have in ourselves all the elements of financial independence. The specie in the banks of New York city has risen from $20,326,000 on the 20th of December last, to $52,202,000 on the 17th of August. Under this condition of things, notwithstanding the influences of the war, business cannot remain permanently depressed. The Government issues, in the way of bills and Treasury notes, must materially assist a revival.

The Battle at Wilson's Creek.

We are naturally enough inclined to exaggerate circumstances occurring in our midst or near at hand, and correspondingly inclined to undervalue those which happen at a distance. Hence we dwell constantly on the affair of Bull Run, and recur seldom to the more bloody struggle at Wilson's Creek, in Missouri. Yet, the latter, properly considered, should inspire a confidence in the courage and steadiness of our volunteers more than compensating for the doubts and fears to which the circumstances of the flight from Bull Run have given rise. We venture the assertion, that considering the composition of the opposing forces, and the numerical inferiority of Gen. Lyon's little army (only 5,000 against 24,000), there has been no battle fought in this century with greater bravery, steadiness and determination than was displayed by the Union troops at Wilson's Creek. They defeated a body of men, in the open field, nearly, if not quite, five times their own number, compelled them to destroy their camp and baggage train to save them from capture, and were only prevented from following up the victory and utterly dispersing the rebels, from utter lack of fresh troops and cavalry. It is undeniable that the spirit of the little army, whose courage and devotion were worthy of the most tried and trusty veterans, was as much due to its confidence in its leaders, as the shameful retreat from Centreville was due to a lack of it on the part of the men engaged at Bull Run.

We believe the material of McDowell's army was as good as that of Lyon's, and that the force organizing under McClellan, when properly officered and properly directed by a single clear head, will prove itself equal to any body of troops in the world, of equal numbers.

As we have said, the rebel force at Wilson's Creek numbered not far from 24,000 men. Its loss is not yet—perhaps never will be—accurately known; but it is conceded by the Memphis papers to have been, in round numbers, 800 killed and 1,200 wounded, besides the loss in prisoners and missing. Gen. Price, who commanded the Missouri rebels in the action, reports their numbers at 5,220, of whom 156 were killed and 517 wounded. From all accounts, it seems certain that the rebels' loss in killed and wounded was not far from 4,000.

The loss of the Union force is definitely ascertained to have been 223 killed, 721 wounded, and 291 missing—or, a total of 944 killed and wounded. This, a loss of one-fifth, or 20 per cent. of the whole number engaged, shows with what determination the battle was fought by Lyon's heroic band. It is almost invidious to designate any particular regiment for praise, where all did so well; but we cannot forbear referring to the 1st Iowa, the 1st Kansas, and Col. Frank Blair's St. Louis regiments, as splendid examples of undaunted bravery and endurance. The first went into battle 825 strong, and lost 18 killed, 137 wounded, and four missing—a total loss of 159 men, or about 20 per cent. of its whole number. Had the French and Austrians fought with corresponding determination at Solferino, their aggregate loss would have been 80,000 instead of 30,000. But the gallantry of the Iowa regiment must yield to that of the St. Louis regiment. It fired the first and last shot in the action, and was steadily engaged. It entered with 725 men, and came out with a loss of 313, of whom 77 were killed, 219 wounded, two captured and 15 missing—a total loss in killed and wounded of upwards of 40 per cent. Had the French and Austrians fought with equal tenacity at Solferino, their loss would have been 160,000 men instead of 30,000.

The 1st Kansas regiment equally distinguished itself. It went into battle 770 strong. Its loss was 291, of which 00 were killed and mortally wounded.

It will be well for beery Bulls and carping Frenchmen to remember these facts, when elevating their nasal extremities in depreciation of our brave volunteers.

The Sentiment of the Country.

The Boston *Transcript* has given expression to the unanimous sentiment and opinion of the country in an article on the Cabinet, and the necessity of a change in the heads of the Departments of War and the Navy. Lamenting that we have no great, cool, executive, leading intellect in the Cabinet, such as the exigencies of the country demands, it says of the Secretary of War, that, apart from the notorious facts that appointments in the Army and immense contracts have been made by him from personal considerations, and without regard for the public welfare, "he stands convicted, on the history of four all-important months, of clear, sheer want of executive capacity;" and it urges, justly, that the absolute lack of public confidence in the man, and his eminent unfitness for his post, demand from the President, on the supreme ground of national interest, his prompt dismissal from office. "Go home and plant corn!" was his answer to the officers of a regiment of cavalry from Wisconsin, who solicited its acceptance by the department. "Go home to the speculations in banks and railways, and fat contracts, in which your life has been spent, and in which you have grown rich!" should be the language of the President of the United States to Simon Cameron. As the *Transcript* truly says:

"This nation cannot afford to teach him an uncertain and partial repentance and improvement through other disgraceful lessons like Manassas. We hold him up at once to the scorn and disgrace of a distressed people, before the eyes of a President, through whose want of recognition of the universal popular will, he still controls the whole enginery of war of 20,000,000 of people."

As regards the Secretary of the Navy, the same paper continues, still truly echoing the public sentiment:

"The Secretary of the Navy the people believe to be honest; the whole country, and especially our whole seaboard, knows him to be incompetent. Nobody mistakes mere pottering activity for executive faculty. Energy, decisiveness, system, organization, prescience—these make it. No Minister in a great war ever had a plainer duty or more ample means. The enemy had no vessels. We had the regular Navy, and our whole great, unemployed mercantile marine was at the service of the Government. The people and Congress would have ratified every honest contract made by the Secretary for hiring and purchasing vessels. Boards of the most able and honorable merchants in our seaboard cities, on their personal honor, and without charge for services, would have bought and adapted for the use of the Government, at fair prices, any and enough vessels for a blockade, which could and should have thus been made complete two months ago. It is now past the middle of August, and the Secretary, advised at last by disasters which every merchant foresaw, and would have remedied before the end of May, is at last actively buying vessels and preparing to sink old hulks and other obstructions in the smaller harbors of the rebels.

"Starting with the one immensely important duty which our Government had the power to perform promptly and efficiently—the enforcement of the blockade—he has been until within a month tinkering an old system, instead of reorganizing it into a new one. Next to the late battle, we owe to the Secretary of the Navy the most plainly culpable and most unfortunate disaster of the war—the loss of the Norfolk Navy Yard, its ships-of-war, and the vast number of cannon turned upon us at Norfolk, at Pensacola, at Manassas, and wherever our men are to be swept by the rebel artillery. We will not stop to discuss the shallow excuses made for this great loss. When Virginia hung shivering in the wind, every wise man out of Washington feared it, and wondered why the Secretary had not, weeks before, made it impossible. It is not necessary, even if we had the heart, to point to further instances of five months' demonstrated incapacity.

"The people have neither the time, money nor patience for these two Secretaries to learn their obvious duty from the stern teachings of further unnecessary disaster. They will not pardon exposed past unfitness for a little late activity. They ask—and, if we lose another great battle, or if England or France should threaten our blockade, or if much more time should pass without wise, energetic and successful action—they will *demand*, in language rising from impatient urgency to unmistakable threats, that these two Secretaries be dismissed, and that other approved patriots and statesmen be put in their place. Let it be done before affairs reach that pass, and all complaint and all party be merged in patriotic and united national action. The people will see to it that it is not left to be made the imperative condition of a future loan, on terms made disadvantageous by further delay and disaster."

Mr. Jefferson Davis on the "Spoils of Victory."

The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* of the 24th of July gives an account of the arrival in Richmond, on the day preceding, of Mr. Jefferson Davis, from Manassas Junction, and reports the substance of a speech which he made to the people who had gathered to welcome his return. Among other things, it says:

"He pronounced the victory great, glorious and complete. He said we had whipped them this time, and would whip them as often as they offered us the opportunity. In alluding to the vastness and importance of our captures, he said we had taken everything the enemy had in the field; sixty pieces of splendid cannon, of the best and most improved models, vast quantities of ammunition, arms enough of various descriptions to equip a large army, hundreds of wagons and ambulances of the most luxurious make and finish, and provisions enough to feed an army of 50,000 men for 12 months."

A careful calculation shows that such an amount of provisions would weigh 36,500,000 lbs., and require over 12,000 wagons and not less than 48,000 horses for its transportation! The official returns show that the Government lost but 21 wagons on the retreat from Bull Run. But the best commentary on Mr. Davis's statistics is contained in the following proclamation of General Beauregard, issued the day after the battle, calling, with threats, on the people for something to eat!

"Headquarters, Army of Potomac, Manassas, July 23, 1861.

"Colonel—Mr. George Johnson, special agent of the Quartermaster's Department, is sent to Loudon county for the purpose of collecting wagons, teams and grain forage for the use of this army.

"It is expected that he will have no difficulties whatever; that the loyal citizens of your rich county will be glad to have an opportunity thus to furnish supplies for our army, which has so gloriously maintained the sovereignty of Virginia, and driven back in ignominious flight the invaders of her soil.

"But, at the same time, all classes of your citizens must contribute their quota; therefore, if necessary, it is expected that constraint must be employed with all who are forgetful of their obligations. By order of

"GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

"Respectfully, Colonel, your obedient servant,

"THOMAS JORDAN,

"A. A. Adjutant-General.

"To Colonel A. T. M. Rust, Commandant Militia, Loudon county."

Rebel Loss at Bull Run.

No official statement has yet been published of the loss of the rebels in killed and wounded at Bull Run. Scattered accounts from the insurgents themselves indicate that it was considerably larger than on the side of the Union forces:

"The loss in our (North Carolina) Sixth regiment is as follows:

Killed	15	Slightly wounded	21
Mortally wounded	7	Missing	1
Severely wounded	25		
Total			69

A number of others received slight injuries not worth mentioning in this report."—*Raleigh (N. C.) Register.*

"I have no certain data upon which to go in estimating killed and wounded, but from all the evidence before me I should say that the killed on our side were 500, wounded, 1,000. Of the enemy the killed must have been at least 1,000, and wounded and prisoners must have diminished their forces 3,000 more."—*Manassas Correspondence of Mobile (Ala.) Advertiser.*

"It is gratifying to us to be able to state, upon reliable authority, that the total loss of the Confederates, in killed, wounded and missing, will not exceed the first estimate, say twenty-five hundred—of these less than 500 killed. It is believed very few have been taken prisoners."—*Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, July 27th.*

"From a very accurate report, just placed in my possession, it would appear that our loss in killed on the field was only between 500 and 600. This is a great loss, it is true, for they were the bravest of the army, and from the splendor with which they charged were the best targets of the enemy. Our wounded will number between 2,000 and 3,000. Very many of them are only slightly hurt in the hand, foot, arm, etc."—*Manassas Correspondence of New Orleans Picayune, July 27th.*

"Our loss is estimated at 500 killed and 860 wounded, while the loss of the enemy could not have been less than several thousand. These figures, however, may be wide of the mark, for the line of battle was extended, and it was almost dark when the enemy gave way. The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was again in the foremost place and did most effective service. Their fire fell upon the ranks of the foe with murderous effect. The Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of Savannah, were cut to pieces. Colonel Bartow's fine regiment of Georgians were nearly annihilated."—*Manassas Correspondence of Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

"Lieutenant Dickinson of New Orleans, now in this city, and who was shot in the thigh with a Minie ball in the battle on Sunday, says that he was a member of Major Wheat's battalion, and out of four hundred which constituted that command there were not more than one hundred that escaped death and wounds. Wheat was shot through the body, and was surviving on Wednesday, although his case is exceeding critical. Lieutenant Dickinson also says that the Catahoula (La.) Guerillas, Captain Bahoup, fought with desperation, and he thinks his command was nearly all killed and wounded."—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, July 26th.*

"We are truly sorry to hear of the sad havoc which befell these noble companies, members of the Fourth Alabama regiment, in the recent Manassas battle. Thirty-two, we learn, from both companies, are killed and wounded, seven of whom were instantly killed. The wounded were doing as well as possible up to yesterday."—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail, July 24th.*

President Davis telegraphed to his wife that the result of the

battle was a "dearly bought victory." From late Southern papers we make up the following list of field and regimental officers killed, from which it will be understood why he pronounced it a "dearly bought victory":

Officers Killed.—General Bernard E. Bee, South Carolina; Colonel B. H. Hollins, South Carolina; Colonel Stephen D. Fisher, South Carolina; Brigadier-General E. K. Smith, Brigade Army; General Francis S. Bartow, Georgia; Colonel Lamar, Georgia; Colonel Jenkins, Second Virginia Regiment; Colonel Slaten of General Johnston's staff; Colonel Francis J. Thomas, of Baltimore; Lieutenant-Colonel Hampton, of Johnston's Brigade; Major Edward Willard, Louisiana Battalion.

Colonel Preston's Regiment, Fifth Regiment, First Virginia Volunteers; Colonel Gardiner, Colonel Hunton, Colonel Kemper, Colonel Terry, Colonel Corse's, Seventh Virginia Regiment; Colonel Jones, Fourth Alabama Regiment; Colonel F. C. Bowen, Georgia Regiment; Colonel Bell, Fifth Alabama Regiment; Major Seawell, Aid to General Beauregard.

ALL the world has laughed at the amazing nothingness of Canada politics. Now all America—which is good fun—was right out in the hot haff, and has been a laughing at Canada's politics. Last week, on the 22d of August to wit, in the House of Commons, that "the final settlement of claims to the site of the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston, and the transfer of the part at which it occupied." The building does not seem to know that the measure be accompanied by a condition that the establishment of the blockade, as was expressly stated in Congress. With regard to the efficacy of the blockade, the general of a government that will not pay a part of what is undecided, and should have to go home in the first place. It may yet be done and at once relieve Lord Palmerston's mind from any fears of a difficulty arising out of a definite blockade.

A RIDGE FIGHT IN SAVANNOR.—A correspondent writes from old Saybrook (Conn.), under date of August 26, that the ridge fight which attempts to raise a division sentence at last place, under the disguise of a white flag, brought on the 23d of August—with the Rhode Island Regiment, and until the constitution and the laws are submitted, and a Government of our fathers restored. The Secession is supposed to have concentrated about 30,000 men, of the same stamp, from the town of April. Nearly 1,500 people were on the ground. The meeting opened by the reading of a portion of the daily orders of ministers, and did so, substituting a regular Union speech from Captain Hadley. The Rhode Island Regiment carried the day splendidly from Bull Run—for the real-lustrous hostages procured for the occasion by your correspondent of Connecticut, hailing from Hartford, whose name escapes infamy only by being unknown.

BRILLIANT SKIRMISH NEAR POINT OF ROCKS, VA.—On the 5th of August a brilliant skirmish took place ten miles south of Point of Rocks, in Virginia, between a detachment of the Confederate army, under Colonel Evans, and 54 Virginia cavalry, which resulted in the loss of five killed, eleven wounded, and seven taken prisoners, as reported on the part of the Rebels. No one was hurt on the side of the patriots.

ALLEGIANT TO HIS OFF SOLDIERS.—The act of Congress of July 29th, authorizing the volunteer forces in the service of the United States the system of substitution, and to receive, muster in, or take enlistments except by which the family of the volunteer may make such payments of his pay as he may request. It is not necessary that the soldier should be present at the time authorizing the father to draw monthly such portion of the soldier's pay as he may designate, of the soldier's family, and the balance to the soldier himself. It is per month, exclusive of food, clothing, &c., all of which is provided by the Government, and is in addition to a per month of clothing, and a bounty of $100, each man ought to be able to save a better fit at least 5 per month for his family in the State. The act of Congress of July 29th, is a wise and just measure, but will obviate the difficulties and disputes which have arisen in paying our volunteers, and in transmitting money to their families.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

THE revenues from the New York State Canals for the years 1860-61 amounted to $4,620,000, and the expenditures to $2,000,000, leaving a net revenue for the current year of $2,620,000. The saving in one year for the present year is about $1,000,000.

THE German Lederkranz held their Midsummer's Night Festival in Jones's Wood, in this city, on August 7. Another was held on the 14th, being called by unknown natives "the monthly." The monthly was somewhat more numerously attended than the festival, and was a very pleasant affair. The music of the monthly was good, and the dancing was excellent. Among the East River's Rhenish appearance, and it may manifest some old valued heroes on May when we shall have the Festival of Festivals.

THE question of suppressing the publication of the New York *Daily Day Book*, and of the New York *Weekly Day Book*, both of which are conducted by the Government, and though its determination is not announced, it is probable that their suppression will be ordered. The *Day Book* is known to be in possession of the Government that these papers have been established for the purpose of misleading the people, and that the Government has been forced to provide a means for their publication, in connection with the enemy with information of troop plans and movements. The other Rebel news papers have been suppressed, and the *Day Book* will probably follow.

THE Slack county *Democrat*, a Secession paper in Canton, Ohio, was entirely destroyed by some volunteers of that place on the 22d inst.

COL. E. D. BAKER, from Oregon, has received the appointment of the California regiment intends to raise a brigade of 4,000 men. Some of which are to defend the Pacific coast, and others to join the Army of the Potomac under his direction. It has been decided that the regiment is not to represent the quota of California, but is to be raised entirely by private subscription, and should not now be spoken of as the California regiment.

THE State Department has issued the following explanatory notice:

"The regulation of the Department on the 9th inst. on the subject of passports, was promulgated immediately to meet the unanticipated change produced by the act of Congress, approved on the 5th inst., which for the first time transferred to the General Government the control of the foreign relations of the Secession. If, however, in any special case, the interest of a person should be supposed to be in any way affected by the rule, the Secretary will be glad to receive such proofs to be obtained until communication can be had with the Department in regard to the matter.

(Signed) W. H. SEWARD."

THE bark Caroline, of Boston, Schmidt, late Dupree of Boston, from Aden 26, and arrived at Boston. The crew make the following report. On the 15th of June, in lat. 2 N., long. 42 W., they fell in with a large bark, which they took to be one of the Rebel privateers. She hailed them, and they hailed the vessel name, Montgomery, of Boston, with the name letters on, and therefore they kept on their course. The bark was apparently deserted, and the end of the pilothouse and bulwarks on the aft. Center there also a screw down on the deck. The crew of the Caroline say that they are positive that the bark carried a boat with mast, sail, provisions, &c., and remained in sight for two hours after they passed her. They are also positive that the vessel could not be assigned for the Secession navy of Cowboy. She was not over 300 tons.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE rebel Congress has prohibited the exportation of cotton, sugar, rice, molasses, or tobacco, except through their ports. The prohibition is to be retained one of the enactments of the blockade, and is limited by several penalties imposed by the Secession Congress. The object of the prohibition is to enable the Secretary of the Government of any merchant or railroad are engaged in the transportation of Southern produce to Europe.

THE Charleston papers insist that numerous ladies' ball dresses were taken at Bull Run. Why not? Every one knows that all the rebels had to have some of it Richmond, on the Monday night following the battle. One of the Charleston papers says that the ladies of that city are in a state of excitement, as they are impatiently awaiting the return of their dresses. These are the items of utmost interest in the history of the war. Let us have a full account of the number and color of the ladies' dresses in a Kentucky stocker."

THE Savannah (Georgia) papers state that an India rock, lately taken by the privateer, was then at Jacksonville on the coast of Florida, by a blockading vessel. It was abandoned by the prize crew and afterwards boarded from the war vessel and set on fire. She is said to have had a cargo of wool, fine and woollens, valued at $100,000 in gold in London.

THE Secessionists are endeavoring to bribe Tennessee into joining the Southern Confederacy. The Memphis *Appeal* of the 16th inst. says on this case Tennessee. The Memphis *Appeal* of the 16th of August says: "Memphis is the key to the Mississippi Valley, and the Confederate States cannot afford to let it fall into the hands of the enemy. It is very easy to fortify it, and it is very easy to defend it. Let the people of Memphis and the surrounding country turn out and work for a few days, and the work is done. In saving this city a central point, it already possessing the other requisites of accessibility and healthiness. This is rather unfair in Richmond, unless the rebels despair of making Virginia safe on their side.

THE classic Secession Muse "makes an effort," as poor Mrs. Leathey was urged to do, in the columns of the faithful Kentucky *Bluff* of August 20th. The historian and of the subject will suffice to show the origin of the whole:

To Wood and Scott will never speak,
But on the field will be seen,
That Wood, well fly, and Scott will die
Before he'll turn his back.

Keep on your shirt, "nobody hurt,"
Calm your fears and your fright,
Or you'll catch hell with cloud shot,
Or a Minie bullet bright.

COLLEGE SUSPENSIONS.—The New Orleans *True Delta* says: "Of the colleges and universities of the South, Georgetown, the suits of Alexander College, at Clarksville, Tennessee; the Universities of Mississippi, Louisiana, and the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, have suspended sales, in each case the war is not carried on at once."

NEWSPAPERS.—The Confederate States Almanac has been superseded and every paper in Charleston, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville and Montgomery have suspended publication. Only one paper in a divided state now, and there in the interest of all other publications.

A SOUTHERN lady, lately visiting at Newport, returned to "Dixie" a few days since, with a large number of Yankee notions full of letters from the rebel signatories of that city. She has written back that "Jeff Davis" is the only man there who is not a fool. Such was "a cruel" letter. He (she and any cross from one to the other to us."

WAR ITEMS.

THE President has appointed the following additional Generals in the army: Brig.-Gen. Rosecrans, Brig.-Gen. Schenck, Brig.-Gen. Lyon, Brig.-Gen. Sherman, Brig.-Gen. Pope, Brig.-Gen. Sumner, Brig.-Gen. Heintzelman, Brig.-Gen. Franklin, Brig.-Gen. Keyes, Brig.-Gen. Fitz-John Porter, Brig.-Gen. Banks, Brig.-Gen. Hunter, Brig.-Gen. Frémont, and General James W. Denver, of California, to be Brigadier-Generals.

THE following are the terms of parole given by the surrendered officers and men at Hatteras: "We, the undersigned officers and men of the late rebel forces at ——, do, on our word of honor, solemnly pledge ourselves that we will not, by arms, influence, or otherwise, during the existing hostilities between the United States and the Confederate States, or any of them, in any term or manner whatsoever."

JEAMES DAVIS, a soldier, captured at Bull Run, very released on condition of taking the oath, which he did, and was released. He is a native of Cornwall, England, of Scotch, and other countries of the rebel forces in the field of battle.

It is stated on the authority of responsible parties in New Orleans that Commodore Farragut has received the thanks of the Secretary of the Navy for his gallant conduct in the late fight. Other United States officers of the Rebel Secession Army, are in the act of resigning their commissions in the United States Army, and are now in the service of the Confederate States, or any of them, in any term or manner whatsoever.

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THE CHARGE OF THE FIRST IOWA REGIMENT, WITH GENERAL LYON AT ITS HEAD AT THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, AUGUST 10, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT'S DIVISION.—SEE PAGE 252.

GREGORY'S [illegible] COUNTY, NEW YORK.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.—SEE PAGE 252.

Latest Intelligence.

SUPPRESSION OF REBEL NEWSPAPERS.—The country is waking up to the great fact that we are in a state of war, and that treason, spoken or printed, as well as acted, must be repressed with a strong hand. Freedom of the press is a great boon; but when the press endeavors to undermine the public credit, to sow discord among the soldiery, and to encourage rebellion by words of sympathy, it becomes an enemy to the nation, and ought to be deprived of its immunities. If the law cannot reach it, we may be sure that the people's instincts of self preservation will find a way of doing so. The process of "clearing out," as exemplified in the case of the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Farmer*, the *Jeffersonian* in Pennsylvania, Bangor (Me) *Democrat*, &c., is not a pleasant alternative; but unless the Government suppresses *treason* by regular means, nothing is more certain than that the people will do it by irregular means. It becomes, therefore, doubly the duty of the Government to prevent popular violence by preventing the necessity for its display. We are glad to find that the authorities have finally awakened to their duty in this regard. It will be seen from the accompanying orders from the Post-office, that the circulation through the mails of the *Journal of Commerce* and other New York city papers, mentioned in the late presentation of the Grand Jury of this city, is prohibited. The same exclusion will no doubt be visited on other rebel organs in the North; and should this remedy not be effectual, we presume severer measures will be resorted to, for which, in our opinion, the laws against treason afford ample warrant. The order prohibiting express and other companies from carrying correspondence for the rebels is one of the first importance. This, in conjunction with the seizure of all the boats on the Potomac, will pretty effectually cut off the insurgents from their usual sources of information as to the plans and purposes of the Government.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Aug. 22, 1861.

SIR—The Postmaster General directs that from and after your receipt of this letter, none of the newspapers published in New York city which were lately presented by the Grand Jury as dangerous, from their disloyalty, shall be forwarded in the mails.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
T. B. TROTT, Chief Clerk.

To the Postmaster of New York city.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Aug. 14, 1861.

The President of the United States directs that his proclamation of the 16th inst., interdicting commercial intercourse with the so-called Confederate States, shall be applied to correspondence with those States, and has devolved upon this Department the enforcement of so much of its interdict as relates to such correspondence. The officers and agents of this Department will, therefore, without further instructions, lose no time in putting an end to written intercourse with those States, by causing the arrest of any express agent or other person who shall, after the promulgation of this order, receive letters or papers to be carried to or from those States, and will seize all such letters and forward them to this Department.

(Signed) M. BLAIR, Postmaster-General.

IMPORTANT ARRESTS IN WASHINGTON.—Mr. James Berrett, Mayor of Washington, has been arrested for treason, and sent to Fort Lafayette. Mr. Richard Wallach has been elected to fill the vacancy by the Board of Aldermen and City Council, in joint Convention. A number of women of respectable position, but strong rebel sympathies, have also been arrested in Washington, for holding treasonable correspondence with the rebels. Among them is Mrs. Gwin, wife of the late Senator from California; Mrs. Phillips wife of a former member of Congress from Mississippi, now in the rebel army; and Mrs. Greenhow, widow of a former translator and clerk in the State Department. All these ladies were high in favor with Mr. Buchanan and the Floyds and Cobbs of his Cabinet, and it is alleged controlled to a large extent the patronage of the Government. It should be understood that these ladies are subject to no greater rigor than confinement to their own houses under a guard which prevents too large a communication with the outside world. Mrs. Gwin, it is understood, undertook to send to the rebel Generals plans of the fortifications around Washington. A number of officers, naval and military, who have lately tendered their resignations, the usual first step towards joining the rebels, have had their treasonable purposes thwarted by immediate arrest. Traitors of all sorts will now begin to find out that war is a game that two can play at.

The report that Colonel McCunn, of the New York 37th Regiment, had been broken by a Court Martial is untrue. He has been honorably discharged.

Commodore W. D. Porter, who was lately removed from command of the sloop-of-war St. Mary's, on the ground of rebel sympathies, has voluntarily returned to Washington, to vindicate himself from the charge, which he indignantly denies.

It will be remembered that Mr. Breckinridge presented, with some parade, a petition to the Senate, purporting to be signed by 600 citizens of the United States, in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, praying for the adoption of some measure of compromise with a view to conciliate the rebel States. It turns out that the document was a forgery.

On the morning of the 23d experiments were made at the Rip Raps with Sawyer's rifled cannon. One of the shells thrown burst in the midst of the rebel camp at Sewall's Point, cutting down the flagstaff and creating considerable commotion among the rebels.

An attempt was made by the rebels at Cumberland, Md., on the evening of the 23d, to capture ex-Governor Thomas, while he was addressing a collection of Union men before a hotel in that place. The Union men were too strong, however, and not only drove off the Secessionists, but continued the work by the destruction of the office of the *Alleghanian*, a rabid Secession newspaper.

Two attempts were made in Connecticut, on the 24th, to raise peace flags—another name for rebel emblems. The first was at Stepney, ten miles north of Bridgeport. According to previous announcement, a meeting was to have been organized after the raising of the flag. No sooner was the flag hoisted, however, than the Union men made a rush for it, pulled it down, and tore it into shreds. A Union meeting was then organized, which passed a series of Union resolutions. At night the *Farmer* newspaper office, published in Bridgeport, was demolished.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—The arrival of the Hibernian at Farther Point gives us the news from Europe to the 16th of August. A late number of the London *Times*, in its city editorial, dwells upon the supposed financial difficulties accumulating against the Federal Government, and says that the most earnest wish of the friends of America must be that the difficulties thus in sight may accumulate with sufficient rapidity to bring the North and South to reason. The London *Globe* denies by authority the statement that Admiral Milne has reported the blockade of the Southern ports ineffective, and adds that no general report on that subject has been received. Catharine Hayes, the vocalist, is dead. The special agents of the Cotton Supply Association had reached Egypt, and were to have an interview with the Viceroy on the subject of cotton cultivation. There was a vague report of a growing coolness between France and Austria, bearing an ominous resemblance to that which preceded the late war.

THE LATE COLONEL NOAH L. FARNHAM, OF THE FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK CITY FIRE ZOUAVES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

COL. NOAH L. FARNHAM.

COLONEL NOAH LANE FARNHAM, who succeeded the lamented Ellsworth in command of the First Regiment of New York Fire Zouaves, and who died on the 14th inst., in Washington, from injuries received at the battle of Bull Run, was born in Haddam, Connecticut, June 6th, 1829. He removed, with his parents, to New York in 1833. After finishing his education at New Haven, at the age of 18, and being of a military turn, he joined the City Guard, and was on duty two nights during the famous Astor Place riots. He remained two years in the Guard, when he joined Fire Engine Company No. 42, and afterwards Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, of which in 1854 he was chosen Foreman. In 1856 he was elected Assistant Engineer of the City Fire Department, in which capacity he served three years, filling his position with success and honor. Having formed an intimacy with several gentlemen of Company B, of the Seventh Regiment, he accompanied that regiment to their encampment at Kingston, as a volunteer private. In 1857 he joined that regiment, and while in the recruit class was elected second sergeant. He was afterwards elected second lieutenant, and on the resignation of Captain Shaler, of Company B, was promoted to a first lieutenantcy, which he held at the time the regiment departed for Washington.

After Ellsworth made his flying visit to this city with the Chicago Zouaves, Farnham was impressed with the value of gymnastics as an aid to the soldier, and he organized a company of gymnasts, whom he intended should assume the Zouave dress and drill, take the tour of the Eastern States, not encamping in cities, but selecting the wildest and most secluded forests and mountains. When Ellsworth visited West Point with his Zouaves, Farnham's company, of the Seventh Regiment, acted as their escort. Both companies were reviewed on the parade ground of the Military Academy by Jefferson Davis and Colonel Hardee. During this trip the acquaintance between Ellsworth and Farnham sprang up and rapidly ripened into intimacy. They were sworn friends from that time, and Colonel Ellsworth took the earliest opportunity after the formation of the Zouave regiment to induce Farnham to accept the second place in the regiment.

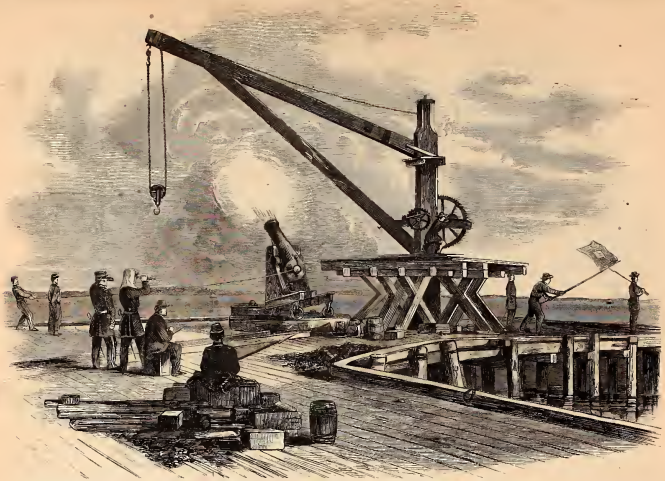
Farnham did not at first wish to leave the Seventh, as a hundred intimacies and friendships connected him with his old comrades. He therefore went on with it to Washington, where Ellsworth insisted upon his taking the Lieutenant Colonelcy in the Zouaves, and Farnham finally accepted. The Zouaves, in receiving their new Lieutenant Colonel, were delighted, for the new officer was one of themselves, whose courage and talent were known to them by long years of acquaintance in the department. In his discipline he soon proved himself more careful and untiring than even Ellsworth himself, if that were possible.

When the order was issued for the advance of the army of Gen. McDowell on Manassas, Col. Farnham was confined to his bed by illness. He, however, insisted on placing himself at the head of his regiment. His horse was shot under him, and he received wounds and bruises, which induced brain fever, resulting in his death, on the 14th of August. His remains were brought to New York, and the funeral ceremonies took place at Grace Church, Fifth Avenue, on the 17th inst. after which they were conveyed to New Haven for interment.

OUR own papers, copying from the English press, have been lately indulging in "Alexandredumasish" accounts of that Monte Christo of assassins, Lawyer Roberts, who, out of misplaced attachment for the mistress of Major Murray, attempted to murder that high toned moral military hero. Another English paper, either out of a love of truth or utter malignity, thus demolishes the poetical picture: "An absurdly exaggerated description of the two rooms in which this drama of blood was enacted has been given in some quarters, and in one or two points the incorrectness of the account is calculated seriously to mislead. The sumptuous furniture, including articles of *virtù*, would be overvalued at £100. The pictures are chromo-lithographs; the bronzes are of the poorest character; and, with the exception of a few carved pieces, the furniture is cheap and modern. A tawdry stuffed chair, belonging to a drawing-room set, such as Tottenham Court Road dealers advertise for a very low price, which is in a very rickety condition, had been broken simply by being sat down upon. With regard to the escritoire, said to have been forced open, the article in question would be more accurately described as a cabinet, and is minus a lock; but this has evidently vanished long ago, the wood being too rotten to hold a screw."

The London *Review* says: "As readers and politicians, we are all of us 'used up.' It is only when a more than ordinarily abominable case comes before Sir Cresswell Cresswell, or a murder has been committed, to which there is no clue to motive or perpetrator, that the gentle public, male as well as female, finds out that there is 'something' in the papers. The jaded attention is immediately aroused, and millions of people, who care nothing for Kings, Emperors and Presidents, and all their doings or misdoings, or for long speeches in Parliament, think, talk, and read of nothing else but the piquant scandal, or the terrible mystery, that has shocked or startled society out of its drowsy indifference." This is the same passion that made an old lady send for her doctor, as she was sure she was dangerously ill, "since she had lost all relish for murders!"

LORD WALTER BUTLER, an Irish peer, and formerly a distinguished officer in the British army, died in Dublin on the 20th of July, of delirium tremens. He was in his forty-seventh year.



PRACTISING WITH THE CELEBRATED SAWYER GUN, ON THE REBEL BATTERIES AT SEWALL'S POINT, NEAR NORFOLK, VA., FROM FORT CALHOUN (UNFINISHED), ON THE RIP-RAPS, IN FRONT OF FORTRESS MONROE. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE U. S. STEAMER MOUNT VERNON RECONNOITRING THE UNFINISHED REBEL BATTERIES ON MATHIAS POINT, ON THE VIRGINIA BANK OF THE POTOMAC, SIXTY MILES BELOW WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PROFESSOR LA MOUNTAIN, THE AERONAUT, RECONNOITRING THE REBEL POSITIONS NEAR FORTRESS MONROE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PRACTISING WITH THE SAWYER GUN AT THE RIP-RAPS.

THE Rip-Raps, on which Castle Calhoun is in course of erection, and which is in advance of Fortress Monroe, being between it and Sewall's Point, is an important position, as with guns of a proper calibre it can completely command and destroy the enemy's batteries on Sewall's Point. General Butler has given special attention to this point, and various kinds of ordnance have been experimented with, and as far as we can learn, the Sawyer rifled cannon and the Hotchkiss shell have proved the most complete and effective. The trials have been made in the presence of General Butler, Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, and other distinguished visitors, and some of them were pronounced remarkable by Lieutenant Baylor, who has charge of the ordnance department in the absence of Captain Dyer.

A BALLOON RECONNAISSANCE AT FORTRESS MONROE.

THE first time balloons were used for the purpose of reconnoitering was by Louis Napoleon, during the Italian war. With true American aptitude, we have adopted it, and, as usual, improved upon it, by attaching an electric telegraph, which makes it available on the field of battle. Our Artist has sent us a sketch of one of Professor La Mountain's ascents, in a field between Fortress Monroe and Hampton. The utility of these aerial observations in an open country is very great, as they protect our troops against a surprise.

THE FEDERAL STEAMER MOUNT VERNON

Reconnoitering the Unfinished Batteries on Mathias Point.

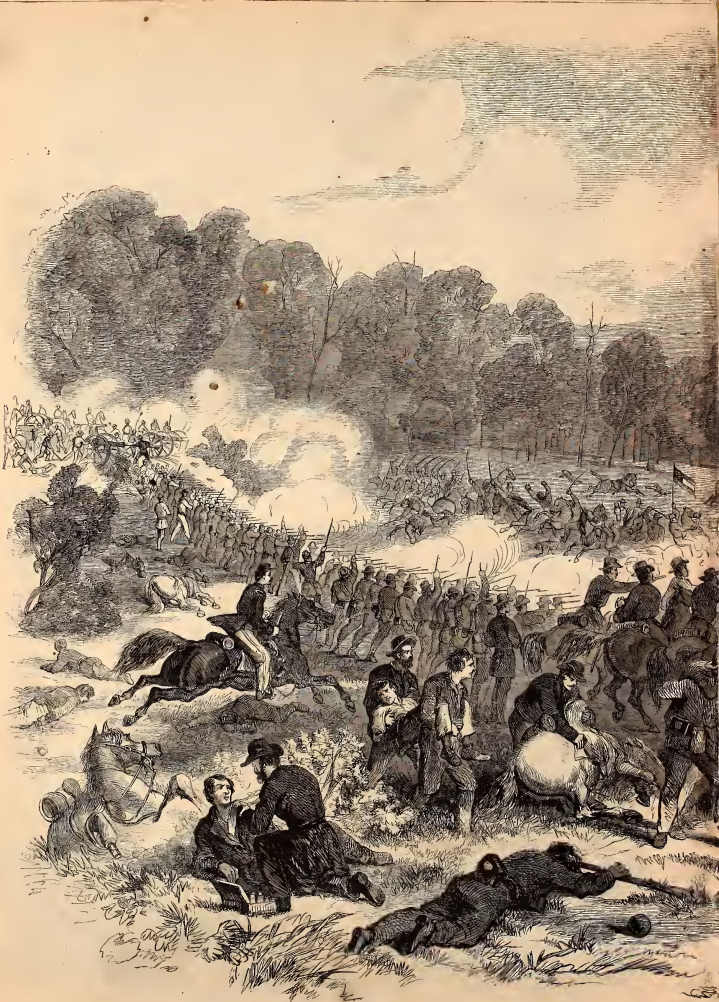
IT is now, as usual, when too late, acknowledged, that had the gallant Captain Ward's advice been followed, the rebels would not have been able to erect their batteries on Mathias Point. That the Federal authorities were fully alive to its importance is evident, since the Freeborn and the Mount Vernon were sent several times to make observations. Our Artist, who was on board the Mount Vernon, has forwarded a sketch of the last trip it made to report the progress of the enemy's batteries. Owing to the thickness of the wood very little can be seen, but there is quite enough visible to demonstrate that they have erected a battery of some light guns, since their firing hither to has not come near to the other side.

THE VOLUNTEER NURSES AT THE NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL.

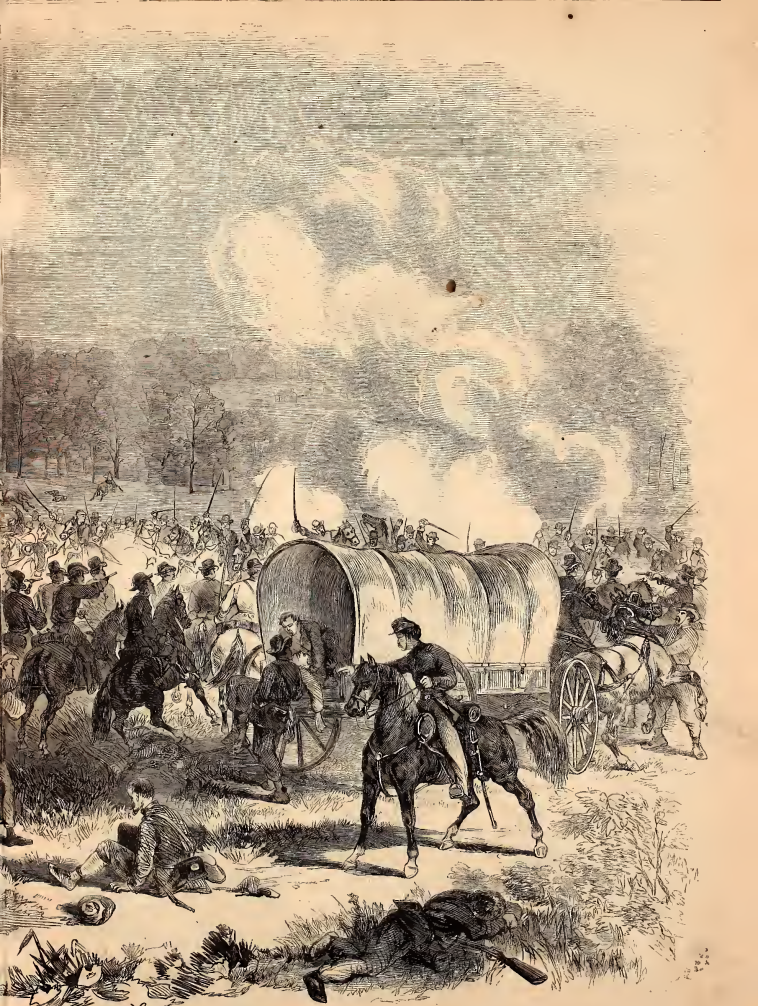
THE Volunteer Nurses who are at present going through a course of training at the City Hospital, will be recognized by Government through the influence of the Women's Central Association; said course have passed over fifty, but from unsuccessful and other causes, this number is considerably diminished. The most rigid inquiries are made with regard to the moral character and capacities of those who are admitted. Some of them are women of education and high social position, who enter the service without the desire or expectation of remuneration. They will be obliged to adopt a hospital dress, and must undergo one month's training and be thirty years old, though from the appearance of some it would require considerable faith to believe that they were thirty.

Some of the ladies are becoming quite proficient in the art of bandaging and the other duties appertaining to their humane and responsible position.

THE NURSES DESTINED FOR THE ARMY VISITING THE NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL, PREPARATORY TO JOINING THE HOSPITAL DEPARTMENT OF THE NATIONAL ARMY.



THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE WEST, WILSON'S CREEK, MISSOURI—REPULSE OF THE REBEL CAVALRY BY A SECTION OF ARTILLERY UNDER CAPT. TOTTEN, U.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTI



A., SUPPORTED BY A COMPANY OF CAPT. WOOD'S KANSAS RANGERS (CAVALRY), AND TWO COMPANIES OF SECOND REGIMENT OF KANSAS VOLUNTEERS.
ON THE FIELD.—See Page 260.

EDWARD SOTHERN.

This gentleman has made such a widespread notoriety, as an actor, in this country, that we deem it no more than proper to present him to the readers of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Mr. Sothern is, in all and every respect, an English gentleman. He affects nothing, but is purely natural in all his ways of life, both on and off the stage. To a limited extent he is phlegmatic, but, like a certain type of Britannia's sons, he possesses a go-aheaditiveness and energy of purpose which is most generally accredited to Americans, and to no other nationality. The mind of this gentleman seems seldom at rest, and day or night he is incessantly planning some new scheme, or perfecting some improvement on settled and accepted modern acting. Without the effrontery of one class of actors, and without the obtrusiveness of others—generally those with measured brain—Mr. Sothern embodies a nervous sanguine temperament, combined with observation and perspicuity, which marks his acting at once as studied and original, with a social fascination absolutely irresistible. Indeed, as a wag and a perpetrator of genuine practical jokes, Mr. Sothern has a name that many of his friends and acquaintances will acknowledge, with a sly "twinkle of the optic and a balancing of the vertebræ." His career in this country has been a remarkable one.

The subject of our sketch was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1832, and was educated for the ministry; but, like a great many stray lambs, he seceded from the church at an early period. Possessing a roving disposition, and, like a great many Englishmen, not knowing where else to devote his time and his talent, he came to this country, and in September, 1852, made his first appearance at the National Theatre, Boston. After a couple of seasons in the country he was engaged by Mr. Wallack, in this city, where for some years he was merely recognised as a studious, quiet, gentlemanly actor, without anything special to recommend him to the particular notice of the public. All of a sudden he burst upon the dramatic world as a most wonderful artist. Having been to a certain extent "kept down" in this last engagement, a chance came through the engagement of Matilda Heron, and the refusal of Lester Wallack to play the part of Armand Duval in "Camille." Mr. Sothern was selected for the part, and the magnificent acting displayed on this occasion not only astonished his friends, but perfectly amazed the critics.

From this moment the field was his own in the above line of business; and, in a few months later, again wheeling round, he struck into eccentric comedy, in such a manner as to almost bewilder his most ardent supporters. His thorough and entire creation of Lord Dundreary was the theme of conversation on every side by the theatre-goers of New York. It proved, conclusively, that the actor was possessed of genius of no common order. "My Lord's" peculiarities became an institution almost throughout the country. Without being in the remotest degree vulgar or ungentlemanly, Dundreary was acknowledged the most original whimsicality ever seen on the American boards. Without a movement or word that the most fastidious nobleman might not use in a drawing room, Mr. Sothern managed to keep his audiences in convulsions of laughter, and during the second run of the "American Cousin," his introduced letter scene was nightly encored, being a compliment unparalleled, perhaps, in the annals of the stage.

It is understood that Mr. Sothern shortly leaves us for London. Whether his talented satire will be relished by the English nobility, we cannot say; but we believe he will make a great hit with all lovers of good and purely original acting, and should he afterwards appear in light comedy or juvenile parts, we have no fears for the result, or but that he will be classed as the most brilliant and finished of the French school style of actors that has been seen by the British public for years.

Notwithstanding the lamentable state of affairs in this country at the present time, Mr. Sothern has proved about the only star that can attract great audiences in whatever direction he goes; and those who have once beheld his masterly rendition of such parts as Armand, Jules D'Alber, in "Suspense;" Dr. Koerner, in "The Angel of Midnight;" the Kinchen, in the "Flowers of the Forest;" and, the greatest of all, My Lord Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin at Home," will never fail to hail his re-appearance among them as the *rentrée* of one of the most original and best actors of the age.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE WEST—REPULSE OF THE REBEL CAVALRY.

We gave in our last a very full account of this important battle, one of the most bloody, in proportion to the numbers engaged, that has ever been fought on this continent, as will be seen from the facts presented in an article in our editorial column. It was a signal victory, achieved by an inferior force against overwhelming numbers, but of which the full fruits could not be reaped, owing to the lack of men and means for pursuing the flying enemy. We have already given views of two leading incidents in the battle, the death of Gen. Lyon and the charge on the camp of the rebels, when the latter was set on fire and burnt. The present view represents the action at the moment of greatest danger to the Union forces. Our Artist, describing the scene, writes:

"The greatest danger to our troops was at the time when a regiment of rebel cavalry charged from the woods towards our baggage and ambulance train. Only one company of cavalry, Captain Wood's Rangers, and two companies of the Second Kansas Regiment were on the spot to meet them. They formed immediately, and coolly prepared for the attack. Captain Totten, U. S. Artillery, seeing the danger galloped four guns, under cover of the brushwood, into a position where he was unseen by the advancing enemy, and opened on them at 600 yards. This fire raked them from the flank, and was terribly effective, throwing them into disorder and forcing them to retreat. But for this timely movement the rebels must have thrown our column into confusion. It decided the fortunes of the day."

TARRING AND FEATHERING MR. AMBROSE L. KIMBALL,

Editor of the Essex County Democrat, at Haverhill, Mass.

The origin of tarring and feathering is lost in antiquity, or at least we are unable to trace its rise; its progress we have several times illustrated in our paper. It would seem to flourish most in the South and West, although there have been instances in the Northern and Eastern States, the latest of which happened on the 19th August, in the town of Haverhill, Mass., a place generally remarkable for its love of law and order. For some months Mr. Kimball, the Editor of the Essex County *Democrat*, had sorely tried the loyalty and patience of the community by his violent articles in favor of Secession. Not content with publishing the treasonable speeches of Breckinridge and Vallandigham, he gave "aid and comfort" to the rebels by the most violent denunciations of the Union and its defenders. On the evening of the 19th August the smothered indignation of the populace burst forth, and a Committee waited upon Mr. Kimball, asking him to apologise, recant and no longer outrage the sentiments of the public. This he decidedly refused to do. He was, therefore, taken down Main street, in front of the Eagle House. A spectator gives the following description:

"After removing every article of clothing but his drawers, he was completely covered with a coat of tar and feathers, after which, being mounted on a rail, or pole, was conveyed to Merrimac street, in front of the office of the *Democrat*, and directly under the American flag, behind which, as with a 'masked battery,' he has bombarded the Government of his country.

"He was required to cheer the flag, which he did; after which the crowd moved in the direction of Bradford. On arriving at the bridge he was allowed to dismount and walk through it, when he again mounted the rail and was carried to the residence of George Johnson, Esq., who was called out, but the nature of the exercises there we were unable to learn.

"Returning to town, a halt was made in front of the Eagle House, when the question was again submitted, if he regretted his conduct, to which he replied in the affirmative; when, by request, he knelt down, and, raising his hand, repented in substance the following confession and affirmation: 'I am sorry that I have published what I have, and I promise that I will never again write or publish articles against the North, and in favor of Secession, so help me God.' After this he was conducted to his home."

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XI.—DOMESTIC JARS.

It was the face of my dead mamma; say, rather, the face of the lady who has told me, on her deathbed, that she was not my mamma. The beams of the moon fell upon it, making the features dimly distinct. The figure looked a shade taller, and a shade thinner, than the lady's figure had looked in health; but there could be no mistake about that terrible face.

My hair stood on end, my blood ran cold, my eyeballs started from their sockets, as I shrunk back behind the wall, looking at the terrible sight. Monsieur fell on his face, like a coward as he was, and grovelled on the green grave. In a moment the figure had passed behind a large tombstone, and was no longer visible.

Directly it was out of sight my blood began to flow more freely, and I recovered the use of my limbs. Slipping back to the highway I ran swiftly away in the direction of the railway station. When I got to the platform I found that I had half an hour to wait; and I was in a fever of anxiety lest monsieur, my uncle, should come to the spot in the interim. So great was my horror at what I had seen, and so great was my fear of my legal protector, that I asked for, paid for, and received in due course, a first-class ticket. The clerk gave a loud laugh, then frowned a dark frown, and finally, handing me my ticket, glanced suspiciously at my old moleskin clothes.

It was midnight when I reached London; the city lay around me in its great sleep, brooding heavily. I scarcely knew what to do, when I had ascertained that the abode of Madame Tinkuletti was

EDWARD A. SOTHERN, THE CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN.

situated a long distance from the metropolitan railway station. After wandering about for nearly an hour, I saw a coffee-house, in the window of which was an announcement setting forth that beds were to be had within. I walked in, procured a bed, and slept feverishly until morning.

I found my way to Little Leopard street in the morning. It was a quiet, not over-busy street, in a well-populated locality. Madame Tinkaletti kept a small millinery and dressmaking establishment, into which I entered. A dark-eyed and good-looking young lady sat behind the counter, sewing.

"Madame Tinkaletti?" I inquired, suggestively.

"She is not at home, sir," said the young lady. "Have you come on business?"

"No," I answered. "I want to see her privately."

Somebody's head popped out from the door of a back room, and a man's voice cried,

"Tell the young gentleman to walk this way."

I walked that way, entered the back room, and came face to face with Mr. Loret.

"How do you do, sir?" said the professor of dancing. He was attired in an old dressing-gown, and looked the picture of misfortune. I said that I was very well.

"This," he said, waving his hand, "is my establishment; my wife's establishment, I should say. Things have occurred which render the name of Loret a nightmare, and she has taken to millinery and Tinkaletti. The drama is gone, Master Brown, and will not support its members.' So Madame makes dresses and bonnets, while I teach the fiddle, and canvass for coals."

"I have come to see Mrs. Martha Timbs," I observed, desiring to stop his garrulous tongue.

"Be at rest, my dear sir. That admirable woman told me to expect you. You are welcome, Master Brown, to my humble board, and I wish you every good fortune. As the bard says,

'May Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Soon meet on Ellangowan's height.'

Excuse me for one moment."

Loret bustled forward into the shop, and began talking in whispers to the young lady. In a moment or two he returned.

"Mrs. Timbs does not at the present moment grace my humble household; but she is not far away, and I have ordered her to be sent for. Make yourself comfortable."

I made myself as comfortable as possible. Mr. Loret having inquired if I had breakfasted, I replied that I had had a cup of coffee and a roll at the coffee-house. Then ensued a general conversation, which lasted for about two hours, at the end of which time came a message to the effect that Mrs. Timbs was unable to come round until the afternoon, but that I was on no account to go away without seeing her.

I soon ascertained that Mr. Loret's fiddle-teaching and canvassing for coals were not of so pressing a nature as to prevent him from sitting at home with me all that day. I soon ascertained that Mr Loret was hiding from certain people, who (most inconsiderately) desired the return of certain moneys which had been advanced to him on the strength of former credit. I soon ascertained that Madame Loret, or Tinkaletti (a thin, pinched woman, with reddish locks, of about forty), was a slattern and a scold, given to bullying and abusing her better half. I soon ascertained, moreover, that Mr. Loret knew as much about my affairs as about the French language, of which—probably for the reasons given by the jolly man—he appeared entirely ignorant.

That day passed slowly enough; for Mr. Loret, good-natured as he was, was too talkative not to be tedious. I suffered him to talk on, dropping a monosyllable into the conversation here and there; but my thoughts were far away from that dull back-parlor in Little Leopard street. I was thinking of my past life, of the woman who seemed to have arisen from the grave, and of the strange personages with whom my fate connected me. Where was that most offensive of jolly men, dear Mr. Timbs? I had not seen him for years; but his image was still unpleasantly vivid in my imagination. Could he be dead? and, if so, had Augustus, who had threatened him so, anything to do with his death? I was in doubts about his death, but I was in still greater doubts about Augustus. And the man with the mystery, the man called Ornamel, who could he be? what was his mania, and why did he live in seclusion with the velveteeny person? All the questions puzzled me. I seemed hardly to live and breathe. I dwelt in a place of phantoms, while palimpsests of the risen dead were cast from the graves below me to the clouds above me.

At five in the evening came Mrs. Martha Timbs, dressed in a faded black dress, a soiled black bonnet, and an old Paisley shawl, which latter was held closely up to the face. She held out her hand, quietly and without a smile, and I touched the finger tips.

"You have come," she said, "as I expected."

Mr. Loret walked out of the room and closed the door quietly behind him. Mrs. Timbs sat down opposite to me, upon his chair, looking as cold as marble, and as pale.

"Your friends in the country are, I suppose, aware of your absence?"

"Yes," I answered. "I did what you told me to do, and let them know that you had invited me to town."

"And they agreed?"

"Yes. They seemed rather pleased that I had made up my mind to come to you."

My companion bent her pale face, and seemed plunged in reflection. A dark cloud, it seemed to me, passed along her brain, throwing a strange shadow in the recesses of her searching eyes. But, looking up, she met my young face, and smiled sadly unaware.

"My poor boy!" she murmured, placing a slight hand on my shoulder, and gazing tenderly upon my face, "my poor boy! I fear that you are not much to be envied."

"I am sure I am not."

"Master Henry!" she cried, "clouds have passed over your young life; but you are as innocent as your mother's milk. You have suffered; but you do not know the world. It is a bad world; it is full of wretches and villains. Better to die—better to die, far, than to herd with them, than to feel your blood mingling with theirs. It is, I say, a foul world."

I was rather surprised to hear Mrs. Timbs come out after this fashion, but I said nothing; I simply shook my head and sighed deeply, to express my belief that the world was very bad indeed.

"Hearts are broken, babies are trampled upon, men are murdered, women are worse than murdered; while Sin goes about with a blush on his face, money-making, and robbing the innocent. Better to die in the cradle—better never to be born at all."

Her eyes burned, her voice rose, her face turned paler, and she rose her full height.

"Years ago, before you were born or thought of, Master Henry, this heart of mine was broken. But I lived on, as the wretched live, not all bad. I lived on, dear, with the broken heart burning in me daily and nightly. I lived on, face to face with sin, eye to eye with devils. I lived on, because the devils beckoned me downwards, and forced me to live."

I was in still greater dumb astonishment.

"Master Henry, I was never such a child as you, for I was once happy. I knew nothing of sin, and I knew nothing of men. That knowledge, which came to me late, has come to you early. You have been prepared for it, and may be better able to bear it."

She sank down on the chair, with her head in her hands; and her bosom rose and fell wildly; but she shed no tears. But at last she arose, quite calm.

"Pshaw!" she said, "I have been foolish. It is time to leave this place. Come!"

I put on my cap and stood up, ready to depart.

"Timbs is out of town—in Paris, and will not return for some days. I doubt much whether he would like to see you at his place, but that is of little consequence. To-night, at least, I can make you pretty comfortable. To-morrow we will make other arrangements."

She led the way into the front shop, where we found Mr. Loret.

"The young gentleman is going home with me, Loret," said Mrs. Timbs.

Loret nodded approval, and then nodded farewell.

"Good evening, Mr. Loret," I said, holding out a friendly hand.

"Good evening, my dear sir," said Loret, grasping the friendly hand rapturously. (It was a peculiarity of Mr. Loret that he never did things by halves.) "And remember," he continued, "that you are always welcome to my humble board. Call in at any hour, and I shall be delighted to see you."

"Thank you; you are very kind," I replied. "Good evening."

Mrs. Timbs lived in a quiet street hard by, and was the only occupant of a small house of four rooms. When I say the only occupant, I mean that the house seemed her own, and that she kept no lodgers. She led me into a small sitting-room, rather scantily furnished.

A little man, with a fair, handsome face, and no legs to speak of, and with very gray hair, was seated in one corner of the room. He looked up; many years had passed since I had seen the face before, but I recognized it nevertheless. It was the face of Broussais, the dwarf whom I had met eight years before at Monsieur Charles's Parisian establishment. Mrs. Timbs said something to him in French. He looked up, with a smile, and nodded to me.

"You have met before," said Mrs. Timbs, turning to me.

"Yes; many years ago."

"And you have not forgotten him, it seems. He is here on business, and has thought fit to pay me a visit. He speaks no English."

Broussais did not look me in the face, but kept his eyes fixed on the bright fire which was burning in the grate. I was rather surprised to find that he was acquainted with my hostess; but I thought it better to volunteer no comments.

We had some bread and cheese and porter for supper. Supper over, Mrs. Timbs took out some knitting, sat down, and began to converse. Broussais sat in the corner, looking steadily at the fire, but glancing up slily every now and then.

"Poor Broussais!" said Mrs. Timbs, speaking to me, but looking quietly at the subject of her remarks. "It is seldom that he is at liberty, and this is the way he spends his holiday, with me. No, he cannot understand us. He cares not for bustle and amusement, and

he loves quiet. Broussais is deep, though, very deep. Is it not so Broussais?"

Broussais expressed in pantomime his consciousness that her words were directed at him, and his entire ignorance whether the words were complimentary or otherwise.

"I knew your mamma, Master Henry, long ago. I knew her when she was young and beautiful. I knew her too, afterwards, when she had grown old."

She spoke reflectively, as if talking to herself; but her strange eyes were fixed on mine.

"I knew her living, and I saw her dead. Dead! I can hardly persuade myself that she is dead."

The room swam round me, and my blood burned.

"And I," I cried, "have seen her since she died—seen her on her own grave!"

"In dreams?" said the woman, suggestively.

"Not in dreams. A night ago, when coming here, I saw with my own eyes, in the churchyard yonder—I saw her ghost."

The woman turned red and then pale, and her fingers twitched nervously.

"Pshaw!" she murmured. "You have dreamt of her, Master Henry—that's all."

"No! Coming hither in the evening, I passed the churchyard, and thought I would go and look upon her grave. I crept to the wall, but shrunk back afraid; for my French uncle was there, talking to himself aloud. I slipped back behind the wall, and listened."

"Go on."

"He talked of her, saying she was unfit to keep secrets; that she was better dead; that he pitied, but could not trust her. The moon was shining. Then the black ghost arose, quietly, from behind the tombstone; but he did not see her. He talked on. Then she leant over the stone, threw back her veil, and looked my uncle in the face; and he fell with his face on the grave, shrieking, and calling for help."

With a cry of wonder or horror, Mrs. Timbs sprang to her feet.

"She has arisen!" she murmured, hoarsely, pointing to Broussais.

I looked at the dwarf. He had arisen to his feet, trembling, and deadly pale.

"She has arisen, and she will hunt him down!" cried Mrs Timbs.

"*Vraiment!*" said Broussais, reseating himself, and gazing fixedly at the fire.

There was a long pause, during which I puzzled my poor brains to conjecture whether or not Broussais was conscious of the meaning of my words. Mrs. Timbs spoke at last apologetically, as if she had read my thought:

"Broussais was alarmed, I think, and feared that something was the matter."

She spoke to him in French; he looked up, nodded his head, and smiled.

"Yes; he was frightened by my manner. Well, Master Henry, I was foolish. What you saw was but a dream after all, and you must forget it."

I protested; but my protestations were of no avail. Mrs. Timbs had grown quite calm and sceptical, and would not listen to any of my imaginative theories. There was another awkward pause.

"Master Henry, stranger things than that happen daily," said she at last; "but we wave them away, we avoid them; if we were to think of them often we should drive ourselves mad. We wave them away, therefore, and forget them. Say then, with me, that your eyes have deceived you. Let us change the subject."

I made no answer; but acquiesced, by a gesture, to the proposal.

"Very good," she said. "Henry, if you will listen, I will tell you a story."

I smiled, and nodded my head, rather astonished at her desire to play the romancist.

"Years ago, before you were born, there were sinners in the world, plotting against you. They are nameless. There was a happy man, happy and rich, who fell into the hands of those sinners, was deceived by them, and made to sin with them; but the rich man had a beautiful wife who loved him, and who tried to save him—in vain."

I looked at Broussais; he was still gazing fixedly at the fire.

"She tried to save him, in vain. He sinned, being forced to sin, and blasted his good name for ever. He was sent across the sea to atone for his sin, and the beautiful wife that loved him was left behind in her sorrow."

She spoke calmly and decisively, looking me fixedly in the face all the while.

"But he left money behind him, and the lady was rich beyond measure. Then the lady had a baby, a boy, whom she loved dearly for his poor father's sake. Then the news came over the seas that the father was dead; and the lady and the child put on mourning clothes, changed their names, and went abroad. It so happened, however, that the sinners pursued her, hunted her down, and tore her boy from her. When she sought her boy back again, they thrust her roughly away, and said that she was mad."

Why were there tears in the eyes of Broussais? Why did he hide his face in his hands?

"The sinners plotted vilely to break the mother's heart, and robbed the boy of the riches that should be his by right. They plotted so well that neither man nor woman could prove their guilt, or can prove it till the time comes. The mother lived on, the victim of a foul plot, helpless to aid herself or her flesh and blood. The tale has no end, for the end has not yet come."

She removed her glance from mine, and fixed it on her knitting. After a pause she continued:

"I will tell you something more, Master Henry. Years ago, before you were born, there was a poor sister and a brother who loved each other, and were happy. But the same sinners—those who crushed the rich man, and plundered his wife—stole in upon them. The brother fell into evil courses; the sister, who (as Heaven would have it) loved one of the sinners with her whole heart and soul, was wronged, and stamped into the dust, when the sinner spat upon her."

Broussais was gazing at the speaker with a strange, scared look, half pity, half entreaty.

"It so happened, Master Henry, that the wrongs of the rich man and his wife became the wrongs of the ruined sister and the wild brother. Brother and sister plotted together for years and years, while the sinners believed the brother dead. At last he came to life again; not alone, for the shadow of the rich man was with him, helping to hunt the sinners down."

She turned paler and paler as she spoke, till her face was like the undriven snow. Broussais seemed violently agitated.

"You are young, Master Henry, and cannot thoroughly understand; but a day is coming when you will know all."

"Tell me," I said, excitedly, "have I seen the rich man and his wife?"

"You have."

"And the brother and sister, and the sinners they are hunting down?"

"You have seen them all; but you have still another to see. Ask no more questions, for I cannot answer you. You will soon know all."

I made no answer, but hung down my head in thought.

"Only remember this," cried Mrs. Martha Timbs fiercely. "If you are made of flesh and blood, the knowledge you seek will make an angry demon of you. It will goad you on till the end, and that end may be a terrible one. It will absorb both body and brain, till you have done what fate has left you to do, and have hunted the accursed ones down."

At a gesture from Broussais, the woman paused, till she became quite calm.

"Enough of this," she said. "Broussais there dislikes to see me agitated. The poor fellow is very simple. See! there are tears in his eyes. He is quite a child."

There were tears in his eyes, certainly; but I was not too young to be blind to the thought that the reasons assigned for them were rather absurd ones. Besides, I was in high doubt whether Broussais was quite the child that Mrs. Timbs described him to be. My own opinion was that he knew a little too much, even for a child of his age.

She began to converse with him in French, and I saw by his face that their talk related to the previous conversation in English.

I confess that I was puzzled and bewildered by Mrs. Martha Timbs, by Broussais, and by the dark, mysterious narrative of the former. Do what I could, there were incongruities in that narrative which I could not reconcile to my own experience; and yet I was sure that the events alluded to concerned me materially.

While we sat together, silent but full of strange thoughts, I heard a slight movement behind me at the door. Turning round hastily, I caught sight of a white head and a jolly face, which were thrust into the room. The mouth was wide open, the eyes were distended in petrified astonishment. I had seen the face years before. It looked older and less jolly than when I had last looked at it.

Enter Mr. Timbs. Consternation!

"Timbs!" cried the woman, with a cry of fear or surprise.

Broussais said nothing, but (strange to say) looked Mr. Timbs fixedly in the face. Timbs, however, gasped and panted for some time, quite unable to articulate.

"I thought so," he murmured at last. "I suspected these pretty little goings on, and luck has brought me back in time to see 'em with my own eyes. Wife, who plots against her lord and master; Frenchman, who encourages her, and swindles his lord and master; boy in moleskin, who—— Why, good gracious!"

He had recognised me, and was quite overcome by the recognition. He sank into a chair.

"Now, then," he gasped, savagely, at Mrs. Martha, "explain. What are you about?"

Mrs. Timbs looked fiercely at him, curled her lip, but made no answer.

"Obstinate, are you? Wait a bit, my woman; you and I have a little bill to settle, and I'll take it at compound interest. In the first place, however, I takee possession of this here boy, in the name of his lawful uncle and guardian."

He rose up and seized me by the collar. I looked appealingly at Mrs. Timbs.

"Leave him alone!" she cried, tearing his hand away. "No man shall harm the boy in this house. Stand back, you wretch. You've got my blood up at last, and will find me dangerous. Off!"

She seized a table knife, and stood before me, brandishing it. Broussais did not interfere, but watched us quite calmly.

The jolly man shrank back, cowed by the fiercely flashing eyes of the woman. Then, summoning up courage, he brushed past her and again seized me. With a cry of anger and hate, she drew the knife across his wrists, inflicting a slight wound. With a moan of pain, he fell back. Mrs. Timbs folded her arms and looked at him.

"May you bear that mark with you to your grave!" she said, slowly. "It's the first letter of the long account I am preparing for you. It is written in blood, Timbs, and the blood in which it is written will itself be the settlement."

"Curse you!" growled Timbs. "You'll be sorry for this."

"Why don't you call in the police?" sneered his wife. "Why don't you have me taken up and convicted, and sent to prison? Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" cried the jolly man, wrapping a huge red pocket handkerchief around his bleeding wrist.

"Because you dare not. You coward, you! Ain't you sorry that the worm you've been treading upon for years has turned upon you at last? Don't you grumble because the poor worm has taken the part of the little innocent boy there? Tell your master, man, that I defy him and his, and that God—who takes care of poor wronged people—will help me to bring him to an account. Oh, you coward!"

In point of fact, Timbs did not appear particularly courageous just at that moment. He seemed perfectly stunned and bewildered.

"Look here!" he said, edging towards the door, "if you don't suffer for this, my woman, I'm a Hottentot! Now turn as pale as you please, for I'm going to leave you. I go straight to a certain party, I tell him that you are plotting against him with the Frenchman here, and I tell him you're trying to cram your nonsense into that there boy. Good-bye! You know a certain party better than I do; so you'd better make your will."

He said this in a bullying, blustering way. The woman only smiled and sneered. When he had finished, she walked close up to him and shook her clenched hands in his face, saying:

"Tell him that I am only too anxious to settle accounts with him: that if he comes to me, it will save me the trouble of hunting him down; that sooner or later, he must go down on his knees to me—aye, to me—and sue for mercy. For yourself, be at rest; I will not stain my hands with you. You are a coward, and I scorn you."

"We shall see," muttered Timbs, who looked at that moment as if he saw double.

"Tell him, too, that the dead have arisen from their graves to haunt him. Tell him what he already knows, that the dead are on his track now, ready to avenge the wrongs of this boy. Tell him that his murdered wife has arisen to torment him for ever."

Mr. Timbs stood pale and transfixed for one moment in the doorway, then, with a fierce oath, he rushed down stairs.

Broussais arose and shook his clenched fist, savagely. In an instant, however, the angry light faded from the eyes of Mrs. Martha Timbs, and she fell forward with her face on the table, moaning and sobbing bitterly.

(*To be continued.*)

THROUGH THE RED SEA.

"UNDER THE CLOUD AND THROUGH THE SEA."

So moved they, when false Pharaoh's legion pressed,
  Chariots and horsemen following furiously—
Sons of old Israel, at their God's behest,
  Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

So passed they, fearless, where the parted wave,
  With cloven crest uprearing from the sand—
A solemn aisle before—behind, a grave—
  Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

So led he them, in desert marches grand,
  By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On, to the borders of that Promised Land
  Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
  And Amorite spears flashed keen and fearfully
Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread—
  Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.

God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
  But comes by throes of mortal agony;
No man child among nations of the earth
  But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.

Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan flood
  In fierce Atlantic's unretreating wave,
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
  Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall save!

Oh, Countrymen! God's day is not yet done!
  He leaveth not his people utterly!
Count it a covenant that He leads us on
  Beneath the cloud and through the crimson sea!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

BILLIARDS.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. T. M., Schenectady.—In English pool. You can have the ball removed in that case.

W. McB., Taunton.—1. It is no protection. 2. He must keep his body, in playing, within line of the two end pockets at the head of the table.

MARKER, New York city.—The case mentioned is one of those which comes under the rule.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

Buffalo, 16th August, 1861.

M. PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I have seen a statement in *Wilkes's Spirit* to the effect that the balls played with by Messrs. Berger and Seereiter, in their exhibitions in Detroit and other places, were 2⅜ inch balls. I have always found Mr. Wilkes's paper reliable in matters of amusement or sport, yet I subsequently read in the same paper a communication, signed "Spot Ball," contradicting that statement, and saying that the balls used by [illegible] were the identical balls used by M. Berger in all his exhibitions in this country. Can you clear the matter up? T. S.

Answer.—What we know of our own knowledge is, that we saw the balls with which Messrs. Berger and Seereiter played in Buffalo; that we, ourselves, played with them; and they were 2⅜ inch balls. Before playing with them, we asked Mr. Seereiter what size they were, and he told us they were 2⅜ inch balls. You must have remarked that in the same issue which contained "Spot Ball's" letter, the editor of *Wilkes's Spirit* replied, editorially, that the statement with regard to the size of the balls was made on the authority of M. Berger himself. M. Berger's relative, M. Guillermin, who accompanied him, or [illegible] yet in this country, when questioned by us on the matter, stated positively that in Buffalo and Detroit the balls used by Mr. Seereiter, in all his games with M. Berger, were the full size American balls.

THE AMATEUR TOURNAMENT.—The score of the various games is as follows:

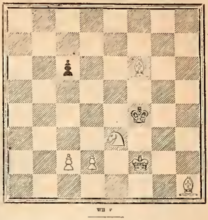
Around the table	128
Four ball carom	164
French game	20
Carom pool	124

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 304.—BY F. HEALEY. White to play and checkmate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

ANDERSSEN AND KOLISCH.—Messrs. Anderssen and Kolisch played a match at the London Chess Club, the first winner of four games to be the victor. Final score—Anderssen, 4; Kolisch, 3; Drawn, 2. This, we think, settles the question that Kolisch is no match for Morphy. The following is game the first, for which we are indebted to Herr Lowenthal, chess editor of the London *Era*.

WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. A.	WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. A.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	23 Q [illegible] Kt 3	Q to K B sq (g)
2 Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	24 Q to K 3	P to K B 4
3 P to Q 4	P tks P	25 B to K Kt sq (h)	R to Q 2 (i)
4 Kt tks P	Kt to K B 3	26 Q B to K B sq (k)	R to K B 2
5 B to Q 3	Kt to B 3	27 P to K Kt 4	P tks P
6 B to K 3	P to Q 4	28 B tks P	P to K Kt 4
7 P tks P	P tks P	29 P to K B 5	[illegible] (l)
8 Castles	B to Q 3	30 P to K B 6	Q to Q 3 (m)
9 Q to K B 3	P to K B 3	31 R to K B 3	Q to Q 4 (n)
10 Q to K B 3 (a)	Castles	32 P to K R 4	B to K B 5
11 Kt to B 3	Kt to K 4 (b)	33 Q to Q Kt 3	Q to Q 2 (o)
12 Q to K 2	P to B 3	34 B P tks P	B tks P
13 Q R to Q sq	B to K sq	35 R to K R 2	B to K Kt sq
14 B to K B 5 (c)	B to Q 2	36 B tks K P (p)	B tks P (q)
15 B tks B	Q tks B	37 Q to Q 3	B to Kt 3 (r)
16 Kt to K B 3	Q B to Q sq	38 B to K Kt 2	Q to B 3
17 K to R sq (d)	B to Q Kt sq	39 R from K 4 to K Kt 4	R to K sq
18 Kt tks Kt	B tks Kt	40 K to Kt sq	B to K 8 (ch)
19 P to K B 4	B to K sq	41 K to B 2	R to K B 8 (s)
20 Q to Q 3	Q to Q 3 (e)	42 Q to K 4	Q tks Q
21 B to Q 4	Kt to K 5 (f)	43 B tks Q	B to K B 5 (ch)
22 Kt tks Kt	P tks Kt	And Mr. Kolisch resigns.	

(a) Up to this moment the opening is conducted with care and accuracy by both combatants. This move, however, appears weak; it loses time.

(b) An excellent move, and finely conceived. The effect will become apparent as the game advances. The Knight here occupies a most commanding position, both for attack and defence. The feature of Mr. Anderssen's play, that is most worthy of notice, is the excellence of his openings. He invariably disposes his forces so as to be prepared for any emergency, and to take prompt advantage of the slightest error his adversary may commit. The move in the text is a good illustration of our remark.

(c) Finely played. The Bishop is here advantageously placed. The move retards the development of Black's forces, but at the same time protects White from any aggression on the part of his adversary.

(d) The position here is one of great interest. It is so complicated that the utmost skill is required for both attack and defence.

(e) At the first glance, playing the Knight to Rook's fourth seems to promise some advantage to Black. Looking more closely, however, we find that on White's replying B to K 5, he avoids all danger.

(f) Upon examination this will be found far superior to Kt to B 4.

(g) Herr Anderssen, with his usual accuracy, selected the best move, having in view the advance of the K B P.

(h) An excellent move, the beginning of complicated positions. In fact, from this point to the end, the game abounds in situations of remarkable interest. The able manner in which the Hungarian conducted the game, against an adversary of pre-eminent qualities, fully entitles him to our highest praise.

(i) A good retort; White's contemplated manœuvre is thereby rendered perfectly harmless.

(k) In order to be enabled to advance the K Kt P with safety.

(l) The position here is very instructive, and all this is well calculated by the German master. Either R tks P, or Q to Q 3 would have involved Black in difficulties, extrication from which would have been impossible, because, had Black played in the first place R tks P, White would have replied, with great effect, Q to Q Kt 8 (ch), and if Q to Q 3 White would have rejoined with Rook tks Kt P, checking, &c.

(m) A move which causes White great embarrassment.

(n) Finely played again. It defends the Pawn at K 5, and at the same time opens the diagonal for the Bishop, which is thus brought into active co-operation.

(o) Exchanging Queens would have been bad play; it would have abandoned the advantage in position already obtained by Black.

(p) This move loses an important Pawn, but there seems no better play.

(q) It is obvious that White dared not capture the proffered Rook, on account of Black's formidable reply, Q to Q 8 (ch), &c.

(r) The play on both sides throughout this critical end game will well repay the student for his time and labor in examining it.

(s) Ingeniously conceived. The move secures a speedy and successful termination.

MISCELLANIES.

OIL WELLS IN CANADA.—The people of Canada are rejoicing over two great discoveries. The Montreal *Gazette* says: "The Enniskillen Oil Wells of Upper Canada are the latest wonder, and a wonder moreover to be regarded with interest by the Province. The most remarkable of these rock wells have been opened within these last ten days, and furnish oil with considerable quantities of gas, but without any water. Some which have been opened a week (July 30th) have afforded from 400 to 400 barrels of pure oil, and after extracting this amount the well has filled up again in a few hours to the surface, and in two is now flowing over into the adjacent creek. It is impossible to say what amount of oil these wells would furnish if wrought continuously, but the supply seems to be enormous. It is worthy of remark that the oil wells of Canada are in a much lower geological formation than those of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Those rise for the most part from the Upper Devonian sandstones, while the wells sunk in Enniskillen are in the Hamilton shales, and even seem to have reached the underlying Devonian limestones, which with perhaps the addition of the Silurian limestones, we conceive to be the source of the petroleum both in Canada and the adjacent States. It is evidently connected with the undulations subordinate to the great anticlinal axis which we have traced through Western Canada, and which permit the accumulation of the oil elsewhere diffused through the rocky strata."

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—Mr. Jonblesque communicates to the London *Times* a graphic description of a visit to the great wall of China: "Another day's journey brought us to Chalaou—a hamlet at the foot of the great wall. The road for the last fifteen miles had been so bad that we were obliged to leave our horses at Nankau, hiring in their place Tartar ponies. Nothing less sure-footed than these shaggy, hardy little beasts could have carried us through those rugged mountain paths, which we would have done on foot but that one mile's march over the sharp rock which forms the pavement would have left us shoeless. At daybreak on the following morning we climbed the highest peak of the mountain range, and there, standing on the top of the great wall, reflected upon the stupendous folly of this wonderful work of human industry, which is said to have cost the country 260,000 lives from sheer physical exhaustion. The wall, which is built of stone and brick, is twenty feet high and fifteen feet broad, surmounted by a double parapet, loopholed on the north side. As far as the eye can follow the mountain range it winds over the ridges of the precipitous black rocks like a gigantic serpent crawling along, and with its breath poisoning all around; for, turn where you will, nothing meets the view but the desolate, dreary tract of rock, unrelieved by a blade of grass or a tuft of moss, and huge boulders strewing the base of the mountain sides. It was the whim of a tyrant to build a wall where nature had already built a barrier far more effectual than anything that human art could construct. However, there it remains, after a lapse of nearly 2000 years, a monument of the cruel folly of one man, and the patient industry and sufferings of many thousands. Having made an abortive attempt at a sketch, and tried in vain to discover one redeeming feature in this vast scene of desolation, I secured my brick, and descending to the pass, remounted to proceed homewards. Our guard could hardly believe his senses—certainly he doubted ours. When at Nankau mine host inquired what we were going to the great wall for. Our honest answer met with no credit. Were there not walls everywhere? Was not the wall of Pekin much better worth looking at? And then, as for shooting, why come so far for game when it could be bought in Pekin at our very doors? His impression evidently was that we had some sinister project in view; but when we returned with the bricks the old man simply burst out laughing, and set us down for a couple of harmless lunatics."

AN INCIDENT IN A COUNTRY TOWN.—

A pig whom, rushing down the street,
  A butcher boy did pursue,
Rushed into—what an odd retreat!
  A shop where kept was a Jew.
And there the pig did stick and stay,
  They could not get the pig away.
"How wonderful is Nature's ways!"
  Said they who saw the touching fact;
"The sense as that there pig displays!
  No Christian couldn't wiser act."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL, OF MISSOURI.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL, whose military genius was so remarkably exhibited in the battle at Carthage, Missouri, on the 5th of July, and whose bravery at the bloody battle of Wilson's Creek, on the 10th of August, has called forth the admiration of the people, is a native of the Duchy of Baden. He is not only a brave man, but a practiced and experienced soldier. In the revolution of 1848 he was commander of the republican forces in the Grand Duchy of Baden, under the provisional government of Hecker, Struve and Brentano, and only combined the campaign with great skill. The insurrection having been finally suppressed by the Prussian army, Siegel made his escape to this country, where Hecker and other of his compatriots also found refuge.

For several years past Colonel Siegel has resided in St. Louis, and on the first call of the President for troops to defend the government against the rebels, he entered the field, raising a regiment of German volunteers, and was made its first commanding officer, but his present honors, it appears, were soon won, and both entered as privates in Siegel's regiment. This prompt and patriotic movement of the German population fired the ambition and their fellow-countrymen in Illinois, who immediately organized a Jager regiment to that State, and sent for Hecker to become their commander. At first Hecker declined the offer of a command, declaring that he had no higher aspiration than to serve as a private under his old friend Siegel, in whom he had more confidence than in himself, but yielding to continued solicitation, procured his dismissal from Siegel's regiment, and proceeded to Illinois, to assume the Colonelcy of the Jagers.

General Siegel is comparatively a young man, and has active military life, and the experience gained in European warfare, eminently fit him for the command in which he has already given proof of rare ability and singular coolness in the hour of danger. He will be thoroughly heard from in this campaign.

It is an interesting fact in connection with his history that he was earnestly solicited to take the command of a German brigade in the city, but declined, alleging as a reason that there was a broad field of operations in Missouri, and that he could be more useful there than elsewhere. He was right in his conjecture, and the battle of Carthage and the glorious defense of St. Louis rather than leave them, assured that they were the men to give excellent accounts of themselves. His judgment is confirmed by the admirable steadiness of the soldiers in the affair at Camden Point. For his bravery and skill in that affair he was raised by the President to the rank of Brigadier-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. SCHOTTES, ST. LOUIS.

GENERAL BEN McCULLOUGH.

THIS notorious man was born in Rutherford county, Tennessee, in 1814. His ancestors emigrated from North Wales. McCullough took early to the life of a frontiersman, and was a scout in the service of Stanberry and Brown Vieto. He resigned his staff appointment September 5th, 1841. After the war was over he returned to Comanche county, and was made United States Marshal of Texas by President Parsons. When Mr. Buchanan decided to send an army to put down the Utah rebellion, he appointed Mr. McCullough one of his Commissioners.

At the breaking out of the present rebellion Ben McCullough raised a regiment of Texas dragoons and called them the Texan Rangers. He then joined the rebel forces, under command of General Price, and was present at the battle of Springfield.

LIFE AT LAKE MAHOPAC—GREGORY'S HOTEL.

Poon is the spirit which finds no sympathy with bright lakes and running streams, and there are few indeed of the denizens of our cities who do not long, when the sultry summer days come on, for the invigorating atmosphere. Bottle-nosed is almost universal, that the mountains and wooded hills, sloping down into pure crystal and streams have their birth, are only to be found for away in New Hampshire or Northern New York, and are only to be visited at an expenditure of time and money which few can afford to incur, and to make. Not before Nature has been at her great city of New York, with its myriad surroundings, that such is not so. Its metropolitan centre of the West on World, destitute even in this regard. She has reserved in her neighborhood a region of hills and valleys, forests and sparkling waters, almost Alpine in some of its aspects, with its picturesque beauties still free, upon it, where the jaded citizen can bathe his brow in the fresh mountain air and his limbs in waters rolling cool and clean from beneath moss-covered rocks, under great trees coeval with the discovery, and gladden his eyes with unwritten verdure, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." You can, nevertheless, by taking the train at such a region within two hours of your cobwebbed office. We talk of hours, and mile after mile is the true measure of the relations of places. You may be in the country in a moment, and you may have enterprise wondered what that hill, cloth of hills and mountains extending back from Cold Spring, concealed, and whether or not it lived among their fastnesses, and what they did there?

Well, that wonderful country is Putnam county, and among its hills the Croton River gathers its sparkling tributaries before going on through aqueducts of brick and mortar, and iron pipe and lead over into your bedroom closet. It is a country high and cool, and has a hundred lakes glistening in an emerald setting of forests and meadows, clear and pure as crystal. There is Glenida and Gleed, but shortest of them all is Mahopac, still retaining the name that was given it by the Indians. Although but 6 miles from the Croton, its surface is more than 600 feet above the river, and its highest steeples, or summits of 900 feet above the sea. Supposing it by way of the Harlem Railroad, that the other lounge the cars at Croton Falls, and the lakes carriages five miles further, through a picturesque grazing country, to the inns. Or it may be reached from the Hudson River, or the railway running on its bank, by way of Peekskill; but that route is the longest and most roundabout of all. From either direction, second in comfort, and, having reached the depot, you are at once in the midst of the scenery, the inns and shanties before the railway, a fleet of wagons, some miles in extent, in endless broken by jutting promontories, and its surface relieved by islands, enlivened in primitive forests, against the dark green of which the white sails of rapidly gliding boats stand out in strong relief.

There are lakes with bolder features of scenery around them, but there are few in the world combining so much of the picturesque and the beautiful, with just enough of wildness to show us that it is still unbeseemed, and a place where solitude can be courted and found, as well as society and social pleasure.

Surrounding the lake, at points favorable for their fine views, are a number of hotels and large boarding-houses, where people who have found out the secret of the place come with their families to spend the summer months, and bless their children with pure air, exercise and wholesome food. Chief-est among the hotels, however, even on Mahopac is Gregory's, among the islands of Putnam, in the Gregory House, which, with its numerous cottages, is on the eastern shore of the lake, with green lawns and trees sloping down to the very edge of the water, along which are always moored a line of boats, light to row, gay in color, and blooming with flags and awnings. Here the visitor may enjoy all the peculiar pleasures of a watering-place, with the advantages of charming country and facilities for boating; and what, in our judgment, is better than all, wholesale principles under the luxuries and beauties of the sweet little island Putnam. Our host of the Gregory (who is not above his business, but esteems it exhibit present honor to do what he has undertaken well) is always ready to assist the enthusiastic picnicker with those essentials to temperance—champagne, for instance, lobsters, chickens and champagne—for some one aware, and to the fisherman, and bobbin for a living, we are reduced to the extremity of scratching on such poor food and drink as these. We shall have to more pleasing than a tree around Putnam, with a quiet afternoon, when boats are to be discovered, moored up in every shady nook, while their occupants swing lazily in hammocks beneath trees, and smoke the immemorial cigar, or imbibing the cool champagne! Not always smoking, however, nor always drinking; for the ladies (God bless them!) form a majority of almost every party, and seem to find as keen an enjoyment in the fragrant rosaceæ of Petrea as their lords and lovers. We say fragrant rosaceæ, for the earth is carpeted with winter-greens and ordered over with birch and hemlock.

But to return to our hotel—a thing, however, we seldom do at Mahopac until late in the evening—a meal de corridore freely with gossiping promenaders, by moonlight, or sitting with dancers and dimly with music. You want the latest news, then there is the—who goes for frog?" You hate only to apply to Mr. A. E. Whytead, in the office, and he will tell you, with the latest telegraphic word, "Frogs!" as the door. He holds one thread of the great web of intelligence, and strives to which element light and air have until of our land, from the Aroostook to the Prairies will stamp you with the news from the city—a twinkling, or eastern John to send up the thick boots and wide-brimmed hat, which, in your ignorance, you did not dream would be of all things useful on the range of the steep hills and rocky Petrea.

It rains to-day. Heigho! There is nothing in the morning papers which the enterprising newsmen at Mahopac is not on hand by mid-forenoon. But, fortunately, we can walk on the broad piazza, or bowl—if you take the hills—even if we can't play billiards—for these humanitarian devices for killing time have penetrated even to Mahopac! but, mind, only as a resort in a rainy day, or an expedient for absence.

But we must cut short our reminiscences of Mahopac, and dropping all reminiscences, let us say, what hundreds will support us in saying, that for a week or a season of relaxation spent in a beautiful and healthful portion of the country, not too far away from the city, with the most delightful boating and excellent accommodation, no place is more favorable than Gregory's Hotel at Lake Mahopac. And so say we all!

CHARGE OF THE FIRST IOWA REGIMENT AT Wilson's Creek.

We have taken occasion elsewhere to notice the gallantry of the 1st Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, at the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Missouri. We now give a full and spirited engraving of this regiment, under the command of Colonel Lyon fell. Seeing a numerous body of rebel cavalry about to attack General Lyon rode up to the 1st Iowa, and said, "Ask boys, until they are close, then fire and then rush with the bayonet, for a leader," and we will follow him to victory!" On came the enemy, confident in his superior numbers.

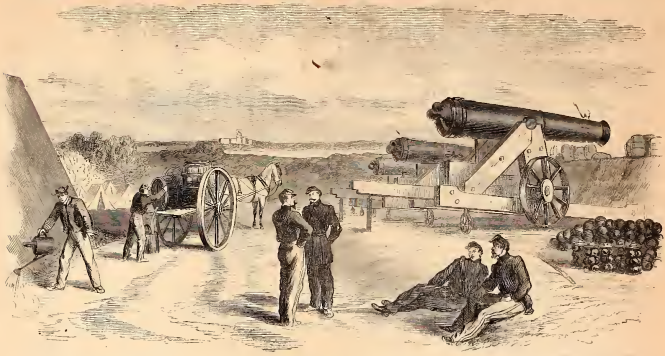
time was in a line, "Don't lead you myself, my brave boys!" ejaculated Lyon, and threw himself in their head, shouting, "Make ready! Fire! Charge!" Our Artist, who was on the field, has quickly delineated the exciting scene. A moment afterwards the brave Lyon fell dead in the midst of his gallant soldiers, who pressed on wildly to avenge his death, and drove the rebels in disorder from the field.

ANCIENT, IN TRUE.—A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* writes: "I can give you a capital anecdote about Mr. Lincoln's election. The night previous to the meeting of the Convention at Chicago, which nominated him, I was seated in a circle of ladies in this city, when Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, entered the room. She was immediately introduced, and her good man at breakfast. Accordingly, but firmly, informed him that politics were losing the ladies and bothering his brains and drinking about at the rumshops—that she did not like it. She had to it said they the children up, and 'Now, Abraham, let me tell you that to-day's Convention will be a close affair. If you come home before that hour, well and good; if not, I will not get up and let you in.' Two o'clock came that night, and, true to her word, Mrs. Lincoln was in bed when her children. About an hour later Mr. Lincoln knocked at the door. He knocked once, twice, and even a third time, before an upper window was raised, and the sighing of a female head looked out. 'Who is there?' 'Me.' 'You know what I told you. Abraham?' 'Yes, I know.' 'I have got something pitched to tell you.' 'Let me in.' 'I don't care about that. It is none politics to-night.' 'But it is very important.' 'Can't help that. Politics are stinks, and I have been nominated for this Presidency.' 'Oh, Abraham, this is awful. Now I know you have been drinking. I only suspected it before, and you must go and sleep where you got your liquor,' and down descended the window with a flash. True enough, the next day confirmed the news that the next anecdote-teller of the village had really been nominated to ride over millions."

THE PUBLIC HOUSE, having that Mace, who is it succeeded Soper as "Champion of England," is soon to be engaged, has offered to fight him for £1000 a side. He says: "In consequence of the sudden retirement of Heenan from the pugilistic arena, and the meeting of my fight with Soper, I would put myself in training to fight any man in England for £1000 a side, or £500 a side, at the option of the challenger. In the case I would relinquish to him, out of the sum stake, £2,000 for his expenses, and give him a bond to £2,000 more, guaranteeing against any private interference with the fight in any shape. If on the other hand, I am required to go to England, I only expect the same allowance and no guarantee."

A FAITHFUL DOG.—In the Passaic Journey they have published an account of a dog which followed his master's dead Rockaway. Before the train passed, he had run 17 miles and Passaic Bridge, 7 miles beyond.

GENERAL BEN McCULLOUGH, COMMANDER OF THE REBEL FORCES IN SOUTHERN MISSOURI.



SECTION OF FORT RUNYON, VA., GUARDING THE ROAD TO ALEXANDRIA, OCCUPIED BY THE TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

SCENE AT FORT RUNYON—BATTERY GUARDING THE ROAD TO ALEXANDRIA.

FORT RUNYON named after the commander of the New J regiments which were formerly stationed there, entirely common .s the road to Alexandrio. Our Artist hos sent ns n sketch of the battery erected on this important point. By the lost occounts it was occupied by the Twenty-first New York Volunteers. The spot is a most pictnresque one, commanding a splendid view all around, the background being the Potomoc and Washington.

FORT ALBANY, ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

WE hove so often illnstrated and described Arlington Heights that we have now merely to say that one of the most imposing of its fortifications is Fort Albany, a sketch of which in its formation wa publish.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL, SARATOGA.

THIS splendidly furnished hotel was opened for the first time lost season, and has since received such distinguished patronage as to entitle it to be clossed omong the first houses in the conotry. Although not as large os some others (hoviog only accommodation for obout 600 goests), yet its arrangements are so perfectly systematized as to render it a model for neatness and comfort, and to make it one of the most desiroble places to spend a few days oway from the noisy din and bustle of city life.

The Clareodon is the best situated hotel in Saratoga—its position being clevated, with an open space in front. Its piazza is one of the finest we hove seen in America. On the grounds attached to it are a spring of mioeral wo'er, possessing good medicinal properties—batbs, o bowling-alley, billiard-room and shooting gallery.

As to the internal orrangements, they are under the immediate superintendence of the present proprietor, Mr. Robinson, on whom they reflect much credit. The dinners ore well got up, comprising all the delicacies of the season, and what is still more commendable, they are well served. The wines are of the usual choice brands with which we are familiar in New York, and moy be hod at moderate prices.

A band of good musicions is in attendance twice a day—in the afternoon and io the evening—which circumstance tends not only to enliven the place, but to give to it that air of enchantment for which it is distinguished.

AT o recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Poris, M. Leverrier, the celebrated astronomer, expressed himself as follows in reference to the late comet:

"We do not know this comet; it is the first time it visits us; and those who have endeavored to predict its course, determine its distance from the earth, and measure its tail, have either deceived themselves or the public. Three elements are necessary to calculate the orbit of a comet: first, the exact position of the star; then its velocity; and, lastly, the variation of velocity produced by the mass of the sun.

"I coused the comet to be observed on June 30, and then on the night of the 1st and the morning of the 2d instant, in order to determine the variation of the velocity. These three observations would have followed too closely upon each other for the calculation to be attempted, were it not that the comet moves very rapidly. On the 3d, at 10 A. M., M Levy brought me the result of his calculations, and we then obtained an insight into the orbit of the comet. Mr Hind has since sent me the orbit calculated by the English astronomers, which perfectly agrees, in all but two minutes, with our results. It is now positive that this is not Charles the Fifth's comet; and, moreover it resembles none of those already observed. This circumstance will contribute not a little to throw confusion upon the little we know of these erratic bodies. I cannot yet say whether this comet is periodical or not, its orbit up to this day has been too cursorily determined to enable us to pronounce it elliptical, parabolical, or even hyperbolical. At any rate appearances are against its return, for the orbit is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, while those of periodical comets usually form a very small angle with the plane. It is only now we can determine the distance of the comet from the earth, and the length of its tail. On the 30th of June the line joining the centre of the sun with that of the comet made an angle of four degrees with that joining the centres of the sun and earth, the length of which is known. The angle which this line formed with the visual ray, drawn from the eye of the observer to the centre of the comet, was twenty-four degrees. The triangle thus formed may, therefore, be calculated, and it gives us the distance of the comet from the earth, amounting to between six and seven millions of leagues (about 17,000,000 of English miles). The length of the tail might be similarly calculated. The comet is rapidly moving away from us, and it is, therefore, not surprising that its brilliancy has diminished. On the 10th it will be equally distant from the sun and earth; we shall soon lose sight of it, and astronomers only will be able to follow it for about a month longer. It presents a singular peculiarity. M Chacornac has studied the nucleus with one of M Foucault's telescopes: instead of its being hollow like the half of an egg shell, like most of the comets already observed, it presents the appearance of a sun composed of fireworks, the bent rays of which burn in the same sense. Moreover, the comet has not drawn nearer to the sun. These are all circumstances calculated to introduce great complications into the theory of comets."

THE following was the ideal of a perfect life, according to the judgment of a Frenchman, who had seen the different capitals of Europe: "I should like," he said, "to be an English peer till thirty-five, a French marshal till fifty, and then I would become a cardinal of Rome, and never die."

FORT ALBANY, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA., IN COURSE OF ERECTION BY THE FIRST REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF

WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Five days after, a hearse and a mourning coach containing four persons, and a single carriage following them, were seen to move slowly from a cottage in the Fulham road and take the road to Brighton. The next day a coffin was conveyed on board a Dieppe packet; five persons composed the train which followed it, and one of the five, as soon as the velvet pall was thrown over the coffin, seated himself at its head, and, with bent form and folded arms, remained during the passage immoveable as a statue.

"Dear me," said a lady to an honest sailor, who was adjusting a rope near, "how melancholy and unpleasant. Had I been aware that a coffin was on board I certainly should have waited for the next packet. Pray who is it?"

"A French lady, the Countess D'Almaine," replied the sailor, in a low voice.

"The Countess D'Almaine," said the lady; "and who is it sits so near the coffin?"

"Hush!" said the man. "Do not speak so loud; though, poor fellow, he is too grief-stricken to hear you. It is the count."

"The count!" responded the lady, in a suppressed tone. "And that military-looking man with one arm, who seems like a sentinel, without for an instant taking his eyes from the coffin, who is he?"

"That is the lady's father," said the man, brushing a bright drop from his cheek with his hard hand. "Poor man, she was his all, they say, his only child."

"Indeed," returned the inquirer; then, after a pause, in which her eyes wandered from one to the other, she added, "and the handsome youth sitting near the widower? From his pale cheek and anxious look, he must be a near relative."

"A cousin," said the man.

"And that female in deep mourning, whose face is covered with her crape veil and who rocks herself in her seat, she must be one of them," continued the lady.

"Yes, it is a companion or humble friend, I think," said the man; "at least that, I believe, is what Lord Livesey told the captain. That active looking man yonder, who has managed everything for them, like a true friend, he has been all to them in their trouble, they say," he added in a lower tone. "The count was an exile; he has not seen his native country for some years, poor fellow. His journey home is a sad one; they say his wife was more to him than the restoration of his estates."

"Have they no child or children?" asked the lady.

"One," was the reply; "but it was lost or stolen. It has not been heard of for five years. And the loss of that child," he added, "made their father a widower. The great have their troubles as well as the lowly. I don't know why they are envied," he added, musing as he walked away.

The lady sighed, drew her veil down, and though her eyes were not withdrawn from one or other of the party, she spoke not again during the short voyage.

* * * * * * * *

As the procession moved slowly along the great avenue of the Chateau de Noi, the tenantry that had known and respected Lucille had stationed themselves on either side, each with something about him bearing the semblance of mourning. They were there, too, to hail with pride the return of a beloved master; but all was dead silence at the exile's approach. As the insignia of woe passed between them, every hat was reverently raised, every eye was fixed upon the hearse, every tongue was hushed. It was a cold gloomy greeting to the wanderer. On the entrance to the chateau stood the servants, and among them, as D'Almaine glanced towards them, he singled out the old housekeeper.

"You here, Madame Santarre!" he cried, with feeling. "Have they left you to me?"

"Yes," said the old woman, in a quivering voice. "He has left the old withered tree standing, but has cut down the beautiful blossom."

D'Almaine passed her quickly, and was entering the grand saloon when she added, "Not there, not there, monsieur. The best room is for her; let us give her all we can while she is with us."

"Right, right," said D'Almaine, in a scarcely audible tone. At that moment Emile, who had been trying to summon calmness to meet her brother, rushed into his arms.

"My brother, dearest Jules!" she cried, and would have added "Welcome," but she could not pronounce the word; she knew in his present feelings it would have been only grating.

"Emile," he said, returning her embrace, "this is kind, I did not expect to see you; but you were ever my own dear sister. Our mother, is she well?"

She shook her head as she replied, "She would have been here, for she is remorseful; yet she could not look upon you in your affliction, Jules."

Charles de Bleville stepped forward, they exchanged a friendly shake, while Emile, who had flown to Monsieur de Vernet, who had entered, was silently but unconstrainedly weeping on his shoulder.

In a few days Lucille was consigned to the family vault. When the father and husband returned from that mournful ceremony it was awful to look on the pale faces of both; the strong men were bowed down, they clasped each other's hands, but neither had a word of comfort for the other.

"Eugene," said D'Almaine, who was the first to speak, "have you given orders for our departure? To stay here another hour is impossible, but wherever I go all places will have the same gloom for me."

"Go with me to Germany," said De Vernet; "it is the spot most free from the scenes we have witnessed."

"Her birthplace," said D'Almaine, and he shook his head, then added, after a pause, "Father, I will go to Waldenberg. Its mistress, who has wept so many bereavements, may teach me a lesson of resignation. When will you be ready to depart?"

"As soon as the carriage is ready," he replied.

D'Almaine bowed and left the room; it was to visit the suite of rooms occupied by Lucille while she resided at the chateau; everything was as she had quitted the night she had assisted his escape from prison. The rooms had been long closed, the chateau uninhabited, till Madame Santarre, who at first with the rest of the servants had been banished from it, made petition to be allowed to return to the rooms she had occupied so many years in it. Her petition was granted and though fires were lighted in the apartments, and they were kept free from dust, she would not allow anything to be touched in them. Therefore on D'Almaine's entrance all looked as if Lucille had but just quitted them.

A shawl was lying on the bed, her bonnet on a chair, books scattered about, and her desk open, with a half-finished letter to himself, which she had sat down to write to him the day she had not visited him at Rouen. He glanced over the lines; they were simple and confiding, as her style ever was. He caught them up, and placed them with a burst of feeling in his bosom, then passed from the rooms to the nursery. Here he was forcibly reminded of his twofold loss. The large Leghorn hat of Birdie, filled with flowers, not as she had gathered them, fragrant and blooming, but scentless and withered as D'Almaine's hopes; a small shoe, a broken doll, a torn book, and several other articles appertaining to childhood were lying about in careless disorder. He took each article up separately, each had its own peculiar remembrance attached to it, and he lingered long amongst them, till thought became too bitter to bear.

"My wife, my child," he murmured, "if one were but left, happiness would not be quite departed."

As he crossed the hall, Lion, the large Newfoundland dog, came bounding towards him, and by a thousand demonstrations of affection showed that he recognised his old master.

A throb of pleasure beat through D'Almaine's heart; it was like the greeting of an old tried friend who had shared his misfortunes, and as he patted the animal, he exclaimed,

"Lion, you here, too; have you too found your way to the house of mourning?"

"I took possession of him when you went to England," said Eugene, "and left him under the care of Madame Santarre when I came to you with the King's pardon. I gave orders that he should be kept tied up while you were at the chateau, but I see he has broken his chain, he must have heard and recognised your voice."

"He shall go with us," said D'Almaine. "Monsieur de Vernet," he added, "Lion was their pet; you will not object to him going to Waldenberg?"

De Vernet shook his head as he led the way to the carriage.

As the carriage turned round the serpentine walk the three travellers looked on the noble structure they were quitting, and although all their sensations were different, one was prominent in their minds; that of De Vernet and D'Almaine was, that from henceforth it would be associated with too much gloom and regretful remembrance to be visited by either of them again, and both in moody silence seemed taking his last look at it.

CHAPTER XL.

Seven years have elapsed, with but little transpiring to interest D'Almaine, and Eugene has spent the greater part of that period in travelling over Europe in the vain search for the child and her new protectors, while Batiste and Madeline, in the New World, are prosecuting an equally unsuccessful search, and the hope of ever discovering her was all but extinct in the bosoms of all.

The Countess D'Almaine, a prey to remorse, and in a measure blaming herself as the cause of Lucille's early death, had buried her pride and greatness in a convent, passing her latter life in privacy and gloom.

The count was still a handsome man, and though he had reached his forty-third birthday, his hair and moustache were black and glossy as the plumage of the raven, his eye flashing, his deportment lofty, and his smile soft and winning as a woman's. He was sitting in his study with Eugene, who was considered the heir to the D'Almaine estates, for too many nets had been spread for D'Almaine without success to doubt that he was no marrying man, and single ladies looking out for rich husbands had sometimes calculated upon their success with the handsome Eugene D'Almaine.

D'Almaine was conning over a letter he had just received from Lord Livesey, asking him to meet him at Florence; it had come at a time when other subjects more agreeable interested him, and he was debating in his mind which to abandon—Lord Livesey's invitation or an excursion with one of the royal princes into the Low Countries. Eugene had observed him several minutes, when he at length broke the silence.

"Your letter, cousin, appears to cause uneasy deliberation," said Eugene. "Is it official?"

"No," returned D'Almaine, smiling. "Nothing of so much importance. I was merely asking myself whether I should meet Livesey in Italy or go with the duke to Flanders."

"And you have decided on the latter," said Eugene.

"No; I shall go to Italy," said the count: "I have business there, and shall leave you to manage with the duke in regard to my absence. Your presence will be better suited to the youthful prince than mine, and will prove perfectly satisfactory to you both."

"As you please," said Eugene, "but when do you think of returning?"

"When the Chambers meet," replied D'Almaine, "probably earlier, for I have seen every nook and corner of Florence, and unless Livesey has a liking for the place, and desires to keep me near him, I shall quit it in a day or two probably. I shall not stay long enough to write from thence."

"When do you leave Paris?" continued Eugene.

"I shall give orders to-night, to have all ready to start after breakfast," replied D'Almaine; "unless," he added, "you like to accompany me and require longer delay."

"I thought you had arranged for me to go to Flanders with the duke," said Eugene. "If you have, I should like the arrangement better, for, like yourself, I do not care about Italy."

"True," said D'Almaine, "I had forgotten my first plan. Go to Liege, and I'll be off to Florence, and on our return from our travels we shall both, I hope, have some adventures to record. Who knows but you may bring home a little fraulein from Belgium."

"Tush!" returned Eugene, shrugging his shoulders. "Independent of the antipathy I have to fat frauleins, who in the name of Heaven, cousin, would marry a poor fellow like myself?"

"Who would marry a poor fellow like yourself?" repeated D'Almaine, indignantly. "I should say the heir to the D'Almaine estates was not to be scorned."

Eugene shook his head. "Presumptive heir!" he replied; "but, cousin, you are still a young and handsome man, you may marry a second time."

"Never!" returned D'Almaine, impressively; "there exists not the woman worthy to fill the place of my ever lamented Lucille. You may marry in full confidence, Eugene, of being the next in succession."

The following morning the count departed for Italy, and had been in Florence about a week, when one day being at an exhibition, he sat near two ladies. One appeared in middle life, the other considerably younger—perhaps only in the bud of womanhood, for both were too closely veiled for him to see sufficient of their faces to judge of their ages; both were tall, elegant looking women, and the one apparently the youngest, from being slighter and more airy in her movements, was particularly graceful.

D'Almaine was much interested in both, and ever an admirer of female beauty, he kept his eyes continually on them, and another traveller like himself seemed equally struck with them, and regardless of the observation he excited, and the annoyance it gave the ladies, kept close to them, once or twice jostling against them and speaking in an undertone to both. At length, too greatly annoyed by his rudeness to remain in the room, they moved towards the door; but the man, indefatigable in his system of intrusion, still followed them closely, and as they turned a landing took the opportunity to withdraw the veil aside from the face of the younger. Both ladies were seriously alarmed at this insult, and clung close to each other, fearing he might attempt farther incivility.

D'Almaine, who had also followed the ladies, witnessed what in Italy is considered an outrage, and indignantly approaching, with one arm dexterously hurled the intruder down a low flight of stairs, and politely offered his protection to them to conduct them from the rooms. The man who was the cause of this introduction, seeing the elder lady take the count's arm in fright, concluded it was one who had a right to protect her, and fearing a further encounter, made his exit with all possible expedition.

After some slight hesitation, permission was given to D'Almaine to see the ladies home, and while walking with them through several streets, he endeavored to draw them into conversation, but both were equally unwilling, probably from their late alarm, to proceed further than offering their thanks for the service he had so opportunely rendered. Passing through the suburbs, they crossed a field, then came to a small neat dwelling enclosed in a garden, with a small portion of meadow land, on which grazed a jennet of great beauty. The ladies stopped before the white gate, and the elder one, handing a card to D'Almaine, on which was inscribed "Signor Strozzi," said, "Here is my brother's card, signor. I pray you to excuse me asking you to enter, as he is from home at present; in a few days we expect his return, when most assuredly he will be delighted to render you his thanks for the service you have done us."

D'Almaine gave his own card in return, and more disappointed than he chose to express, received their renewed thanks as they passed quickly through the gate. He watched them till they entered the house, hoping before he lost sight of them, that a kind breeze would blow aside the veil of the younger lady, for although she had been nearly silent, he had caught the sound of a very soft voice, which uncommonly interested him, and once through the veil he detected a pair of Italian eyes glancing furtively towards him.

The next day Lord Livesey proposed quitting Florence for Naples; and to his astonishment D'Almaine, who had before abused the town with great vehemence, declared his intention to remain in it another week; and as his lordship had an appointment at the last named place, D'Almaine was inclined to remain unobserved, it was settled that Livesey should return to Florence in a fortnight, and that they should then take their departure for France.

Three days elapsed, but not without D'Almaine having several times ridden past the abode where he had left the ladies; but the Venetian blinds were always so closely drawn that not a vestige of anything human was visible, when on the fourth day, among the cards left at his hotel, he perceived Signor Strozzi's. His heart bounded with unusual pleasure at the sight; had it not been too late in the day to make a call, he would certainly have returned the signor's immediately. As it was, he inquired from the master of the hotel about him, and learned that the signor was in the church, that his sister, a very amiable lady, and his niece, an orphan, who was very handsome—so report said—resided with him.

The following morning, earlier, perhaps, than etiquette warranted, found D'Almaine at the white gate where he parted from the objects that had been scarce absent from his thoughts since. As he alighted from his horse, he searched for his cardcase, but finding he had left it at his hotel, he merely gave his name to the servant, who disappeared, and quickly returning, ushered him into the house, and throwing open the door of a room on the ground floor, told him to enter.

CHAPTER XLI.

D'Almaine advanced midway into the apartment before he perceived its occupants were not aware of his presence; the domestic had forgotten his name, and had left him to introduce himself. He would have felt the awkwardness of his position, had not his senses been engrossed by the group which presented itself.

A man of about forty, of extremely prepossessing appearance, who by his dress seemed the village pastor, reclined in an easy chair, reading to a lady who might have been a few years younger, who, while listening to his subject, plied her needle most industriously. A short distance from them a girl, apparently seventeen, reclined in careless indolence on a sofa; she held a book, but, as it seemed, more with the intention of keeping in awe a small, beautiful Italian greyhound than to peruse its contents. She was dressed in a white gros de Naples dress trimmed with black velvet, which contrasted admirably with her smooth, white throat, round wrists and very lovely hands. Her eyes were large, dark and sparkling, and a wilderness of glossy black hair had escaped from its comb and wandered in rich, careless curls over her shoulders, while a very small foot peeped from beneath the folds of her dress and rested on a crimson velvet ottoman, on which slept a beautiful spaniel, which the greyhound, in sport or jealousy, was endeavoring to awaken by biting his ears and pulling his tail.

"Have done, Fido," cried the girl, touching the dog with her book. "I will not allow him to be disturbed. He is neither so young nor frolicsome as yourself. Let him sleep unmolested, I say."

The words were accompanied, as the animal persevered in his play, with a slight pat with the book, which was increased, as, turning from the sleeping animal to the jet curls wantoning over the sofa pillow, he made an attack upon them; and while she was rescuing the curls, the dog, in very wilfulness, seized the book, and carrying it to the centre of the room, commenced tearing it to pieces. With an exclamation the girl arose, the dog barked, and in an instant there was a general clamor.

Signor Strozzi, disturbed in his reading, ordered the ejectment of the animal, exclaiming, "How is this, Marie? If you cannot keep your pets in order, I beg for the future, while I am reading, that they may not form a part of our society."

At that moment the glance of the three was fixed on D'Almaine, who, although the most awkwardly situated, as a man of the world quickly recovered from his temporary confusion, and stepping forward, in a few words explained that he was there, as he supposed, through the servant having forgotten his name, and left him to introduce himself.

While Signor Strozzi and the lady were apologising and welcoming the count, Marie, in the utmost confusion, was collecting her dishevelled hair to the best of her ability beneath her comb, which she had but imperfectly managed, when the signor, who saw his visitor's eyes turned towards her, said, smilingly, "Marie, come forward. Signor D'Almaine will excuse you, as we did not expect the honor of his visit. Come, child, and give your deliverer the welcome he expects and merits. My niece, signor, Marie Strozzi."

Marie approached, her cheeks slightly flushed, and offering her hand frankly, reiterated her uncle's welcome. D'Almaine looked admiringly on the little hand, placed as confidingly in his own as if they had been accustomed to meet thus for years as old and tried friends. An indefinable sensation came over him, and for several moments a host of thoughts rushed through his brain; but he was recalled to himself by Marie withdrawing her hand.

"Excuse me," he said, in a broken voice, "but in gazing on your hand, signora, I had forgotten the present in the past. I never saw but one hand to compare to yours, and that was my deceased wife's."

Then, quickly changing the subject, the conversation became general with the three, Marie having taken the opportunity to withdraw to collect the whole of her straying tresses within the limits of the broad comb which usually confined them.

D'Almaine, a man of the world, was soon at home with his new friends. Several weeks passed, and Lord Livesey had returned to England, but the count still loitered at Florence; for, almost unknown to himself, the interesting Marie had woven a web around him, which he in vain tried to free himself from. There was a charm in her presence he was unwilling to allow even to himself, and when he forced himself to keep from her a day, he was restless and discontented until he again saw her. It was not love, no, D'Almaine was too well versed in the passion to be assured of it, yet he felt it would be impossible to quit Italy without her.

"If I could but persuade the signor," he reasoned, "to accompany me to France, I should be happy, and it would be to his interest. I have it in my power to make it so. I will try him; then I shall see Marie as now, daily.

With the promptitude of the idea D'Almaine put his hat on, and in less than ten minutes after was exerting his powers of persuasion to induce Signor Strozzi to visit France, and accept a piece of preferment, then vacant in the vicinity of the Chateau Noi. But the good *curé* was satisfied with his means, and could not be induced by fair promises to leave his native country.

"We have enough," he said, "and a trifle to spare for a portion for Marie when she marries. Why then should we quit our country to add to our store, and seek a grave in a land we have no right to?"

"A portion for Marie when she marries," rung in D'Almaine's ears all day, and at night he heard it in his dreams. "When she marries," he repeated, the first thing as he started from his bed; "and why by such means can I not secure her to myself? I will ——" He stopped, but quickly added, "Marry! outrage Lucille's memory by a second choice? Impossible! Besides, the feelings I entertain for Marie would not warrant me to offer her my hand. I do not love her with such a love; she is graceful, beautiful, loveable, and I would be always near her to advise and benefit her, but not as her husband."

He leant his head on the table in bitter reflection. "Yet, to allow another to carry her off, to bear her to his own home would be madness. But I must analyse my own feelings. That I love this beautiful girl is without a doubt, but with how different a love to what Lucile inspired me! I have no jealous misgivings when she converses with younger men than myself. I would rather watch her in the dance than be her partner, and yet the idea of losing her stirs up a host of unruly ideas within me. In short, I cannot willingly give her up. I cannot see her torn from me for ever, and yet I must, unless by marriage I secure her to myself."

Harassed by these conflicting feelings, at one time deciding to propose to Signor Strozzi for her, then to tear himself away for ever from Florence, which he heartily regretted ever entering, noon found him still in the same tumult of indecision, and his horse, which he had ordered to ride over to the parsonage, was announced.

"Take him to the stable again," he cried. "I shall not go out to-day."

It was the first he had passed alone since his arrival on the Arno, and it was long and irksome; he missed the sensible conversation of the pastor, the shrewd, pleasant remarks of his sister, but above all, the merry laugh and lively sallies of their niece.

"It must be so," he said, pacing rapidly the room; "Fate wills it. I must propose for her; that shall decide me. If she refuses me, I will quit Florence immediately; but should she accept——"

He stopped short, drew his desk towards him, and with a ghastly smile playing over his features, penned a few words, expressive of his wishes, to Signor Strozzi. After dispatching them, he retired to his chamber. Sleep was long courted without success, his thoughts were so mixed with the living and the dead; his conduct seemed to outrage the memory of Lucille; but then it was to obtain Marie—and scarcely knowing which way his hopes bounded, whether for a refusal or acceptance of his offer, he waited morning's approach with feelings very unlike those of a lover.

(To be continued.)

A London paper has the following sarcastic hit at the present mania the English have for foreigners playing Shakespeare's plays: "At the other theatres very little is doing. That remarkable, and by no means creditable, feature of the age, M. Fechter's 'Hamlet,' continues at the Princess's, and will continue there, we suppose, till M. Fechter learns better English, and then the attraction will, of necessity, have ceased." It is the same here, our fashionables run away with the foreign counts for the "dear broken English they speak!"

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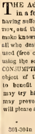

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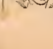

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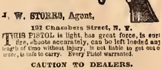

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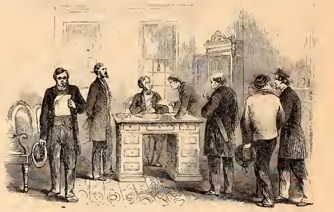

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

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The State of Kanawha.

Contrary to the best judgment of most, but in consonance with the wishes of many, the Western Virginia State Convention, by a vote of 50 to 28, passed an ordinance on the 20th of August, subject, however, to popular ratification, establishing 39 of the western counties of Virginia as an independent commonwealth, to be known as the State of Kanawha. These counties, all of which were represented in the Convention, lie to the westward of the main chain of the Alleghanies, embracing that anomalous district projecting up between the Ohio River and Pennsylvania, and known as the "Pan Handle," and extending downward to about latitude 37 deg. 20 min. Only unmistakable Union counties are embraced in the new State, although provision is made in the ordinance for receiving such other counties as may vote to be included. It should be promised that for various reasons, one of which was the exclusion of slaves under a certain age from taxation, free Western Virginia has several times attempted to sever her connection from Eastern or slaveholding Virginia. Once, if we mistake not, an act for separation came within one vote of being carried—John Letcher, the present rebel Governor of Virginia, supporting the measure.

The motives for separation, therefore, have not arisen altogether from present complications. They have nevertheless been patent and conclusive, viewed from the Western Virginian standpoint. In the first place, the counties composing the new State embrace a rich lumber, mineral and grazing district, in parts well adapted for the cultivation of cereals. It nowhere produces the tropical or semi-tropical staples, for the successful cultivation of which servile labor is deemed requisite. The 39 counties composing the new State have a total population, according to the census of 1860, of 281,786 souls, of which less than 8,000 are slaves. The country is therefore, practically, a free country, and as such opposed to the Secession heresy. The total population of Virginia, under the census referred to, was 1,593,199, including 495,826 slaves, leaving a white population of 1,097,373. So that in losing the population of the new State, amounting to 281,986, Virginia is shorn of about one-fourth of her white inhabitants. It is well known that there are at least 20 other counties, embracing nearly the whole of Middle Virginia, or the valley of Virginia, which would attach themselves to the new State if circumstances enabled them to give a free expression of opinion. Indeed, more than half of Virginia is regarded as "Union" against "Secession." As it now stands organized (and in recognizing the new State we bow to the necessities of the case), the new commonwealth of Kanawha is one of the richest in resources of the whole Union, and in the decade between 1850 and 1860 increased more rapidly in population and wealth than any other equal extent of territory in the slave States. It abounds in minerals, coal, iron, salt and mineral oil, and with its agricultural resources possesses all the natural elements of wealth, besides the inestimable blessing of free labor. It cannot fail to become rich and powerful. It is, moreover, a region of rivers and mountains, amongst which Liberty loves to dwell, and where the strong right arms of men hew out the pillars which support the temple of Freedom.

The wisdom of the present movement, in a technical, perhaps in a political sense, fails to commend itself to the popular judgment. It, in some sort, recognises the right of Secession, which the Government of the United States, anxious to conserve the forms of legality, rigidly denies. That Government at once accepted Governor Pierpont as the *de facto* and *de jure* Governor of Virginia, in place of John Letcher, on the ground that the latter had undertaken to perform acts not sanctioned by the letter or spirit of the Constitution and laws of the State, and had forfeited, in consequence, any claim on the loyalty of the commonwealth. It is no doubt sound policy in the Federal Government thus to recognize the action of the loyal men in the several States, as the nucleus for their reorganization. It is easy to see how every State, with the possible exception of South Carolina, might thus regularly, and with all the sanction of form, be brought back into the Union. With the advance of the Federal arms, the present suppressed Union sentiment in every State might find safe expression—all that is requisite to prove that Secession and its attendant ills are the work of conspirators, and of a traitorous minority.

The action of the State Convention of Virginia, therefore, cannot fail to be embarrassing to the programme of the Government for restoring the Union. But the results achieved are nevertheless such as would have followed on any plan of reorganizing the country. Neither in sympathy nor interest is Western Virginia allied to Eastern Virginia. The social organization of its people, their interests and sentiments, are different and irreconcilable, and a separation now only anticipates a result sure to follow in the course of time, and which probably the present is the best time for bringing about. The legal adviser of the Government, the Attorney-General, pronounces against the action of the Convention as "an original, independent act of revolution," and advises an adherence to legal formulas "as dictated by the plainest teachings of prudence." But the political Saurians who compose the *personnel* of the actual Government do not recognize the fact that we are in a state of revolution, earnest, downright and vital, involving not only the national integrity, but every principle of popular government, and that mere formulas will not save us. We must recognize, as the Wheeling Convention has done, the inexorable logic of facts. The Legislature assembled at Wheeling we had admitted to be the Legislature of Virginia—at any rate we have accepted United States Senators chosen by it as Senators of the United States duly elected. If that Legislature, therefore, approves the act of the Convention, and it is afterwards approved by Congress (and of the approval of both bodies there can be no doubt), then all the requirements of the Constitution as to the division and admission of States will be fulfilled. We welcome the State of Kanawha into the national galaxy! May her star be "fixed" and its light steady.

Those of our readers who are statistically inclined will find material for preservation in the following table, showing the population by counties (according to the census of 1860), of this new State of Kanawha:

Logan county	4,938	Barbour	8,959
Wyoming	2,865	Upshur	7,292
Raleigh	3,367	Harrison	13,790
Fayette	5,997	Lewis	7,999
Nicholas	4,624	Braxton	4,992
Webster	1,555	Clay	1,787
Randolph	4,990	Kanawha	14,575
Tucker	1,428	Boone	4,840
Preston	13,312	Wayne	6,747
Monongalia	13,048	Cabell	8,020
Marion	12,721	Putnam	6,301
Taylor	7,463	Mason	9,175
Jackson	8,306	Wood	11,046
Roanoke	8,048	Pleasants	2,945
Calhoun	3,502	Tyler	6,517
Wirt	3,7[illegible]1	Doddridge	5,203
Gilmer	3,759	Wetzel	6,703
Ritchie	6,847	Marshall	13,001
Ohio	22,422	Hancock	4,445
Brooke	5,494		
Total population			281,780

Kentucky.

Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, has taken a first step towards precipitating that State into civil war. He has sent a committee of three to Washington "to protest against the violation of the neutrality of that State by the Federal Government." The alleged violation of the neutrality of Kentucky consists in the fact that the general Government has sent arms through the Eastern portion of the State to the Union men of Tennessee! Magoffin's committee is in Washington, and is said to consist of "two out-and-out *Seceshers* and one weak-kneed Union man." Of course they will report that the Government is "hostile" to Kentucky, wants to "subjugate" the State, &c., &c., whereupon Magoffin will re-enact the game of Jackson, of Missouri, and the result will be, we fear, the inauguration of civil war on the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky—the best and most chivalrous of the Slave States.

This measure of Magoffin, who ought to be arrested at once as a traitor, notoriously and double-dyed, is taken in anticipation of the meeting of the newly-elected Legislature of Kentucky, which is strongly Union. A meeting of sympathisers with Secession is called to meet within ten miles of the Capitol, on the day when the Legislature is to assemble. Its object is to overawe that body, if not to disperse it, and take possession of the seat of Government. We anticipate bad news from Kentucky, unless vigorous and prompt action is taken, and Magoffin and his associates anticipated by the general Government. Either Kentucky is in the Union, and bound to discharge her obligations to it, in every particular, or else she is in a state of practical, if not open, rebellion. We hope not a moment will be lost in arresting Magoffin, and vindicating the national authority.

The Battles of Bull Run and Alma.

The English papers affect to treat the fight at Bull Run as an insignificant affair, in a military sense. Following the lead of Mr. Russell, who saw nothing of the fight, and when he wrote knew next to nothing of its details, they affirm that there was really no fighting, no charges either of infantry or cavalry, no batteries taken, none of the exploits usually incident to a well-contested engagement. Yet the loss on the Federal side—and on the rebel side it was proportionately as great or greater—shows that it was a bloodier action than that of the Alma, in the Crimea, where, according to their own account, the French and English performed such prodigies of valor, and fought with such terrible energy, that they have hitherto failed to find words strong enough to adequately describe the conflict. There were "desperate charges on Russian batteries, which mowed down rank on rank, and heaped the ground with dead;" "the struggle was fearful;" "devastating volleys from the Russian infantry, advantageously posted, swept the whole line of the advance, and decimated the regiments"—and yet the whole loss of the combined English and French army, in killed and wounded, in the "great battle of Alma," was only 3,242, out of 50,000; while the loss of the Federal troops in the "insignificant skirmish" at Bull Run, was upwards of 1,700 out of 18,000. In one case the loss was six per cent., and in the other ten per cent. of the numbers engaged. The affair at Bull Run was, therefore, nearly twice as severe as the "bloody and terrific battle of the Alma."

"Fizzle."—This word, which we confess is not eminently classical, is yet the only one by which we can properly characterize the late order of Mr. Secretary of State Seward, touching passports. After having published to the world that no one can enter or leave the United States without a passport—the object being to head off the agents of the rebels in their communications with Europe—our rhetorical Secretary, who deluded himself with the notion that treason and armed rebellion could be put down by a round of well-turned sentences, publishes another order, excepting travel between the United States and Canada from the effect of the first regulation. We can understand the explanatory order only as a delicate way of informing the rebels how they may keep up their correspondence with Europe—by way of Canada—with impunity. When Mr. Lincoln makes up his mind to dispense with Cameron and Welles, he had better do the excision radically, and include Mr. Seward among the *dejecta*.

Rebel Loss at Bull Run.—We are gradually getting at the facts in relation to the rebel loss at Bull Run, notwithstanding the reticence of the insurgent generals. The Augusta (Ga.) *Sentinel* gives an official report of the killed, wounded and missing in the 4th Alabama regiment, the whole amounting to 189. As the Union army took but few prisoners, nearly all of these must come under the head of "killed and wounded." This regiment was opposed to the 2d Rhode Island. The Southern papers have already mentioned 42 of their regiments as having participated in the action, and as having suffered greater or less loss. Assuming each regiment to have had 700 men, instead of 864, the full complement, this gives 28,400 men, apart from the cavalry, artillery, &c., and Johnston's reserves, at least 20,000 more. The total Union force engaged was rather less than more than 18,000. The rebel force could hardly have been less than 50,000. At Wilson's Creek they were 24,000 to 5,000, and beaten at that.

White Flags.—While the rebel sympathizers in Connecticut and elsewhere are raising white flags, the symbol of peace, when there can be no peace without dishonor, the loyal men of Tennessee are obliged to fly from their homes because they refuse to raise white flags, the emblems there of submission and disgrace; 214 of them recently fled from East Tennessee in the night, travelling on foot upwards of 100 miles to Danville in Kentucky. When they got there many were barefoot and with their scanty clothing in rags. The hospitable people of Danville fed them and aided them in every way, when one of their number, an old man, made a brief speech, and said that they had left their property, their wives and children, their homes, everything, and fled through the mountains to old Kentucky, to escape the Secession patrols, who were exacting obedience to the authorities of the Confederate States. They might have all remained at home, lived well and been unmolested, by merely raising a "white flag." "But," said the old man, pointing to the flag that waved hard by, "for sixty years I have looked up to those 'Stars and Stripes,' and, if the Lord lets me, I intend to look up to them sixty years longer." There is a moral in this movement for Northern traitors to profit by.

The New Loan.—The success which has attended the new loan is the most extraordinary in the history of financial affairs. Already, even before the notes are ready, thirty-seven hundred applications have been made for it. From the millionaire down to the servant girl and the old woman with her "stocking of gold," the applicants are thronging by hundreds to the Sub-Treasury. The Attorney-General of the United States has decided that the new loan is not property which can be taxed by State or local authorities.

William Russell, LL.D., &c., &c.—This gentleman was the last of the many outsiders to go to Bull Run, and among the first to leave. The editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who accompanied him on his return to Washington from Centreville, on the evening of the action, pronounces all the statements of Mr. Russell, as to what happened to him on the way, and as to what he said and did, as absolutely untrue. He says:

"We laced train after train going out with supplies, without guard, and without suspicion that the army was beaten and in flight. The defeat was not known to any on the road, not even to Mr. Russell, who informed us that our army would fall back and encamp for the night, only to renew the battle the next day."

A correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, who was in the action, sustains all that is asserted by the Chicago editor. He completely upsets all that the free fancy of Mr. Russell has committed to print about the "roar of the flight" which he heard behind him. Says this correspondent:

"Mr. Russell, according to his own account, was in Washington at 11 P.M. of Sunday, about the hour when our regiments and many others camped in the vicinity of Centreville, having regained our quarters, were lighting fires, drying our clothes, or talking over the prospect of a renewed attack on Manassas next day. Many of us lay down to sleep from which we woke, more astonished than Mr. Russell himself, at the idea of continuing our retreat to Washington; but the order came from headquarters, and we obeyed. Of this, or of the good order preserved by several regiments, including ours, all the way from the battle field to Cub Run, and again resumed after three or four miles, Mr. Russell says nothing—he did not see it—he wasn't there."

Nothing is more certain than that the whole story of Mr. Russell's experiences and sayings and doings, on his way back from Bull Run, as printed in the London *Times*, is a tissue of falsehood.

Southern Espionage.—For months after certain of the Southern States were in open rebellion, the Government continued to afford them mail facilities, and "footed the bill." Finally, it "shut down" on the rebels, but winked at the evasion of the postal laws by Express and Transportation Com-

panies, which carried on a lively trade to the exchange of letters North and South. The Postmaster-General has now put a stop to this. The game was that known as "Heads I win, tails you lose!" for the rebels supervised all letters coming North, while we allowed all those going South to pass unchallenged. Of course the few Secession papers North, which have not yet been "cleaned out," will deny this, and for their benefit we clip the following from the Mobile (Tenn.) *Advertiser* of the 12th:

"We learn that instructions have been received at the Express Agency here that a supervision of letters is deemed necessary. This is done in pursuance of an order from Major-General Polk, and Major Forsyth has accordingly appointed Mr. R. Miller supervisor of letters from this city. Parties wishing to send letters out of the Confederate States, will therefore have them endorsed by him before they can be sent forward. Of course letters presented to Dr. Miller must be unsealed, so that they can be examined and certified to understandingly."

The Seat of War.—The Cotton States, which precipitated the country into civil war, have adroitly transferred the battle-field from their own soil to that of Virginia and Missouri—States in which the Union sentiment is either strong or predominant. It should be the policy of the Government to "carry the war into Africa"—in other words, to visit its horrors on the heads of those who provoked it, in South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana. A floating column of 10,000 men, with transports at their command, could make a descent on almost any point on the Southern coast they might select as most vulnerable, and by recalling the rebel forces for local defence, prevent the banking up of their regiments on the line of the Potomac and in Missouri.

A Change Required.—No single act in the power of the President to perform would go so far to inspire the country with confidence, fill up the ranks of the army, and strengthen our finances, as the prompt dismissal of Messrs. Cameron and Welles from the Departments of War and the Navy. They have been tried and found wanting, and in times like the present we must have men, in all responsible public positions, in whom the people have faith. Could the army of the Potomac have been reorganized and its *morale* restored by General McDowell? Probably not. A change became necessary, and McClellan, who enjoys public confidence, was called to the Capitol. We know the result. A corresponding one would follow the substitution of General Banks for Cameron as Secretary of War, and almost any live man of this generation for the magnificent venerable flowing beard that droops over the Navy Department, like moss from a decayed hemlock.

One of the worst signs about the South is the depravity and brutality of their women. We hear on all hands how they take advantage of their privilege and insult our prisoners. Surgeon Stewart, of the First Minnesota regiment, concludes a history of his sufferings in these words:

"I would here say, in the spirit of awarding sheer justice even to enemies and traitors, that the officers of the enemy who visited us at the church, all treated us well and considerately; and I may say the same of all their officials, the military, with whom we came in contact everywhere, saving and excepting the senior official before mentioned, who was superintending the collection of the wounded on the battle-field, and excepting also the lower state of their mob, and the women of all ranks."

As Dickens once said of a bad woman, "There is nothing human about her but her hoops."

The New York *Times*, of the 1st September, says:

"Lacking, as we do that system by which the Ministry of England is held to a direct and minute accountability, the only way in which we can know of governmental mismanagement is by the vague but unmistakable indications which grow out of its great excess."

There is a growing conviction in the public mind that every member of our Cabinet ought to be in Congress. Had this been the case the present gigantic conspiracy never could have been consummated, for not even the Virginia brass of a Floyd could have stood before the fire of questioning which would have greeted him every night in Congress. As the matter now stands, our corrupt ministers can retire for four years behind their official entrenchments, and in this rapid age four years are ample to ruin not only a world, but a solar system.

We have in another paragraph alluded to the wonderful imagination displayed in John Bull Russell's Bull Run romance. We trust we have done it with sufficient good temper to win his Celtic regard. As a set-off to our previous remarks, we beg to quote the following very remarkable paragraph in his still later letter of the 29th of July:

"There is scarcely a department, high or low, of the public service of the United States in which there is not 'treason'—I mean the aiding and abetting the enemy by information and advice. It is openly talked in society—its work is evident on all sides. I went into the private department of the Post Office the other day and found there a gentleman busily engaged in sorting letters at a desk. The last time I met him was at dinner with the Commissioners of the Confederate States at Washington, and I was rather surprised to see him now in the sanctum of the Post-office, within a few feet of Mr. Blair, of the *sangre azul* of Abolitionism. Said he, 'I am just looking over the letters here to pick out some for our Southern friends, and I forward them to their owners as I find them;' and if the excellent and acute gentleman did not also forward any little scraps of news he could collect, I am in error. Again, a series of maps prepared with great care by Gen. McDowell's staff are given out to be photographed; and are so scarce that superior officers cannot get them. Nevertheless, one is found in the tent of a Confederate officer, in the advance of Fairfax Court-House, which must have been sent to him as soon as it was ready."

Mr. Russell is now at Washington—he should be asked to point out this friend of the Confederates who forwards the mail to Southern traitors, who sits within a few feet of Mr. Montgomery Blair, and of whom Mr. Russell has so very peculiar an opinion. If Mr. Jeff Davis has the appointment of clerks in Mr. Blair's office, we suggest it is only fair that Mr. Cameron should appoint Jeff. Davis's generals.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The Committee raised by Congress to inquire into the extent of treason in the several departments of the Government have reported the number of disloyal employees as follows, nearly all of which have been removed: State Department, 3; Treasury Department, 67; War Department, 34; Navy Department, 13; Post-office Department, 22; Interior Department, 32; Attorney-General's Department, 10. Total, 188.

The following is a comparative statement of the exports, exclusive of specie, from the port of New York to foreign ports for the week and since January 1st.:

	1859	1860.	1861.
For the week	$1,248,531	$2 021,402	$2,275,158
Previously reported	41,650,344	56 572,056	81,716,273
Since January 1st	$42,898,875	$58,593,458	$83,991,431

The Boston *Traveller* has a letter from Salisbury, N. C., which states that four members to the United States Congress have been elected in that State. The writer says that the people of North Carolina are fast throwing off the Secession yoke, and that they will soon be sufficiently strong to announce without fear their determination to take a stand for the Stars and Stripes. There is a Union League throughout the State, which embraces many thousands of loyal men, and to them is attributed the reaction which is now taking place.

Brig. Gen. Yates, commanding the New York Depot of Volunteers, has issued the following order. It will be seen from it that the day of tailors, engravers and mechanics assuming command, and becoming officers, has passed:

GENERAL ORDER—NO. 3.

State of New York, Depot of Volunteers,
New York, August 28, 1861.

Persons designated for company officers will be required to present themselves for examination within ten days from the time they are so designated in all cases where they have not been previously examined. If they do not so present themselves a new election will be made. The examiners will be at the Depot daily at ten o'clock a.m. By order of CHAS. YATES,
Brigadier-General Commanding S. Department.
Thos. Allcock, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

The recent attempt to get up a Peace Meeting in New Jersey, on the 29th of August, was an amusing failure. Mr. English, whose patriotism it seems has evaporated in Indian and Revolutionary ballads, had to wrap himself up in the American flag and entrench himself in a cellar; at all events the enemy's cannon were spiked, and Mr. Busteed ("Richard's himself again!") made a strong Union speech—so much for Peace and Secession in the Jerseys.

It appears that Col. Tyler's Seventh regiment of Ohio had two affairs with rebels at Cross Lane. The first was on the 21st ult., a skirmish in which only 14 men were engaged. The second was on the 26th, when 15 were killed and 40 wounded. On the first affair the Cleveland *Plaindealer* says:

"Intelligence has been received of a disastrous skirmish in which 14 men from Company K, National Guard), 7th regiment, under Captain Schutte, were engaged on the 21st inst., near Cross Lane, Virginia. They were surprised by the Richmond Blues, who killed privates John Rolfe and John Shoesaler, wounded and took prisoners the Captain himself, Sergeant Bolm, and privates Henry Taubel, George Weissenbeck and F. Bruckmeln. Corporal Greble, George Drazol, Lewis Demil and Andrew Malcher were also wounded, but not severely, and made their escape. Capt. Schutte is said to be mortally wounded."

The "happy family" in Fort Lafayette is becoming quite large—every day we see

One more Secessionist
Caught in the net,
And by talking rash treason
Gone to Fort Lafayette—
Lock them up tenderly,
Watch them with care—
From Patrick, the banker,
To Berrett, the Mayor.

The Fifty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. M., Colonel R. de Trobriand, consisting of 650 men, took leave of their encampment at New Dorp on the 31st ult., and embarked shortly after three P. M., direct for Amboy. They go to Washington, where their ranks will be recruited from this city.

Another gentleman has taken up his residence in Fort Lafayette—Lieutenant W. H. Ward, formerly of the frigate Macedonian, who several weeks ago resigned his position. On his arrival at this port, on board the storeship Relief, he was taken into custody by order of the War Department.

It is semi-officially given out that the Administration will not close the rebel ports, as authorized by Congress, but will rely entirely upon the blockade, which will be made sufficiently efficient to silence all scruples on the part of foreign powers.

Major-General Hunter, U. S. A., left this city on the 2d Sept. to assume command of the Illinois forces. He is accompanied by his nephew, Lieutenant Samuel W. Stockton, of the 2d Cavalry, and other members of his staff. General Hunter has so far recovered from his wounds that he is fully able to take the field, and, with the overwhelming forces placed under his command, we may expect again to "hear from Hunter's column on the right" before many weeks.

Seven gunboats of the Western rivers have already been commenced, four at Carondelet, near St. Louis, and three at Mound City, on the Ohio, near Cairo. The designs are furnished by Mr. Pook, naval constructor, the boats will be ball proof. They are intended to be ready for delivery at Cairo on the 5th of October. The dimensions will be as follows: Length, 175 feet; breadth of beam, 51½ feet; depth of hold, six feet. Each boat will mount sixteen heavy guns, carry a suitable number of men to work them, and draw not more than six feet of water. The hull, all the upper portion of the boat enclosing the machinery, will be plated with iron two and a half inches in thickness. The cost of each boat when completed will be $89,000.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The Governor of Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, has issued an order to the clerks of the County Courts of that State, instructing them to require the constables under them to make "diligent inquiry at each house in his district for all muskets, bayonets, rifles, swords, &c.," and forward them to the military authorities at Knoxville, Nashville and Memphis. A reward of one dollar is to be paid for each weapon thus collected, whence it is to be inferred that weapons of war are not over-abundant in that part of Secessia over which Harris is Governor.

The French part of the New Orleans *Bee* opposes the purchasing of the cotton crop by Confederate shinplasters, and shows conclusively that the scheme will prove a failure.

The surrender of Fort Fillmore, in Arizona, to the Texan Secessionists, according to the Mesilla *Times*, proves to have been a most disgraceful and cowardly, if not criminally dishonest proceeding. It is stated that eleven companies of United States troops, mounted and foot, mustering 700 effective men, surrendered to 280 Confederates four pieces of cannon, army equipments, 200 cavalry horses, mules and wagons, and 270 head of beef cattle.

From Missouri we learn that a large body of rebels, estimated variously from 2,500 to 3,000, under the notorious Martin Green, have taken possession of Palmyra. A train of cars, with arms for the Union troops, was fired into, near Palmyra, and forced to return, though no damage was done.

The latest news from New Mexico is per Santa Fe Express, bringing $20,000 in gold dust. The 750 United States troops that surrendered to the Texans have been released on parole, the Texans retaining the horses of the cavalry and the arms of the infantry. Col. Canby had arrested Gen. Wm. Pelham and Col. Clemens at Santa Fe, they being suspected of furnishing information to the Texan troops below El Paso. Col. Clemens took the oath of allegiance and was discharged, but Gen. Pelham refused. Col. Canby had suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Territory, and abandoned and burnt Fort Stanton.

By the arrival of the mail steamer Matanzas we have news from Matanzas. The British schooner Aighburth had run the blockade off Newbern, arrived on the 12th, and sailed for Charleston on the 25th. The sloop Noank, with the Secession flag flying, is also reported arrived, having run the Charleston blockade with the Secession flag flying.

News from Fort Pickens has been received by the storeship Release, Commander Fraile, which left Rosas Island on the 2d inst. She has experienced very heavy weather. She left the Colorado and Niagara at Pickens, and the bark W. H. Wall and schooner Joseph M. Lane. At Key West she left the Macedonian, Preble and Crusader. The Release brings as passengers, First-Lieut. Wm. M. Graham, U. S. A., from Fort Jefferson, and Mr. W. H. Ward.

The Savannah *Republican* of the 19th ult. says: "Within a week from to-day no Federal fleet will be able to enter a harbor or inlet, or effect a landing of troops on the coast of Georgia. Month after month elapsed and the State, with all the boasting of its chief executive officer, and with over a million in his hands for the purpose, did absolutely nothing for our protection. The Confederate authorities, to whom the matter has been turned over, have recently been industriously at work, and the fortifications all along the coast are nearly complete."

The Tallahassee *Floridian* says: "On Wednesday the U. S. steamer Mohawk brought the sloop Sloat, lately captured by her, up to the outer buoy below St. Marks, where the crew of the steamer scuttled the sloop and sunk her across the channel, first having cut her deck to pieces with axes. The steamer then went out again to her old anchoring place. A boat from Fort Williams went to the sloop and succeeded in getting off her rigging and some other articles. The place where the sloop was sunk is four miles and a half from Fort Williams, out of reach of the guns." The channel at the mouth of the St. Marks is very narrow, so that the sinking of a hull in it will effectually obstruct the passage of vessels into that port.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, from Salisbury, N. C., under date of August 8, says: "Your readers will probably have heard, before this reaches you, of the successful movement by which several Union Congressmen have been elected from North Carolina. Four members are known to be elected, and returns are looked for showing the election of others. The voting was done upon the regular day prescribed by statute—the first Thursday in August—and was conducted in due form and manner. Prudence, of course, suggests the non-publication of names at present; for, although safe enough among their friends at home, the gentlemen might be subjected to annoyance or arrest in passing through Tennessee or Virginia to Washington."

The official vote on the question of ratifying the new Constitution of Georgia foots up as follows: For ratification, 11,497; against ratification, 10,637; majority, 860. From nine counties there are no returns, and in others only one or two precincts voted.

There is a report that the Southern chivalry, with its usual magnanimity, has succeeded in terrifying Parson Brownlow into becoming a rebel. The first threat was to hang him. This he laughed to scorn; but the villains then swore they would murder his daughter; this reached his heart, and the bloodthirsty fiends gained their unwilling victim. History has no parallel to the crimes which have engendered and sustained this infamous rebellion.

Mr. Edmondson, of Springfield, Mo., had his horse taken from him by the rebels, and its value nominally handed to him in Confederate scrip. Upon his application to General Price, the horse was returned, and he handed back the scrip. "Never mind," said the officer, "it isn't worth a damn, anyhow."

Secession letters say that Governor Harris, of Tennessee, has called for 30,000 more men, and they are rapidly coming in. The design is to subjugate Eastern Tennessee and drive the National troops out of Western Virginia.

WAR ITEMS.

The assurance from Washington now is that the Government has determined to organize the Union men of Kentucky, and put that State on a war footing. General (late Colonel) Robert Anderson has started west, to assume command of the military department composed of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. He is directed to establish camps of instruction at Lexington, Frankfort, Louisville and at other points.

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, well known as the "Democratic War Horse" of this State, recently made a powerful speech on the war, its causes and consequences, in which occurs the following paragraphs bearing on the so-called "Peace movements" of the rebel sympathisers: "I cannot afford to turn away from my duty because a political opponent is acting with me, nor to stay back from a duty because a political friend deserts me. No; I must go on and discharge a great duty. I hold it to be the first duty of every citizen, of every party, to aid in restoring—if restored it can be—this great and good Government. Let every American citizen, instead of crying Peace, Peace, when there is no peace, rally upon the ramparts until Secession is silenced—until the roar of artillery has ceased. Then we shall have peace—enduring, perpetual peace; and as monsters are seldom born of the same generation, we shall have no more of this Secession in the present century or the next. This Government is the Government of the American people. It is ours to use, ours to enjoy, but it is not ours to subvert."

Hon. A. W. Bradford, recently nominated by the Union men of Maryland for Governor, has accepted the nomination in a letter from which the following is an extract: "Feeling, as I have ever done, the clearest conviction that all the interests of Maryland find their surest guarantee under the Constitution of the United States, the fearful circumstances that now surround us only enforce that conviction, and must demonstrate to all that not merely these ordinary interests, but the very salvation of our State and her immunity from the devastations of civil war upon her own soil, are all at this moment intimately identified with the maintenance of that Constitution, the support of the Government now engaged in defending it, and the adherence under all circumstances to that Union of the States which it was its chief purpose to perpetuate."

By an arrival from Antigua, in the British West Indies, we learn that quite a demonstration took place there recently, at the hoisting of the rebel flag from the building of the consignees of a Southern vessel. The American captains in port insisted upon its being hauled down, and the people responded by tearing it into pieces.

Quite a serious fight took place on the night of the 19th of August between a party of Union forces, who left Bird's Point, Missouri, on the evening previous, and attacked a body of rebels 600 strong, who had concentrated at Charleston, on the Cairo and Fulton Railway, 20 miles to the westward of Bird's Point. The Unionists numbered 300 men, and the rebels were speedily dispersed, with a loss of 15 killed, 85 wounded and 40 prisoners. The Federal loss was one killed and nine wounded.

The railway train carrying U. S. troops on the Hannibal and St. Joseph's Railway, Missouri, having been fired upon near Palmyra, General Pope ordered General Hurlburt to occupy the county with a military force, quartering the troops on the inhabitants. He gave the inhabitants six days to find and bring in the offending parties, and if they were not produced a contribution was to be levied on horses, mules, provisions, provender, &c., to the amount of $10,000 on the residents of the county, and $5,000 on the inhabitants of Palmyra. Before the six days expired, nearly half the people of the county were scouring the woods for the offenders.

The secrecy and quietness with which all the movements of our armies are now made are in the highest degree gratifying. It is clear that we have learned something by experience. We know that a pretty large number of troops have gone to Washington or to General Banks's division, but no parade is made about it in the papers, and probably no one even of our omniscient correspondents can tell how many regiments have already responded to the call issued by the Secretary of War.

Massachusetts has maintained her reputation for patriotic promptness. Within a week after Mr. Cameron's call appeared, asking for more men, six regiments, nearly, if not quite, all of them unprepared to march, were either on the line of the Potomac or are on their way thither.

The Oswego *Gazette*, a Democratic paper, is "opposed to the war," and says that it "would therefore crush by the whole power of the nation, its authors, who commenced it by robbery and treason, and by cannonading Fort Sumter." It is "in favor of peace," and to that end would put down rebellion with the strong arm of the law. It is "opposed to taxation," and therefore would make the war as short as possible by bringing the whole force of the Government to bear upon it.

The French Press is very much divided in its appreciation of the battle of Bull Run. The *Patrie* says: "Though the triumphs of the Confederates confirms us in the opinion we professed from the start upon the American affairs, it is difficult to find in it the decisive importance usually attending, in Europe, a great victory. The military results of the day do not seem to us calculated to exercise a decided influence upon the coming events. It is clear that the enthusiasm and anger of the North will be enhanced, and that brilliant victories will avenge this defeat."

Wiley Edward, John C. Gray and William T. Andrews, of Boston, have been in Washington, endeavoring to persuade the President that he ought to change his constitutional advisers. It is said these gentlemen represent the sentiments of the prominent monetary interests in Boston, who demand that the heads of the War and Navy Departments must come off before they will risk their capital further.

Judge Mason, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Iowa, accepts the nomination, in a letter from which we extract the following paragraphs: "In all its legal requirements, the Government must be obeyed and sustained, whatever may be the consequences. No citizen can rightfully disregard the authority of the National Government, when acting within the constitutional limits, merely because it was counter to his own notions of any particular subject. We must not, therefore, withhold our services, our property, or even our lives, when called for by the proper authorities to aid in carrying on any war in which the country may be engaged."

A man named Walter W. Kelley was recently arrested in Harrisburg, Pa., on his way to Europe, suspected of going over to make purchases for the rebels. His baggage was searched, but nothing was found to implicate him. He was finally ordered to strip, when a number of false pockets were detected in his under shirt, concealing drafts on New York for upwards of $100,000. The letters containing the drafts were sewed up in the pockets, and the whole had been ironed out, to give the garment a close fit, and prevent the notes from obtruding. A number of treasonable letters were also found.

Messrs. Ross & Tousey, the well known newsdealers of this city, have published a card, stating that they will not circulate any of the newspapers "presented by the Grand Jury as disloyal to the Union."

The 1st Regiment U. S. Chasseurs, Colonel John Cochrane, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Shaler, left New York for Washington on the 27th.

General McClellan has reviewed, in detail, every brigade of troops now at the capital, thus publishing to the men, in the best and clearest way, that in taking command of the army of the Potomac he intends giving it the closest personal attention. The reviews have shown that the orders issued a month ago for the thorough drill and exercise of the troops have had valuable results. The men and officers are now effective soldiers, the different regiments are finely disciplined, and the condition of the entire army is far better than before the battle of Bull Run.

The mutineers who were lately started from Washington *en route* to the Dry Tortugas are announced to have reached Fortress Monroe, and have temporarily been sent to the Rip-Raps, until an opportunity offers to forward them to their destination.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the North American we have European intelligence to the 3rd August. The absorbing topic in Europe was the American crisis. Public opinion in England was more and more settling down into a steady adherence to the Northern cause. The British Government, backed by that sombre squeaker, *Punch*, and the London *Times*, *arcades ambo*—seems willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike. These pretend to be indignant at the Canada Annexation cry, but they very well know that was merely the suggestion of a newspaper and not the voice of the people. Had it been so, we should not have waited for our moment of weakness to utter the threat. Despite the latent wish of the British aristocracy to cripple our power by dividing us into two separate Confederations, it yet revolts at the insane complacency with which the South insists that the necessities of the Manchester mills will compel England to recognize a slave power and go to war with a free one. The South overrates its importance.

The Pacha of Egypt offers every facility to the British for the cultivation of cotton, and the most herculean efforts are being made to encourage its growth in every available spot. The Nicaraguan Consul has been instructed by his Government to offer land to all foreigners who will settle in Nicaragua for the purpose of planting cotton. The best judges are of opinion that in five years Europe will be perfectly independent of the Southern States for either cotton or tobacco. This would indeed punish the conspirators, and hoist the engineer on his own petard. The rest of the news is quite uninteresting to us. We may mention, as a promising sign, that money is so plentiful in England, that the Bank has reduced the rate of discount to 4½ per cent. This, of course, will make our loan all the more attractive here.

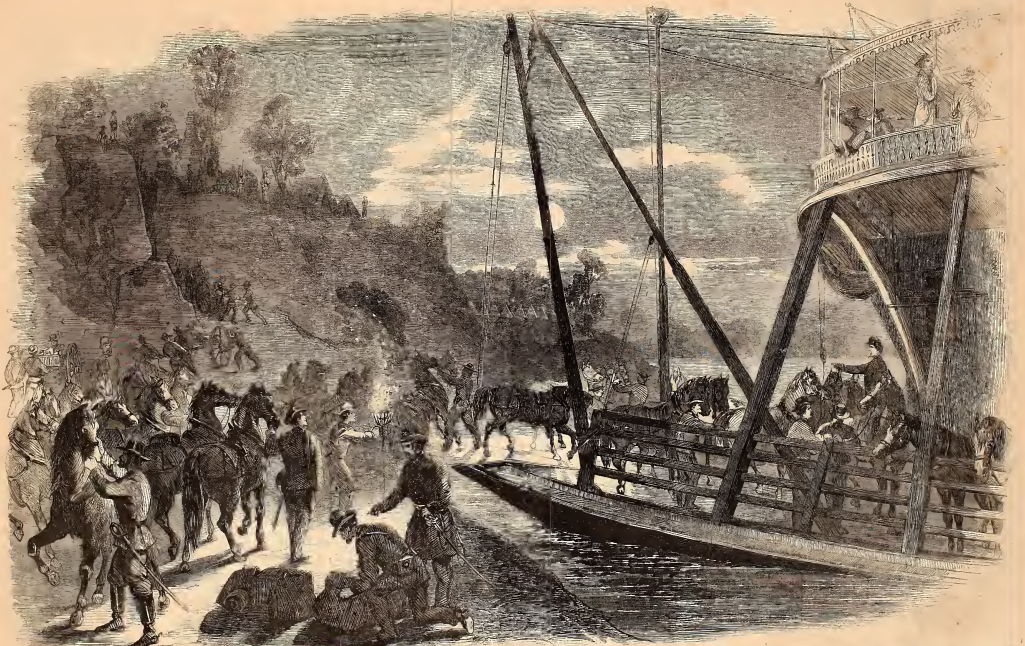
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, the "Irish Boy" and "Yankee Girl," left on the 28th in the steamship Persia, on a protracted foreign tour. They will visit, during their absence, Great Britain, Ireland and Australia, returning by way of California.

In the death of Catherine Hayes, the musical world will find no ordinary loss. She was a native of Ireland, born at Limerick, in 1820, and died near London on the 12th inst., in the 42d year of her age, after a brief illness, caused by the breaking of a blood-vessel. Her musical career extended over 20 years: in opera she first appeared in Marseilles in 1845; in 1849 she visited London, with a first-class continental reputation, and at once acquired a high position. Her visit to this country, in 1851, is well remembered; here her success was only second to that of Jenny Lind. She then visited California, the Sandwich Islands and India, and returned to England in 1855. In 1857 she married Mr. Bushnell, her professional agent in this country.

A correspondent at the headquarters of the 5th Pennsylvania regiment writes that one of their vivandières will be Miss Eliza Wilson, daughter of Col. Wilson, of Menomonie, Dunn county, Wis., a wealthy lumberman, and former State Senator. "Eliza," he observes, "is decidedly smart and intelligent, of medium size, amiable, 20 and pretty. She dresses in clothes of such pattern as the military (not millinery) board have ordered for nurses in the army, which is the Turkish costume, as near as I can judge—the same which sensible ladies favored a few years since as a national style. The color is bright brown, no crinoline; dress reaches half way between the knee and ankle; upper sleeve loose, gathered at the wrist; pantalettes same color, wide, but gathered tight around the ankle; black hat, with plumes or feathers of same color, feet dressed in morocco boots."

DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TO, AND PAYING THE WIVES AND RELATIVES OF THE NEW YO

PILOT KNOB, THE CELEBRATED IRON MOUNTAIN, NEAR IRONTON, MISSOURI, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 268.



EMBARKING TROOPS AND COL. BUELL'S ARTILLERY AT BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, BY ORDER OF GENERAL FREMONT, TO REINFORCE THE FEDERAL ARMY UNDER GENERAL PRENTISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 265.

DISTRIBUTING RELIEF TO THE FAMILIES OF THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

One of the most terrible effects of war is the misery and desolation it carries into our homes. The murderous madness of the battle is sufficiently dreadful, but the agony is short, and the rapture of the strife carries off half its horror. Wellington said that "the man who could ride over the field of a battle his ambition had caused, and fight another, was a fiend." But painful as such a scene must be, we do not think it presents the worst aspect of war. The desolation which war—and especially civil war—carries into the household is sometimes more appalling than the midnight of a Waterloo or a Solferino. The broken-up families, the heart-wastings, the crime and demoralization it carries into the domestic circle, these are its more fearful penalties. Judged by this rule, the enormous wickedness of the Southern rebellion assumes, even in our own day, the revolting proportions it will bear in history, when the names of Floyd, Davis, Toombs, Wigfall and their fellow-conspirators will share with Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Herod and Nero, the execrations of mankind.

We have in our present paper given a scene which, to the least reflective mind, is far more eloquent than a sermon. It brings the miseries of war home to every bosom. It represents the distribution of relief to the destitute families of the gallant volunteers who are now fighting for our national existence. Women who have never known what it is to receive a favor are compelled by starving children to turn suppliants. It is also distressing in another point of view, for the indifference of the public to the sufferings of the wives and children of our soldiers deserves a censure only less emphatic than that due to the traitors themselves. In bringing this suggestive scene before our readers we have the hope that it may quicken the benevolent impulses of the public, and remind it of the duty it owes to those who are risking their lives that they may remain safely in their homes. The least they can do is to alleviate the privations of the bereaved families, and convince the gallant soldiers of the Union that they are not shedding their blood for an ungrateful country.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XII.—GRAVE TIDINGS.

The title of this chapter is no attempt at a pun. By "Grave Tidings" I mean, not tidings from the grave, but grave tidings from the land of the living. I left Mrs. Timbs, Broussais and myself in an interesting tableau last chapter. Fate, however, determined to upset the *pose plastique* by hurrying one of the chief figures, myself, down a trapdoor of necessity.

Anxious and long was our consultation relative to the return of the aggrieved Timbs with Monsieur Charles. With the departure of Timbs, the angry demon seemed to have passed out of the woman's bosom, and she became nervous and excited.

I must fly.

Whither! It was a difficult question to answer, for I was utterly without friends. I proposed going to sea; but Mrs. Timbs strongly objected to that course of action.

"You are old enough, Master Henry," she said, "to comprehend that the persons with whom we have to deal would halt at no crime, and that it is their interest to get you out of the way. You must, if possible, avoid them until you are of age, when we can confound them by proving your identity and asserting your claims."

"And not till then—not until I am twenty one?"

"I fear not. I may as well tell you that the affair of to-night will produce a dangerous quarrel between Broussais and Monsieur Charles. Broussais, however, is quite satisfied with the result, and, when the time comes, will have a voice in your affairs."

"I defy him!" cried Broussais, in English. "I spit upon him and defy him."

"You hear," cried Mrs. Timbs, triumphantly. "Broussais speaks this tongue like the rest of us, and he has ears to hear. For years his voice has been silent to our language; but it is now opened, that you may recognize a friend."

Broussais came towards me, holding out both hands, and his eyes were glistening.

"My boy, have no fear," he cried. "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Not for long shall you thus be buffeted about, not for long. Your enemies are our enemies, and I could hang them to-day. But we wish to visit them with a deeper punishment by bringing the dead to life."

"It is so," said Mrs. Timbs, calmly. "We must wait."

"We must wait in patience," said Broussais, "tiger like, till the time arrives when it is our interest to spring. In the meantime, we must deliberate what is to be done."

"Suppose," I said, "suppose——"

"Well, suppose," broke in Mrs. Timbs, with a smile of sad encouragement.

"Suppose I were to return to Mr. Augustus."

Broussais shook his head and whistled; Mrs. Timbs shook her head and spoke.

"Mr. Augustus is no longer at the spot where you left him; and, even if he were, I fear that your presence might be inconvenient."

"Then what can be done?" I cried, aghast. "I see no other chance."

"I'll tell you!" cried Broussais, brilliantly. "You shall become a youthful Roscius."

"A what!" cried Mrs. Timbs and I simultaneously.

"You have talent, and will soon multiply it tenfold by impudence. Go upon the stage."

"Absurd," said Mrs. Timbs.

"Not so. If a man wishes to escape from his creditors, his best plan is to become a provincial actor. In the same manner, a provincial theatre is the best hiding-place for a person in his position. His enemies, dear woman, will never dream of going there to seek him. His friends will always be able to communicate with him. Let him go upon the provincial stage, under an assumed name—say that of Widger."

"Better still," observed Mrs. Timbs, "that he should enter a provincial theatre in some quiet capacity, avoiding the boards altogether. He is clever and tolerably educated, and could be useful in a thousand ways."

"But how?" interposed I, not clearly perceiving the plan of procedure.

"There, indeed, I am at a loss," returned Broussais. "I must refer you to a third party, experienced in such matters. The name of that third party, of whom I have heard favorable reports, but whose person is unknown to me, is Mr. Loret."

"Ah!" sighed I, in a tone of comparative conviction.

"Loret is good-hearted and experienced," said Mrs. Timbs, thoughtfully; "but he is inquisitive, and cannot be trusted. His tongue is too talkative, and he is not very discreet."

"Circumvent him by a sophism—in words less large, tell him a pardonable little fib (your judgment will suggest what fib), and so place it out of his power to do unwilling mischief."

"It might be done," murmured Mrs. Timbs. "We will think it over. To-night Master Henry may sleep here, in peace. To my certain knowledge, Timbs cannot communicate with that villain to-night; for there is no train for Caverford till ten to-morrow morning. He has not courage enough to return here alone. To-morrow evening, at the soonest, he may return; but we have a good day between us."

"See Loret at once," suggested Broussais. "No time is to be lost."

"I will go now."

"Good! We will wait patiently, Henry and I, until you return."

"Stay; I have something more to say," she observed. "I have a question to ask. Master Henry, you are being buffeted about in a rough world; you are fighting in a great storm. Now tell me, on your soul, is it of your own free will that you agree to suffer for a while, in consideration of the future? or would you rather live an easier life, with those whom it will be your duty to call to atonement for sins committed?"

"Of my own free will," I answered; "I place myself entirely in your hands."

"You are conscious that we are friends to you and yours, and that it is your interest to wait?"

"I am."

"You consider present poverty immeasurably better than comforts at certain hands?"

"Immeasurably better."

"Enough. You have a true conscience, and are wise. I will go now and see Loret."

If the dear reader imagines for one moment that my Golden Skeleton had left me, he or she is grievously mistaken. As I had found it with Ornamel in the country, I found it with Mrs. Martha Timbs in the town. I felt the incubus of riches while deprived of the opiate comforts riches may procure. The onus and gravamen of my Skeleton lay far away in the future, and it was of the future that I felt doubtful.

"Is it not possible," said Broussais, suddenly, "that Charles may be in London?"

The woman seemed rather alarmed at this suggestion. After reflecting, she answered:

"It is possible, but not probable. Still the suggestion must not be forgotten."

"My dear woman, all things considered, it is unsafe to allow Master Henry to remain here for another moment. He must pass the night elsewhere."

"You are right, and I was reckoning without my host. Let him go with you, after my return from Loret's. Is that agreed?"

"It is agreed."

Mrs. Timbs passed out of the house, leaving me alone in the room with Broussais, who immediately changed the subject, made a few commonplace remarks, and then subsided into silence. He was a mystery to me, that Broussais, with his freshly-exhibited knowledge of the English tongue, his quiet, thoughtful determination, and his kindness towards myself. He appeared to be excellently well acquainted with my history, and with that of my relations. He had obviously been deceiving Monsieur Charles. He appeared to defy Timbs. Who was he? What was he? These were difficult questions to answer. One thing seemed certain to my mind—that he was morally and physically courageous, albeit cautious to a nicety.

Mrs. Timbs returned in a short time, accompanied by Mr. Loret.

"I have informed Mr. Loret," she said, taking off her bonnet, "that the friends of this young gentleman wish to procure him some sort of situation in a provincial theatre."

"Just so," said Mr. Loret.

"And in answer to my inquiries, Mr. Loret has said that——"

"That, with talent, nothing is impossible; and I have observed with rapture that Master Brown possesses talent."

Broussais did not join in the conversation just yet; it was understood, of course, that he spoke English. He appeared to be listening attentively to something at a distance. At that moment a loud ring was heard at the bell.

Mrs. Timbs turned pale; Broussais turned crimson, and I began to tremble.

"Can it be?" gasped Mrs. Timbs, looking at Broussais.

"No," was the reply; "open the door without fear. Were it the persons you mean, they would have used the latchkey, and stolen upon us unawares."

Mrs. Timbs left the room, and we heard the front door open. Then there was a cry of surprise, and a whispered consultation. In a few moments Mrs. Timbs re-entered the room alone, and evidently excited, and told Mr. Loret she must really drive him away, and that for very particular reasons. She would see him again the next morning.

"No apologies, I beg," cried the good-natured little professor. "I am a public servant, and you may command the time which is not my own. Adieu, Master Brown. Good evening, all."

He left the house, and we heard the front door shut after him. A moment afterwards enter Mr. Augustus.

The velveteeny person was dressed in the same suit, but it was splashed with mud and rain. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face was pale.

"Dear me!" said Broussais, in surprise, rising from his chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Augustus," observed Mrs. Timbs, placing particular emphasis on the name by which she called him. He took a chair.

"What can be the matter?" cried the dwarf. "Speak."

"Let me draw my breath first. Ah! the boy is here, is he? It is well."

Augustus shook my hand, nodded to Broussais, and then, sinking back on his chair, wiped his forehead.

"I'd have no objection," he murmured, "to a drop of something raw."

It appeared that a drop of something raw, in the shape of a bottle of Irish whiskey, was in the cupboard. When it had been produced, Augustus tasted of it moderately, and then, turning to Broussais, observed that he had not expected to find him there.

"I dare say not," observed the dwarf; "I dare say not. However, as you see, I'm here; and, from matters that have just turned up, I'm not likely to leave London in a hurry."

Broussais thereupon described to Augustus the manner in which the jolly man had surprised them that evening, and the scene that had ensued thereupon, adding the expression of his belief that Timbs would convey to monsieur the fact of his (the speaker's) presence there, and thereby set master and man at loggerheads. Augustus evinced intense relish at the first part of the story, especially at the description of the struggle between Timbs and his wife; but he shook his head seriously at the conclusion.

"Now, mark me, that won't do at all. A parting between him and you would upset everything. He must know nothing of this. We want proofs, and you're the only man able and willing to procure them."

"I can see no alternative."

"I can. Let me see. When did this little affair take place?"

"Three hours ago, or thereabouts," said Mrs. Timbs.

"Then it's plain as day that Timbs can't find out his principal to-night."

"So we had already perceived," remarked the dwarf. "What then?"

"I'll tell you. Before your amiable partner leaves London, ma'am (which he can't do till to-morrow morning), I must see him, and convince him logically that he's making a fool of himself."

"He will be rendered desperate by the transaction of to-night, and will not be open to persuasion of any kind."

"Nonsense, man! I know him better than you do; don't I, Martha?"

"He is a coward, body and soul," said Martha, curling her lip, bitterly.

"Of course he is," continued Augustus. "Besides, a pluckier knave than he is would halt before thrusting his neck into the hangman's noose. Well, I go up to him, and take him by the button-hole. 'Timbs, my dear fellow,' I remark, in a friendly way, 'I must advise you to keep dark about this little quarrel between Martha and you, and to hold your tongue about our little French friend. Domestic quarrels are sacred, you know, and the Frenchman must not be implicated. You'll be quiet, won't you?' 'I'll be hanged if I will,' he replies. 'You'll be hung if you don't,' I answer; and thereupon I put the case to him rather strongly, and, after some wrangling, succeed in bringing him to his senses. Now, where is he to be found?"

"There is the difficulty," replied Mrs. Timbs. "I know none of his haunts."

"That's provoking," said Augustus. "One can't look for a needle in a haystack."

"We will talk it over," muttered the woman. "But now, let us know what brought you here. The visit was scarcely a well-made one."

The velveteeny man slapped his thighs joyfully, after casting a sharp look at me.

"That reminds me!" he cried. "We've been making foolish calculations. Monsieur is not at Caverford."

"Ah!" This was a general exclamation of surprise.

"No; he has other business, which has compelled him to go northward."

At the mention of this last word, the three exchanged significant looks.

"Yes, northward," he repeated.

"When? How? Why?" cried Mrs. Martha Timbs, in a breath.

"When? This very morning. How? By post-horses and carriage, swift as lightning. Why? Because the buried dead had arisen and he was taking it back to its grave."

"It is true, then!" gasped Mrs. Timbs and Broussais together. Both were white as snow.

"Listen!" murmured Augustus, calmly enough. "I will tell you more; I will tell you all. Are you prepared to hear? And is the boy prepared, too?"

"We are," said Mrs. Timbs. "As for the boy, he must not yet know all."

"Enough, I understand," returned Augustus, turning to me. "Henry, my young friend, I am going to tell you, all of you, a little story. Listen."

He told us his little story, which I publish, together with our interpositions. The latter I print between brackets.

THIS IS AUGUSTUS'S STORY.

"Know then, all of you, that there still lives a half-witted gentleman, in whom you are all interested; and that it is thought fit he should go by the name, for want of a better name, of Ornamel. For long years this man, called Ornamel, has been blind to the beauty of life, and to its ugliness; for Fortune has considered it fitting that he should be blind to both. For long years this man, called Ornamel, dwelt abroad, till Fate, or instinct, or conscience—call it by what name you please—guided him back to England here. But the man's brain was touched, you see. He came hither, expecting to meet old faces—to shake kind hands; but he was mistaken in his hopes. The old faces frowned; the old hands were cold. So he went to a quiet spot, where he had lived before in peace, and heard there that a wife he loved had died, and that a boy he loved had disappeared, and was said to be dead, too. Then, bewildered and frightened—for he was weak-minded—stunned with the great rivers of life flowing around him, alone in the wide world, this man, called Ornamel, trembling as if from a sunstroke, stumbled upon me."

[We looked into one another's faces; I bewildered, the rest breathless with interest. Augustus, waving his hand in an absent way, paused.

"Go on!" said Mrs. Martha Timbs.

"We are listening," said Broussais.]

"It so happened that the man had, long years before, done me a service which no sins and follies of my own could wipe out. When I met him thus in his dotage, I said to myself, 'Rich or poor, strong or weak, I'll take care of him till the angels or the devils right him in the eyes of men,' for I knew his history. He scarcely remembered me; but I kept him and tended him, carefully hiding him from the enemies whose faces would blanch to see him. The time had not yet come when he should be brought forward, in his sorrow, to confound them in their mad schemes. I say, again, I pinched and starved myself to make him comfortable. Once settled down and tolerably calm, he became more childish than ever—relapsing into the memory of a crime which had been his ruin. Day after day, night after night, he worked patiently in his imbecility to fulfil a sin which had been fulfilled long years before, in the loss which turned him crazy.

"No child could be more tractable and easily ruled, but for one short-coming—he suspected everybody. To be plain, he suspected everybody to be aware that he was trying to commit a crime. In this suspicion he attacked Master Henry and (once) myself. His fits are soon over; they are soon calmed. Generally speaking, his state of mind is oblivion to all the past—absorption in all the present; but now and then he remembers! It is then that he sits apart, with his face in his hands, sobbing like a little child. This state of things soon passes over; but when the fit is upon him it does him good."

[I noticed not with surprise—for I had seen too many wonders to be surprised at anything—that Augustus on this occasion expressed himself in language choicer than any which he had used on any previous occasions.

"The poor Ornamel!" murmured Broussais, shaking his head reflectively.]

"In his fits of remembrance I encourage him, by pointing out, darkly, that all may yet be well; and he seems, in his odd, dreamy way, to take comfort from the suggestion. He talks in a wan, childish way, of his plans for the future. But the fit changes, and he reverts in practice to the old crime. Listen all! It is when I see him wandering back to the old sin, fretfully brooding over the old sorrow, that I cry aloud in my own heart, 'May Heaven have mercy on the sinners who have brought him to this! May Heaven have mercy on them!—for I, who look at him in his woe, shall have none.'"

["Nor I," cried Mrs. Timbs, rising to her feet, and striking the table with her clenched hand.

Broussais said nothing, and I also was silent.]

"Hearken, then! Last night, after Master Henry had left us, he dressed himself and stole down stairs. I heard him, and stopped him at the door.

"'Where are you going?' I asked, grasping his arm firmly.

"'To walk,' he answered; 'to walk upon her grave.'

"I thought it better not to thwart him. He was in a black, strange mood.

"'I will go with you,' I said, snatching up my cap and opening the door.

"He looked at me in a weak, doubtful manner, but helplessly consented that I should accompany him. We walked out into the night air together.

"'Where is the churchyard?' asked the man called Ornamel.

"As I was perfectly sure that any churchyard would satisfy him, I fancied that I could quiet him without taking him to a churchyard at all. I led him along the highway in the direction of Caverford. The moon was shining brightly last night. It fell brightly on his white, pleading face, and on his gray hairs. It fell in long, broad beams, with thick shadows here and there. It fell upon him in his madness, like the pitying eye of Heaven. He seemed subdued and softened.

"Hearken still. Half a mile distant from my dwelling-place, in the centre of the highway, with the moon upon it, I became conscious of a dark thing, which was running swiftly towards us. The eyes of the man called Ornamel were on the ground, and he did not notice. The dark thing came nearer and nearer, until I saw that it was the figure of a woman. It came swiftly towards us, as if flying from something which pursued behind. It was the figure of a woman; the veil brown black, the dress torn. It came nearer, I say, until it stood only five yards from us, and then I recognized a face which I had seen long years before.

"Three yards from us it halted, panting. Then Ornamel looked up. The man and woman stood gazing at each other for an instant, then the man Ornamel recognized the woman's face. He shrieked aloud, throwing up his arms in terror.

"'God have mercy upon me!' he groaned. 'She has arisen! She was dead, and she has arisen!'

"He fell backwards, fainting and moaning. Hardly stronger than he, I caught him in my arms and held him. I could not release my hold. When I looked up the woman was gone. My hands relaxed and he fell to the earth crying. I ran in every direction, looking for her; but she was nowhere to be seen.

"It was then that I heard the clattering of a horse's hoof, coming louder and louder, along the road. Quick as thought, I raised Ornamel and dragged him back into the darkness. A minute afterwards a horseman rode by at a gallop. He passed in a moment, but thanks to the brave moon I recognized the face. Hearken! It was the pale, scared face of a friend of ours—Mr. Leonard Charles."

As Augustus ceased, it seemed like the cessation of a strange dream. There was a long pause, during which we all looked at the floor and meditated.

"And that is the story?" said Broussais at last, breaking the silence calmly.

"That is the story, my man, and I came hither to-night to tell it."

Mrs. Timbs was white and cold, but she seemed firm as stone.

"It is as I expected," she broke in. "She has escaped."

"From the jaws of death!" muttered Augustus.

Then, agitated by twenty different doubts and fears, I plucked up courage to speak.

"It was the ghost of my mamma!"

Augustus glanced at me sharply, and then answered in an undertone—

"Yes, it was your mamma's ghost."

"Is the story quite ended?" asked Broussais, absently.

"Not so. Not so, if I say that the enemy has gone northward, and that he has not gone alone. Not so, if there were eyes to see, and ears, why he went, and with whom. Not so, if the jaws of death have reopened to swallow their victim."

"Be it our duty to open them!" cried Mrs. Martha Timbs, rising her height, pale and cold, and pointing upward; "and may Heaven, which pities the innocent, aid us in so doing!"

Whereupon Augustus and Broussais also rose to their feet, and said Amen.

CHAPTER XIII.—TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Fortune is proverbially a fickle old woman. Her predictions are like piecrusts; the smallness of her fulfilment is generally in exact proportion to the greatness of her promise. She is as false as was that deceptive Roman oracle at Dodona; her bills, I believe, are invariably dishonored. Fortune, nevertheless, finds large credit in the money-market; but, for all practical purposes, for all reliable investments, give me Baring Brothers. Now, this outburst against

Fortune has (I confess it) its origin in the far past. I saw a great golden morning, which soon melted away into gloomy shadows. Yet I, who had not eighteenpence to call my own, was haunted morning and night by a skeleton, any one of whose ribs would have covered a large life assurance. I could not catch the skeleton and examine it. It flitted before me, beckoning me on to a precipice. I only knew that it was made of Gold, and that it was made of a Gold I was forbidden to touch.

Broussais had a distant relation, who resided in a rather fashionable watering-place on the west coast of England. I shall call this watering-place Tortonquay. The name of Broussais's relation was Badger. He was a very fat man, Badger and kept a grocer's shop. He was an ignorant, bumptious man, Badger, but he gave his customers full weight. In brief, he was a very fair specimen of your honest English tradesman, and had a sharp eye to his own interests.

So it turned out that I parted with Augustus and Mrs. Timbs the very next day, and was taken by Broussais to Tortonquay. Before we started Augustus set out in search of Mr. Timbs, with the determination to bring that deceptively jolly individual to his senses.

We journeyed down to Tortonquay by rail, and we arrived there early in the evening. We found Badger in his shop, beaming behind a rather imposing counter. He did not appear to recognise us as friends, until Broussais called him "my dear Badger," and asked him how he did, besides putting sundry questions about the female Badger and the little Badgers. Gradually the face of the honest tradesman softened, and he stretched out a horny hand of welcome. I scarcely know how it happened, but in less than half an hour it was arranged that Badger was in want of an assistant, to serve in the shop, and that I would be just the sort of young gentleman to occupy the post. There was a great deal of whispering, and much nodding and winking, larded with occasional frowns and smiles, between Broussais and Badger; and I am sure, not only that I heard the jingle of money, but that money passed from the dwarf's hand into that of the honest tradesman.

"Remember, my dear young friend, that this cannot last long," observed Broussais, leading me into a corner of a coffee-house, to which we had adjourned. "In the meantime, keep up your heart, and be assured that all is for the best. I have so arranged matters that you will find yourself pretty comfortable. You will lodge with Badger, my relation. He's not a bad fellow, Badger, and you're sure to like him. Are you satisfied with my arrangements?"

I answered in the affirmative, thanking him, at the same time, for his exertions on my behalf. He pooh-poohed the notion of gratitude, when I talked of that cheap commodity. I really felt under a deep obligation. But, after all, my position and prospects considered, I fear that my gratitude agreed, in some measure, with Voltaire's definition of the word—"A lively sense of favors to be received."

That very evening Broussais left Tortonquay, consigning me to the care of Badger.

I decline going into a minute description of the Badger household, and its domestic economy. It (the household, not the economy) included Mrs. Badger, a woman whose chief peculiarities were flesh and good-nature; two little boy Badgers, with pug noses, and one little girl Badger, with a squint, and a pink-faced baby Badger, whose normal condition of mind developed itself in vocal discord. The Badger house was small, like the Badger servant, who was small too; but it was clean and comfortable. In a very short time I became quite domesticated; and, will you believe me, I became so happy as to perceive beauty in the baby? In the company of these vulgar people I began, for the first time, to relish close human relationship. I forgot my troubles; I almost forgot my skeleton. They were very worthy people, the Badgers; and they gave a good deal of moral relief by cutting my straight laces.

I forgot to state that I had been rechristened by Broussais. My name at Tortonquay was Henry Widgeon. In the domestic parlor I was called, familiarly, Widgeon. In the shop I was known to customers as "Mr. Henry." I received a small weekly salary, over and above my board; and I at last experienced the delight of earning my own bread and butter.

In the shop, I say, I was known as Mr. Henry, or Mr. Badger's "young man." Hear it ye stars and planets! I was not yet seventeen, and I was a "young man." I'm sadly afraid that this consciousness of manhood made me saucy. I'm sadly afraid that I once or twice cast amatory glances at pretty housemaids who came to make purchases in the shop. I'm sadly afraid that my heart throbbed and my fingers trembled while I was making up packets of tea or slicing the ham for the servant-maid who lived just over the way. I'm sadly afraid that I boxed the ears of one or two small boys, who tried to play practical jokes upon me and to detract from my commercial dignity. I'm sadly afraid, in fact, that I was beginning to treat my Golden Skeleton, when it appeared, with less awe than it had previously won at my hands.

Tortonquay was not quite so fashionable as either Brighton or Boulogne. Yet it was visited during the summer season by numbers of people who had nothing to do, and who wished to do it pleasantly. It was rather looked down upon by stuck-up Cheltenham; for it was darkly whispered that certain bank defaulters had once found in the very heart of its society a quiet and safe hiding place. But I've no hesitation in saying that this was a libel. Certain it is, that the sharp, conspicuous angles of snobbery were rubbed away by the ever-encroaching feet of commercial men. Tortonquay, in fact, had its under-circles and its upper ten-and-twenty. I belonged to the former; the latter were so few in number, that I could soon distinguish them on their arrival.

My happy state of union with the vulgar Badger family led me to institute odious comparisons between vulgar people and the people who rolled past me in carriages. I was certain that the vulgar people were the happier; and on that wrong premise, I came to the conclusion that the vulgar people, being happy, must be virtuous, and that the rich people, being unhappy, must be vicious. All the rich people, I fancied, had their Golden Skeletons. That dark beauty with lines on her young face, would purchase, in a husband, twelve thousand pounds' worth of misery; while Miss Mary Ann Badger, when she wedded, might squint blessedly through a nursery door into paradise. The young gentlemen, of my own age, who had money, or expectations, seemed disgusted with life, with love, with all things, save tobacco; while I, transplanted into vulgar soil, and transformed into a young man in the grocery line, believed in every pretty pair of ankles which twinkled across the threshold of the shop. I said to myself that Fortune was all a deception, while Golden Skeletons existed; that the scales and cheeseknife made music sweeter than all the gleaming guineas of Mammon; and that I would prefer being a poor Badger to a rich Brown. Mrs. Badger's only skeleton was a skeleton key; for—probably for the reason that there was nothing in the house to tempt a thief—she was dreadfully afraid of burglars.

I had only been a young man for some weeks, when my attention was called to an individual who entered the shop, purchased some figs, and sat down on a teabox to eat them. This worthy was a stout little man of about forty, with very black hair, eyebrows and moustache, a very Jewish nose, and a guttural way of speaking. He wore a very thick watchchain, and had rings of gold on his fat fingers.

His method of eating his figs was peculiar. He would take up one between his thumb and forefinger, hold it up to his eyes, glance suspiciously at me, then eat one side of the fig, hold it up to his eyes again, frown at me, and, finally, finishing the fig, stare me quietly out of countenance.

His visits were repeated. During one of them he got into friendly conversation with Badger. During the conversation, he observed that "Your young man, sir," had a shape and air which was decidedly above his position. Those hands, sir, were as white and delicate as a lady's, and his language, sir, was that of a lad tolerably well-educated. While making these remarks, which Badger dismissed as unworthy of comment, the jewelled and Jewish individual shook his head once or twice with an assumption of deep meaning. I felt particularly uneasy, for there was that in the manner of our visitor which did not at all please me. He looked dangerous.

Fortune, whose proverbial fickleness I alluded to at the commencement of this chapter, appeared to have so willed it that I should not be permitted to rest, for any length of time, in any given locality, whether the surrounding circumstances were pleasant or unpleasant. I was drifted about by fortune's changeful breath, like something of gossamer lightness. I lost all my power to resist extraneous influences. I was passive in the hands of the Fate which had closed around me when, as a very little boy, I first became conscious that I was haunted.

Directly my unknown visitor began to eat figs before Badger's counter, the charming reality of my vulgar happiness faded away into that unsubstantial dreamland wherein my Golden Skeleton wandered ever restlessly. I was certain that the incubus hand of Fortune was again descending upon me, and that I should again be dragged back to the old associations. My fears were soon confirmed by a word or two which passed one evening between the visitor and myself. He was staring at me in his insolent way, when my blood flushed up suddenly, and I spoke out.

"You seem, sir," I said, trying to sneer, "to have taken a great interest in my welfare. I can't conceive for what reason."

"And do you know," murmured my visitor, appealing to the ceiling and pointing to me, as if I were part of the stock-in-trade, "do you know that I've been waiting here, day after day, on purpose to hear you say this?"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with as much surprise as indignation.

"Yes, indeed. I've waited to hear you say it, and you've said it. Now I'm going to speak to you. I've been sent by a friend of yours, to find you out and report progress."

(To be continued.)

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Capture of the Forts and Batteries at Hatteras Inlet, on the Coast of North Carolina.

The rebels about two months ago erected two batteries at Ocracoke Inlet, which is in Raleigh Bay, and situated about 15 miles to the south of Cape Hatteras—one called Fort Clarke and the other Fort Hatteras. This inlet is of great importance, as it commands Pamlico Sound and Albemarle Sound, which communicate with Norfolk, Gosport and Elizabeth City in Virginia, and, of course, with all parts of North Carolina. The result was that the waters guarded by this pestilential inlet became a pirate's nest, from which issued with perfect impunity a swarm of Confederate privateers, who, after a murderous cruise, returned with their ill-gotten booty to sustain the Southern rebellion.

On Monday, the 27th of August, an expedition sailed from Fortress Monroe. It consisted of the frigates Minnesota, Wabash and Cumberland; gunboats Pawnee, Monticello and Harriet Lane; transports, Adelaide and George Peabody; the latter containing 5 0 of the 20th Regiment New York Volunteers, Colonel Weber commanding; Captain Jardine's company, 9th Regiment New York Volunteers, with 100 of the Union Coast Guard, Captain Nixon commanding, and 60 of the Second United States Artillery, Lieutenant Larned commanding, as a force to operate in conjunction with the fleet under command of Flag Officer Stringham, against the rebel forts at Hatteras Inlet.

On Tuesday morning this force arrived off Ocracoke Inlet, or, as it is sometimes called, Hatteras Inlet. On Wednesday morning the transports ran near the beach, two miles north of the inlet, and covered by the Monticello, Harriet Lane and Pawnee. About 300 men were landed through a heavy surf, the force consisting of Captain Larned's company of regular artillery, Captain Jardine's company 9th New York, two companies of the 20th New York, with Colonel Weber and Lieutenant-Colonel Heiss; a detachment of marines from the frigates, under command of Majors Doughty and Shuttleworth, and a detachment of sailors from the Pawnee, under Lieutenants Crosby and Blue, with Drs. King and Jones.

The gunboats swept the beach and neighboring copse of scrub oaks. All the boats being swamped and bilged in the surf, no more men could be thrown ashore. Meanwhile, the Minnesota and Wabash—the latter with the Cumberland in tow—steamed up to the front of one of the rebel batteries and took their position at long range.

At 10 o'clock the Wabash fired the first gun, the 11-inch shell, striking near the battery and bursting with tremendous force. The battery, which was of sand, covered with turf, and mounting five long thirty-twos, instantly returned the fire, the shot falling short. The Minnesota and Cumberland immediately opened fire, and rained nine and eleven inch shell into and about it.

At 11 the rebel flag fell beneath the well aimed fire of the Cumberland. An hour later the Susquehanna steamed into the conflict, and commenced a fire which soon silenced the rebel battery. Our gallant troops on shore here rushed into the fort, and raised the Stars and Stripes. The Monticello had in the meantime steamed in advance of the land force, and reached the inlet, when a large fort of an octagon shape, called Fort Hatteras, to the rear and right of Fort Clarke, already carried, opened fire. On the morning of Thursday the entire fleet commenced bombarding this fort, and with such effect, that at five minutes past 11 the rebels hoisted the white flag, and, after an ineffectual negotiation to secure the honors of war, surrendered at discretion. General Butler then landed at the fort, and took possession of it.

Articles of stipulation were signed on the flagship by Commodore Stringham and General Butler on the part of the United States, and by Commodore Barron, Colonel Martin and Major Andrews on the rebel side, and the latters' swords delivered up.

By the surrender we came into possession of 1,000 stand of arms, 35 heavy guns, ammunition for the same, a large amount of hospital and other stores, two schooners, one loaded with tobacco and the other with provisions, one brig loaded with cotton, two lightboats, two surf boats, &c.

We took 45 officers prisoners, many of high rank, among whom were:

Commodore Samuel Barron, late Captain United States Navy, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Colonel Bradford, Chief of Ordnance.

Colonel Martin, 7th North Carolina Volunteers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston, 7th North Carolina Volunteers.

Major Henry A. Gillman, 7th North Carolina Volunteers.

Major Andrews, artillery, late United States Army.

Lieutenant Sharp, late United States Army.

And several others, late army and navy officers, and 665 non-commissioned officers and privates.

The prisoners are on board the Minnesota, and will be carried to New York.

The two forts remain in the possession of the Federal troops; Fort Hatteras under command of Colonel Weber, and Fort Clark under that of Colonel Hawkins.

The enemy's loss in killed was 15, and wounded 42. On our side not a single man was either killed or wounded.

During the action a large steamer, with considerable reinforcements, was observed coming down the Sound, but these were prevented landing by Colonel Weber, who, getting some cannon into position, commenced firing on her. She, therefore, put back without accomplishing her object. It is said that 400 men were landed the night before the attack at the Fort.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL LYON'S BODY IN NEW YORK.

When the telegraph flashed the news of the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Missouri, on the 10th ultimo, over the wires throughout this whole country, at the same time informing us of the death of the brave and gallant General Nathaniel Lyon, the liveliest anxiety was manifested as to what disposition would be made of his earthly remains. As soon as it was ascertained that the valiant leader was slain, Dr. Franklin, the surgeon of Gen. Lyon's command, endeavored to embalm the body, and had already commenced the process of injecting arsenic in the veins, but found it extremely difficult to accomplish his desire, owing to the ruptured state of the bloodvessels and the expected advance of the rebels, when Major Sturgis ordered a retreat on Rollo, and the corpse of General Lyon had to be left behind.

The lady of Hon. J. S. Phelps, residing some three miles distant from the battle-field, sent for the remains, on hearing the circumstances, had them brought to her farm and temporarily interred until subsequently claimed by the relatives of the deceased, under a flag of truce. The remains were then exhumed, placed in a metallic coffin, and transported to St. Louis.

Everywhere the greatest reverence was shown towards the glorious dead. The same honors were paid in Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Jersey City and New York, at which place it arrived on Saturday, the 31st of August, at half-past two in the afternoon. It was received by the third company of the 7th regiment, and an immense concourse of spectators, whose silence revealed their sorrow and homage.

When the funeral cortege arrived in front of the Hall, Captain Price drew up his company in line, and the coffin was taken from the hearse by the Missouri soldiers accompanying the remains, and carried to their designated place. The undertaker had already placed pedestals in the centre of the room, upon which the corpse was deposited. Beyond the company of the 7th regiment and the members of the Common Council, no one was permitted to enter the room. Sergeant Legget posted his guard immediately, which were relieved every two hours.

The wooden box in which the remains of the deceased were placed was considerably shattered while on the journey to New York, consequently the body was put into a metallic coffin, painted to represent rosewood.

In the centre of the coffin was fastened a silver plate, bearing the following inscription:

GEN. NATHANIEL LYON,
Died August 10, 1861, aged 42 years.

The burial case was bedecked with the American flag. At the head lay the chapeau of the late General, in the centre a wreath of evergreens and *immortelles*, and at the feet the sword which was grasped in General Lyon's hand while leading his gallant troops. The escort accompanying the remains from St. Louis withdrew as soon as Captain Price took the body in charge, to their quarters at the Metropolitan Hotel.

DAY OF FASTING, HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

Proclamation by the President.

Whereas, a Joint Committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessings on their arms, and a speedy restoration of peace;

And whereas, It is fit and becoming in all people at all times to acknowledge and revere the supreme government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions, in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the pardon of their past offences, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action;

And whereas, When our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognise the hand of God in this visitation, and in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved; that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the re-establishment of law, order and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned, under His guidance and blessing, by the labors and sufferings of our forefathers, may be restored to all its original excellence: Therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do appoint the *last Thursday in September next*, as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting for all the people of the nation; and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all ministers and teachers of religion, of all denominations, and to all heads of families, to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship, in all humility and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed, this 12th day of August, A. D. 1861, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

PROCLAMATION OF EDWIN D. MORGAN, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Albany, Aug. 22, 1861.

A conspiracy, not the work of a day, but the result of years of false, wicked and traitorous machinations, has for several months disturbed the peace of the State of New York and of the Federal Union. Its movements have been marked by violence and fraud. Wherever it has manifested itself it has disregarded the rights of citizens, coerced them into the ranks of its armies, and exercised an absolute control over person and property in utter defiance of the Constitution and laws of the land. Ambitious and designing men, disappointed in their personal aims, have been enabled, chiefly by misrepresenting the feelings of one portion of the country towards the other, to usurp and exercise a power which has become not only tyrannical and oppressive in several States, whose constitutional governments it has temporarily suspended, but dangerous to the entire Union; the pretences originally held forth as a justification for acts of lawlessness and treason have been laid aside; the intention of the leaders of this wicked rebellion to destroy the Union cemented by the blood of our fathers, is now fully manifest; and, elated by accidental success, they audaciously threaten the national capital. As chief magistrate of the State, it is my solemn duty to warn all good and loyal men of the dangers to which our institutions are exposed, and to urge upon them the necessity of an earnest and zealous co-operation with the authorities of the State and general Government, of a cheerful contribution of their means to support the public credit, and of active enrollment in the forces now being organized for the defence of the Union, convinced that the tranquillity of the country so wantonly disturbed can only be restored by the prompt and vigorous suppression of rebellion and treason, wherever they may appear. The representatives of the people of the United States, lately convened in Congress at the call of a constitutionally elected President, in view of the perils which surround the Union, have, by legislative enactments, provided for liberal supplies of men and means for the enforcement of the laws, and have thus invited a hearty and zealous response on the part of several States. New York has never wavered in her devotion to the Union. She prizes it on account of the many blessings which all parts of the country alike have received from it; on account of the memory of her patriot sons by whose blood it was purchased, and for the inestimable benefit it confers upon the present and secures to future generations. Her noble response to the call of the President in April last was such as preserved to her the proud title which she has long borne in the family of States. Another stage in the great rebellion has been reached, and the Government appreciating the dangers now menacing it appeals for aid. The whole country, the civilized world, now looks to the State of New York. Let the response be worthy of her history, let her answer go back in full ranks of earnest men, who, justly valuing the magnitude of the interests involved, temporarily relinquish their pursuits, and prepare to meet the crisis.

In witness whereof I have hereunto affixed the privy seal of this State at the city of Albany, this 22d day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. EDWIN D. MORGAN.

GEN. FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

Gen. Fremont issued, at St. Louis, on August 31st, a proclamation to the effect that declares martial law throughout the State of Missouri; the disorganized condition of the State Government rendering it both proper and necessary that he should assume the Administrative powers of the State. The lines of the Army of Occupation are declared for the present to extend from Leavenworth, by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi river, and all persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within those lines shall be tried by Court-martial, and if found guilty of disloyalty to the Government, shall be shot. Thus far in the regular course. Gen. Fremont goes still further, and, in accordance with the law recently passed by Congress, declares that the property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proved to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, shall be confiscated to the public use, *and their slaves, if any they have, shall be declared free men.* The proclamation includes in its provisions all persons proved to have destroyed railroad-tracks, bridges, &c., and all persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, or in any way giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy. It also promises immunity to all who will immediately return to their allegiance to the Government. The object of the proclamation, Gen. Fremont announces, is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and not to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law can be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner. He closes with an appeal to the public to sustain him in his efforts to vindicate the proper authority.

PERSONAL.

We take the liberty of doubting the following despatch, purporting to have been sent by Jefferson Davis to Dr. Ramsey, of Knoxville, Tennessee. Mr. Nelson is a man of far too high principle, and altogether too consistent in his devotion to the Union, to have said or done anything to authorise the despatch:

"Richmond, Va., August 18.

"Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, Knoxville.

"Yours received. Mr. Nelson has acknowledged his obligation, as a citizen of the State of Tennessee, to submit to her late decision; and upon his promise to act hereafter in accordance therewith, I have ordered his release.

"Jefferson Davis."

The Richmond *Enquirer* states that Mrs. Henningsen, wife of the *soi-disant* General Henningsen, of filibuster notoriety, and the Major Dalgetty of modern times, now of Wise's staff, has arrived in that city. She came from New York *via* Louisville and Nashville. She was pretty closely searched, but succeeded in getting through with five revolvers, 500 ounces of quinine, and a galvanic battery.

We understand that Hermon, the wizard magician and sorcerer *par excellence*, is to make his appearance at the Academy of Music, for the first time, about the 4th of next month.

Daniel E. Sickles has at last received a commission as Brigadier-General, at the instance, it is said, of General McClellan.

A subscription has been opened in London for a testimony to Mr. Milner Gibson, in view of his services toward the final abolition—now effected—of all taxes in England on literature and the press.

Foreign journals announce that M. von Flotow is at work on a new opera.

Mrs. Edwin James, wife of a distinguished English barrister, was robbed a few nights since at her hotel at Long Branch of jewellery valued at $7,000.

Father Ventura, the celebrated French preacher, died at Versailles recently, in his 69th year. For years he drew crowds to the churches of the Madeleine and St. Louis d'Antin.

The London *Critic* says that during the late opera season "to such a fever heat had the desire grown to see Mdlle. Patti, that the public had scarce eyes or ears for any opera in which she did not sustain a chief part."

Lady Georgiana Fane is said to be preparing a book on this country. She will have seen it under extraordinary circumstances, and has had ample opportunity of judging of the character and manners of most of our prominent people, men and women. Her own shrewdness of observation and remarkable cleverness will, doubtless, make the volume of uncommon interest.

VIEW OF FORT LAFAYETTE, SITUATED AT THE NARROWS, NEW YORK HAR

FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK, THE STATE PRISON OF THE REPUBLIC.

The entrance to New York harbor, commonly called the Narrowe, is defeuded by Forts Richmond and Tompkins on the Staten Island side, and by Forts Hamilton and Lafayette on the Long Island shore. The latter fort bas lately became famous as the State Prison of the Republic. It is built upon a shosl about 400 yards from Long Island, and is entirely surrounded by water. In shape it is quadrangular, with the angles pointing to the sea and shore, diamond-wise—hence it was formerly called Fort Diamond. Facing Fort Hamilton, which stands on the shore of Long Island, a little island, are two rows of heavy guns in bombproof casemates. On this side, which is less protected than the others, appear to be the barracks for the troops, and other necessary buildings, the roofs of which are seen rising above the walls of the fort. There are consequently no barbette guns here. This part of the fort, however, is completely commanded by Fort Hamilton, opposite which is the sallyport in one of the angles.

On the other sides guns are mounted *en barbette*, in addition to the heavy casemate guns below.

The principal State prisoners now confined here are:

Charles Howard, William Gatchell, Charles Hincks and John Davis, Police Commissioners of Baltimore, accused of being implicated in the Baltimore riots, and of a general complicity with the rebels.

Robert Muir, of Charleston, an agent of the Southern Confederacy, was arrested on the point of sailing in the Africa for Europa, with dispatches from Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet to numerous parties in Europe in bis pocket.

Thomas S. Serrill, of New Orleans, who was detected by means of his arrogant boasting on board the Persia, on his way from Liverpool. Bank bills to the amount of $200,000 were found on him; they

are, however, of
are not bank
promissory notes
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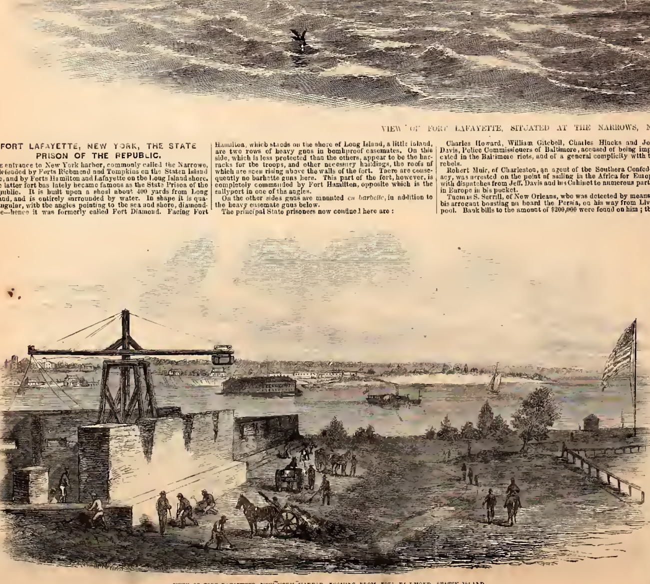


VIEW OF FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR, LOOKING FROM FORT RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND.

R, WHERE THE STATE PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—TAKEN FROM FORT HAMILTON.

MAYOR BERRETT, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

This gentleman, although considered a States' Rights man, was never suspected of being inimical to the Union till he was required, a few days since, in common with other officials, to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. This he declined, on the strange pretence that he had already taken it when he assumed his position as President of the Police Commissioners, which he in by virtue of his office of Mayor. In these times, it being impossible to "clasp logic with nice conclusions," as John Milton phrases "these dainty trifles," he was arrested, and, being brought to New York, was safely lodged in Fort Lafayette. In other respects Mr. Berrett has been esteemed a gentleman of honor and intelligence, and much respected by his fellow-citizens.

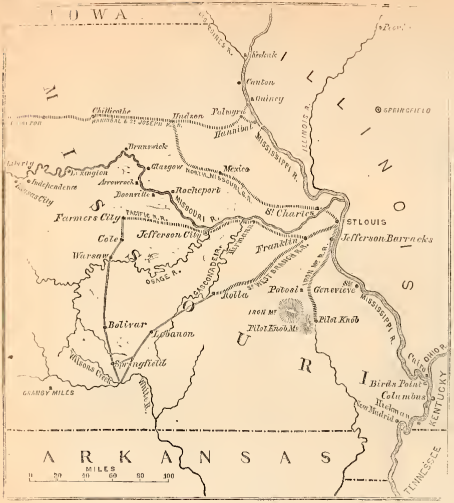
SHIPPING ARTILLERY AND TROOPS

At Bird's Point, on the Mississippi, for Ironton, Mo.

THE threatening attitude which General Hardee, who commanded the rebels near Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi, assumed, after the battle of Wilson's Springs, towards Ironton, the terminus of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, rendered some movement necessary. General Prentiss having no force to spare from St. Louis, in consequence of the singular apathy of the Minister of War, consequently ordered four regiments and a sufficient force of artillery from Bird's Point. Our Artist accompanies his spirited sketch with this graphic account of the embarkation:

The order was received in the morning, at Cairo, just the same night, through the agency of Col. Oglesby (then commanding the post), and Quartermaster Black, five large steamboats moved up the Mississippi with four regiments and Smith's artillery on board. They landed the next evening at Sulphur Springs, and were immediately conveyed by railroad to Iron Knob, and occupied

LANDING STATE PRISONERS AT FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR.



MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN MISSOURI.

Ironton, half a mile distant—thus destroying the hopes of Gen. Hardee, who dared not attack them, but fell back to Greenville, a town about 35 miles to the south-west of Ironton.

Nor must we omit the following instance of General Prentiss's devotion to his duty. Our Artist says:

Gen. Prentiss, who had gone to pay a short visit to his home in Quincy, Ill., received a dispatch just as he landed there, ordering him to St. Louis. A special train was in readiness, and, true to his duty, he left his disappointed friends and family to take command at Ironton. Assistant Quartermaster Geo. Hatch arrived from Cairo, and with his admirable tact and promptness immediately ordered the necessary baggage train, so that in little more than a week an army of 10,000 men has sprung up in this vicinity, ready to take the offensive. One regiment, the 17th Illinois, Col. Ross, was ordered to take the advance post, and now occupies Fredericktown, 22 miles towards the south east, and the main body of the division followed immediately.

OUR MAP OF MISSOURI.

The position of affairs in Missouri at the present time fixes upon that State considerable public attention. We had hoped long ere this to have chronicled its entire freedom from rebel forces. Had General Lyon been properly supported after the battles of Booneville and Carthage, this would doubtless have been the case. As matters have been managed, the work has to be done over again. The public will perceive from our map the exact position of the two armies—the National and the Rebels. General Fremont's head quarters are in St. Louis, and by the last accounts Generals Prentiss, Siegel and Sturgis are at Rolla and Frederickton, prepared for every contingency. According to the Government statement, General Fremont has ample force to maintain his ground. This, however, is not sufficient; he should be made strong enough to drive the traitors out, as General Lyon intended. In our article on Pilot Knob we have given many of the distances the chief towns of Missouri are from each other. At the present time the southern part of the State is under the influence of Rebel hordes, led by McCullough, Rains, Price, Jackson and Hardee—all desperate and malignant traitors. Their troops are scattered about, near Cape Girardeau, Springfield, Greenville, New Madrid and Bloomfield. Their number is difficult to ascertain, accounts being so very contradictory. Some place it as high as 50,000, others as low as half that. We may therefore expect to have stirring news soon from Missouri.

MAP OF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA

And North Carolina, from Cape Henry to Cape Lookout, including Hatteras Inlet.

The brilliant success attending the National arms at Hatteras Inlet has called the public attention to its exact locality. We therefore give a map which will enable our readers to trace Gen. Butler's expedition from the moment of its departure from Fortress Monroe to its triumphal close. The coast of North Carolina and Virginia is defended by a narrow strip of land, which closes in as with an arm the Sounds of Currituck, Albemarle and Pamlico. From Cape Henry to Cape Lookout, there are five inlets; the two northern ones are closed, and the third has only two feet water; the chief, indeed the only entrance of any utility, is one about 16 miles to the south of Cape Hatteras, and which is called Hatteras Inlet. The water here is from 15 to 17 feet deep, and consequently this entrance has been the principal mouth from whence has issued so many of the Southern pirate ships, and which has supplied Norfolk, Suffolk—in a word, all Virginia and North Carolina, with whatever was wanted. A canal through the Dismal Swamp connects Elizabeth and James Rivers with the Atlantic through the Sounds already named. James River was therefore only half blockaded while Hatteras Inlet was in the rebel's hands. On the northern part of this inlet the rebels had erected two batteries—one called Fort Clark, and the other and larger one Fort Hatteras—over both of which now float the Stars and Stripes.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

Our present number contains a map of the seat of war in Missouri, and two views, embracing the neighborhood of Ironton and the Pilot Knob. The public seems to have forgotten that General Prentiss, whose herculean labors at Cairo we have already recorded and illustrated, was, on General Fremont's arrival in St. Louis, about a month since, appointed to a more active command, and that, after collecting and drilling his troops at Ironton, he moved, on the 27th August, southward from that town, against those notorious traitors, Hardee and Jeff. Thompson.

The whole rebel force in south-eastern Missouri it is intended to drive back upon General Pillow at New Madrid, when it may be that, by the co-operation of the gunboats on the Mississippi and the forces at Cairo and Bird's Point, the entire rebel army can be cut off from retreat or reinforcements, and compelled to surrender.

The first fruits of this movement are that the rebels have abandoned Commerce and Benton, and retreated to Bloomfield.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XLII.

Signor Strozzi received the Count D'Almaine's letter with the proposal for his niece with satisfaction; it was an offer far beyond his anticipation; but not wishing to influence her acceptance of it without her free consent, he went at once to her, and without preface handed her the letter.

"What answer am I to return, Marie?" said her uncle. "Do you favor the signor?"

"Dear uncle," she exclaimed, "what a question! I have never thought of him but as your friend; but if you wish my thoughts on the subject, I think he is too old to wed a girl not yet eighteen. I do not like him as a husband; I should not, I fear, respect him as he deserves; but as my father or uncle, I could dearly love and respect him."

There was a shade on the bright face of Marie as she stood several minutes in deep thought. At length she spoke.

"Uncle," said she, "permit me to decide at once. Tell me, should I accept the count's offer, must I give up dear Italy, you and my beloved aunt?"

"I am compelled to say yes, to your question," replied her uncle. "Could we, ought we to expect that the Count D'Almaine would give up country, and the importance all men attach to the home of their fathers? If such a sacrifice is made, it must be on your part, Marie."

"Then I must decline what you think so glittering a proposal," said Marie. "I will not leave you to live with the stranger; his home, though grand, would be less welcome than the humble dwelling I share with you, and the simple name of Marie Strozzi sounds sweeter in my ears than the proud one of Countess D'Almaine."

He turned to offer another remonstrance, he was alone—Marie, fearing it had, with her quickest and lightest step, quitted the room, and slowly he descended to write a negative to D'Almaine. His answer was couched in as mild terms as possible, and set forth his niece's objection as one which all girls with her confined knowledge of the world generally possessed.

D'Almaine had waited impatiently the answer, in a frame of mind, in doubt with himself which would convey the greatest pleasure her acceptance or refusal of his hand; but when Signor Strozzi's letter came, doubt seemed to vanish. The fear of losing Marie, which had lain dormant the last twelve hours, revived with force, and he determined not to leave Florence without her.

Ever prompt in his proceedings, an hour after the receipt of Signor Strozzi's letter, D'Almaine was in close conversation with him in his library, and had urged his wishes with such success, that the signor had consented, if Marie could be brought to change her mind, upon the count's proposing that she should be accompanied by her aunt and uncle to France.

Marie was summoned to the conference; she could not raise another reason for her refusal, and before the count quitted the house of the Italian priest, his niece was his betrothed bride.

The morning of the wedding arrived; not such an Italian morning as we read of as seldom varying in the sunny south; it was dense with clouds, and a heavy mist falling, through a shade over objects both within and without doors. The party composing the bridal train had assembled, with the exception of D'Almaine, in the small parlor of Signor Strozzi, and each time the door opened every eye turned to it expecting the bridegroom. At length he entered; but oh, how unlike a happy expectant lover, eager for the gratulations of his friends! he was pale, with a strange wildness in his eyes, as if rest had been a stranger to him the last twenty-four hours.

After receiving the greetings of the party, D'Almaine retired to a window, and throwing it open, let the raindrops fall on his heated temples, in the vain hope of finding relief from the cold moisture. His night had been haunted by fearful dreams. Lucille had stood before him, as he last saw her, when she exhorted him so forcibly to rest not till he found his child; she accused him of seeking ideal pleasures at the expense of pure affection. She, who in life had never upbraided him, frowned darkly on him now. He awoke from this unpleasant vision to fancy one more fearful; Lucille was still with him, though this time she stood at the altar and Marie was by his side; the ceremony to the point when the ring is put on the finger of the bride, when the vision stepped between, and with finger raised deprecatingly and loud voice, forbade the marriage; he shuddered and hid his eyes; when he uncovered them he was alone in the holy edifice, and darkness was around him.

"How different was all," he thought, as the raindrops still fell on him, "when I led my own Lucille to the village church near Marseilles; how brightly shone the sun, how beautifully bloomed the sweets of life round us. I thought then nature's God smiled on my marriage, but now——"

A soft hand touched his, so gently, that at another time it would have passed unheeded; he turned quickly, and encountered the large dark eyes of his bride. There was a sadness, an anxiety in their expression as she said, in a low, soft tone, that it sounded almost childlike on his ears, "Signor D'Almaine, you are ill. What can we do for you?" "Come," she said, as she withdrew from his embrace; "come, if you are better, to the breakfast-table, for see, all eyes are on us."

"I am better," he replied; "I am myself again. There is a mysterious charm in your presence, Marie, which makes me forget all but the chance of losing you. With you by my side I have a blessed future before me; but," he added, and his voice quivered, "I have been before a bridegroom, have knelt at the altar with one as young and lovely as yourself; therefore, do not wonder, do not condemn me if, for a brief space, remembrance of the past has dimmed the lustre of the present moment."

A slight pressure of the fingers was her answer, as he led her to the table. The carriages were announced as soon as the meal was finished, and the assembled friends of Signor Strozzi were soon set down at the small church over which he presided.

D'Almaine looked proudly on the young and beautiful creature who already seemed to cling to him for protection, as they walked up the aisle to the altar, where Strozzi, who had preceded them, stood with his book before him. The ceremony proceeded in the usual way, till D'Almaine took the hand of Marie, when for a moment he stood like one paralysed, his lips white, his eyes distended, as their fastened gaze was on a ring upon her finger. The silence of that moment was intense; all were more or less affected by it, for all had their eyes fixed on the bridegroom. At length it was broken by D'Almaine, who spoke; but the voice was so hoarse and hollow that it could not be recognised as those clear, full tones usually falling from his lips.

"That ring," he said, "whence came it? Tell me, if you value mine or your own eternal happiness, tell me how it fell into your possession."

He grasped the hand of the frightened girl with such vehemence, that fear alone kept her from screaming. Without waiting an answer he wildly snatched it from her finger, and as she struggled to free herself from his firm grasp, added, "Girl, speak, I command you, whence came this ring?"

"It was my mother's," she cried; "the initials are those of her name," and drawing a miniature from her bosom, she added, "this is her picture."

Like a maniac D'Almaine tore it from her neck, and looked at it, as almost exhausted he leant on the altar railing for support, then exclaimed, "It is Lucille's! and the ring, oh heaven! in what a prophetic spirit she must have sent it to her child, as it was to save her from a deadly sin."

Amazement and curiosity collected the bridal party together. Marie was left standing alone, pale, cold, rigid as a statue. Signor Strozzi was the first to arouse himself from the fearful awe encompassing all in the holy precincts; he approached D'Almaine, and laid his hand humbly on his arm.

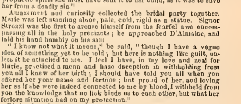
"I know not what it means," he said, "though I have a vague idea of something yet to be told; but here is nothing like guilt, unless it be attached to me. I feel I have, in my love and zeal for Marie, practised a mean and base deception in withholding from you all I knew of her birth; I should have told you all when you offered her your name and fortune; but proud of her, and loving her as if she were indeed connected to me by blood, I withheld from you the knowledge that no link binds us to each other, but what her forlorn situation had on my protection."

D'Almaine shuddered; his eyes gleamed wildly on him while he spoke. "Then she is not your niece?" he said, hoarsely. "Speak, sir. Tell me then, who is she?"

"That picture you hold in your hand is her mother's," said the curé.

D'Almaine caught Marie's hand, and, sinking on his knees before the altar, cried, "Kneel, girl, kneel with me, and bless heaven that it has been merciful to us, and interposed to prevent a marriage between a father and his child."

A wild cry escaped Marie as she shrank from her father's support. Strozzi raised her from the marble steps, but he thought her dead; for never was death paler, colder, or more still, than the poor girl he pressed to his aching heart. Making a passage through the bewildered throng, he bore her to the carriage, and, entrusting her to the care of his sister, hastened back to her father.



MAP OF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA, FROM CAPE HENRY TO CAPE LOOKOUT, INCLUDING HATTERAS INLET.

At length, but with difficulty, D'Almaine was conveyed to the dwelling of the repentant and self-accusing Strozzi, where for a fortnight the closed blinds, the noiseless footfalls, the pale, anxious faces hovering round the bed, and the low whisperings of all that approached it, told the fearful state the sufferer was reduced to.

Marie, young and ardent as in her days of childhood, soon recovered from the shock, and with both hands and voice fervently raised, she sat by her father's pillow, praying that if he arose from the couch of suffering it might be in the possession of his faculties, which the medical men in attendance gave no hope of.

When D'Almaine rose from his bed of sickness the lightness of his character had fled. Marie had read to him the Book of books, and its simple truthfulness hand entered his soul. The vanities of the world he had hitherto worshipped had lost a votary for ever. But he was changed too in appearance; the rich proportions of his form were gone—these, with returning strength, might again appear, but the raven locks were gone for ever; the well-formed head, which time had left untouched, had succumbed to the shock of that morning at the altar. They were white and silvery, as if four score winters had drifted their snows upon his brow.

As his strength recruited, D'Almaine was anxious to learn the particulars concerning his daughter from Signor Strozzi, towards whom he felt an irrepressible indignation for retaining the character of her uncle till it was forced from him by circumstances. Signor Strozzi felt that he deserved full censure for his conduct—conduct that might have brought upon him everlasting and unavailing remorse; he therefore stood before D'Almaine at their first meeting on his convalescence as a self accuser; and when the latter pushed aside the proffered hand with "Let us converse a little first, Signor Strozzi," the signor did not resent it, but humbly returned to the seat D'Almaine pointed to. Marie, who feared an altercation from the proud look of her father, stepped between them.

"Father!" she exclaimed, earnestly, "you will not permit yourself to harbor resentment against Signor Strozzi, who, with his sister, protected my helpless childhood. Think of the worthiness of his character, and what he has done for me. Had I fallen into different hands, your child would not now be near you to make this appeal to your justice."

"Marie is right," said D'Almaine, "there should be no ill-feeling on my part, at least, Signor Strozzi; and if for years you have robbed me of my child, it was done in the cause of philanthropy and the best feelings of humanity. From henceforth I hope no discord will disturb the harmony between us; but answer me with sincerity, did none of the numerous advertisements published ever meet your eye, none of my inquiries your ear?"

"On my honor all was to me dark as night!" he replied. "Had an idea entered my mind that parents were sorrowing for the child of my adoption, if my fortune had been expended in the event, I would have discovered them; but, unsuspicious of all but my first impressions, which were raised by the stout Englishman, that the poor child was thrown intentionally on the bounty of strangers, I considered I was performing my duty by protecting her as my nearest relative. I tremble when I think on the dreadful results it might have led to; but I have no further excuse to offer."

"Enough, signor," said D'Almaine, "let us remember the past with softened feelings, but we must quit here as soon as possible. In a few days I shall be able to travel. The late events I trust have not interfered with our former plans. The signora and yourself will go with us to Paris. Hasten, dear signor, our departure, for I shall not breathe freely till I once more breathe the air of France."

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, cold day in February when the carriage rattled over the stones of the courtyard of the Hotel D'Almaine. Eugene stood at the bottom of the broad staircase with his smiling welcome.

"Draw down your veil, Marie," said D'Almaine, as he stepped from the vehicle to embrace Eugene; "it is your cousin, and I wish you to take him by surprise."

Then, as he handed her from the carriage, he said to Eugene, "My daughter, one of the kindest and sauciest of little girls, but for her want of beauty," and he shrugged his shoulders significantly; "you must look for it, cousin, to find it, but I expect you will regard her for my sake, if not for your own."

Eugene, without noticing the remark, led the way to the salon, amid a bevy of servants, all anxious to gain a sight of the newly found treasure of their master; nor was the young man himself deficient in the same laudable curiosity to catch a glimpse beyond the wraps of the muffled figure before him. He offered to disencumber her of her furs, but a smart little waiting maid stepped forward with a request that she might conduct the ladies to their apartments.

Both Signora Strozzi and Marie readily accepted the offer, and followed the maid to the rooms prepared for Marie. It was her grandmother's suite of rooms, which we have before described, and the splendor of them on first entering dazzled the sight of the child like Marie.

Their toilette was soon completed, and they descended to the drawing-room.

Eugene hastened to meet Marie, and as the door opened he started at her appearance; it was like an apparition bursting out from the muffled form he had parted from so recently, but before he had recovered his surprise the object of it, to his mortification, was seated by her father. He watched an opportunity to lead her to the dining-room, but Marie, as if divining his thoughts, and determining to disappoint them, took the arm of Signor Strozzi.

In the evening, D'Almaine and Strozzi were in deep discussion on Rome in its bygone days; the signora, much interested, sat near, occasionally joining the discussion; consequently, the young people had to amuse themselves on their own resources. Marie turned over the leaves of several books, then threw them down listlessly, while Eugene amused himself with admiring her profile, as she sat half-turned towards him. At last, throwing down a book, she looked from the window, exclaiming, "Nothing but a paved court-yard to look out on. Paris is a miserably dull place. How many months in the year does my father pass here, monsieur?"

Eugene smiled at the earnestness with which the question was asked, but replied, "Nine months is the fashionable season, I believe."

"Nine months!" exclaimed Marie. "Why, I have only arrived to-day, and am tired of it. How do you amuse yourselves in your evenings at home; doing as we are doing now, I suppose? some conversing on the old times which weary one to death at school, without having them revived in our social moments, and the rest, doomed like you and me, to listen to them. Oh! a walk in the green fields, or beside the rippling stream, is worth a whole Paris season."

"It has certainly more romance in it," said Eugene.

"Romance!" said Marie; "say nature, for I am the most unromantic person in the world, yet I love the country for its very originality; but you have not told me your Paris home resources."

"We read much and converse more," replied Eugene; "and we sometimes play chess. Do you play, Mademoiselle D'Almaine?"

"I am a novice at the game," she replied; "my uncle has given me a few lessons, but he found me so stupid that he gave me up in despair."

The board was soon between them; and Marie, with a determination to conquer her dulness, commenced her lessons; and, whether her present instructor was more versed in the art of teaching than her former one, or, that being young and handsome, she paid greater attention to the game, is unknown; but certainly she soon gained an advantage over her opponent.

"Marie will soon excel her master," said Signor Strozzi, as he leant on the back of her chair; "that was a famous move; another such, and Monsieur Eugene is vanquished. Bravo, bravo, my dear!" he exclaimed, "it is yours. Monsieur's eyes are more on the slender fingers of his adversary than on his own moves."

"All jealousy, uncle," said Marie, archly, glancing towards Eugene; "you could not, or would not, make anything of me and now would raise war between me and my cousin, because he has found out some talent in me."

Eugene was confused; Marie took advantage of it, and rose a conqueror.

* * * * * * * *

As Marie entered her room a woman rose from a seat near the fire, and, with timidity, half advanced to meet her; then, stopping as Marie approached her, she held out her arms, exclaiming in a low, tremulous tone, "Birdie."

"Good Madame Perre," said the signora, offering her hand; but Marie had looked at Rose, and recognized her; and throwing herself into her arms, covered her face with kisses.

"Mother," she cried, "oh! Blanche's mother and mine. How happy your coming to see me has made me."

"Ah! she has not then forgotten me," said Rose. "She remembers and calls me, as she did when a helpless child, mother. Dear Birdie, you will always be the same," she cried, in broken accents.

"Mother," said Marie, still clinging to her, "how often I have thought of you when alone in the darkness and stillness of night. I have talked to you as though you had been present; yes, mother, you and the dear, tender, loving little Blanche."

"Dear Blanche," returned Rose, the tears dropping fast from her eyes; "she would now have been the same age as yourself, had she lived; but the little grave is still there, Birdie, that you used to sleep upon, and cover up so warm, when you quitted it, with your little torn cloak."

In the morning, before breakfast was taken away, Madame de Bleville was announced. With all the fervor of her girlish feelings she embraced her niece, laughing and crying by turns; at the end of every sentence wishing Lucille had lived to see this happy day.

"So you really cannot remember me!" she cried: "cannot recollect Aunt Emile? It is astonishing, when I should have known you anywhere; for, Marie, you are not at all altered, only in size; but Eugene, you remember Eugene——"

"No," said Marie; "but that is not strange, for he must have been but a boy then, and now he is a hands——" she stopped confused, but laughingly added, "now he is a tall, full-grown man."

"But the trout stream, the little fish and old Lion; these scenes have not faded from your memory, surely," said Eugene.

"Brother, take her to the old chateau," said Emile, "the scene of her childhood, and all will return to her."

"Some day," returned D'Almaine, "when I can make my mind up to look myself on those scenes, I will take her there, if she goes not there with another before."

His eye glanced towards Eugene, who leant over the back of a chair, watching Marie, who with her chin resting on the tip of her forefinger, and her large dark eyes fixed on her aunt, seemed recalling recollections all but faded from her memory, as she repeated, "The trout stream—and Lion."

* * * * * * * *

It was the Paris season; and D'Almaine was too proud of his daughter not to introduce her to its gay circles, though Marie, brought up so quietly, would willingly have dispensed with the ceremony, could she have done it with her father's and her aunt's consent; but both thought it so necessary that some of the rust of country life should be rubbed off, to make her talk without blushing, and laugh less, and smile more, that Marie, though she feared she should be a dull scholar in fashionable accomplishments and manœuvreing, entered the world chaperoned by Madame de Bleville.

It was soon understood that Mademoiselle d'Almaine was a rich heiress. This, combined with her great beauty, soon made her sought for; and many noble and advantageous offers for her hand were received by D'Almaine. Many of these offers came from young and handsome men; and as Marie refused one after the other with the most unceremonious coolness, he began to wonder whether she was really a flirt, or if one who had not asked her had found favor in her sight.

He still wondered, while Marie, quite unconscious of giving uneasiness to her father by refusing what she termed the butterflies of a season buzzing around, hailed with delight the last ball which was to emancipate her from late hours, constrained habits, and the smoke and confinement of a metropolitan life.

"Are you engaged for the first quadrille?" asked Eugene, the morning of the ball, as he entered equipped for riding.

"Yes," she answered, in a tone intended to be careless, though it was tinctured with vexation, "I am engaged to Monsieur de Valmont. The engagement is of a week's standing."

"I regret it," said Eugene, "for I had promised myself the pleasure of being your *vis-à-vis*. But as your relative, your friend, you will permit me to point out to you the deserving from the undeserving—those that follow you for yourself, and those that seek you for fashion or fortune's sake."

"To whom do you allude?" she asked; "the Duke de Valmont, or Monsieur de Nonidi?"

"To both," he replied, "but particularly to the duke, who, under a handsome exterior conceals a specious character; and aided by his mother, an adept in all the arts likely to gain the favor of an inexperienced maiden, you may fall into their snares. But beware of the alliance, Marie," he continued, throwing aside his air of indifference to one of earnestness, "the duke is a spendthrift, a gambler, cold and heartless, and once in possession of your fortune—all he sighs for—you would be left to solitude, when you must bury your wrongs without complaint."

"I will impute your lecture, dear cousin, to its right source," said Marie, the slight shade which had hovered on her brow disappearing as she confidingly placed her hand in his, "and to show you how much I prize your advice, I will, unasked, promise not to answer yes to the man of my choice till I know that you approve of him for my husband."

Their eyes met as the last words were uttered, a deep vermilion spread itself over the cheeks of both, which told a tale to Marie she had been till then unconscious of; her hand fluttered in Eugene's firm pressure, her eyes drooped beneath their long lashes, and she would have given worlds to have recalled the words so innocently pronounced. She struggled to regain her hand as he said in an impassioned tone, "Marie, are you sincere in your declaration?" He checked himself, loosened her hand, and added, in assumed coldness, "I am not so unreasonable to expect such confidence, nor is it necessary, though nature revolts against such characters as the Duke de Valmont; there are many men both of rank and fortune worthy of you. Adieu! I have an appointment at two, and behold, the hand now points to the hour."

CHAPTER XLIV.

One hour after the departure of Eugene, though her tears were dried, Marie still rested in the same chair in deep reverie, so deep that her father entered, took a chair beside her, and had watched several minutes before she was aware of his presence. He gently touched the hand hanging listlessly on the arm of the chair. Startled she rose to her feet.

"Father, is it you?" she exclaimed. "How you alarmed me."

"Alarmed you!" said her father. "I merely awoke you from a deep reverie; tell me, Marie, were you dreaming over the number of hearts you have conquered the last few months?"

She blushed painfully, and would have smiled, but the smile died on her lips. Her father looked scrutinizingly, hoping to meet her glance; but she kept her eyes imperturbably on a small engraving she had taken from the table, and which she was industriously reducing to the smallest atoms.

"Will you be candid?" said her father, after he had watched in vain to catch her eyes, "and answer me the one or two questions I am desirous to put to you."

"I will," she replied, without looking at him.

"Well, then, to begin," said D'Almaine. "Is Eugene the favored lover who has induced you to refuse so many brilliant offers for your hand?"

"Father!" she exclaimed, tremulously, and hiding her face with her hands.

"Eugene, though successor to my title and estates, is at present poor; he is aware that a large part of property is disposable by my will, that I might even marry and exclude him from all inheritance, and with such ideas I have imagined he would, from pride and honor, forbear to ask the hand he might covet. I know not if I am deceived in him, if he clandestinely seeks your favor; if not, I believe him to be so just and honorable that there exists not another man I would so willingly, so freely intrust the future of my child with."

A sunny smile now parted the beautiful lips of Marie, she threw her arms confidingly around her father's neck, and in a voice so low that it scarcely reached him, said, "Father, Eugene has never breathed a word of love to me, but should he, have I your permission to follow the promptings of my heart?"

This was the confidence D'Almaine coveted, and which he had feared never to obtain from the long estrangement of his child; it was with happy feelings he briefly consented, and in timid consciousness Marie withdrew.

A few days after this dialogue Marie was in the library listlessly turning over the leaves of a book, vainly endeavoring to settle herself to read its contents, but thought followed thought so rapidly that throwing the book aside she seated herself to indulge in them. She was lolling with closed eyes in the high-backed leather chair, when Eugene, who had been seeking her, entered.

"Pardon me," he cried, "I fear I have disturbed you, but I have come to say farewell; it is my intention to quit Paris this evening."

"This evening!" she said. "This is indeed unexpected. You have soon grown weary of us all."

"Not so, cousin," he replied; "but I have business in Burgundy. My aunt left me a small estate there—so small," he added, with emphasis, "that I have not had sufficient curiosity to visit it yet, though I have been its possessor three years, and its rental of fifteen hundred francs my whole fortune; but now as I have determined on studying the law, I think it but prudent to put the old house in order, and make it my future residence."

"My father speaks of visiting Burgundy himself in the autumn," said Marie. "I wish I possessed influence sufficient to induce you to defer your journey till then, when we could all go together."

"Your offer is tempting, Marie, but I must have courage to resist it. Surrounded as you are by friends, who have a prior and deeper claim on your regard, my absence will scarcely be noticed."

"You indeed speak coldly, Eugene," she returned. "I am sorry I urged your stay, as you have misconstrued the motive, and turned it into ridicule."

Before she had well ended, her hand was on the handle of the door. He caught it, and drew her to the seat she had vacated.

"Do not leave me in anger, dear Marie; it may be long before we meet again." He hesitated as he took a small paper box from his pocket; then added, "I have brought a trifling remembrance to beg your acceptance of. It is so mere a bagatelle, Marie, that I feel ashamed to ask you to give it a place with your bijouterie, much less to offer it as a souvenir."

He displayed, with evident reluctance, a plain gold bracelet with "L'Amitié" on the clasp, in turquoises.

Marie looked at the motto, and thought had it been "L'Amour" she should have liked it infinitely better; but without comment she smilingly held out her arm to him to clasp it on.

Eugene was some time performing the office; the arm, so round and fair, was an object of admiration, and Marie's long curls all the time were dancing like furtive sunbeams, now on his cheeks, then on his fingers, that his lips lingered between the arms and the curls, longing, yet not daring, to fasten themselves on both. At length he succeeded in making the bracelet fit, but he still retained the hand. Marie, half playfully, half resolutely tried to withdraw it, saying, as she did so, in a slightly tremulous tone, "You will certainly put off that odious journey to Burgundy, Eugene. I fear my father will feel hurt and offended at your quitting our house so suddenly, and the Signor and Signora Strozzi will think it passing strange; while I—but there, what care you for my regrets on the subject; if you did you would never think of it again."

Eugene, who thought he had entered the library with his heart in an iron case, found it impossible to resist this ingenuous appeal; his disengaged arm, by a strange fatality, was in an instant round her waist, and the long, glossy curls were again coquetting with his cheeks and brow. He pressed her passionately to his bosom.

The explanation was short, but it satisfied the lover, and before they quitted the library, which was not till the dinner bell rung, Eugene had promised before he slept their happiness should be ratified by the consent of D'Almaine.

The marriage of Eugene and Marie was arranged to take place in a very few weeks after their betrothal, and invitations were at once despatched to Monsieur and Madame de Vernet to be present at the ceremony, an invitation which was not only gladly accepted by the worthy couple, but the venerable Baroness de Waldenberg proposed to accompany them to the bridal.

It was but rarely that the excellent baroness alluded to her past life, and the young Marie, when eagerly asking the meaning of that melancholy retrospect of the past, could find no one who could enlighten her on the subject. It was not till some years after that she was permitted by her grandmother to read that record of past sorrows, which the baroness had once promised the youthful Ella should be one day hers.

It was a sad tale of blighted hopes, and fair bright young creatures laid in a premature grave; but at the close of this long tale of varied fortunes, we can only give the reader a slight narrative of its principal incidents. The baroness herself had been on the eve of marriage, with a noble and beloved suitor, who was murdered on the wedding morning, to her deep and lasting agony. From that time she devoted herself to the care of two little twin stepsisters, the children of a much loved and deceased stepmother; but here again sorrow awaited her. They both became attached to one young nobleman, who though at first attracted by the sweeter and lovelier of the two, was discouraged by her retiring timidity, and married the other. Nina died of a broken heart, and the young Bertha (Ella's mother) was too much carried away by the gaieties and admiration of fashionable life, and lost both health and happiness by her own folly. At her early death the infant Ella had been taken by her aunt, who, as has been seen, well and nobly fulfilled a mother's duty to another's child.

* * * * * * * *

The little party at Paris were discussing with equal pleasure and surprise this unexpected addition to their bridal guests, when Madame de Bleville entered with beaming looks and a letter in her hand.

"Joys like troubles seldom come alone," she said. "Here is a letter from poor Madeline; she and her husband have arrived at Marseilles after a fruitless journey to Australia in search of our lost treasure, and to-morrow they will be in Paris. What joy is in store for the poor faithful Batiste!"

D'Almaine sighed as he took the letter from his sister. "Nothing is now wanting," he said, "but the presence of one who will never bless us with her angel company again on earth."

"My brother," said Emile, tenderly, "she will be among us, her pure spirit will watch over the bridal vow of her darling child. Do not throw away your blessings in vain repinings for the only one denied you."

D'Almaine kissed his sister's still fair brow, and as he looked on his bright Marie standing in a distant window with her lover, the cloud passed from his brow and he was comforted.

THE END.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The *Lombardo*, of Milan, publishes the following curious letter, addressed to the Pope by an old woman, once a celebrated dancer:

"At the advanced age of 78 I humble myself in the dust, and bitterly deplore having occasioned many scandals by dancing in theatres during a period of five and twenty years, and having heaped up enjoyments and riches by the practice of that diabolical art. At this time, when the Roman Government is enduring such great anguish, I venture, unworthy sinner as I am, to come feebly to its aid with the trifling sum of 600 Austrian livres, which I offer as a contribution to St. Peter's penny, imploring at the same time his blessing and prayers for myself, my deceased father, my daughter Charlotte, and her son Eustagio and Elizabeth his wife, and all the children they may have, and finally for all my children and posterity, to the end that the good may triumph and the wicked perish. His Holiness's humiliated servant and sinner,

"GIUSEPPA TALANDRA,

"Ex-first dancer of the Ancient Cisalpine Republic."

A tourist on Mont Blanc this season slipped, fell on his back, and then over. He slid down 1,500 feet at an angle of 45 degrees by measurement, at a velocity of not less than 60 miles an hour, over frozen snow covered by little peas of ice-like hail, and being brought up at a crevasse by the collected snow in his clothes, this, owing to the arrangement of his dress at the time of the accident, his trowsers being down, no doubt saved him, by tying his legs together. Dr. Metcalfe was sent for to St. Gervais late that night and arrived there at six A. M. the following morning. He found Mr B., a young gentleman of 19, in a state of collapse, wrapped in cold wet sheets, which were at once removed, and restoratives given until reaction set in. Sensible; no alteration of the pupil; face looking like that of a man four or five days in the water, covered with blood, much swollen; skin off the right side of the nose and face; forehead abraded; hands burnt black on the backs, swollen, the fingers as if the ends were ground down on a coarse grindstone; nails all right; arms and elbows clear from wounds, but bruised from under the left arm to the ankle; the sides scratched in every direction, as if with a sharp currycomb, the right side not marked so high; the calf of each leg on the outside is fairly burnt black and dead, back of the calf unhurt; nates burnt off by the friction, and sides of the thighs the same, these parts being red or white.

The London *Press* remarks apropos of our war, that, "After all, much as we may deplore the war both for its causes and its incidents, as the parent race of the contending parties, we cannot but hope to see each of them behave with the courage characteristic of their origin; and it is certain that Anglo Saxons seldom have submitted to a peace dictated by an enemy successful only in his first encounter."

The following advertisement has appeared in one of the London newspapers: "A gentleman who is about to leave the house in which he resides, and being desirous to return it to the landlord in the same condition in which he found it, will pay a fair price for 500 full-grown rats, an acre of poisonous weeds and a cartload of rubbish. The weeds to be planted in the garden, the rubbish laid on the doorstep, and the rats suffered to run loose through the house."

BRIG.-GEN. STERLING PRICE,

Of Missouri, Commander of the Rebel Troops at Booneville and Springfield.

Sterling Price's first active service was when he accepted the Coloncloy of a regiment of Missouri cavalry volunteers in the Mexican War. He acquitted himself with such credit that he was made a Brigadier-General of volunteers in 1847. He was wounded on the 24th of January in the battle of Cañada, New Mexico, where he commanded. He also commanded at the battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales on the 16th of March, 1848. At the close of the war his regiment disbanded, and he consequently resigned his commission. His recent exploits are too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation. He associated himself with the rebel Governor Jackson, and behaved ingloriously at the battle of Booneville, flying from the field to his own home. He has since, in conjunction with ex-Governor Jackson, Raine and McCullough, raised a Secession army in Missouri, which we trust will soon be routed by General Fremont, and utterly dispersed. He was born in Virginia, and was a Representative in Congress, from 1845 to 1847, for Missouri.

BRIG.-GEN. WM. S. ROSENCRANZ

Commander of the Union Forces in Western Virginia.

This able and vigilant soldier, who has succeeded General McClellan in command of Western Virginia, spent his early youth in Ohio. Having a strong inclination for an active life, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, in 1838, and graduated in July, 1842, receiving an appointment as 2d Lieutenant of the Engineers. He was acting Assistant Professor of Engineering from September, 1843, to August, 1844, at West Point; and from August, 1844, to August, 1845, Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy; and of Engineering from that date to July, 1846, and again as Assistant Professor of Engineering, August 1847. He was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in March, 1853, but perceiving no chance for the active employment of his talent, he resigned his position the next year, and devoted himself to commercial pursuits. Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to the Government, by whom they were gladly received. He was immediately assigned to a prominent position under General McClellan in Western Virginia. Upon the recall of General McClellan to lead the armies of the Potomac, General Rosencranz assumed the chief command in Western Virginia. He is about 40 years of age.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STERLING PRICE, OF MISSOURI, ONE OF THE REBEL COMMANDERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. E. HOELKE, ST. LOUIS.

COMMANDER W. D. PORTER.

It has been the misfortune of several of our bravest and most loyal officers, during the present rebellion to fall under the suspicion of a leaning to Secession. General Harney, Lieutenant Smead and Commander Porter are instances of this injustice. All of those have triumphantly vindicated their loyalty to their country. The means taken by the enemy to drive Commander Porter into the fatal net of Secession were more than usually atrocious, since forgery was resorted to. He, however, boldly faced his anonymous accuser, and vindicated his claim to sustain the honor of the flag he has so long and so faithfully served.

W. D. Porter was born in Louisiana, and entered the service in 1823. He has been actively employed at sea about 15 years, and is now commander of the St. Marys, a sloop of 22 guns, and forming a part of the Pacific squadron. His commission of Commander is dated 14th of September, 1855. He is an energetic and skilful sailor, and universally respected.

PILOT KNOB AND ITS SURROUNDING SCENERY, IRON COUNTY, MISSOURI.

This remarkable mountain is said to consist almost entirely of metal—indeed, a mineralogist about 20 years ago writes there was no nearer approach to a concrete mass of "pure steel" than the hill which is now called Pilot Knob. Its height from the plain on which it stands is 647 feet, and from its summit a magnificent view can be obtained. To afford our readers some idea of its position, we give its distance from the principal cities. Pilot Knob is about 85 miles from Cairo, 93 miles from New Madrid, 75 from St. Louis, 110 miles from Jefferson City, 65 miles from Rolla, 50 miles from Cape Girardeau, and 18 miles from Fredericktown. Our beautiful view would be incomplete without our Artist's most interesting letter, which is dated from Ironton, August 26th:

Sitting on the porch of the neat County Hotel at Ironton, now the headquarters of Gen. Prentiss, the eye naturally rests upon the noble mountain on our left, which forms the attraction of the landscape, raising its rocky summit far above the surrounding hills. We cannot resist the temptation to withdraw our attention for a few hours from the unhappy war which brought us hither, and mount our horses to visit the far-famed mountain of iron. The extensive furnaces of the Pilot Knob Iron Company are still in full blast, reducing the large stock of ore on hand, but the mines are not worked, and the Company will cease operations in a few weeks, when the remaining stock of ore will have been converted into bars of pure iron. There is a railroad to the mine near the top of the Knob, but the cars are not running. We are, however, told that we might possibly ride up the railroad track. As the day is very warm, and the mountain rises at an angle of over 45 degrees, we conclude to make the attempt, naturally supposing that our horses, having larger lungs and more legs than ourselves, would accomplish the undertaking with greater ease than we. So we started; our fiery steeds not liking the iron rails and wooden rollers in their way, snorted and reared, while we were looking with considerable apprehension into the rocky gullies and hollows on both sides of the track, calculating the damage we might possibly sustain by suddenly striking the sharp edges of the iron rocks. Our nerves were disagreeably sensitive, and when we got up about 400 feet, and a nasty white rock scared our horses, who began to rear and start back, stumbling over a roller and getting uncomfortably close to the edge of the track, we dismounted with remarkable agility, and concluded that it was very hard for horses to go up there, so we would lead them awhile. On we went, leading our horses, but such a "getting up stairs!" A few hundred feet of climbing convinced us that "horseback" was the better conveyance, and as the animals seemed to have become very tame, we remounted, and soon landed at the principal mine. The mine looks simply like a vast one quarry, only that the rocks have the appearance of solid iron. This mine has been worked about 12 years, but seems to be only a very small hole in the immense mountain, and as the whole knob is iron the supply may be safely put down as inexhaustible. The Pilot Knob is owned by the Pilot Knob Iron Company, one of the wealthiest stock companies in the State, John S. McCune, President; Joseph S. Pease, Secretary; and H. B. Crane, Manager. The ore is what is called "specular ore," and yields 55 per cent. of pig iron in furnace, containing on analysis from 80 to 90 per cent. of iron. The company also owns a mine of ore two miles distant, in a hill called Shepherd's Mountain, which yields 65 per cent. in a blast furnace, and is highly magnetic. This mine is connected with the Pilot Knob furnaces by a horse railroad. There are two furnaces at the foot of Pilot Knob, producing 35 tons of pig iron per day. The mines and furnaces employ 400 men. The company keeps a large store, which sells about $125,000 worth of goods per year; besides this they farm 300 acres of land and employ 125 mules to do the hauling. But in a few days the furnaces will cease to burn, the store will be shut up, the mules are sold to the Government, and instead of hauling charcoal the big wagons are loaded with provisions and tents; the 400 men will have to leave their work and fight or beg. *O bella! horrida bella!*

But we have rested amidst these masses of iron, and the mountain still rising above us, yet we cannot think of returning until we have set our feet upon the topmost rock, so we tie our horses and follow a footpath winding up among masses of rock, until we reach the summit. The top of Pilot Knob consists in a huge mass of bare rocks, which are piled up in broken masses, and fitly finished off by a high pole securely fixed between the two upmost stones. Not a tree interrupts the view, and here we sit, 1,260 feet above St. Louis, and 650 above the valley at our feet. The valley of Ironton is covered with a thick growth of small oak trees and bushes, with the white houses of the town peeping out alongside the highway to Greenville, and occasional cleared fields and meadows. In the extreme distance on the right another little town, Arcadia, about two miles from Ironton, glitters in the sunlight, while the whole is surrounded by gently rolling hills, covered with foliage. We sit long and enjoy the cool breeze and charming view; but a long line of infantry and baggage wagons marches along the road away down at our feet, a faint sound of drum and fife reaches our ear, and we must descend.

The view from the summit of this remarkable mountain is very extensive and striking; at the foot is Ironton, a little beyond is Arcadia, while some twelve miles or thereabouts distant stands Iron Mount, a small ridge, almost as metallic as Pilot Knob; about 16 or 20 miles to the south-east is Fredericktown, where General Prentiss had his headquarters by the last accounts. Winding like a thread of light in the distance is the river St. Francis, which after flowing south finally empties into the Mississippi near Peyton.

PLANTING THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE TOPMOST PEAK OF PILOT KNOB.

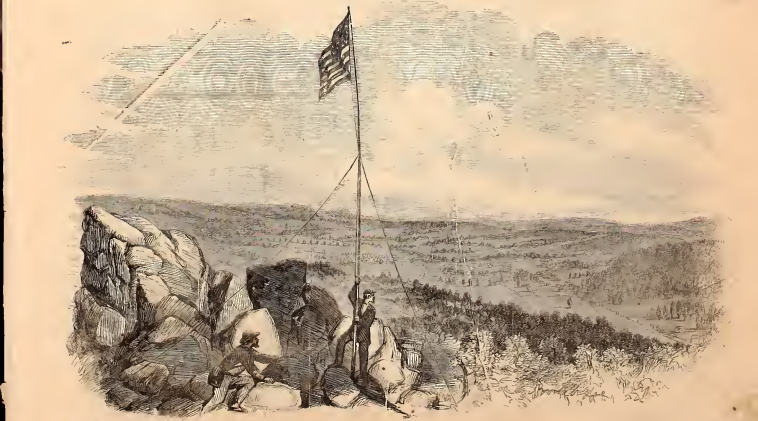
We publish to-day a very interesting sketch of the planting, for the first time doubtlessly, of the Stars and Stripes upon the summit of Pilot Knob, at which our Artist had the good fortune to assist. We can readily enter into the exhilaration of heart those gallant men must have felt as they saw the flag, for which they were perilling life and estate, expand to the breeze, and which they hailed as prophetic of the day when the wide expanse of Missouri, as far as their eye could reach, should not be deformed by the presence of a traitor! Our readers will perceive that the rugged grandeur of the bare rocks was not a little calculated to impress the minds of the actors present at this remarkable scene.

The venerable Dr. Spring and his bride are spending their honeymoon at the Union in Saratoga. The *Express* says, with characteristic simplicity, that the reverend doctor preached on Sunday with his usual vigor.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL [illegible] COMMANDING THE FEDERAL ARMY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY.

COMMANDER W. D. PORTER, OF THE U. S. NAVY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY.

VOLUNTEERS, BY THE UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE, IN THE ROTUNDA, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 262.



THE OFFICERS OF GEN. PRENTISS'S DIVISION PLANTING THE STARS AND STRIPES ON THE SUMMIT OF PILOT KNOB, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 268.

NOT YET.

By William Cullen Bryant.

Go country, unarmed of the earth!
Go realm to sudden greatness grown!
Not yet, not yet the hour is come
That shall forbid thee overthrown!
Shall traitors stir that proudest bow?
No, Land of Hope and Morning, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like recreant, stand aside,
While those who strike at Freedom's life
The deathblow at thy precious heart?
Forth pass the battle-cry, and lo!
Beside thee 'tis a gathering No!

And they who thundered, in our land,
The watchword that shall be its doom,
Hid deep in guilty, midnight councils,
In brave battle-ranged they stand and front,
They clanging arbors, from below,
Send up the hollow wrecking, No!

Rise then the gentle ties which long
Have held the sundered States in one,
And forged the kindly union so strong
For his high work to last—
Her mortal hand no act to throw?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our booming mouths, our iron ways,
Our wide-spread fields of waving corn,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his prey,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mexic-Gulf's surrendered Bay,
And look-Hispanic, mean, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deny to Liberty a day,
Earth's noblest kingdom shall rue not;
"Tread meanly, creature to be no!"
So once art thou, like us, brought low?
No, nothing great but shadows, No!

For now, behold, the sun that gave
His every-other day
Seeing, as old, it grand and new—
Thus angled with its sun-ship—
On clouds above and below:
Writes, in man's sight, the answer, No!—N. Y. Ledger.

ERLE GOWER.

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The day had long since dawned, the sun was high, and he hours streamed into the old apartment, but Erle Gower was not awake. Fatigue, both of mind and body, seemed willing to plead to Erle's eyes the voyages of those by whom his art surrounded.

At first—for an instant only—he imagined the scene upon which upon the previous night he had been a witness of his dream, but a repetition of Philip Arne's act of vengeance soon banished the thought as a reality of the past.

He gave a heavy glance around him, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped from the bed, and hastily dressed himself. Then he paused for a moment in astonishing amazement, and soon within them, stood fiercely at bay.

He seemed perplexed, and, for a time, at a loss to comprehend. It startled him unusually early in the morning, and he was in a cry of alarm, from which he could not escape from the room was unexpected. Not so Philip Arne, for, with a look that bespoke his triumph, he took up a position in the doorway of the adjoining apartment to see his intruder progress. The despatic and fiendish expression of his features betokened all in other him, and exercised some fear, but not one sufficient to calm him.

With a contemptuous look at Erle, Philip Arne surveyed them, but without speaking a word. He was resolved to allow his victim to suffer the pangs of suspense, and, by mockhumber, and how he had suffered himself to be thus entrapped. Philip Arne, however, was not to be baffled. With his usual coolness he began:

"Well, you Tom and glass, that is the mockery reverse who has been prowling about in the dead of the night trying the plate-chest and the valuables, and who, I suppose, has been in the habit of doing so for some time past. Erle, I, examine that one night longer, a thinking, pitied, common burning thief!"

Philip turned a frown, and gave upon him.

"Coward and dastard!" he cried, between his set teeth. "We have yet an account to settle so long and I will not be cheated of it now. Speak!"

"Sir, I have no account to settle with you; you understand, which I" meant by the word. I have no desire to be in your company, and, therefore, I am leaving you. I do not fear you, Philip Arne, and I will not be insulted."

Erle waved his hand in mournful concern, a sad curving on the demeanor, he

"Wherefore is this demonstration? Why am I thus surrounded in so disgraceful a manner? If there be any just cause for such a request, I will submit to the person alone to demand it, no other."

"You will submit to me, Erle Gower!"

"I will submit to justice if my cause be just, and this to a judge at once!" he replied. "We do not ask you a reason for being here, we know as a robber is your art!"

Erle let an answer be hard, and his eyebrows almost touched his cheekbones, but he disdained to utter a single word in reply. He resolved, however, when the time came, not to accept to exact reparation for it.

Philip Arne smiled with a look of triumph.

"Lord Edgremont shall answer for that," he said, wherefore I am now he needn't send to which I have a claim but second to his own."

Philip Arne looked bewildered.

To him alone will I explain the cause of my appearance here," continued Erle, unheeding his meaning, "and to no other."

If a claim to be beneath The roof?" cried Philip Arne, contemptuously. "Why, you must be mad, Erle Gower, or you think me so. My wife has a wish to be alone in these last days of her illness, and I will not have the anguish her kindness of the Lady Maud; her ladyship offers our country cousin, and she wishes to be alone with her affectionate friend and companion."

A slight hand couldn't appeared on the forehead of Erle, and he turned like a forbidden box towards Philip Arne, who, seeing to create his insolence, continued:

"I deem you I will bring that about myself."

Mr. Prince afterward continually to roughly color Erle, but the latter heeded him to the proper, and, in a few words, he gave an account of his adventure.

At the second interval impressively, the servants were aroused, but Philip Arne sparing no hard and cold reserve, and, as he had to be first with such a hasty and intentional evidence, that he, too, answered his laugh upon the floor, and, as he could not deliver to Erle Gower, he would not be a party to the duel. He would not be a party to the duel. He would not be a party to the duel. He

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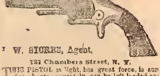

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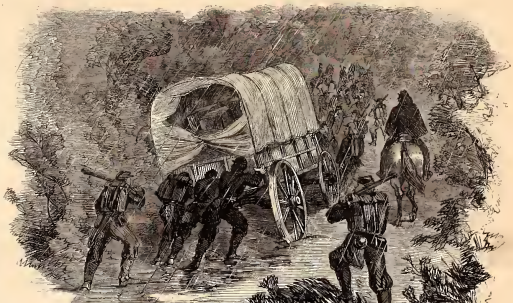

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they got from the primitive oven pictured in our pages. Of a different description is our last illustration of campaign life, the searching of the farmers' wagons before they are suffered to pass over the Long Bridge into Washington. This measure was highly necessary, for so cunning were the rebels that every means were adopted to give aid and information to the enemy. When we hear that women carried revolvers, gunpowder and percussion caps under their hoops, we can only regret that those instruments did not indicate the dignity of their calling, and "go off" indignantly at their degraded position. Only last week a wagon-maker in Baltimore was arrested charged with making wagons with false bottoms. One of them was captured, and a quantity of revolvers and a number of letters were discovered concealed. A few incidents like those we have pictured in our present number throw more light upon a soldier's life than all the biographies of Winfield Scott ever published.

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A LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS, from the River Nile, the most wonderful animal ever exhibited in America, has just been added to the Museum, where he may be seen with all the other Novelties and Curiosities, and superb Dramatic Performances, every day at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

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Southern Barbarism—Employment of Savages in War.

HUMANITY blushes at the enormities practised by the rebels in their conduct of the war which they have initiated against the nation. War, in its mildest form, is full of horrors; but the South seems inspired with a devilish ingenuity in enhancing its enormities. Firing into railway trains supposed to be carrying troops has been a favorite pastime with the skulking traitors of Missouri. A few days ago an ineffectual attempt was made to blow up a passing train, with all its freight of women and children, near Rolla (Mo.), and now we have the details of a still more diabolical outrage, which must cause a shudder of horror throughout Christendom—namely, the destruction, on the 3d inst., of a railroad bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, over Platt river, nine miles east of St. Joseph (Mo.), by which a whole passenger train, containing nearly one hundred inoffensive people—men, women and children—was precipitated into the river, and seventeen killed and others horribly mangled. It appears that the timber supports of the bridge had been nearly burned through, and the fire then extinguished, thus leaving no suspicious appearance about the structure, so that when the train entered the bridge at night the whole track gave way, resulting in the fearful consequences above stated. It was subsequently discovered that some other bridges on the route to St. Joseph were similarly disabled, and the track obstructed with logs, in order to prevent assistance being conveyed from the town to the wounded victims of this cowardly outrage.

In perfect keeping with these practices, so repulsive to every sentiment of humanity, is the attempt to employ the savages of the Western frontier, in arms against the Union and its adherents. Every schoolboy remembers the indignant protest of Lord Chatham, in the British Parliament, against the proposition to employ the Indians in the war of the Revolution against the Colonists. "Who," he asked, "is the man that has dared to authorize and associate with our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods, to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away they will be a stain on the national character."

Yet the expedient which Chatham so rebuked nearly a century ago has been openly resorted to by the rebels, in their insane and demoniac animosity against the supporters of the Constitution and the laws. The Memphis *Avalanche*, of the 20th of August, affirms that Albert G. Pike, as Commissioner from the rebel Government, has formed alliances with some of the more noted of the frontier tribes. "Even the wild Camanches," it adds, "heretofore untamable, are about to be brought under the protection and influence of the Confederate Government, and mustered into its service. It will be a grand sight to see a cavalry brigade of those wild and fierce horsemen of the desert, fighting the battles of the South! Our Indian army will strike terror into the craven hearts of our mercenary invaders!"

The Albert G. Pike here referred to, and who carried a commission from Jefferson Davis himself, has made a report to the rebel Government, in regard to the Creeks, in which he says:

"Notwithstanding a heavy outside influence, a treaty advantageous to both parties was made with the rulers of the Creek nation. Before entering upon the consideration of the treaty it was voted by a unanimous vote of the Council to go with the South, treaty or no treaty. The principal men have been true as steel to the South from the beginning of the negotiation, and the nation ratified their treaty by a unanimous vote in council, every town being represented. Their regiment will be ready in a few days, and probably a half dozen companies more."

The Helena (Arkansas) *Shield* of the 10th of August mentions that a large body of Indian warriors was at that date already in the field, destined for Missouri. It says:

"From the Hon. C. W. Adams, of this county, who arrived at home a few days since from the northern part of this State, we learn that on last Monday week thirteen hundred Indian warriors—Southern allies—crossed the Arkansas river, near Fort Smith, on the way for McCollough's camp. These Indians were armed with rifle, butcher knife and tomahawk, and had their faces painted one-half red and the other black. We also learn that a regiment of mounted Texans likewise crossed the Arkansas at or near Forth Smith for the same destination."

In the presence of such facts, who can wonder that Missouri journals, like the St. Louis *Republican*, significantly ask if this is the kind of "sympathy" by which it is proposed to woo that State into "the ambush of Secession?"

Finance, North and South.

JOHN BULL, who guages everything by a money standard, has not yet fully recovered from the delusion that he holds the purse-strings of creation. He believes fully, and rightly enough, that money constitutes the principal sinew of war, as it certainly does the great motive power in all the arts and advancements of peace. Accustomed to mould the policy of Europe by loans and stipends, at a time when nobody was thrifty but himself, he fails to recognise the great fact that steam and its concomitants have built up other commercial and monetary communities besides London, and that Paris and New York are the centres of great financial systems nearly as grand and self-sustaining as his own. When France entered into the Crimean war, albeit as his ally, Bull did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction that she would become his financial if not his military dependency. But the Emperor, more astute in this than in any other measure of his policy, escaped the anticipated thraldom, by an appeal to his people in the form of a popular loan, wherein the smaller bidder had the precedence of the larger one. The result was a thorough independence of the English Bourse. Bull did not quite comprehend the monetary *coup*, but thought it, on the whole, "rather clever." He has not yet discovered where the money came from.

Indulging still his traditions of monetary sovereignty, J. B. has "laid the unction to his soul" that the United States could never assert its nationality and put down domestic insurrection, except by the aid of the cash which he alone could furnish, and he has put on airs accordingly. Thinking that the Government of the United States must, from necessity, come with hat in hand, bowing obsequiously to his money-changers for the appropriations voted so promptly and lavishly by Congress, he has commenced to knit his brows and button his pockets in advance. "It is utterly impossible," says the London *Economist*, "for the United States to obtain in Europe anything like the extravagant sums they are asking for. Europe won't lend them!" And even *Punch* parades the monster of Repudiation, the beast which Jeff. Davis invented, as a terror to Englishmen who may be inclined to change English three per cents into American sevens. The *Times* "takes up the wondrous tale," and does all it can to prejudice the British markets, in advance, against the Yankee loan.

Meantime our quiet Secretary of the Treasury, with a calm reliance on the financial strength and patriotic spirit of the country, profiting by the experiment of Louis Napoleon, submits the wants of the Government to the American people; and lo! from a thousand crannies and hidden depositories springs forth the golden flood, even as water flowed from the rock under the stroke of the Hebrew lawgiver's wand! With a confidence and trust in the American Nation and its permanence which no exaggerated Bull Run reverse can shake, and no foreign carping and sinister prophesying can weaken, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE voluntarily offer to their Government all the money it requires. The golden current of California no longer flows into European channels. Every steamer from Liverpool brings its thousands and tens of thousands of golden sovereigns to glut our banker's vaults and clog the machinery of our mints. *The great fact stands declared and patent, America is financially independent of England and of Europe!* New York is, to-day, the creditor city of the world. London may button its pockets, if she thinks it to her interest, or she may invest her hard earnings in bonds countersigned by Davis, the incarnation of Repudiation, compared with which the promises to pay of Venezuela, worth twopence a ream, are substantial representatives of value!

In reference to the great popularity of the loan, we copy a paragraph, for the special edification of J. B., from a daily city contemporary:

"The excitement in the popular subscription to the National Loan is on the increase, and the Sub-Treasurer and his assistants, to-day (Sept. 4th), found it physically impossible to execute the labor incident to the numerous subscriptions tendered through this forenoon. Mr. Cisco has, therefore, applied to the Executive Committee of the Associated Banks for some means of relief in counting and receipting for the specie tendered at his office in payment of these subscriptions. The amount paid in to-day is over EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, in every variety of subscriptions from $50 to $100 000 each. Not the least gratifying circumstance connected with this movement is the high degree of patriotic feeling manifested by the subscribers to the Loan. They make it not only a matter of interest but of duty, in coming up to the assistance of the Government, and this duty is performed with increased alacrity from the confidence inspired by recent events in the Administration and success of the Army and Navy of the country."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 5th, describes the applications for the loan in that city as "a rush," and adds that the list of subscribers includes "members from all classes of society, mechanics, merchants and capitalists, and of all amounts from $50 to $5,000. Among the subscribers was one old Jack tar, who put down his hard earnings of $150, for the double purpose of patriotically aiding his Government and of securely saving something for a rainy day."

From Boston and Cincinnati in fact from every large city, and for that matter from every small one, we have corresponding reports—all proving that the money and the confidence exists for supporting the Government amply and cheerfully in all the expenditures necessary for restoring peace and reintegrating the Union.

On the other hand, the rebel Government is already bankrupt and discredited. It has resorted to the issue of paltry, irredeemable "shinplasters," which, however small in denomination, are still smaller in value. A correspondent of the Charleston (S.C.) *Courier*, of a late date, *naively* confesses to the financial troubles of that captious city. He says:

"The Legislature legalized the suspension of specie payments by the banks, and specie has since become so scarce and dear that the wants of the public called for and legalized the issue of small bills (bills of the denomination of five to fifty cents by the Bank of the State), which, as a *favor*, are doled out to the public, and printed on such miserable paper that many of them have already become worthless. The writer sent a twenty-cent bill, which was 'tattered and torn,' to the bank to-day to be redeemed, and the answer was that they had no *new* bills. Is specie at such a premium that the banks cannot afford to pay twenty cents for its shinplasters?"

The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* is hardly less lugubrious on the same subject. It moans as follows:

"Gold and silver are now selling in the Southern States at from 10 to 15 per cent. for current bank bills. A sound and uniform currency is as essential to the health and vigor of the Confederacy and the Government as healthy red blood is to the power and endurance of the body. *This thing of a depreciated currency is just now more to be feared than all of Lincoln's legions.* It is what ought not to be and cannot be submitted to by the Southern people. It is intolerable that the banks should be exempt by law from the obligation to redeem their currency in specie, and, at the same time, sell the very gold and silver with which it ought to be redeemed for 10 to 15 per cent. in exchange for their own bills. It is all the same whether they do this at their own counter directly, or indirectly through the agency of brokers. True to their soulless character and sordid instincts, the banks are ready for a few vile dollars to crush the Government and the people together."

New Orleans echoes the dismal cry through the columns of the *Delta*. Here are its *notes* of woe:

"Every bank, every town and village corporation, even the State itself, and private bankers, are deluging the State with wretched currency, in notes from five cents to one dollar. Gold and silver are eagerly bought at eight per cent. premium for these notes, and carefully hoarded away. Of course this currency never can and never will be redeemed, and when it begins to decline it will be bought up by those who have issued it at an enormous shave—all of which will fall upon the people and enure to the benefit of the corporation. And yet it was gravely proposed that our banks should agree to co-operate with banks which sanction and are engaged in this gigantic fraud, and receive and pay out shinplasters as they do their own notes."

North Carolina.

THE capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras is likely to prove of more consequence in its political than its military results. Late advices represent that thousands of the people of Eastern North Carolina are flocking to the captured fortress, and voluntarily subscribing to the oath of allegiance to the United States. White flags are displayed at every conspicuous point; the fort at Ocracoke Inlet, 40 miles to the south of Hatteras, has been abandoned; and every indication is to the effect that the Union sentiment is predominant and only required the dispersion of the rebels in arms to find expression. This, too, in the Eastern part of the State, where alone the Secession heresy has had strength; for the Western part of the State, like Western Virginia, and the whole region traversed by the Alleghanies, has never been otherwise than thoroughly loyal. It is said that, at the late Congressional election, Union candidates were chosen in every district, and that North Carolina will have a full representation in the next Congress. Colonel Foster, who ran openly in one of the Western districts and was elected, is already in Washington, and confirms the statement that a large majority of the people are sound Union men, who only require Government support to redeem the State from rebel rule.

It is well known that North Carolina was forced into Secession by the same fraudulent practices which succeeded in Virginia and Tennessee, but which failed in Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky. An attempt to call a State Convention, in the interest of Secession, was made on the 28th of February last, but was defeated by a majority of the popular vote. Taking advantage of the excitement created by the attack on Fort Sumter, and under the pressure of Virginia on one side and South Carolina on the other, by violence and fraud, another attempt was made to secure a Secession Convention early in May, which was successful, and on the 20th of that month, this body, in violation of the conviction of the Old North State, declared her out of the Union. But the heart of her people were never with the traitors at Montgomery and Richmond, and, as we have already said, she will leap back gladly to the bosom of her mother, whenever the military despotism that weighs her down shall be lifted by the Federal arm. This is abundantly proved by the experiment at Hatteras, which gives special significance to the language of the Raleigh *Register*, the organ of rebellion at the capital of the State. It says that "for the credit of the State" it forbears "to describe the effect produced in the House of Commons by the reading of the despatch announcing the capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark." In other words, the hitherto suppressed Union sentiment openly manifested itself, when it became known that the Federal Government had the will and the power to strike down treason in its strongholds, and no longer intended to content itself with fulminating proclamations from the Capitol.

Sleeping on his Post.

OUR latest advices from Washington convey the gratifying intelligence that Private William Scott, of Vermont, convicted by Court Martial of sleeping on his post, and sentenced to be shot, has had his sentence commuted by the President. We are glad to hear it, not because we disapprove of the strictest and severest military discipline while the army is in face of an enemy, but because we think big delinquents should be punished before little ones. There is no propriety in shooting Private Scott,

while General Patterson is left to go at large. *He* slept at his post at Charlestown, in the Shenandoah Valley, and allowed Johnston, whom he was deputed to watch, to escape to Manassas, and turn the tide of battle against the Union forces at Bull Run, whereby the cause of the Union was disgraced, and the Capitol of the Nation imperilled. Six hours after General Scott, in Washington, was informed of the departure of Johnston from Winchester, and when his force was half-way to Manassas, General Patterson telegraphed to headquarters for reinforcements, on the plea that "the enemy had been reinforced, and was moving on him with 42,200 men!"

If ever there was a case of flagrant, unpardonable, criminal "sleeping on his post," it was that of Patterson at Charlestown; and so long as he escapes the penalty imposed on the offence by military law, we expect to see no privates shot for simple drowsiness.

Mr. Nelson, of East Tennessee, has at last gone over to the enemy. It is to be wished there had been more of the ancient Roman in him, but while we regret his defection we must not forget that circumstances have evidently prevented the Federal Government from extending to the loyal Tennesseeans that aid and succor which they had for three months so earnestly demanded, and which has saved Western Virginia to the Union. In his address to the Tennesseeans Mr. Nelson speaks with considerable bitterness of the apathy shown by the authorities in Washington:

"While I did not promise allegiance or active support to the Southern Confederacy, and will not advise you to assume any obligations contrary to your convictions of duty, I feel perfectly free to say that the failure of the Government of the United States for four long months to sustain us in our position, its apparent inability to do so, since the battle of Manassas, within any reasonable time, the deliberate action of our State in the August election, the assurances of public men that no test oath or drafting measures will be adopted or required, the mutual hatred which has grown up between the antagonistic sections of the Union, and the recent confiscation laws which have been either adopted or proposed on both sides, as well as other causes, have painfully impressed my own mind with the belief that, unless some wonderful and improbable change is effected, our beloved Union is gone for ever, and it is our policy and duty to submit to a result which, however we may deplore it, seems to be inevitable."

The War Loan in Canada.—The Canadians are investing so largely in the National loan as to cause considerable uneasiness for the solvency of the savings banks of Montreal and Quebec, which have been compelled to raise money at a great disadvantage, in order to pay depositors desirous of changing their investments.

The Hatteras Prisoners.—The prisoners captured at Fort Hatteras have been transferred from the Minnesota to Castle William and Bedloe's Island, where, although closely guarded, they are humanely cared for. Their rations are the same as those of the regular United States soldiers. Commodore Barron is at Bedloe's Island, at which he is allowed the liberty, under special guard, and resides in a small house intended for officers. Fort Schuyler will probably be filled up for any more prisoners that may be forwarded here.

The Vote of Approval.—The third section of the act of Congress, providing for "the increase of the pay of privates in the regular army and of the volunteers in the service of the United States and other purposes," approves the acts and measures of President Lincoln, consequent on the attack on Fort Sumter. It is as follows:

"Sec. 3 *And be it further enacted*, That all the acts, proclamations and orders of the President of the United States, after the 4th of March, 1861, respecting the army and navy of the United States and calling out or relating to the militia or volunteers from the States, are hereby approved, and in all respects made legal and valid, to the same intent and with the same effect as if they had been issued and done under the previous express authority and direction of the Congress of the United States."

Southern Tribute to General McDowell.—The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*, reviewing General McDowell's report of the battle of Bull Run, pays that officer the following tribute:

"McDowell makes no display in his report, but it is a plain detail of his movements, and it shows that he arranged and fought the battle as well as any of Lincoln's Generals, with their troops, could have done, not excepting General Scott. He managed it admirably in every respect, and was very nearly successful."

The New York *Courrier des Etats Unis* contains a letter from the Editor-in-chief, who resigns his place now that he can no longer oppose the war and counsel treason through its columns. He says that since the *Journal of Commerce*, the *News* and the *Day Book* have deserted the cause, it is needless for a paper printed in a different language to oppose the popular sentiment, and he abandons the American people to their own fate. We think they will survive the blow.

The Privateer Jeff Davis.—This vessel which for two months has been so annoying to Northern commerce, was wrecked on the 16th of August, in endeavoring to cross the bar of San Augustine, Florida, to which port she belonged. She is a total loss, with her guns and ill-gotten spoils. It is believed that the wreck will prove a complete obstruction to the harbor, and become an efficient aid to the blockading fleet. It is a disgrace to the navy that she was not captured long ago.

An Empire Transferred.—As the Southern rebellion is unequalled for its wickedness, its punishment will be equally signal. Retribution already prepares to strike. Its fancied strength and chief temptation, cotton, has ruined it. It is impossible to observe the action of England without being convinced that she is about to call a rival to fill the throne hitherto occupied by that imperious despot, American Cotton. The South reckoned that cotton would terrify England into a recognition of a Slave Power, and a consequent war with the United States. She will find herself mistaken—instead of being considered the indispensable, she has become the superseded. Her madness has given her hitherto neglected rivals the opportunity they wanted. China, Algeria, Central America, and India have already received the encouragement which will virtually abolish slave labor in the Southern States. The sceptre has departed from Judah! and we may be sure much to England's satisfaction, for it has gone sadly against her pride to be so dependent upon one nation for her great staple. Henceforth her own colonies will chiefly supply her mills. Looked at in this light, the present rebellion assumes the appearance of a great step in human progress, accessary for the full development of American industry, freedom, and genius—as well as the perfect triumph of our Republican institutions.

Terror is always cruel. The Southern editors, judged by this standard, are in an agony of mortal fright. It is evident from the following extract from a violent article in the Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail*, that the Southern Confederacy are about embroiling themselves with foreign powers. The idea of compelling foreigners to fight their battles shows the extreme brutality to which rebellion has reduced them.

"We admonish these aliens, spies and villains, whether native or foreign born, not to lay the flattering unction to their souls that the outside platter of loathsome smiles and hypocrisy under which they think they conceal the treason and villainy which rankle in their black hearts, deceive us. We tell them that their cloaks are as gossamer webs—their treachery is exposed to the gaze of a public becoming more and more indignant every hour. We tell them that we cannot answer for the consequences which their meanness and enormous villainy may soon bring upon their detestable carcases. We advise them to make haste to take themselves, bag and baggage, to their own place, lest, like Judas, their journey be expedited.

"It makes our blood boil with rage to see men—men whom we know rejoice at the death and wounds of our kindred and our friends, received on the bloody field of battle. The very sight of these hypocritical traitors and spies makes us nervous. We pass them, and we could slay them as we would a mad dog. Still the compassion of our forbearing nature induces us to warn them of the storm of indignation and wrath which is gathering in portentous blackness, and which may burst in a sudden in terrible fury upon them. We put a small value upon our own life in this scale—we put much less upon the lives of hypocritical, perfidious and detestable spies and traitors."

Their worst enemy could not have written anything worse of them and their cause than this.

History of the War.—Frank Leslie is publishing an excellent Pictorial History of the War, which will commend itself to those who wish to preserve a reliable and faithful record of the present contest. It is well illustrated, and ably edited by E. G. Squier, the faithful and well-known historian. No one can do this work better than he, and we are glad that so able and impartial a pen has assumed the task. Issued semi-monthly, at twenty-five cents a part.—*Lorain Co. News, Oberlin, Ohio.*

New York State Democratic Convention.—The New York State Democratic Convention, which assembled at Syracuse on the 4th, adjourned on the 5th, after making the following nominations:

David R. Floyd Jones, Secretary of State.
George F. Comstock, Judge of Court of Appeals.
George F. Scott, Comptroller.
Lyman Tremaine, Attorney-General.
Francis C. Bronck, Treasurer.
Jarvis B. Lord, Canal Commissioner.
W. W. Wright, Canal Commissioner.
Wm. C. Rhodes, State Prison Inspector.

First among the resolutions adopted by the Convention is the subjoined:

Resolved, That in this crisis the watchword which should pass through the Democratic ranks calling them together and consolidating them in one erect and determined mass in defence of our imperilled country, is the sentiment of Andrew Jackson, that "the Union must and shall be preserved."

The Income Tax.—The Income Tax, authorized by Congress, goes into effect on the 1st of January, 1862, and is payable on incomes received during the present year. The 49th section of the law is as follows:

"The tax herein provided shall be assessed upon the annual income of the persons hereinafter named for the year preceding the time for assessing said tax, to wit, the year next preceding the 1st of January, 1862."

All persons, therefore, who, during the current year, are in receipt of incomes exceeding $800 a year, must pay their tax at the rate of three per cent. on the whole amount in excess of that sum. It is provided, however, that, in estimating incomes, all national, state or local taxes assessed upon property from which an income is derived shall be first deducted.

Increase in Railway and Canal Traffic.—The receipts of the New York Central Railway for the 11 months terminating Sept. 1st were $518,040 in excess of those of the corresponding months of last year. The increase on the Erie road is $508,428. The amount of grain passing through the Erie Canal since May 1st is 9,219,418 bushels in excess of the amount for the same period last year.

New York Subscriptions to the Loan.—The following figures show the daily subscriptions to the Great National Loan in New York city, for the week ending Sept. 7:

By Individuals.	*Last week.*	*Previous week.*
Monday	$340,000	$128,000
Tuesday	307,000	147,000
Wednesday	818,000	171,000
Thursday	575,000	200,000
Friday	347,000	174,000
Saturday	402,000	300,000
Total Individuals	$2,780,000	$1,220,000
Paid in by Banks	5,600,000	3,500,000
Total for the week	$8,380,000	$4,720,000
Total for the fortnight		$13,100,000
Previously—By Banks	$3,500,000	
Individuals	566,000	
		4,066,000
Total paid up to date		$17,175,000
Balance of first Bank guarantee		17,825,000
Total allotted to New York to 15th October		$35,000,000

Specie in New York City.—The stock of specie in New York, as returned by the Banks and Sub-Treasury, shews but slight variation from $54,000,000 in the last three or four weeks, viz.:

Specie.	*In Bank.*	*Sub-Treasury.*	*Total.*
August 17	$49,753,000	$4,380,000	$54,133,000
August 24	47,119,000	6,937,000	54,056,000
August 31	45,048,000	8,651,000	53,949,000
Sept. 7	42,000,000	13,094,000	55,094,000

Vanity Fair ridicules the Southern Commissioners in Europe in rollicking rhyme, and in view of their failure, past, present and future, concludes:

"So let her Yanceys once more brave the floods,
Her Dudley Manns pack up their Manly Duds,
And hasten home again!"

Vanity Fair also recommends that, as it has been proposed to get up a testimonial for Beauregard in England, one should be started here for Nena Sahib, the persecuted Sepoy patriot of India!

Divided Counsels.—A Fredericksburg correspondent of the New Orleans *Delta* complains of "divided counsels" in the rebel Government. While one portion is in favor of "a short, sharp and decisive war policy," there is another portion "who think that a delay of a few weeks will produce a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of this controversy without further bloodshed; that the intervention of the European Powers, the uprising of a peace party at the North, will effect this result; that the Northern people, now languid and discontented in regard to this war, might be aroused to gigantic efforts by a movement which, though not aggressive, in fact, they would so represent to their people, and perhaps excite a war frenzy surpassing that which followed the downfall of Fort Sumter."

The profundity of British ignorance of American affairs is fathomless. The last number of the London *Dispatch*, in an article on the war, bitterly hostile to the North, portrays our sufferings in strong language. Trade, it says, is in such a desperate condition that "New York paper can be cashed in Chicago only at a discount of 60 per cent." The national securities, it represents, are "29 per cent. below par," and the "Government reduced to the issue of dollar notes." We hardly need add that the *Dispatch* is in favor of Secession.

Here and There.—The Minister of War in France is a Marshal of the Empire, and the Minister of Marine is an Admiral of experience. The Secretary of War of the United States is a small politician, and a rather successful operator in railway jobs and wildcat banks; and the Secretary of the Navy is a still smaller politician, who was once a very poor editor in Hartford, and subsequently the holder of a $1,800 clerkship in the Navy Department, under Mr. Bancroft! The result, in the two countries, is precisely what might be anticipated—intelligence and efficiency in the one case, and ignorance and inefficiency in the other.

Union Victory at Lexington, Missouri.—Lexington, Lafayette county, Missouri, was the theatre, on the 29th August, of a brilliant action between the rebels, numbering 4,000 men, and a body of Home Guards and United States troops, amounting to about 430 men. The attack was made by the rebels early in the day, but after a short conflict the enemy was repulsed, with the loss of 60 men. There were only a few wounded on the side of the Union. The Union forces since then had been reinforced by an Illinois regiment, under the command of Colonel Marshall, and a portion of a regiment of Home Guards, under Colonel McClung, numbering in all about 1,200 men. This would make the Union forces nearly 1,700 men. There were also two regiments marching to join them from Jefferson city. When near Georgetown, the Illinois regiment was fired at by a person from a window, with a double-barrelled shot gun, and one man killed and another wounded. The person firing was captured, and proved to be Colonel Magoffin, the leader of the Secessionists in Pettis county. He is now a prisoner.

Dirty Hands.—The purveyors of the press are sometimes very funny. We have ourselves been very reluctantly compelled to allude to the "dirty hands" of some of the Cabinet, but now the Maine *Republican* publishes the confession of the Vice-President that his own hands are dirty, and not fit to be shaken by a neighbor. We quote the exact words:

"Since his recent return from the Capitol, one of his neighbors called upon Vice President Hamlin, at his farm at Hampden, Maine, and the Vice-President come up to him out of the cellar, and excused himself from shaking hands, remarking at the same time that his hands were dirty, for he had been picking over his potatoes."

Happy Republic! when in such times as these the wife of the President employs her leisure in shopping, and the Vice-President whiles away his leisure in "picking over his taters!"

It has been our painful duty to call attention on several occasions to the lax administration of the War Department. The *Herald*, of the 8th September, however, makes so serious a charge against Mr. Cameron that, if true, that eminent member of the Cabinet ought at once to be dismissed. The *Herald* says, alluding to the strife between the Governor of Pennsylvania and Mr. Cameron:

"The bitterness between these two chiefs has been so great, that the most important business letters concerning movements of troops reaching the War Department, known to emanate from Governor Curtin, and addressed to Simon Cameron, have not been opened."

If we should get rid of our War Minister without another Bull Run we shall be fortunate.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

A pamphlet, containing all the information necessary in reference to subscriptions to the national loan, is being prepared, and will soon be published under the auspices of the Treasury Department.

The following sums were in the different depositories and branch mints of the United States in the seceded States at the time these States rebelled, and were stolen from the Government:

New Orleans	$576,404
Richmond	14,097
Norfolk	11,795
Wilmington, N. C.	6,088
Savannah	4,874
Mobile	18,2 5
Nashville	4,880
Galveston	2,881
Norfolk	1,413
Little Rock, Ark	53,692
Tallahassee, Fla.	678
Charlotte, N. C. (branch mint)	32,000
Dahlonega, Ga. (branch mint)	27,050
Total	$718,998

The steamer Northern Light, just in from the Isthmus, brought 30,000 stand of arms from California, a portion of the 50,000 stand sent to that State by Floyd.

The receipts of flour and grain by the railroads leading into Chicago from the West, during the six days ending August 26th, were as follows:

Flour	31 800	barrels.
Wheat	765,803	bushels.
Corn	1,290 272	"
Oats	95 953	"
Rye	9,161	"
Barley	2,050	"

Reducing the flour to wheat, the entire receipts of grain during the week amount to 2,323,089 bushels. Compared with former years, this is the largest amount of grain ever received in any one week in the history of the grain trade in Chicago.

On the 2d inst. a train of cars, one mile and a quarter and thirty rods in length, passed through Rochester over the Central Railroad for the West. It was drawn by five locomotives.

The following order has been issued by Lieutenant-General Scott:

Headquarters of the Army,
Washington, August 3.

The General-in-Chief is happy to announce that the Treasury Department, to meet the payments to the troops, is about to supply besides coin, as heretofore, Treasury notes, in $5, $10 and $20. They are as good as gold at all banks and Government offices throughout the United States, and most convenient for transmission by mail from officers and men to their families at home. Good husbands, fathers, sons and brothers serving under the Stars and Stripes will thus soon have the ready and safe means of relieving an immense amount of suffering, which could not be reached with coin. In making up such packages every officer may be relied upon, no doubt, for such assistance as may be needed by his men.

By command of Lieutenant-General Scott,
E. D. TOWNSEND, Adjutant-General.

A large meeting was recently held at Newport, Kentucky, which was addressed by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee. The following is the eighth resolution adopted by the meeting:

"We are for peace—every good Union man deprecating war; and we demand that this war shall cease at the earliest possible moment; that is to say, so soon as it can be obtained with American honor, so soon as all rebels lay down their arms and treason is properly punished, and our old flag floats over every foot of our soil. The last dodge of the Secessionists in this city for 'peace' is a trap too transparent to catch even the weak and simple."

At a regular meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, held Sept. 5th, the following, among other resolutions, was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this Chamber pledges to Government its unfaltering support in a vigorous prosecution of the war until every rebel has laid down his arms, and every State has returned to its allegiance. The contest, it believes, admits of no other termination, since any other basis of peace would dishonor the nation and prove to the world that our cherished form of popular government is a failure."

The issue of the demand Treasury notes, $5's and $10's, is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. About $250,000 per day is thrown out now, and the first of next week $500,000 per day will be issued. Ten clerks are employed in signing and countersigning them. For the signature of the whole issue of $50,000,000 of demand notes, the labor of one man for seven years would be required.

On the morning of the 6th of September, Gen. Grant, commanding at Cairo, with two regiments of infantry, one company of light artillery, and two gunboats, took possession of Paducah, Ky. He found Secession flags flying in various parts of the city, in expectation of greeting the arrival of the Southern army, which numbered about 4,000 men, and which was about 16 miles distant. The citizens, however, quickly tore down the flags upon the arrival of our troops. General Grant took possession of the telegraph office, railroad depot and the marine hospital, and at once issued the following proclamation:

"I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen. Not to maltreat or annoy you, but to respect and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of and planted its guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your Government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority of the Government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

N. S. GRANT,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

Latest Intelligence.

The Gubernatorial election in Maine was held on the 9th. Returns from 71 towns give Washburn (Rep.), 20,343; Jameson (Dem.), 8,161; Dana, (White feather), 5,205. The Legislature, as previously, is largely Republican.

Major-General McClellan has issued the following order in the case of Private Scott:

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac,
Washington, Sept. 8, 1861.

Private Wm. Scott, of Company K, of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, having been found guilty by Court Martial of sleeping on his post while a sentinel on picket-guard, has been sentenced to be shot, and the sentence has been approved and ordered to be executed. The commanding officers of the brigade, the regiment and the company of the condemned, together with many other officers and privates of his regiment, have earnestly appealed to the Major-General Commanding to spare the life of the offender, and the President of the United States has expressed a wish that as this is the first condemnation to death in this army for this crime mercy may be extended to the criminal. This fact, viewed in connection with the inexperience of the condemned as a soldier, his previous good conduct and general good character, and the urgent entreaties made in his behalf, have determined the Major-General Commanding to grant the pardon so earnestly prayed for. This act of clemency must not be understood as affording a precedent for any future case. The duty of a sentinel is of such a nature that its neglect by sleeping upon or deserting his post may endanger the safety of a command or even of the whole army, and all nations affix to the offence the penalty of death.

Private William Scott, of Company K, of the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, will be released from confinement and returned to duty.

By command of MAJOR-GEN. McCLELLAN.

Railroad Catastrophe.—On Monday a fiendish outrage was committed on the Baltimore Railroad train, by which several cars containing some of the Ira Harris cavalry regiment were thrown from the track, near Cockeysville, on the North Central. The engineer, a Baltimore man, and strongly suspected of being a rebel, upon seeing the fatal result of his recklessness detached his locomotive, and, leaving the train behind, hurried on to Baltimore, where he was arrested. The soldiers fired upon him as he escaped with his engine. His name is Frederick Gumback. We trust the Government will execute summary justice upon this ruffian and the Assistant Superintendent, Samuel D. Young. We regret to add that six of our gallant troops were killed and fifteen wounded. Both Young and Gumback have been arrested.

We have the gratifying intelligence from Washington that the Government intends soon to put afloat two more expeditions for the Southern coast. Their exact destination is, of course, not known, but it is surmised that South Carolina and Georgia will be the next recipients of Federal attention.

It is reported that ten regiments have been sent from Virginia to North Carolina to reassure the rebels, and resist the anticipated advances of the Federal troops.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXII.

Lord Kingswood, when he had turned the key upon Erle Gower, requested Philip Avon and those who surrounded him to keep the confinement of the former as a prisoner a secret for the present.

There was one person, however, who had watched with much though concealed indignation the whole proceedings, except the process of locking the prisoner in his cell, and listening to Lord Kingswood's injunctions to the servants to maintain secrecy. That person was Lady Maud's own maid.

She withdrew herself from the scene before the final turning of the key in the lock by Lord Kingswood, and made her way direct to Lady Maud's apartments, in one of which she knew she should be sure to find her.

Common-sense and a still tongue mostly keep company, and if the girl had her full share of curiosity, and perhaps a little more than her share of superstitious fears, she still possessed a certain amount of discrimination, which, exercised in every-day matters, but especially in her own private affairs, did duty for a very decent kind of worldly wisdom.

"I wish he would, my lady; for, as sure as my name is Susan Harebell, he wouldn't allow that horse to be shot," exclaimed the girl, emphatically.

Certainly not," exclaimed Lady Maud, with a heated flush upon her face. "Both my cousin Cyril and Lord Kingswood would be exceedingly angry if so cruel and brutal an act were committed. Mr. Philip Avon had neither the right to issue such an order, nor the power to have it executed, if he did arrogate the right to give it."

"Mr. Philip Avon, when he came here this morning, my lady," returned the girl, artfully working round to her point, "stormed at the grooms because his order has not yet been obeyed."

"Is Mr Philip Avon at the Hall now?" inquired Lady Maud, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Oh dear, yes my lady," replied Harebell; "indeed, he has quite upset the whole household."

Lady Maud looked at her with an expression of alarm, but did not speak.

"Your ladyship does not perhaps, know that Mr. Philip Avon came here last night just after midnight with some officers, and said that burglars were in the old library."

"In—in—in the old library?" ejaculated Lady Maud, turning white.

"Yes, my lady—but, oh dear me, perhaps I ought not to tell your ladyship anything about it, as your ladyship is in delicate health," exclaimed the girl, cunningly interrupting herself.

"Everything, my dear Harebell!" cried Lady Maud, quickly; "everything, do not omit a single occurrence you may be acquainted with."

"Well, my lady, I do not know much, but what little I do I shall be happy to communicate to your ladyship," she answered. "You must know, then, that just before we were going to retire for the night, and while we were talking over how Lady Kingswood ordered Mr. Pharisee to be horsewhipped through

deeper and more settled became her aversion to Philip Avon, and how fixed her determination to d
rather than to become his!

Lady Maud was indeed greatly disturbed by what she heard—not so much upon her own accou
as upon Erle's. She had formed a pretty just estimate of Philip Avon's vindictive nature, and she w
fully prepared to learn that he had made to Lord Kingswood all the most malicious representatio
respecting Erle which a wicked invention could construct. She had received from him abunda
proofs that he knew by surmise of the love existing between herself and Erle, and she did not dou
but that he would make the basest use of that knowledge, unprepared as he was to substantiate it
proof. She had a presentiment that he had before Lord Kingswood preferred a charge against E
of having surreptitiously endeavored to gain her affections.

It was her wish therefore to help Erle to escape if she could. She knew not how it was to be do
but if it were to be done, and she the instrument to effect it, what happiness it would be to her!

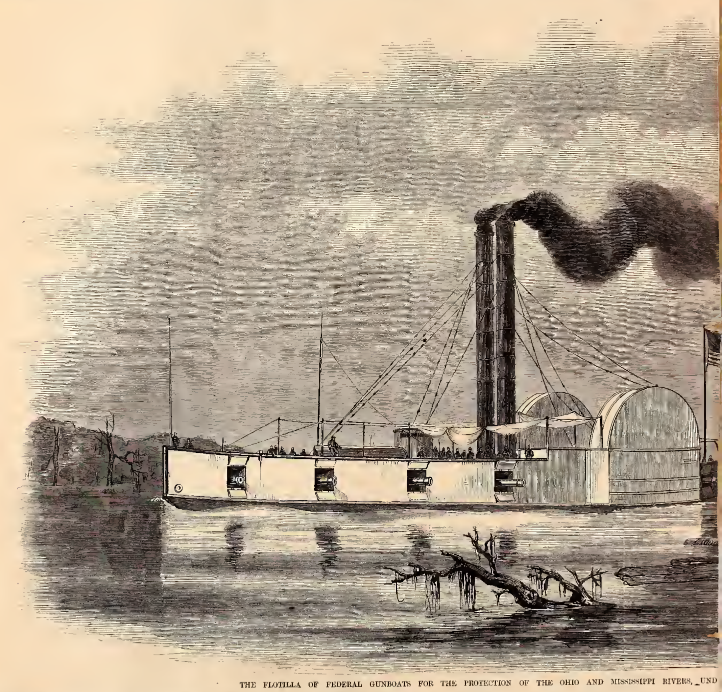
Her thoughts, at first wild, vague, wandering, unconnected, took eventually this shape, and wh
they had done so, the consideration how the escape was to be effected followed also.

It was necessary that she should see him and arrange the means for his flight. It did not, howev
occur to her that he was locked within the chamber in the eastern wing, and that Lord Kingsw
had got the key, nor did it suggest itself that the door of his prison was watched, likewise as was
window, which overlooked the Chace without. She only got at a portion of these disturbing facts
making her maid Harebell repeat the latter portion of her story. Then she comprehended indeed t
Lord Kingswood was himself Erle's jailor, and that one of the servants was appointed warden with
his chamber.

It was at this very moment, when both were silent and deep in perplexing thought, that a messe
arrived from Lord Kingswood, requesting Lady Maud to attend him in his library.

Lady Maud grew pale and then flushed. She rose up and sank down in her seat again. She ha
painful apprehension of his reasons for holding an interview with her, and she dreaded her want
power to sustain it.

"Do not be alarmed, my lady. Remember, you know nothing about Mr. Erle's presence h
until I acquainted you with it. And if I should be wanted to speak to it I'll say something I warr



THE FLOTILLA OF FEDERAL GUNBOATS FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS, UND

This discrimination enabled her to see the propriety of employing tact when bringing the incarceration of Erle to Lady Maud's notice. If it is true that a woman, without appearing to inform herself about them, will quickly become mistress of the habits of a beloved object, it is especially true that a servant, if attached, will, with seeming unconsciousness, soon conquer the secrets of her mistress, and in doing this, acquire a very shrewd conception of her inner nature. This young girl, having almost intuitively fathomed Lady Maud's secret, as instinctively knew that she must confine the discovery to her own breast, or at least not even broach the subject to Lady Maud; but at the same time she, with the art—in some instances bewitching—of her sex, knew how and when to speak of Erle in a manner pleasing to her young mistress, without giving her an inkling that she had realised the truth of the relation subsisting between them.

On the present occasion she, on seeing Lady Maud standing at the window of her sitting-room, gazing wistfully at the landscape beyond, her wishes carrying her beyond its limit, companioned by the only one who had, she believed, the power to make her happy in this world, took not the slightest notice of her, but appeared to busy herself by performing some of her duties in the room. She, however, furtively watched every motion of her young lady's, until she heard her heave a deep sigh and saw her remove from her station at the window and sink into a lounging-chair.

Then she coughed twice or thrice to draw Lady Maud's attention, and at last, finding that the latter raised her thoughtful eyes from the floor, and turned them upon her inquiringly, she said,

"Does your ladyship, if you please, know whether it is likely that Mr Cyril will shortly come down to the Hall?"

"I do not know. I don't think it is likely that Mr. Cyril will return to the Hall again for some time."

the park. Well, my lady, as I was saying," she continued, "Mr. Philip Avon came at the time I mentioned, and had some private talk with the butler, and then, after midnight, he came again with two officers, and then they and some of the men-servants hurried to the old library and searched it all over, and when they had done hunting, Mr. Philip Avon and the officers watched all night in the Chace, and then, when the sun was up, they came again to the Hall, and Mr. Philip said he was sure there was somebody concealed in the old part of the Hall, and the old library and old picture gallery were searched, but nobody was found; then the old chambers were thought of, and they hurried to them, and oh, my lady, what do you think—but lor', your ladyship can never guess what happened. When they went to ransack the old rooms, and they had got into the dreary, haunted old bed-room, they found asleep, in a slumber as gentle and peaceful as that of a tired child on a summer's afternoon, Erle Gower."

Lady Maud, striving her utmost, could not repress a groan. It burst agonised in tone from her lips, and she turned from the girl to conceal her emotion.

"It was Mr. Philip Avon who first saw him," continued the girl; "and when Mr. Erle, handsomer than ever, leaped off the bed and made his way into the next room, where he stood at bay, then Mr. Philip Avon taunted him cruelly. Such a scene followed! They all set on him, and he [illegible] only one by himself, and dragged him down the staircase to take him away to prison on the pretence that he was a thief, when—thank Heaven! my lady, Lord Kingswood arrived and saved him."

The tears stood thickly in the girl's eyes, as, clapping her hands together, she made the last observation.

Lady Maud trembled violently. She once or twice essayed to speak, but found the effort too much for her. She could only clasp her hands together and await the conclusion to this unwelcome and unfortunate event. How much

Mr. Avon won't quite like; and besides, my lady, by-and-bye I will——never mind, wait till yo
me again, my lady. I shall know then something more than I have told you."

Lady Maud rose up and took her way to the library.

As she entered, Lord Kingswood rose up from his seat, advanced with a stern, haughty mien tow
her, touched her hand coldly, and conducted her to a seat.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, in a tone that almost made her start, "my coming is some
abrupt, but my engagements are so many and so various that I cannot direct my movements a
I am obliged to snatch opportunities when they present themselves; hence I come thus w
apprising you beforehand. Lady Kingswood is somewhat peculiar on these points, and as I w
have an interview with her, I must enlist you in my cause, engage you to plead my excuses t
ladyship, and to use your persuasive eloquence to prevail upon her to see me at her earliest po
convenience."

This preliminary was something so different to what Lady Maud had led herself to expect, tha
could not help gazing up at him in surprise. He observed the expression upon her features
misinterpreted it.

"Lady Kingswood is here, beneath this roof—Kingswood Hall—Lady Maud?" he exclaimed, sha

"Certainly, my lord," she answered quickly.

"Her ladyship has not quitted it, I presume, since her arrival?" he added.

"Not even to wander in the ornamental grounds, my lord," she returned, quickly.

"Her ladyship has recovered her health?" he continued, drawing a deep breath after Lady
remark.

"Her ladyship is still in extremely delicate health," rejoined Lady Maud, shaking her head
"and much depressed in spirits," she added.

"I will soon restore her ladyship to a happier and livelier state of mind!" exclaimed his lord
with a forced laugh. "You, too, Maud, shall recover your old smiles shortly, and Cyril will be
amongst us, more sprightly than ever."

She looked up at him and said, with a boldness which surprised herself,

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"I have no friends."

"Absurd, that remark; but never mind. Your uncle has sent me to look after your welfare."

"Monsieur Charles!" I exclaimed, before I could conquer the impulse.

He took no notice of the interpolation, but continued, talking and eating his figs.

"Your uncle instructs me to tell you that he regrets there should have been a misunderstanding between you. He regrets his hasty language, and desires to know if you will return home?"

"No!" I roared, emphatically.

The monosyllable was a confession of my identity with the young gentleman he had been instructed to seek for. He looked at me with a sly, quiet smile, and shook his head doubtfully.

"Aha! my young friend, I have penetrated through your sheep's clothing, have I?" he muttered, munching his fig and winking diabolically. "You have established your own identity, and have saved me a good deal of trouble. Shake hands."

He rose up, smiling, and held out his fat jewelled fingers. Scarcely knowing what I did, I held out my hand, touching him. With a sudden movement he seized me by the wrist, and turning back the shirt sleeve, revealed a slight scar near the elbow, the result of some accident in childhood. I fell back angry and trembling; he gave a low chuckle and released me.

"Those were my directions," he observed, in insolent apology; "and you must pardon me if I have caused you any annoyance. Good morning."

I stared at him in amazement. He lounged out of the shop with a nod, and left me in a state of mind bordering on feeble idiocy.

CHAPTER XIV.—MY HEART IS TOUCHED.

The first idea that suggested itself to my mind was flight. But whither? I had no funds, and stood ten chances to one of starving in the great world, if I set foot in it alone. Should I make a confidant of Badger, senior? No; for by so doing I should enlighten him as to a state of affairs of which I had been told to keep him entirely ignorant. It was too late to communicate with my London friends. Fortune, fickle woman, was against me, and had decreed that I should be perpetually hunted down and driven into corners by my terrible Golden Skeleton. Oh, that I had been born poor, poor as Lazarus himself, that the face of my lot might be irradiated at least by a peaceful hope of heaven!

The fact was, I was, this time, absolutely alarmed. The scenes I had witnessed, and the dark hints I had heard in London, convinced me that to return to Monsieur Charles would be to put my life in imminent peril. It was clear monsieur's object was to get rid of me as quietly as possible. He was a villain, I knew, and my property (whatever that was) lay in his hands.

HOUSE OF DETENTION FOR FEMALE REBELS, CORNER OF K AND SIXTEENTH STREETS, WASHINGTON. SEE PAGE 282.

There was a beautifully-wooded esplanade in Tortonquay, and a small Rotten Row, up and down which the upper ten-and-twenty were accustomed to ride and walk in the evening. I scarcely know what led me to the spot; but that evening, when I could leave the shop without neglecting business, I strolled to the esplanade, and began cogitating beneath the trees.

I had been there rather less than half an hour, when my attention was attracted to a lady and a gentleman, who were seated on a bench some distance off.

The lady was young and fair-haired—a gentle and beautiful blonde of about eighteen. Her eyes were deep, pensive blue; her lips were as red as the rosebud, and as meek; her fair hair was braided about her forehead in plaited curls. She was elegantly dressed in light satin, and wore on her head the prettiest and most elegant of Parisian bonnets. The face, somehow, seemed familiar to me; but I could not at the moment make out when and where I had seen it before. Her companion, who was attired in the height of fashion, who looked worn and languid, and who was blushing wickedly, was Monsieur Charles!

The sentiment of beauty awakened by the image of that young girl deadened the unpleasant impression caused by the sight of Monsieur Charles. My heart fluttered and my face flushed; I felt a sensation intenser than, yet in some measure akin to, that produced by the sight of pretty housemaids. Who was she? What was she? Where had I seen her before? These were the questions which buzzed like bees through my bewildered brain. Fortune, not I, was to answer them; and in the meantime my heart was touched, and my brain was puzzled.

She was really very pretty. She had a quiet, pensive cast of countenance, and would have been very pale but for a blushing trick, which she shared with monsieur my uncle. There was something holy and healing in her look. She seemed made to smooth the pillow of the sick and succor the helpless. Now, I was annoyed to find that a disposition seemingly so sweet was contradicted by a style of dress which, to say the least of it, was not prudish. But more of that hereafter.

They were talking earnestly together, when the eyes of monsieur met mine. I shuddered and trembled. He did not appear to recognize me, but continued talking to his companion, gesticulating, as he did so, with the nervous energy peculiar to some people. Some invisible power chained me to my seat, and riveted my eyes on the young girl's face. It was a face that haunted me; it seemed like something buried in a far off life. I was not in love with the maiden; I was in love with her connection with my past life.

After the lapse of a few minutes, another figure appeared at the far end of the esplanade, and I recognized the offensive Jewish person who had visited me in my shop. He sauntered past, casting a quiet glance at me, and was soon in earnest conversation with Monsieur Charles. I did not wait to see more. I rose to my feet, and walked swiftly home, to the domicile of the vulgar but good-hearted Badger. I went to bed directly, conscious that it was quite impossible to avoid the men I feared. I brought myself to this stolid condition of mind by reflecting on the charms of the young lady I had seen in the morning. Come what might, I was determined to ascertain who she was, and to unriddle the mystery of her connection with Monsieur Charles. I resigned myself to my fate accordingly.

Early the next morning, just after the shop was opened, my Jewish friend lounged into the shop, placed in my hands a little note, and then lounged out again. The note, which was pink and scented, and was addressed to "Henry Brown, Esq."—the note ran thus:

"My dear Nephew—Why avoid your good fortune? Why put your friends to the inconvenience of forcing your good fortune upon you? Your conduct, to say the least of it, has been in very bad taste. My love for your dear mamma, however, prevents me from judging you too harshly. Return to us, and all will be forgiven. At all events, grant me an interview. I shall be able, in the course of a few moments, to prove how greatly you have been mistaken in your affectionate uncle,

"Leonard Charles."

I turned this epistle over and over, undecided how to estimate its language. Was monsieur so consummate an artist in human nature as to be aware that the face of his companion had enchanted me, and that the pink scented note-paper would, by suggesting the female mind, recall her delicate beauty as an incentive to a visit? The address followed; it was that of a house situated in one of the most fashionable parts of Tortonquay. I floundered in a quagmire of indecision.

At last I found myself in a frame of mind necessitating immediate action of some sort, and I was soon prepared to face an ordeal towards which my destinies seemed to draw me, willy nilly.

At six that evening, then, dressed in my cleanest shirt and my best clothes, I knocked at the door of the house where monsieur was said to reside. It was a large house, with "Griffin" on the door-plate. On asking for Mr. Leonard Charles, I was informed by a trim serving-maid that he had apartments up-stairs. Up-stairs, therefore, I was escorted. I was ushered into a finely furnished drawing-room, which was empty when I entered. Shortly afterwards monsieur entered.

He beamed with kindness and good-nature, and shook my hand heartily. No gentleman could have evinced a manner more kindly and polite. I was pleased, but felt certain that he had some sinister end in view.

"I am glad that you have relented, for your own sake," he said, with a good-humored smile; "but a little tussling in the world does no harm, but teaches us the better to appreciate the blessings we possess. Your conduct, in the first instance, was beyond censure, but I hope that you now intend to be wise. Shake hands again, and say that you have conceived a better opinion of me."

He spoke so kindly, and with such genial goodness, that I felt ashamed of my face, which must have fully expressed my fear for and doubt of him. I blushed and stammered.

"Come, my dear Henry, have some confidence in me; it pains my heart to see you so reserved and diffident. Tell me, my boy, have I ever proved myself an enemy, or even a cool friend?"

I thought of my mamma's death, and of mamma's resurrection. I thought of the churchyard grave, and of the figure that grovelled on that grave. I thought of the conversations with Mrs. Martha Timbs, and of Augustus's little story. And I shuddered in spite of myself. I thought of the fair young face I had seen in the morning, and then I determined to waive my scruples, and to brave all.

"I have been foolish," I muttered, apologetically.

He blushed into a satirical smile.

"That is no answer to my question. But here, my dear boy, set yourself at rest. I hope that, for the future, we shall be the best of friends. Be assured, you shall never have cause to find fault with me for want of affection."

"I am sorry, very sorry," I murmured, "to be a burden upon you."

"Henry, your mamma was my sister," he cried, "and I loved her with all my heart and soul. Can I avoid feeling a deep and tender interest in the fortunes of her son? Can I help grieving when I see that son wavering in the paths of error? Believe me, no. Besides, I am your legal guardian, and have property of yours in my hands. You are a minor; you are under age. It is not only my duty to use your property to your best advantage, but it is also my duty to see that you are prepared, by early associations, to appreciate and enjoy it."

"It is so; and I thank you very much for your kindness."

This was wilful deception. I was as far then from believing in monsieur as ever I was.

INCIDENT IN THE MARCH OF GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, DURING A STORM, IN WESTERN MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 278.

"And I, for my part, promise to act kindly and honorably by you, till a day comes when you will be your own master. Permit me to introduce a person whom I hope you will consider your dear friend. Mr. Henry, my daughter. Elizabeth, my dear, Mr. Henry, of whom you have so often heard."

My inamorata had entered the room noiselessly, and had advanced to shake hands before I was aware of her presence. She was dressed in a fine afternoon dress, and looked positively lovely. We shook hands. The tips of her soft fingers tingled in mine, and I felt overpowered with a tide of admiration and pleasure.

"I am delighted to meet so near and dear a relation," she said, shaking hands.

"Cousins need not stand upon ceremony," observed monsieur; "and I hope you will regard each other as old friends. I have a little business to transact, and must leave you together for a time. Adieu for the nonce, my dear nephew. Your return has filled me with spirit; I feel quite young again."

So he left the room. It might have been prejudice, but it seemed to me that the young lady breathed freelier, as if ridden of an oppressive load, when he had gone.

To be candid, the situation in which I found myself was one of pleasure, slightly seasoned with nervous uneasiness. I had never been in the company of a pretty woman before, and hardly knew how to converse with such a person. She seemed listless, and did not encourage me. I commenced by observing profoundly that the weather was very warm—an observation which I shortly afterwards contradicted, by saying that the weather was very chilly. Strange to say, my companion agreed in both observations. I then asked her how she liked Tortonquay; and she said it was very slow.

Her face grew more and more familiar as the evening grew darker, as the windows blackened, and it filled me with a strange sadness. Where and when, I asked myself, had I seen it before? The consciousness of its intimate connection with my past life grew absolutely painful, and I was more than once on the point of putting questions to her. At last I did so.

"You are older than I am," I said, timidly, "and must have a longer memory. Can you remember if we have met before?"

"I think that we have," she re-

plied, thoughtfully. "It was long ago, when you were a very little boy, and I was a little girl."

"I thought so."

I spoke eagerly, for the words had supplied a defective link in my reminiscences.

"We were both very young," she continued; "and it was very, very long ago."

"It was. They said that I was a very little boy, and that you were going to be married to me. Your name," I added, "was Sister Anne Bradshaw."

They called me by that name long ago. Your own, I remember, was Brandon Ferguson."

She spoke quite tediously and coldly, as though the recollection were of little or no importance. But her words had the effect of withdrawal me, changing the whole course of my destiny.

Here was a beautiful woman, who had been my playmate and me beautiful by the time that of the Little Girl's Portrait. It loved me as he lavished upon her his warmest love. It was between her and a woman without cause. Sister Elizabeth had the face of an angel; but the temptation and the devil had entered into her heart, and destroyed her.

They told me," I said, after I had recovered from my surprise, "they told me that you were dead."

She uttered a few words hesitatingly, and shook her head in quiet dismal.

"I, also, were dead and buried. Strange to say, I have never been quite able to account for the report of my own death. Perhaps I was dead, and that what you were, or that we were relatives."

I never met with what you were, or that we were relatives."

"We are relatives," she replied, "and I am glad that you are shocked at my own innocent of this."

Shocking! Sister Anne, who had blasted the name of blinding me to the truth. He did not mention the relationship, but impressed me with the statement that you were much nearer than long ago, when I was a child."

"Such hypocrisy must be hypocrisy," she remarked. "I am now simply Elizabeth Charles, your cousin. Remembered, cousin Elizabeth, there is no mystery. Now let us talk of something else."

"Let us talk, then, of my uncle's place as regards myself."

A cruel, grinding fear of life for, alas, and a sense of shame impulsively.

"It cannot be," she cried: "it cannot be! Such a thing, whatever they may be, are hidden from both of us. Besides, why trouble ourselves about the past? Let us be brother and sister now and."

"Nevertheless, I am anxious to look into the matter of my property when I am led to understand that I am the rightful owner of more than forty-nine years of age."

I am not the rightful owner of property to become wife."

It was so arranged, I believe, that I should dwell with my father until I was twenty-one."

"Indeed! I was not aware, but certain misunderstandings appear to be amongst the agreement altogether."

"That is a matter," she observed, smiling, "you took a dislike to my father, and ran away from him."

"Exactly! I remember. I got out of the explanation so easily. "I was foolish and ran away."

"And that is quite forgotten," added my uncle, suddenly re-entering the room. "There is no reason that the arrangement should not be carried out. Mr. Ferguson, I am happy to say, will be delighted to hear your cousin promise to remain with us, until to, and by my wife as until your own home is ready for you to part company with us."

"Delighted, indeed," she answered, half surprised; "yes, of course, I shall be delighted."

"Then, Henry, Harry," said my uncle, shaking his forefinger at me, with a smile.

"I cannot."

"How?"

I have formed other ties, and have made friendships which render our connection impossible."

This, to me, was the end. It was honest and outspoken. Elizabeth took an appealing, sorrowful glance at my uncle, and then at me. I was not to be overcoming, and he had a great struggle before he could keep his countenance. "Which reminds me."

"Which what?" he muttered fiercely. "Pickpockets! cutthroats! and murderers! I have known such characters all my life, and I was one joy of them."

A new light, as it reflected, I think, from Elizabeth's face, broke in upon me. Could I have been deceived in Mrs. Yorke and Augustus? They were, at least, the only friends who had ever taken a tool of me. Now I thought of it, their behavior and never best of a character to deserve confidence. Mrs. Yorke's manner and demeanor have been rude and libellous once! It was genuine.

He saw the struggle that was going on in my mind, and in that tongue accordingly: carefully attending the image of his handsome daughter at every of the conversation I said.

"I have regretted, deeply regretted," he said, "your conduct of Ilkag for such conduct. But we must not be too severe on every one of decency, honesty or truth; men who are so are so vile as both to be unworthy of our notice. Women who are so are vile as to take a cruel delight in tattering the hearts of others."

"Nay, nay, but hear me, dear uncle," I said, "I am not bad, but not so bad as you paint them to be."

"Not bad! Why, you are being best herself, has taken a fancy to you, and you have repaid her kindness by running away from her home all her acquaintances. Treat her, and you would suffer and regret it."

"I made no answer—answer of any kind was out of the question—to such a reproachful conclusion.

"To think that you should have preferred the company of those disreputable to the kindness of a fond and elegant parent, to the society of blackguards to the society of gentlemen! the patience exercised by the world, of a world, to the contempt of which you do yourself and my dear child."

Monsieur objected, though I could swear there were no tears in them. I felt it necessary to step in with a salve, in the shape of my acknowledgment.

"I have been very foolish," I stammered. "I confessed as much yesterday."

"And I volunteer to be responsible for the future conduct," added. "For the future we will make no misunderstandings to arise. I am sure that my cousin has made up his mind to remain with us, the new domestic arrangements will be in accordance with us, in it not so, cousin Harry?"

There was a pause, during in her tone which caused my heart to beat and my face to flush.

"It is so," I said, resigning myself to her leading influence.

CHAPTER XV.—A STRANGE MEETING.

In spite of coincidence, in spite of experience, in spite of my own fear, I resigned myself to Fortune, and determined to be guided by the hand of events. Fortune was a good guide, now and then, and revealed the glittering phantom; and when I found the glittering phantom was not there left the matter to Fortune, and resigned myself to her.

However, my second day with Lantern, somehow or other, with Lantern, Monsieur, Badger, and I was made my own master. It was not a master I was to be, however, in the sense of being the head of the house and household. The short time I had spent in the Badger household had made me a perfect pupil of the art, and it was not in the face of Elizabeth when I had me to relinquish pursuits so even and happy.

But in the society of a refined woman like Elizabeth my charm which it was easy to impossible for me to be a rough and ready fellow. I felt a new life in her presence—a life full of pleasures asking and promising. I had also a new sensation—a sensation I had found it in her and beauty. That beauty seemed strangely akin to something I had known long ago, and which I had lost, and which I found it in her.

Had I fallen in love, as the vulgar term it? I fancy not. There was only in my feeling; and the sentiment was a sentiment which I had never felt before. The resonance of my life had been dull and gloomy, and my heart was pressing for more brilliant resonance. Love is a sentiment, and I was too young to be capable of love. It might, however, have arisen from that first dawning consciousness of which people prepares the fascination for love, and harmonizes the of one heart with those to which it was intimately mingled.

Enough to say, I was delighted to find one relation who (as far as I knew) at least possessed not the vices of my immediate relations. My pleasures at the discovery reconciled me to remorse, my uncle.

My uncle's household consisted at that time of himself, Elizabeth, Elizabeth's maid, and myself. Monsieur, as I have said, was a recluse but practically separated himself from his Parisian business, for the time being; and was living the life of a well-to-do gentleman. Monsieur's entry after I would not have been a bad one for a country squire, and returned in my fond cousin's house of Cavendish Square. I was, we must observe, received and dined in the room, seen when I left it, and was now surrounded by a beautiful garden and shrubbery.

Elizabeth presided over the domestic economy department—of course, with the exception of the privy purse, the undersubmit of the servants and the virceal mistress of the dining-room. Besides a cook, a maid-of-all-work, Elizabeth, and a boy who cleaned the knives. These were the domestics. We lived quietly and rather luxuriously, and were, within a month we went into London, and spent the season in a house in Cavendish Square. Our days were pleasantly interrupted, with success, to make me comfortable. I was not to hang out my shingle as a Veterinary Surgeon; that was much more luxurious, and felt much more attached with my profession.

Notwithstanding all this, I was so far conscious of the prudence of my conduct of past events, that I resolved to write to the post office some in whom I had promised to trust. Come what might, it was well to be in a position to communicate and Mr. Thorn. Mr. Thorn was a gentleman, having fulfilled the following little epistle. I one day furtively put into the post:

"DEAR HARRY.—Before this reaches you, you will have heard that I have returned to my uncle's, and that I am safe, and would not hear of my leaving him. I think you must have been mistaken in Mr. Augustus. He is not a bad fellow, and is very kind to me. You will have to Mr. Augustus, I remain, yours sincerely, HENRY BROWN. P.S.—Elizabeth sends her love to you. Adieu."

The evening after I had posted the above, I sat with my uncle and Elizabeth in the drawing-room.

"Harry," said my uncle, I said, innocently, "what has become of Mr. Timbs?"

My uncle lifted up his eyes and looked at me keenly, before replying.

"I presume that you are not over interested in your old personal."

"Not, indeed," I said, "but I remember he and I have had a little intercourse together. He has been doing business for me in Fife, and I have not had an opportunity of meeting him. I've no member him for."

"Certainly not."

"Yet it is a long time since you and he met last."

"An unpleasantness, I suppose," said Elizabeth, "a difference," broke in Elizabeth. "Papa, how can you have dealings with such low persons?"

"In business, my dear, one cannot be over particular. Timbs, although shabby, is honest. He has been very trustworthy, and I feel myself bound to serve him when an opportunity offers. But how does he come to be mentioned? Has he been writing to you, Harry?"

"On the contrary, I gathered that Augustus had seen the jolly man, and that the latter had thought town before undertaking any more business for me. Augustus, on the interview, described in an early chapter of this history, had prepared a story for me, and I was obliged to tell it. Timbs, however, had a strong hold on the jolly man.

"Then you had posted my letter I received this line in response:

"DEAR MASTER HENRY.—Stay where you are, but do not trust your protector. Beware, also, of the beautiful daughter you speak of. Yours, in haste, JOHN TIMBS. P.S.—Don't trust Mr. Augustus. MASTER TIMBS."

The epistle convinced me that I had acted wisely in listening to the overtures of my uncle; and, after its receipt, I felt much more free to open my mind to Elizabeth. I was in a very considerable state of that monsieur had some sinister end in view; but it was so evident that he was fond of his daughter, and that she was long. But no reasons threw me into an anxious perplexities—Beware also of the beautiful daughter you speak of. Yours, in haste, JOHN TIMBS. Words could Mr. Timbs mean by that sentence? Could Elizabeth be in any danger? Was there any mystery in her household?

Why impossible! Because (I argued) Elizabeth was innocent and beautiful, she could not be in danger. Her father loved her. Those were stale cogitancies, and left me as anxious as ever.

"Elizabeth," I said, "you have been my friend ever since before I understood that Elizabeth liked me and encouraged me; before I knew that I loved Elizabeth in my own heart, and showed me in another. We grew quite familiar, the brother and sister. We were not ashamed to confess our faults. For some reasons or other, or for no reason, both treated me as a child. I have become man; and it is because both treated me as a child, that I at length began to fancy I loved my cousin Elizabeth. Now, I am a man, and I feel that I love her as a man, and I am ashamed to confess that I love her."

Elizabeth's face became crimson, and she lifted up his glass, and pleased me. He had done so once before, on a similar occasion, when I had told him that I loved Elizabeth.

"Harry," he said, smiling, "this is your birthday."

"Yes, uncle," I answered, and I felt that I had my hand in the affirmative.

"Harry, my dear nephew, you are eighteen years old. May I put a question to you?"

"Most cheerfully."

"A year ago we drank your health, at a time when you were not in the best of health. You were then a child. Do you not think that you erred in trusting us so entirely?"

I hesitated for a moment before answering. He smiled encouragingly.

"I am satisfied," I replied, "that you have treated me most kindly and considerately."

"Are you sure, my dear uncle, I hope, with the turn that affairs have taken?"

"I am more than satisfied."

"Bravely said! Here, then, is this wine, I pledge you increased health and happiness—and you, Elizabeth, who has not taken to the world, may the lightning strike me if I don't make you a fortune!"

Elizabeth laughed, and took the glass to fragments on the floor.

"Papa, I beg of you," said Elizabeth, "with you happiness and all your property."

We were quite a little family party. We stood on no ceremony. We were a united family, and we enjoyed the holy union with the pudding. I acknowledged the toasts gratefully, half ashamed that I had ever doubted my uncle's love. I had been quite nothing of the world, and my troubles had come too early to make me very sharp-sighted.

Some little time after this—why or in what manner the feeling arose I know not—I became conscious that Elizabeth's manner to me. It indeed was setting her cap at me, and that monsieur, my uncle, was aware of it, and that he did not consider it unbecoming. This consciousness was, to say the least of it, attended with consequences which were not unpleasant. I was conscious that I was the object of almost monsieur, and rather quiet my day-to-day belief in the world, and in the goodness of human nature.

My uncle was abrupt-spirited, and quick-tempered; but he was also kind-hearted and generous. Elizabeth entirely changed it: she was cold enough at times, and was sometimes cheating me. Mr. Timbs, in his last letter, called Elizabeth the same. She was also beautiful. Those were the days of Pre-Raphaelitism, and Elizabeth was the real answer, wherever effect it right here and on a face of the Pre-Raphaelite school—pale, sometimes. Palpitation of the heart caused. Now that the reverses seemed proved, I felt that I was in love with Elizabeth, and that I was loved in return. I was not to fretless which, in some respect at least, resembled true love. I was not to be overcome with the feeling instead of intoxicating love, rather encouraged it. Elizabeth was so helpless, and yet so self-possessed; so gentle, and yet so human; and her presence impressed me with a delicious feeling of domestic repose. She was, if anything, a little too tame and passive; but I was a slow boy, and did not desiderate either eloquence, or what old Aubrey calls "a handsome face rules and governs." Elizabeth, indeed, it was her perfect repose that captivated my heart. She had been hunted and driven, shown-cast, abused by the world, and longed for some cool, quiet oasis to rest on.

The influence of my uncle, also, I perceive it had become impressive. I found myself unconsciously taking up his judgment on matters of every day life. He was a man of powerful character, while a powerful character, while a powerful character, while a

my own mind, that it existed. Monsieur never played useless cards; of that I was sure. His cards were either always hearts or well-placed knaves, and, with these, he seldom failed to win the game. But, in the present instance, I troubled myself little about his plans, and had sufficient food for reflection in the knowledge that I, a boy of eighteen, had popped the question to a beautiful woman, and been forthwith accepted.

Yes, strange as the words sounded to my ears, I was an accepted suitor, or, rather, an accepted husband in embryo, who was called upon to sue no longer. My cousin loved me! She would marry me! To think that, by the time I attained my majority, I might be the father of a family! I pictured, in my mind's eye, the announcement in the newspapers: "On Sunday, the ——, at such and such a church, Mr. Henry Vanhomrigh Brown, of Caverford, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Leonard Charles, Esq., late of Paris." I even went so far as to wonder whether I should look so very young when dressed for the ceremonial.

One day, not long after I had made my proposal, and been accepted, I thought I would stroll past the village close by to the village farther away, in which latter stood the cottage wherein I had sojourned with Augustus. A year had passed since I had left that strange circle in Little Leopard street. I had grown a good deal since then; I was a tallish, slight youth, with light blue eyes and fair, curling hair; and, as I dressed well, must have looked quite the gentleman.

So I sauntered along the country road, in a musing mood. It was spring time. Buds were blooming, birds were singing and the sun was shining brightly. I passed into the churchyard for a moment, and stood above the grave of the woman who, on her deathbed, had said she was not my mamma.

"SACRED

"TO THE MEMORY OF ——."

As I stood there, the whole occurrences of that autumn night came back to me. I was in the land of the dead, and I seemed in the land of ghosts. I trod on the green graves, some new-made ones, and they seemed to my tread like the cold clay of corpses. O this iterated mystery of Life and Death! The sun rises, and the world slowly brightens to the zenith; and in an hour the shades are falling on the earth, and on our hearts, and the sunset, like the seal of God, is burning over the grave of day, with a forlorn *Hic jacet!*

I left the little churchyard with a bitter, not a softened heart; for, remembering the mystery of that grave and its occupant, and remembering what mine own eyes had seen above it, I rebuked myself for trusting in my uncle. But the feeling subsided, as it had done again and again before; for often, during the past year, I had strolled in my rambles to the churchyard, where my heart each time underwent the same change.

When I reached the further village, I rambled to the cottage where Augustus had lived. Glancing up at one of the upper windows, I met two wild eyes, which were looking at me fixedly through the pane, and I recognized the never-to-be-forgotten face of the man called Ornamel.

Surprised to find the man still living in that locality, so near to the abode of Monsieur Charles, whom Augustus seemed to have reasons for avoiding, I walked to the cottage door and knocked. The door was soon afterward opened by Augustus himself, who looked older by ten years than when I had seen him last. He was in mourning for some one. The black that he wore, and the weepers, were rusty and dingy, and he seemed a fit person to preside at the funeral where the pauper's bones were rattled over the stones so dismally. His cheeks were pale and sunken, and his eye was lowering and suspicious. He looked at me keenly for a moment, but did not appear to recognize me.

"Mr. Augustus?" I said, half doubtful of him, but holding out a gloved hand.

He glanced at me again, more keenly than before, and then the recognition came.

"Mr. Henry!"

"Yes."

"Come in," he said, shaking my hand quietly, as I entered the house.

He exhibited neither surprise nor pleasure at seeing me. He seemed to receive my visit in a prepared way, as a visit long expected. He led the way into the kitchen, which was empty and fireless.

"I didn't seek you, or send for you," he observed, with a gloomy smile. "I knew well enough that your fate would lead to us again in good time, and I waited. You have come, and I'm glad to see you; but it would have mattered little had you stayed away. In the end, we should have met; so I waited."

"I scarcely expected to find you in this place. I was led to understand that you had an object in keeping out of my uncle's way. Yet I find you still living in the neighborhood."

"Come this way," he said, not answering.

He grasped my arm and led me into a little unfurnished front parlor, the window of which opened, pointing to the road.

"You see the road; it passes our door. It is the highway, and winds down from the North. What think you? That highway is our reason for staying here."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, really surprised.

"Morning and evening, day and night, we have our eyes upon the road there, one or both of us, watching. For Ornamel, whom you have seen, is still with me."

I mentioned the fact that, on entering, I had seen his face at the window.

"Of course you did," cried Augustus. "And why? Because I have said to Ornamel, whose mind grows clearer daily, that sooner or later one he knows will pass along here, from the North. Because I have bidden him watch for her and pray for her, and hail her for me when she passes by. Well, you see, this serves two purposes. It not only serves the main purpose of keeping a sharp look-out, it supplies a new interest to the man's mind, and takes him from thoughts which drove him mad in the first instance."

"But you must sleep!" I put this in delicately, as a suggestion.

"Of course. What I meant to say was (but I spoke in figures) that, in this spot we, ourselves unseen, are in the best position to pounce upon an object for which we have been waiting long years. Knowing, as we do, that the person we seek is helpless and bound, and in prison, as it were, but that the moment she frees herself, she will take this road from the North and pass on. Knowing, as we do, that the hue and cry will be after her, and that we shall be prepared to watch for her long before she reaches here. Knowing, as we do, that the enemy has no power to harm us, and does not even dream of the existence of one of us."

I was afraid to ask what, or who, the object or person might be, for which, or for whom, they were seeking so eagerly; but he saw my embarrassment, and, eyeing me keenly, said,

"We are seeking for a mad woman."

"Mad?"

"They say so. And those who cannot help her, seeing her break her bonds twice, and twice be driven by irresistible instinct into the lion's den, might hold her mad. Mad or sane, it matters little. We want her."

There was something sad and awful, not in Augustus's words, but in his manner. He was sad, like one pressed down with a great grief; he was fierce at the same time, like a lion preparing for a spring. He was not the Augustus of my childhood. He had grown less commonplace, and more dangerous.

"Actors talk of piling up the agony; and we are preparing to do it with a vengeance. Ghosts shall arise to aid us. Living and dead will be with us. Then blood will be shed."

He spoke not passionately, but calmly and maliciously; and I followed him back into the kitchen.

"You wear mourning," I remarked, seeing he did not allude to the subject.

It was passion, anger, not grief, that he expressed on his dark face, as he answered,

"Yes; I wear mourning. Do you know for whom?"

"No, indeed."

"One for whom my heart had been in mourning many bitter years. One for whom I would have died gladly, if I could have saved her a tear. Mrs. Timbs."

I sprang to my feet, with a cry of surprise and wonder.

"Is she dead?" I asked, eagerly.

"Dead—and buried," he answered; "dead and buried six months ago. God bless her!"

"And you are in mourning for her," I said. "Why so?"

"Why so?" he repeated, mechanically, gazing with an air of abstraction into the grate. "Because I have long accounts to be settled in her name, and receipted with blood."

There was a great deal of blood in his allusions that evening.

"May I ask with whom this account is to be settled?"

"With your uncle, Mr. Henry, with your guardian. Her death has precipitated matters a good deal. She was wont to bid us wait in patience over certain wrongs which we were trembling to wipe out instantly. Now that she is dead, there shall be no delays."

I was surprised and frightened, for he seemed so deadly and bitter. Moreover, I was growing contented with my rich and easy life, and did not feel disposed at that moment to lose my cousin Elizabeth. It was plain that a storm was brewing, which was destined to upset my prospects. So I did not look particularly pleased at the turn the conversation had taken.

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," I said, "that Mrs. Timbs is dead. She was a good and motherly woman. But perhaps it is better; she was very unhappy."

Augustus placed his hand on my shoulder, and there were tears in his eyes.

"She was my dear sister," he cried.

"Your sister?"

"Yes, Henry; and it is her wrong which has led me into your path, which has made your woes my woes, and given us a common revenge. You will understand this better soon. Enough to say, that the grass will not grow on her grave till I have settled accounts with the man who calls himself your uncle."

Stunned by the knowledge of this relationship, and sad with the news of the unhappy woman's death, I looked in a bewildering way at Augustus.

"My uncle!" I said. "What shall you do with him?"

"Kill him!"

"You don't mean murder? No; you are much too good for that?"

He laughed a hoarse laugh, but in a moment his face softened, and he drew his rough sleeve across his eyes.

"Too good, Henry?"

"You have always seemed so. I have always believed you good and kind."

"Henry, the kindness and goodness have long ago been beaten out of me; but it is the memory of a time when I was a tolerably good man that has made me anxious for your happiness. My poor boy, that happiness has not yet come, and I fear that I myself may be the means of dispelling some golden dreams you now entertain. Yet it is a duty, one for which you will thank me, when the time comes."

"I scarcely understand you," I murmured. "Of course, all this is a mystery to me. I even hesitate whether or not to inform my uncle that you have designs upon his life."

"Do so, then; and it will be of no avail. But do not imagine for one moment that it is your duty to do so. Did you know all, you would feel for Monsieur Charles a hate even more deadly than this hate of mine."

"I am, of course, puzzled again. I am always among the clouds when in your company."

"With regard to your wrong, I must be silent. With regard to my own, Henry, I will say thus much. Mrs. Timbs was, as I have said, my sister, and I remember a time when she was young and happy, and (as girls go) pretty. Innocent, too! Well, you are old enough to understand me, when I say that a man, whom she loved, deceived and spat upon her, and that that man, whom she died hating, was Monsieur Charles."

"Ah! I begin to perceive."

"She was innocent and poor, Henry, and he seemed so rich, respectable and soft-spoken, that she thought him an angel. He was a devil."

He clenched his teeth together and struck the table with his clenched hand. He looked so strange and eccentric, in his rustic mourning, that one labored under the impression that he was not sound in mind.

"He was a devil! He cast her from him, scoffing at her, and bound her, by a lawful bond, to a brute beast—Timbs. He bound her, for better, for worse, to a cowardly, mean, foul-spoken, beggarly dog—Timbs. He bound her to an ignorant, whining, thieving pettifogger—Timbs. Timbs was not to blame—he did not want a wife; but when he got her he spurned and abused her. He was a devil! He made her the wreck you saw. He was the author of the wrong which she died forgiving, and which I live to avenge."

I bent before this great torrent of passion, trembling.

"I shall kill him!" he cried. "Sure as the sun rises and sets, sure as Ornamel yonder raves with its rising, and sleeps with its setting; sure as Martha lived mourning, and died forgiving. I shall kill him! Ay, I'll grapple him, grasp him, and bear him with me to the grave to make atonement."

"I regret to hear this," I observed. "I must think over it all."

I then intimated to Augustus that it was necessary for me to leave for home, lest my absence should be noticed and commented upon. He abjured me, as we shook hands, to think well of him, and to remember that he had always proved himself my friend. I was quite bewildered, and told him that I could promise nothing, hope nothing, do nothing. So I left him.

(*To be continued.*)

A UNION LETTER FROM THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Russian Minister, Mr. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on the 7th, and read to him the following dispatch:

St. Petersburg, July 10.

Mr. De Stoeckl, &c., &c.:

Sir—From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America, you have been desired to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union. The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon the country the most formidable of the scourges of political society—a civil war. For the more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated, under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which, up to this time, has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps even because of this diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional cord which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifice which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United they perfect themselves, isolated they are paralyzed.

The struggle which unhappily has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatsoever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to co-exist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and public riches, and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties of the confederation, to end, definitely, in their mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations.

His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government and the influential men of the two parties will seize all occasions, and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language and your counsels may contribute to this result, you will respond, sir, to the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor, in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments towards the American Union. This Union is not simply, in our eyes, an element essential to the universal political equilibrium, it constitutes besides a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other. I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wishes which his Majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work, so laboriously raised and which appeared so rich in its future.

It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the general Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon our most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

Receive, sir, the expression of my very deep consideration.

GORTSCHAKOFF.

The Secretary of State has delivered to Mr. Stoeckl the following acknowledgment:

Department of State, Washington, Sept. 7.

The Secretary of State of the United States is authorised by the President to express to Mr. De Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly and magnanimous sentiments of his Majesty on the subject of the internal differences which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated in the instruction from Prince Gortschakoff to Mr. De Stoeckl, and by him read, by his Majesty's direction, to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State. Mr. De Stoeckl will express to his Government the satisfaction with which the Government regards this new guarantee of a friendship between the two countries, which had its beginning with the national existence of the United States. The Secretary of State offers to Mr. De Stoeckl renewed assurances of his high consideration.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Mr. Ed. De Stoeckl, &c.

THE GAMBLER'S CHARITY.

A professional gambler, who, in Europe, is reckoned to be one of the most astute manipulators of cards of the present day, once found himself seated, with half a dozen acquaintances, at the same supper-table with Herman, the *prestidigitateur*. The talk ran upon cards, and Herman displayed some of those tricks which are at the finger-ends of all who dabble in the magic art. The gambler looked on smilingly, and for some time said nothing. At length he turned to a gentleman who was sitting beside him, and said,

"These are very pretty tricks; yet I confess that I should like to play a game of picquet with Mr. Herman."

Mischief sparkled in Herman's eyes as he smilingly accepted the banter.

"For money?" the professional gentleman asked.

"Of course," was the reply. The gambler evidently thought that Herman did not know him. "You may name your stake, and I am content to play with my eyes bandaged."

"Perhaps," said the gambler, "you might consider" (and he smiled blandly) "25,000 francs too much?"

"Not at all," replied Herman. "But you will remember I seldom or never play for money. I am willing to make an exception in your favor, and expect to be paid."

"Sir!" said the gambler, half rising. But he recovered himself instantly; 25,000 francs was too large a sum to be perilled by a momentary ebullition of resentment. He also began to see that the game might possibly be a more difficult one than he anticipated.

The cards were produced.

"Do you wish my eyes to be bandaged?" inquired Herman, with a meaning smile.

The gambler looked dubiously at him, and was about to reply in the affirmative, but artistic pride (for even a gambler has artistic pride) forbade this. In the meantime, Herman's friends, although unaware of the gambler's profession, saw by the manner of the two that there was to be a severe trial of skill, and crowded around them. Herman laid his stake upon the table, or a representative of it. It was a gold repeater, which had been given him by the Emperor Nicholas, with his name and that of the donor engraved on it.

"You will not win," he said; "but if you do," and he laughed ironically, "I will redeem it to-morrow."

His adversary examined it, and then laid his stake, in bank bills, beside it.

It would be needless to describe the game. The gambler had provided the cards; he was an expert; he could deal and shuffle as only gamblers who are accomplished in the manipulation of pasteboard, can. All, however, was in vain. The game, to the delight of his friends, was Herman's. He placed the watch in his pockets. The gambler rose, and Herman took up the money.

"I have been cheated!" ejaculated his opponent, trembling with passion.

"M. de N——, you have not," replied Herman, in a coldly bitter voice. "You have merely been foiled, my good sir, with your own weapons. Had I been playing with any other individual present, I might not, M. de N——, have employed them; but with you I do, preferring to rob you for the benefit of charity, rather than that you should rob me for your own."

The following day M. de N—— was heard of as the princely donor of 25,000 francs to one of the principal hospitals of Paris. Herman had made the donation in his name. The story, however, got wind, and the society of the French capital found Herman's sarcasm deliciously piquant. "Gambler's Charity" became proverbial.

THE HUMORS OF WAR.

The facetious Prentice, of Louisville, has had a fracas with Mr. Roger Hanson. It appears that Prentice wrote a very sarcastic article upon the aforesaid Hanson, whereupon the latter sent him an invitation to meet him outside Jefferson county, to settle the dispute. Prentice thus answers the cartel:

"Louisville, Sept. 3, 1861.

"Roger W. Hanson—Sir: Yours of the 2d instant is received. You sought 'redress' for the very articles you complain of by publishing a scurrilous pamphlet, and, if you 'demand' any more 'redress,' you may get it in the same way or in any other way you can. I shall not appoint a 'time and place' for meeting you, for I wouldn't go two steps to meet or avoid you. As for killing you, I think that I have done that effectually already, and I don't care to waste powder and lead upon a carcase. They can be put to better use in these rebellious times. Respectfully, GEO. D. PRENTICE."

Not content with thus declining to slay the slain, Prentice comments thus upon the whole affair in the Louisville *Journal*:

"Our old friend Hanson wishes to be thought an honorable and chivalric gentleman, but he has evidently been trying to take an unfair advantage of us. With our characteristic courtesy, we have treated him in the correspondence above as if we supposed he actually wanted to fight us with guns, pistols, swords or bowie-knives, but he needn't flatter himself that we don't know better. He is only trying to get a cheap reputation for courage. In his late pamphlet he alluded to the little affair between us and himself and proposed that we and he should meet somewhere outside of Jefferson county and either fight it out, quarrel it out, or drink it out. And now he is undertaking to carry out that programme. He asks us to meet him outside of Jefferson to settle the affair, without saying or even intimating in which of the three ways previously indicated he means to have the thing done. Ah, the sly old fellow can't catch us that way. If we were to meet him, he would, as we said in our remarks upon his pamphlet, manage to throw some difficulty in the way of every other mode of settlement except 'drinking it out.'

Now we boldly say that we will encounter our fat foe in no such duel. Moreover, he is guilty of foul play. Gentlemen, when a duel is pending between them, esteem it a point of honor to abstain entirely from practising with the weapons they expect to use. But Roger, setting all the laws of chivalry at naught, is practising with bottles and tumblers from morning till night every day, and gives himself double practice on Sunday. We should be justified in posting him for his conduct. It is ungentlemanly. It is unmanly. It is cowardly. Roger should be ruled at once out of the honorable fraternity of duelists. We invoke them to call a meeting and expel him."

A Man and a Mu-ell.—The Little Falls (Md.) correspondent of the *World* gives an amusing account of a Rappahannock farmer whom he encountered in his peregrinations, in the first stages of convalescence from a "big drunk," and plodding his way homeward, mounted on what rural Virginians call a *mu-ell*:

"He was a Rappahannock farmer, who had converted all his surplus into cash, and come up to camp for a little spree and tarry with 'the boys;' got at gambling, and now found himself sober but cleaned out of all funds except a few 'state bank' shinplasters, with which he had purchased an old mule to carry him home. A far different animal from the gallant steed so basely lost at euchre! There he sat—a long, lank, despondent man on mule-back—looked at his legs and charger for a moment, and gave vent to the following soliloquy:

"'Here I am, 60 miles from old Rappahannock, a riding on a *mu-ell!* Low (hiccough) in purse and lost in (hiccough) reputation. If anybody can say that I (hiccough) owe him anything in this yere place, I freely (hiccough) forgive him the debt! If any landlord's got any (hiccough) bill against me I'll stay and (hiccough) heard it out! Get up, you blasted old mu-ell!'"

The "Anarchiad," a poem written in Revolutionary times by David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, John Trumbull and Samuel Hopkins jointly, printed in 1786, has the following paragraphs of recent application:

"Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,
Inglorious authors of intestine war!
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise,
Pens dipped in gall and lips inspired with lies?
Ye fires of rule, prime, detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws—
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes
And Union'd empire lost in empty dreams.
Your names, expanded with your growing crime,
Shall float disgusted down the stream of time,
Each future age applaud the avenging song,
And outraged Nature vindicate the wrong.

"What madness prompts, or what ill-omen'd fates,
Your realm to parcel into petty States?
Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers,
And broad Potomac lave to hostile shores?
Must Alleghany's sacred summits bear
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?
His hundred streams receive your heroes slain,
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?
Ere death invades or night's deep curtain falls,
Through ruined realms the voice of Union calls;
On you she calls!—attend the warning cry—
Ye live United or divided die!"

GENERAL VIEW OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK, NORTH CAROLINA, CAPTURED ON THE 29TH OF AUGUST, 1861, BY THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES UNDER THE COMMAND OF COMMODORE STRINGHAM AND MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.—FROM A SKETCH BY —— KAUFMAN, ONE OF THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 284.

GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL THOMAS'S BRIGADE OF GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND, BY MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 284

AFTER THE FIGHT AT MANASSAS.

By Sarah Helen Whitman.

By the great bells swinging slow
The solemn dirges of our woe,
By the heavy flags that fall
Trailing from the bastioned wall,
Miserere, Domine!

By our country's common blame,
By our silent years of shame,
By our curbed and bated breath
Under dynasties of Death,
Miserere, Domine!

By the sin we dared disown
Till its "dragon teeth" were sown,
By the cause *yet* unavowed,
By the fire behind the cloud,
Miserere, Domine!

By our northern host betrayed,
At Manassas' bloody raid,
By our losses unatoned—
Our dead heroes, heart-enthroned,
Miserere, Domine!

For Rhode Island's gallant stand—
Her "unconquerable band"—
For the dear, familiar names,
Now linked to old, historic fames;
Te laudamus, Domine!

For our boys that knew not fear,
For their "gallant Brigadier,"
For their leader, brave and young,
For their praise on every tongue,
Te laudamus, Domine!

By the hope that suffers long
And grows through holy sorrow strong,
By all the starry flags unfurled,
For the last war field of the world,
Give us, oh God, the victory!—*Providence Journal.*

THE CAPTURE OF FORT HATTERAS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post*, an officer of the frigate Wabash, gives a graphic description of the attack on Forts Clark and Hatteras, and their surrender. His account of the second day's bombardment is very spirited:

"In the morning at early daylight we were again astir. Again we led the attack, and fired the first gun upon the fort at a long range. For three hours the firing was incessant from the heavy guns; the practice was perfect. The range was fully two miles—just the range of the fifteen-second fuse. The immense shells could be traced away in air, and falling plunging into the fort, would create fearful havoc as they exploded. Houses were torn to the ground, the embrasures were knocked out of all recognition. A legion of fiends could not have withstood such a storm of shells, much less the necessarily raw artillerists who occupied the fort.

"It was a dead certainty—no escape—nothing but a surrender was left for them. At about seven bells in the forenoon a man stationed aloft shouted out that the enemy were deserting the fort and taking to the boats. A large fleet of mingled craft were in the Sound and began to move about uneasily. At the same time, with our glasses, we perceived a man rush upon the ramparts with the Secession flag, wave it frantically, and then toss it over the parapet, and then he ducked into the bombproof to escape a shell. Then, after the explosion, he rushed up, ran along the parapet with a staff in his hand, stuck it in the ground, and from it was displayed a white flag, and the surrender was announced. Cheer upon cheer rose from the vessels. 'Cease firing!' passed from ship to ship, and to us a bloodless victory was again the result of a forty-eight hours' bombardment.

"Commodore Barron refused to surrender to the troops, but expressed his desire to deliver his sword to Commodore Stringham. He was, together with Major Andrews, put on board the Cadwallader, and taken on board the flagship, where he formally surrendered to his old friend and former brother officer. He says that the fire upon him was terrific. His magazine was on fire twice. The bursting of the shells completely demoralized his men, who fled whenever the smoke puffed from our guns. For the last hour and a half the shells burst constantly in the centre of the fort—sometimes three at a time. His best gun—a large rifled gun—was dismounted and rendered unserviceable by a shell striking it, and blowing the carriage into splinters.

"The casualties in the fort and water battery are as follows, according to the accounts which reach us: killed, 49; wounded, 51. Most of the wounded and killed during the first day's bombardment were sent in the night to Newbern and Washington.

"The fort, called by the rebels Fort Hatteras, was intended to be an effective one, and if it had been completed would have bid us defiance with some show of success. Within its walls and ready to be mounted were 21 guns of the heaviest calibre; three of them were heavy rifled pieces. They have evidently been lately received, and were in various stages of preparation for service.

"After the formal surrender, General Butler went on shore to arrange the terms of evacuation. Before sundown our troops were in full possession, our flag was saluted by the enemy's own guns, and the prisoners were transferred to the Peabody.

"I cannot express to you how earnestly we all hope the Government will not abandon a place which is of such vast importance to us. It is the key of the State of North Carolina, and to the ports north and south of this. There is direct water communication with Norfolk for bay craft. Captain Barron only arrived the morning of the second day, by steamer from that city. It makes in our hands almost a complete blockade of our North Carolina coast by itself. It will afford a harbor and coal depot for our small steamers during the winter months. With the possession of this part we can easily keep alight Hatteras lighthouse, and maintain the various lightboats and stations removed by the rebels. These things will make known, more than all else besides, that the Government is at last doing something towards the final resumption of its authority. As a basis for a line of operations no place could be more suitable or advantageous. We should keep and hold this place at all hazards."

THE GUNBOATS AT CAIRO.

SEVERAL gunboats have been built for service on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which promise to be of great efficiency. They are all of the same model and arrangement.

Names.	Length.	Beam.
Conestoga	200 feet	30 feet
A. O. Tyler	183 feet	40 feet
Lexington	183 feet	40 feet

They draw but 4½ feet of water. Their armament is 10 guns each, 32 and 64 pounders, and each has 180 men. Their boilers are sunk in the hulls; bulwarks built of 6 inch oak plank; and the hull of each divided into 24 watertight compartments. They are not intended to engage batteries, but to cover the landing of troops, do scouting service on the river, maintain blockades, etc. The flotilla is under the command of Captain John Rogers, U. S. N. (son of Commodore Rogers), who has been in the service all his life, supported by Lieut. Phelps, in command of the Conestoga, and Lieut. Stembel in command of the Tyler. The sailing masters are Capt. Duble, of the Conestoga; Capt. Shaw, of the Tyler; and Capt. Hurd, of the Lexington—all old and experienced river captains.

HOUSE OF DETENTION IN WASHINGTON

For Women under Arrest for Treason.

THE house which the Federal authorities have assigned for the females, whose active complicity with the rebels has compelled the Government to place them under restraint, is pleasantly situated at the corner of K and 16th streets, Washington. It was the residence of Mrs. Greenhow, but it is now her prison, since she is considered as one of the most malignant of Secessionists. In addition to its once fair hostess, there are Mrs. Phillips, whose husband is the gentleman alluded to by Mr. Russell of the London *Times*, as sorting letters in the Post Office to send to his Secession friends—her daughters, Fanny and Caroline, Mrs. Hetsel, widow of the late Captain Hetsel of the U. S. A., Mrs. Hossler, and two others whose names are not given. With his usual gallantry, Mr. Lincoln has merely deprived them of their visitors, correspondence and all egress to their friends. The extent to which females have been used by the rebels is almost incredible—indeed, it would seem as though the Southern Conspirators had degraded the *sanctity* of the sex by converting them into spies, *intriguantes* and traitors.

UNION CAVALRY RECONNOITREING NEAR HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND.

THERE are few sights more picturesque than a detachment of cavalry winding along the road to some quiet little village. Nature and man seem then so little in harmony, that the contradiction becomes strikingly attractive. Our present number contains a scene of this kind—a detachment of Union cavalry, sent by order of General Banks, reconnoitreing in the neighborhood of Hyattstown, a post village of Montgomery county, Maryland, and situated on Bennett's Creek, about 36 miles to the north-west of Washington. Thanks to the vigilance of General Banks, there are very few open Secessionists in that neighborhood now.

COLONEL ALFRED M. WOOD,

Of the Brooklyn Chasseurs, or 14th Regiment New York State Militia.

THIS gallant officer—who is now a prisoner in Richmond, having been captured at Bull Run—was born in the township of Hempstead, Long Island, about the year 1825. About eight years ago he joined the 14th Regiment, and in 1854 was elected Major. In 1856 he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and two years afterwards he became Colonel. For six years he occupied the responsible position of Collector of Taxes and Assessments for Kings County, and in 1859 was elected Alderman of the First Ward of Brooklyn by a large majority. The Board of Aldermen paid him the compliment of making him their President. When the Government called for troops to suppress the rebellion, Colonel Wood led his gallant men to defend the capital. At the untoward battle of Bull Run he was taken prisoner, and forwarded by the rebels to Richmond, where he still remains. He has a great taste for agriculture, and owns a farm of 70 acres in Queens county, Long Island, which he has made one of the model farms of that island. He has a wife and family.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

FOR a full fortnight before the ship Alliance sailed from Halifax, the telegraph from that place announced that the captain, a Charlestonian, openly boasted that he intended to break the blockade, and run his cargo into Beaufort. He has kept his promise, and a quantity of goods highly necessary has been delivered to the rebels. We had hoped the ostentation of the challenge would have tempted the naval authorities to have watched the Alliance. This also leads us to inquire how far the authorities of Halifax are carrying out the Queen's Proclamation of strict neutrality. The vessel was cleared for Cuba, but every one in Halifax knew she was intended for either Charleston or Beaufort. What was our consul about? Would it not be well to administer the oath of allegiance to him?

AT one of the Saratoga hops, this season, a stray Secessionist, from the Sunny South, wore a small Secession flag on her breast with the motto, "Shall we not protect our Cotton?"

MUCH sympathy was excited for one of the treasonable persons who, when taken to Fort Lafayette, had coal black hair and whiskers which in a few days became almost white. Remorse was believed to be the cause, but he explained that it was only deprivation of his accustomed hair dye.

THE Hartford *Courant* suggests that if Ben McCullough is not dead, his proclamation shows that he is *lying still*.

MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN lately took three German officers from Gen. Blenker's staff, and giving to each the promotion of a grade, attached them to his own staff. He did this, as he said, to show that the foreign and the native born had equal rights, as well as duties, in the suppression of this rebellion, and that the adopted citizens, so far as he was concerned, should share with the native born in the honors as well as the dangers of battling for the Republic.

MR. HAMILTON, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to the Government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has been invited by Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, to visit Boston. In accepting the invitation, the Prince takes occasion to say: "For a long time I have cherished for America a profound sympathy, inspired by its grandeur and by its liberal institutions; and the cordial reception which I now meet, from so many of its most notable inhabitants, will leave in my heart a touching and enduring remembrance."

THE Italian Government has entered into a contract with Messrs. W. H. Webb & Co., shipbuilders of New York, for the construction of two iron-clad frigates. The price is about $1,331,400. Of the two plans, English and French, as represented by the Gloire and the Warrior, the preference has been given to the French system. The ships are to be finished, at the contractor's risk, in two and a half years.

UPWARDS of 3,000,000 rations for the army of the Potomac are now stored in the receiving depots at Washington. Some idea of the bulk of these rations may be formed, when we state that there are 18,000 barrels of flour, 9,000 barrels of beef, 3,000 barrels of pork, 500,000 pounds of coffee, 100,000 pounds of sugar, and 1,500,000 pounds of bread, with hominy, crackers, vinegar, candles, soap and salt in proportion. An army of 250,000 men will consume all these rations in twelve days.

THE Cape Florida lighthouse has been blown up by the rebels, who have shown the spirit of Vandals in destroying these guides to commerce on the Southern coast, built, not for the benefit of the North alone, but of the whole world.

THE Union forces near Alexandria, Va., recently found six brass six pounders, buried in the ground there, a short distance from the railroad station. They were taken to Fort Ellsworth.

IN Utah the saints have undertaken the growing of cotton, and a considerable crop has been produced in Iron county, where a factory is in course of construction.

A MILLION of dollars have been placed in the hands of the Barings of London, subject to the drafts of our Ministers abroad, for the purchase of arms.

MARTIAL RIGOR.—The severities of military discipline are being rigidly enforced in Washington. We may regret the necessity which calls for their exercise, but the efficiency of the army, upon whose success hangs the fate of a great nation, is a consideration superior to all others. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* states that "about thirty volunteer soldiers" have been sentenced to be shot by the General Court Martial lately convened at Alexandria. This is probably a mistake; at any rate, but one sentence of execution has been issued. It condemns William Scott, of Company H, Third Vermont Regiment, to be shot for sleeping on his post. This sentence has been very properly revoked, as we have commented on in another part. Lieutenant-Colonel Francis B. O'Keefe, of the Fifteenth New York Regiment, found guilty of drunkenness on three specifications, and of absence from his regiment without leave, has been cashiered and dismissed from the service.

THE SABBATH.—Major-General McClellan has issued the following general order concerning the observance of the Sabbath, by the army in and around Washington:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1861.

The Major General commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath, that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend Divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that officers and men shall alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals. More than this, the observance of the Holy Day of the God of Mercy and of Battles is our sacred duty.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Times* states that Fremont's proclamation has had the effect of deepening the dislike of our soldiers to the task of catching and returning runaway negroes. He says: "In one of the camps, two days since, a Virginian came the second time for a runaway, who was concealed by the boys. They had just had a supply of new shoes, and were making a change when the man arrived. They ordered him out of the camp, but as he was reluctant to go, one threw his old shoes at him, and the movement was followed up by the rest of the soldiers, and he beat a hasty retreat amid a fire of leather in the rear, and cries of 'Get out, you nigger thief!'"

THE remains of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon were committed to their final resting-place in his native town of Eastford, Conn., on the 5th inst. Not less than 20,000 people witnessed the ceremonies. Hon. Galusha A. Grow delivered the oration, and addresses were made by Gov. Buckingham, Ex-Governor Cleveland, Governor Sprague, Judge Carpenter, Judge Colt, of Missouri, and others.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Memphis *Argus* of August 24th publishes the following proclamation from the Mayor of that unhappy city:

"TO THE CITIZENS OF MEMPHIS—Applications have repeatedly been made to me, as executive officer of the city, for protection against indiscreet parties who are sent out to impress citizens into service against their will on steamboats. Many of these men have been dragged from their beds, wives and children, but never has there been a man taken who had on a clean shirt. I hereby notify any citizen who may wish a pass within the city of Memphis to call on me, and I will furnish the same, and will see he will be protected. One poor man being shot yesterday by one of these outlaws, as they may be called, causes me to give the above notice.

"August 24, 1861. JOHN PARK, Mayor."

This confirms, albeit in atrocious English, the truth of the statement that the disunionists have been impressing men into their service.

THE Richmond *Whig* states that "the fortifications erected around the city are of the most complete and formidable character, and, in connection with the masked batteries and mines at various points, would render the march of a hostile army hitherward an undertaking of great peril. One in a hundred might survive to depict the wiping out which these extensive works would certainly accomplish. A few bastions are yet unfinished, and upon these a force of several hundred men are now engaged."

GALVESTON, in Texas, got incidentally bombarded on the 3d of August. The batteries of the place opened a fire upon one of the Federal steam-tenders at day-dawn, which was spiritedly returned. Commander Alden, of the blockading steamer South Carolina, waited for explanations or apologies till four o'clock in the afternoon. He then stood for the batteries, which again opened on him. After returning fifteen shot, the Commander, apprehensive that he would harm the innocent people of the town more than the rascals in the batteries, withdrew. The South Carolina was not struck. The foreign Consuls, headed, of course, by the English Consul, got up a protest, expressing their astonishment at and abhorrence of Commander Alden's inhumanity and violation of the laws of civilized warfare.

THE Mobile *Register* says that Gen. Braxton Bragg has been transferred from Pensacola to the Potomac, and is succeeded in command by Brigadier General R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina.

THE Mobile *Tribune* of the 2d states that while men were employed in getting the dry dock ready to be raised at Pensacola, they were fired on from Fort Pickens—first a blank shot, then a solid shot, and then a shell. The last came near doing damage, and the men accordingly left speedily. The *Tribune* indignantly demands, "Is not this outrageous act, war?" It is certainly something like it.

THE Mobile *News* gives a brief summary of a new revenue act of the Southern Congress. It says: "The Secretary of the Treasury, under special condition, is authorized to issue not exceeding $100,000,000 in Treasury notes. The act also provides for a tax of fifty cents on every hundred dollars worth of real estate, slaves, merchandise, bank and other stock, money at interest (excepting Confederate bonds). It also taxes at the same rate cash on hand, cattle, gold watches, gold and silver plate, pianos, pleasure carriages, &c. Any family whose property is less than $500 is exempt from taxation. Colleges, schools and charitable institutions are also exempt. Said notes are to be funded in bonds, running for twenty years. Each State will constitute a tax division, under a chief collector, who will have superintendence of the collection operation."

THE army correspondent of the Louisville *Courier* (a Secession journal), writes from Manassas, under date of August 23d, as follows: "We still linger in possession of our dearly bought position, our forces occupying at present no more advanced lines than before the 21st of July. Aside from the moral effect upon the whole world, and that is momentous, our immortal victory has availed us but little. We barely hold our own."

THE rebels have been most anxious to rid themselves of the imputation of having resorted to a system of rigorous impressment, and have repeatedly denied the fact. They are condemned out of the mouths of their own witnesses. The Memphis *Avalanche* says: "In many cases acts of barbarity have been perpetrated, and not unfrequently farmers who were in the city on business have been seized, as well as heads of families, whose wives and children depend entirely upon them for support."

CAPITALISTS of New York, who own property in Virginia, have received official notice from the county clerks of the respective counties, that unless they acknowledge the sovereignty of the Southern Confederacy their houses and lands will be confiscated.

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* announces the passage of the following resolutions by a Vigilance Committee of that city:

"*Resolved*, That this Committee considers it highly inexpedient and impolitic for persons resident at the South to visit the free States of the Federal Government and return to our midst, and especially do we condemn visits of the same person.

"*Resolved, therefore*, That in future any resident of Charleston and its vicinity who shall go to any of the Northern States, unless with previous knowledge and consent of the Committee, shall not be permitted to return to our community under pain of such disabilities or punishment as the law may decree."

MR. ABERNATHY, a captain in the 19th Mississippi regiment, writing from Manassas, under date of August 24th, to the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*, draws a sad picture of the sickness in the rebel army. He says: "Since we pitched our camp here gloom and sorrow have saddened the countenances of all, owing to the distressing fact that disease and death have prevailed among us. Our exposed condition during our camp on Bull Run, and the want of proper food and water, was a serious blow to this regiment and to all the troops that were likewise unfortunate. In proof of this I will mention that out of 4,700 in the brigade only 2,300 reported for duty on the 20th inst., and companies that before ordinarily turned out on drill and parade from 65 to 90 men do not turn out now more than eight and ten files per day. The hardships and suffering consequent upon the movement of General Johnston's division of the army, which resulted in such glorious success to our cause at Manassas, has, I dare say, prostrated fully one-third of his force. Nearly every day the sound of musketry proclaims the death of some Southern hero who has fallen a victim to disease in camp, and over whose grave blank cartridges are fired as the last military honor paid to the dead."

JEFF. DAVIS, in announcing the "dearly bought" victory of Bull Run to the papers of Richmond, stated that the rebels had captured "supplies for 50,000 men for 12 months." The following paragraph, in a late Richmond letter to the Charleston *Mercury*, is a severe commentary on Davis's statement: "There is universal complaint made of the want of efficiency in the Commissariat Department. It was felt severely and immediately after the battle of Manassas. Our brave troops, particularly the sick and wounded, suffered greatly. Some of the troops were without provisions from Sunday's breakfast until Tuesday after the battle. Since then it has occurred more than once that many have been without food for twenty-four hours. Great indignation is felt throughout the army and in Richmond on account of this outrageous and unendurable inefficiency. The efficiency of the army is impaired and even its movements retarded through the want of supplies. I learn it has been, and is, a matter of bitter complaint and earnest remonstrance by the commanding Generals. And not only is there a want of sufficient quantity, but the provisions are not good—are, in fact, positively unwholesome. It is not only so at the camps in Fairfax county, where the army is large, but also in other camps. A great deal of sickness is the natural consequence. One regiment near Aquia Creek has lost 60 men, and another 30."

THE Nashville *Banner* has the following notice of the Confederate Treasury notes: "Financially speaking, these notes will no doubt be found preferable to much of our present paper currency; but, mechanically viewed, they are the most unmitigated botch we have ever seen. They are lithographed upon an inferior grade of white paper, and the work is executed in the lowest style of the art. A common letter press printer would be ashamed to turn out such a job. They will no more compare with corporation and railroad bonds executed at the printing offices in this city than a satyr to a hyperion. We hope the Treasury Department will improve upon this job."

FIVE negroes, at the instigation of two white men, murdered Mr. Gibson, an overseer in Monroe county, Ala., on the 24th ult. They were tried before Judge Lynch, who rendered a verdict of burning at the stake, which was put into execution.

OWING to the pressure of the times, says the Charleston *Mercury*, and the general stagnation of business, the Yorkville *Enquirer*, one of the largest and most thriving district papers in the State, has been reduced down to half a sheet. The Orangeburg *Southron* has also been cut down to about half its recent size. A number of other district papers have been indefinitely suspended.

THE report of the managers of the St. Charles Hospital, in Richmond, shows that they have received into that establishment since the 1st of August the following number of sick and wounded soldiers:

From South Carolina	487
From Georgia	229
From Mississippi	163
From Virginia	165
From Louisiana	67
From Alabama	98
From North Carolina	53
From Tennessee	52
From Florida	69
From Kentucky	49
From Texas	4
Total	1,338

GEN. WEIGHTMAN, of Ben. McCullough's army, who was killed at Wilson's Creek, was formerly a Major in the U. S. army. He distinguished himself in the Mexican war, after which he was appointed Paymaster. He was an Englishman by birth, but came to this country at a very early age.

THE Charleston *Mercury*, of August 20, says that Isaac V. Fowler, the defaulting New York Postmaster, is pleasantly located at the city of Tepic, in Mexico, about fifty miles from the Pacific, and employed as the chief agent of the Messrs. Barron, Forbes & Co., the wealthy bankers and manufacturers. Both principals are now in Europe, and Mr. Fowler has entire charge of their affairs.

WAR ITEMS.

A DIABOLICAL attempt to destroy life was made on the railway eight miles from Rolla, Missouri, on the 23th of August. A keg of powder had been placed on the track, buried beneath the surface of the soil, which was exploded by the detonation of percussion caps on the rails. The concussion was severe, blowing the engineer off the engine, and throwing up a large quantity of dirt; but no person was seriously injured, and no great damage done to the engine. The act was no doubt perpetrated by the miscreants whose system of warfare is the cowardly one of shooting pickets from ambush and firing volleys into railroad cars.

It is said that the Secretary of War, at the commencement of the battle of Bull Run, implored the 4th Pennsylvania regiment to "strike for their homes," and they did so at the rate of ten miles an hour.

CORPORAL DIX, of the 3d Iowa regiment, while out on a scout with five men, near Hicksville, Missouri, on the 29th of August, was surrounded in a farm-house while at dinner, by 25 rebels, who demanded the surrender of his party. This was refused, and the rebels made an attack upon them. The fight was severe, but the Federal troops maintained the position in the house, driving the assailants from the ground with a loss of seven killed and five wounded. Corporal Dix, on the Federal side, was killed, but none of the others were hurt.

THE following is a recapitulation of what has been done by the Navy Department, since the breaking out of the rebellion:

Vessels purchased	78
Vessels chartered	10
Steam sloops building	8
Gun-boats building	23
Vessels fitting out	35
Naval vessels on the way home	12
Vessels on blockade duty	81
Vessels on Pacific coast	8
Guns of blockading fleet on duty	697
Men of blockading fleet	0,212
Prices paid for purchased vessels	$3,524,572

ON the 1st of September five Union soldiers, stationed at Cedar Creek (Va.), accepted an invitation from some young ladies to dine with them at their residence, three miles beyond our pickets. While there they were surprised by fifty mounted rebels, who, having been apprised of their engagement, surrounded the house and took them prisoners, dragging them out of a smoke house in which they attempted to conceal themselves. Two of the men thus captured by the young Delilahs were privates in Col. Hecker's regiment, and three were in Col. Alexander's. One of the former was shot near the house, and his body was recovered by our troops. The ladies had also invited a captain and lieutenant, but they were both on duty and unable to leave, and therefore escaped the trap.

THE following is the official report of the number of inmates of the Government Hospitals in and around Washington, Aug. 30: General Hospital, Washington, 174; Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, 183; Union Hospital, Georgetown, 183; Columbia College, 250; General Hospital, Alexandria, 135; Hospital Kalorama, 24. Total, 905.

ARMY AND NAVY.—The following is a list of vessels now (Sept. 10th) at the Brooklyn Navy Yard:

	Guns.
North Carolina	84
Brandywine	50
Minnesota (in the stream)	50
Wyandotte	10
Crusader	10
Release	1
Rhode Island	2
James Adger	4
Satellite	2
Putnam	2
Stars and Stripes	2
Valley City	4
Augusta	4
Gem of the Sea	4
E. B. Hale (in the stream)	4
Total guns	233

The forces now in New York harbor sum up as follows:

	Men.
Governor's Island	300
Bedloe's Island	75
Fort Lafayette	80
Fort Hamilton	750
North Carolina	800
Brooklyn Marine Barracks	150
Vessels in harbor, about	900
Total	3,055

PERSONAL.

COL. JOHN STROTHER, father of David A. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), a gentleman nearly 70 years of age, and an officer of the 1[illegible] U. S. Infantry in the war of 1812, proprietor of Berkeley Springs, Virginia, has been arrested by the rebels and imprisoned in Richmond, on account of his Union sympathies.

WILLARD'S HOTEL (Washington), under the management of Messrs. Sykes, Chadwick & Co., has already greatly improved. The table is better, and bills are actually made out now without any extra charges for articles which the guests have not had.

MRS. FANNY BURROWS, aged 93, a native of Groton, Conn., who was twelve years old at the time of the battle of Fort Griswold, and assisted in making garments for the revolutionary soldiers, is now knitting socks for the Rhode Island Volunteers in Providence.

AT last accounts Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy, was at Manassas, attending a sick brother, who is Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the Georgia regiments.

CONGRESSMAN ELY, of N. Y., one of the outsiders captured at Bull Run, is still at Richmond, and has to take his turn in cooking and carrying water for the prisoners.

MRS. EMILY ELLSWORTH, wife of Hon. Judge Ellsworth, of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, died at Hartford, on the 30th of August. She was the eldest daughter of the distinguished Noah Webster, LL. D.

ON the 4th inst., ex Governor Briggs, of Mass., at his residence in Pittsfield, in attempting hastily to take down a coat hanging in a room, discharged a gun standing behind it, the shot carrying away his left jaw, and inflicting a very serious if not fatal wound.

THOMAS W. ATKINSON, the well-known Siberian explorer, died at his residence in Lower Walmer, England, on the 13th of August.

GEN. BUTLER has written a letter to his ancient political associates in Massachusetts, in which he says: "When I left home I left all politics, in a party sense of the term, behind me, and I now know no politics in any sense, save as represented by the question, how best to preserve the Union and restore the country in its integrity. Peace is desirable to all, and to none more so than the soldier who has left his friends and his home to do his duty to his country. But however desirable, it is not to be purchased upon any terms save the recognition of the authority of the Federal Government over every inch of territory which ever belonged to it. Upon no condition whatever, other than this, would I consent to peace. A peace involving the disintegration of the Union, or until the supremacy of the Government is for ever established, would be simply a declaration of perpetual war of sections. Were the Southern Confederacy to-day acknowledged in the fulness of good faith, two months would not elapse before causes of war would arise, sufficient not only to justify, but to demand a renewal of the conflict. No two months have passed, in the last ten years at least, in which outrages have not been committed upon Northern men in the South, which, had they been perpetrated by a foreign nation, would have demanded a redress of grievances, under pain of a suspension of diplomatic relations. But we have borne these outrages because there was no tribunal to the arbitrament of which we could submit them, and it was against the genius of our people to appeal to arms. Therefore I see with pain, upon the part of some of those with whom I have acted in political organizations, a disposition to advocate peaceful settlements wherein there can be no peace. Therefore this war must go on, not for the purpose of subjugation—but if those who have commenced it bring upon themselves that condition as an incident, it will only be another illustration of the fruit of sowing the wind. Besides these there are no other politics."

MR. GERARD HALLOCK, who has so long been connected with the New York *Journal of Commerce*, has sold his interest to Mr. Stone, the commercial editor, and Mr. Prime, one of its chief contributors. The paper, under its new management, has been restored to the privileges of the mail, and it is understood that it will sustain the Government in the prosecution of the war.

BAYARD TAYLOR, who had been spending the last three months at Gotha, Germany, with the relatives of his wife, is expected home by every steamer. Immediately upon his return, he will join one of the divisions of the National army as the war correspondent of the *Tribune*.

IT is stated by the Washington correspondent of the *Express* that an appeal to Mrs. Lincoln has been drawn by an earnest and strong-minded Union woman, to desist, for the time, from pleasure-seeking and frivolous display.

COL. WALRATH of the 12th N. Y. Regiment, accused of cowardice at Bull Run, has been acquitted of the charge by the Court Martial convened to try him. The Court gives its opinion "that Col. Walrath showed himself on the occasion a good officer and a brave man."

DR. PALMER, formerly of the *Atlantic Review*, and who edited a recent translation of Michelet's "L'Amour," is now a surgeon in the rebel army.

IN a most delightful article on Lord Herbert, Mr. Willis, says, with a charming simplicity entirely in keeping with his artless nature: "The romance of his life lay in the deep affection he entertained for Caroline Norton, which she is supposed to have reciprocated. Why they never married was known only to themselves. The surmises of friends, the conjectures of enemies, were equally at fault on that matter. They both guarded their secret jealously, sacredly." The goose that put his head in the bush to hide the rest of its body, is nothing to an editor when he gives himself up to fine and fashionable writing. The secret, which was known only to themselves, and which they guarded so sacredly, was known to all the rest of the world as well. Mr. Norton was married in 1827 to Mrs. Norton, and is still his wife. English noblemen, or Dundrearys, are very great fools, but they are not such fools as heedlessly to indulge in bigamy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY the Africa, off Cape Race, six days later intelligence from Europe has been received. She left Liverpool on the 31st of August, and Queenstown on the 1st inst. It is announced that the army in Canada is to be reinforced by 2,500 men, in the course of the present month. The London *Times* still harps upon the cotton question, and urges that the Government shall strain every nerve to develop the cultivation of the staple in India. The London *Daily News* has an article upon fugitive slaves, and concludes that the Federal cause is henceforward to be identified with the abolition of slavery. News of the exploits of the Sumter had been received from the West Indies. It is reported that the privateer has captured forty vessels and destroyed them, causing great excitement there. Queen Victoria had left Ireland for Balmoral. Wheat and corn are to be admitted into the ports of France, temporarily, free of duty. The subject of brigandism in Italy has been made the matter of a diplomatic circular from Baron Ricasoli, who says that the trouble in the Neapolitan provinces is inspired from Rome; he asserts that the Government will not pause in its efforts for the unity of Italy. Cardinal Antonelli is preparing an answer to the circular. A pamphlet on Rome has made its appearance in Paris, and created a sensation. An appeal is to be made to the people in case the Pope refuses to make the guarantees demanded. The affairs of Hungary remained unchanged. Finland demands a separation from Russia. The Emperor of Russia has sent a rescript to Poland, very conciliatory in its tone. Cotton and Breadstuffs were firm. Provisions dull. Consols 92¾ @ 92⅞.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE following table shows the population of the various British Australian Colonies, exclusive of aborigines:

	1850	1859.
New South Wales and Queensland	265,503	342,062
Victoria	77,345	530,262
South Australia	63,700	127,000
Western Australia	5,886	14 837
Tasmania	68,609	90 000
New Zealand	22,408	61,263
Total	503,451	1,165,424

THE mounted diamonds of the late Sultan of Turkey have been brought to the "hammer" in London, a strange transformation, which the wildest of Arabian Nights' dreamers could hardly have dreamt of. The first day's sale realized nearly £9,000, gold-mounted snuff-boxes forming the prominent objects of the sale.

THE Manchester Cotton Supply Association is getting to work in Egypt. The principal hindrances are the want of labor and capital. Machinery must supplement the labor of the human hand, and advances to the natives will be the means of giving them capital and stimulus, too.

WHILE the dividends of the great English lines are retrograding, French railway property is rapidly improving. The shares of the leading French line—the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean—have advanced from 930l., at which they stood in January, to upwards of 1,000l now. In the same period the London and North-western stock has receded from 101 to 91.

A LATE London paper states that the silver belt presented to Heenan, but not paid for at the time of presentation, and therefore not retained by him, was sold by public auction amongst a stock of unredeemed pledges. It was knocked down at 51 guineas. The original value of the belt was 100 guineas, and it weighs between 50 and 60 ounces.

WHILST the Emperor of France was at Vichy, he was taking a walk on the banks of the Sichon and lost his way. A laborer chancing to pass at the time, His Majesty made the necessary inquiry of him.

"Second to the right and then first to the left, Sire," said the man.

"What! you know me?"

"Yes, and have had the honor for years past."

"Where."

"Your Majesty, of course, does not remember me, but you were once the cause of my passing two days in the black-hole; for when you were at Ham I was a soldier there, and was punished for passing you in a pound of tobacco."

"Well," said the Emperor, "it shall be my turn now," and in a few days afterwards the man was installed in a well-stocked tobacconist's shop.

IT is sometimes supposed that imprisonment for debt has been almost abolished in England, but the official returns show that in the past year there were committed to the prisons of England for debt and on civil process no less than 11,068 men and 639 women, in all 11,707; and, large as the number seems, it never was so small in any year since 1856. In the five years, 1851–55, the annual average was 7,347; in the five years, 1856–60, it has been 13,630.

THE London *Spectator* has this paragraph under its heading of "News of the Week": "The American Congress has voted the men and the money required by the President, and twenty per cent. more, and the House of Representatives has affirmed by 92 to 55 that it is 'no part of the duty of officers to capture fugitive slaves.' The hand moves slowly on the dial, but it moves, and when the finger passes the hour, the knell of Slavery will ring out with a clang which will startle Europe."

A VOICE FROM OLD ENGLAND.—The author of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," concludes a letter to *Macmillan's Magazine* in the following words:

"It is the battle of human freedom which the North is fighting, and which should draw to them the sympathy of every Englishman, and make him cast to the winds all Morrill tariffs and angry talk about Canada, all bad manners and hard words. If the North is beaten, it will be a misfortune such as has not come on the world since Christendom arose. An empire will be founded in these Southern States on the simple base of slavery, having no other starting point or principle whatever than their right to enslave men of their own flesh and blood. It is of no use to speculate upon what the acts and policy of such a State will be. The world will see that soon enough, should it arise. Meantime the Northern States stand alone between us and it, and the greatest misfortune which can happen to us and to mankind will be their defeat. God grant that they may hold on, and be strong! God grant that they may remember that the greatest triumphs have always come, and must always come, to men through the greatest humiliations. God himself could not set men free but through this rule."

THE French Court of Cassation, corresponding to our United States Supreme Court, has just pronounced a decision of considerable importance as respects religious freedom. It amounts to this, that Protestants may lawfully educate their own children by the employment of private tutors. Strange as it may appear at this date, the right to do so was heretofore denied by the ecclesiastical authorities, and two inferior courts gave decisions in favor of the latter. The dispute arose in the department of Haute Vienne, whose people feel joyous over the great victory.

THE deepest deposit of guano is 70 feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation, it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed.

IT is said the proprietress of the Soho Theatre is the celebrated Albina di Rhona, a Servian Princess.

THE Siamese Ambassadors know nothing of European art. The Emperor has ordered for the galleries at Versailles a large painting representing their official presentation at Fontainebleau, and in it, of course, the artist has been obliged to represent some of them only in profile. But they made vehement objections to being made to figure, to use their own expression, "with only one eye!" The artist remonstrated with them, and at last, though not without great reluctance, they consented to be painted in profile; but they only did so on the express condition that a certificate should be given to them, in French and Siamese, to the effect that it was not of their own free will that they were represented with one eye only.

THE DRAMA AT HOME.

THEATRICAL affairs in the city, notwithstanding "the times," look well for the coming season. The principal event will, of course, be the opening of WALLACK'S NEW THEATRE, which is expected to take place about the 20th inst. The edifice, in its interior arrangements, will combine all the improvements, as regards comfort and acoustics, which the experience of the veteran manager can suggest. It is arranged to accommodate a large audience, without sacrificing that air of coziness essential to the proper enjoyment of the play, be it tragic or comic, and which gave to the "old stand" in Broadway a principal charm. Ample provision has been made for the exit of the audience—an important consideration in all respects, but especially as regards the contingency of fire. Mr. Wallack, it is understood, will retain all the established favorites of his old troupe, besides infusing some new blood—an annual necessity, by the way, in every theatrical company. The opening piece will be a new one from the pen of Tom Taylor, the author of "Our Yankee Cousin." ......*Seven* and *nine* are magic numbers. Miss KEENE "runs" on the first, and will this season substitute "The Seven Sons" for "The Seven Sisters," which had so long and profitable a run last season. She opens on the 16th, with a company consisting of herself, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Lotty Hough, Miss Sarah Stevens, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Marlowe, Mrs. Dillon, Miss Burke, Miss Frances, Miss Everett, Mr Burnett, Mr H F. Daly, Mr. Levick, Mr. Peters, Mr. Dillon, Mr. G. H. Stoddart, Mr Marlowe, Mr Goodrich, Mr Bilby and Mr. Richardson.......MRS. JOHN WOOD opened the Winter Garden successfully, on the night of the 9th, with a grand spectacular piece, "Cinderella," in which Mrs. Wood's voice finds excellent play. She is efficiently assisted by Miss Ada Clifton, Mrs Bascomb, Mrs. W. R. Blake, Miss Lothian, Mr. Lewis Baker, Mr. Dolly Davenport and Mr. Harry Pearson; a new orchestral conductor, Mr. Koppitz, also presides in the orchestra..... PROF. HERMAN, the prestidigitateur (look well to your jaws, oh, reader!), commences a series of occult exhibitions at the Academy of Music, on the 16th. His conjurations are effected without the aid of the usual apparatus of the minor professors of the Black Art, and are of a higher grade than we have been accustomed to—quite different from the ancient and threadbare mechanical trickery of "inexhaustible bottles" and rabbits cut out of the centre of a loaf of bread.

ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC AND THE DRAMA ABROAD.

AMONG the novelties of the winter operatic season in London will be, it is said, an opera by William Vincent Wallace, "The Rose of Zurich," earlier in date than "Lurline" and "The Amber Witch." Mr. Wallace is said to be engaged on another opera, with Mr Planché as collaborateur.

MR. DELMON GRACE, employed by Mr. Boucicault for the part of Salem Scudder, in his drama of "The Octoroon," will take his departure for England on the 14th inst., in the City of Baltimore. Mr. Jamieson, engaged for the part of Uncle Pete, will also soon depart.

MR. VINCENT NOVELLO, the head of a large family of musicians, died recently at Nice, aged 80. All organists, here as well as in Europe, have his arrangements of old cathedral music, and the beauties of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel and other German composers, as voluntaries. Among his numerous family are Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Miss Clara Novello, and the musical publisher, John Alfred Novello. The deceased was for many years attached to the musical staff of the chapel of the Spanish Embassy, London, and took much interest in the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society, of the council of which he was a member.

A NEW volume is announced to appear in London on the Natural History of Ceylon, by Sir Emerson Tennent, with numerous illustrations from original drawings, to be entitled "Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon," and comprising anecdotes illustrative of the habits and instincts of the mammalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, &c., of the island.

THE Baroness Vigier (in her maiden days Mlle. Cruvelli) has just appeared as an amateur composer by publishing some vocal variations on a Tyrolese theme.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is said to receive 100 guineas for each weekly instalment of his "Strange Story" in *All the Year Round*.

THE *Journal de Frankfort* says: "It may be remembered that a Duke of Wurtemberg some time since married at Hamburg a Mdlle. Frassini, a singer at the opera in that city. A few days since the Prince de Loewenstein-Wertheim, following the example, visited Hamburg for the purpose of celebrating his marriage with an actress, a native of that city, Mdlle. Amelie Williravo."

THE Government of the King of Italy have resolved to hold an exhibition of Art and Industry at Florence in the months of September and October. Italy will see for the first time the works of her artists and the products of her industry collected together under the roof of a Crystal Palace. An official announcement has been circulated, which specifies the following as the principal features of the exhibition: It will be divided into three departments—Agricultural, Industrial and Artistic. It is calculated that there will be about 5,000 contributors. In the Artistic Department the works of artists deceased during the last 20 years will be exhibited, as well as those of living artists. The Cattle Show will comprise not only the products of the peninsula, but also those of Sardinia and Sicily. Two thousand workmen are now engaged upon that part of the Palace of Industry which is to hold the works of painters and sculptors.

MISS PATTI is to receive £200 per night for singing at four concerts to be given at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has arrived in England, and would appear for the first time, at the Haymarket, in the character of Iago.

THE Chevalier Ira Aldridge, K. S., the negro tragedian, is about to proceed to Russia, to undertake a series of those Shakespearean performances which have been crowned with such brilliant success in numerous foreign capitals. He will fulfil engagements in various parts of Prussia, Austria and Russian Poland, as well as in Moscow, St. Petersburg and Odessa; and overtures have been made him to appear in Paris, under illustrious patronage.

Christy's Minstrels were recently engaged especially by the Mayor of Southampton, to appear before their Imperial Highnesses, the Archduke and Archduchess of Austria.

BILLIARDS.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

☞ Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of Interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. P., Windsor, Vt.—Your idea is far from new. It has been practically applied long since.

Q., Wilmington, Del.—The stroke, if made as described, is foul.

J. S., Milwaukee.—It is entirely out of our line.

NOTA, Cleveland.—You will find such information as you desire, in full, in the number of the *Billiard Cue* for the present month.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

WEAK NERVES.—A man with weak nerves will never be a uniformly successful billiard-player. To be able to play on all occasions with his full strength, a man must have his nerves under perfect control. Players who are in the slightest degree excitable or nervous are often unable to play before spectators, and should never attempt to play for money. Inferior players have been reduced, from nervous excitement, to a state bordering upon prostration; and instances are known where they have been incapable of imparting to a ball even sufficient strength to enable it to reach another. Players of every grade, however, may be found who suffer from this cause. A game was once played on which large sums were depending. The game was called, was repeated by the player. He hesitated, again demanded the score, the marker called it. The player then gave a safe miss, when his opponent lacked but one of the game. On another occasion, a game was played in a room crowded with spectators, and most of them were interested in the result. The player required but two points to complete the game, and an easy shot presented itself. The player, in a state of nervous excitement, actually played with the red ball! Two gentlemen were in the habit of playing together for nearly two years in a certain room. One day a spectator offered a large bet on the result, which, to the astonishment of all present, one of the parties accepted the proposal. He played his game coolly, and won the bet. The other gentleman made a trifling bet; during the progress of the game he evinced the greatest anxiety. The two players lacked but one each of the game; the marker called the score, and the gentleman who had made the trifling bet, on hearing the announcement, actually fainted away. "Faint heart never won fair lady," nor anything else.

WHAT AN ENGLISH WRITER SAYS OF BILLIARDS.—A recent English writer says that billiards may be reckoned as a science, the practice of which not only improves and strengthens the mind, but gives tone and vigor to the body. A good, active player walks about two miles an hour round and about the table. The act of striking the ball provides exercise for the arms, opens the chest, and compels a certain degree of motion in all parts of the body. In fact, he knows of only two instruments, the use of which brings all the muscles into play, and they are the spade and the billiard-cue. A friend of this writer had an only daughter, who, from the effects of a fall in her infancy, had contracted a high shoulder, which proved a real deformity as the young lady approached womanhood. Her father consulted the most eminent physicians, but the only specific they could recommend was exercise. The young lady rode, and danced and walked, and ran, and played with the skipping-rope, and used the dumb-bells till she grew rosy-faced and plump, but the high shoulder still remained to mar her graces. A young medical student happened to visit the young lady's father, and the old gentleman spoke of the only thing which spoiled his happiness—his daughter's deformity. "Now," said the student, "you have tried many remedies, but none of them touch the part affected. Riding and walking are excellent kinds of exercise, but they don't bring the right muscles into action. Let me recommend billiards." The old gentleman took his advice, and quietly set about erecting a billiard-room. The student taught the young lady to play, and in less than a year the deformity was so far reduced as to be scarcely perceptible. The English writer vouches for the truth of the cure, of his own positive knowledge. Ladies, make a note of it!

THE LONGEST MATCH EVER PLAYED IN ENGLAND.—The longest match ever played in England was between a French gentleman and Mr. Bedford. It consisted of 300 games, of 21 up. When 200 games had been completed, Mr. Bedford, suffering from fatigue, requested that a number of games should be named, at the expiration of which the match should cease. To Mr. Bedford's astonishment, his opponent named 83 more. The match occupied two days and a night, during which period the French gentleman took nothing but fluids.

THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.—Very few people are aware that, in spite of all the changes which have taken place in France during the last 80 years, there actually exists, in one corner of the Empire, a diminutive republic, founded 1,000 years ago! The statement is proved by the French Budget recently published, in which figures a tribute paid to the Treasury by the Republic of Andorre, in virtue of a treaty concluded under Louis I. (Louis le Debonnaire) about the year 810, by which the inhabitants of Andorre, recognizing the suzerainty of France, agreed to pay 960 livres (francs) per annum for the privilege of exporting some of their products. This tribute was suppressed at the commencement of the Revolution of 1789, but was re-established in 1806, at the request of the Andorreans themselves. The Republic of Andorre is composed of two valleys of the Pyrenees, between Foix and Urgel. It is still governed by a constitution and laws, which have never been changed since the days of Charlemagne. The Government is composed of a sovereign Council of twenty-four members elected by the parishes. This Council holds five annual sessions. It chooses a syndic, or presiding officer, who retains office for life or during good behavior. The capital of this peaceful little state, by whose example greater Republics might profit, is called Andorre, and has a population of 2,000 souls. The total population of the Republic is 15,000.

A RECONNOITERING DETACHMENT OF GENERAL BANKS'S CAVALRY—HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND, IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 282.

FORT HATTERAS, NORTH CAROLINA.

In the second edition of our last number we published a sketch by Mr. Kaulbach, of Max Weber's regiment, representing the bombardment of Fort Hatteras. We now present our readers with one of the Fort, taken since it has been in the possession of the Union troops. We have given so full a description of the Fort, that we have now only to add a few facts. Our map last week has made the public familiar with its location, which is on the inner side of the north-western beak of Hatteras Inlet, commanding the approaches from Pamlico Sound, and, in conjunction with Fort Clark, from the Atlantic. Since it has been in our possession we have made it much stronger by additional works, more guns, and an entire alteration of plan. More we are not at liberty to add. The strip of sand on which it is built varies in width from about 600 yards to about a mile and a half, and is spotted here and there with a kind of scrub oak, which at first were considered masked batteries. Our correspondent informs us that "the mosquitoes are something worse than rebels, and much harder to beat, for they stand their ground manfully, and have drawn more blood than their Southern fellow-creatures, the Secessionists."

Fort Clark, where the Ninth regiment, under Colonel Hawkins, is stationed, is about 700 yards to the north of Fort Hatteras, and is also materially strengthened since the 29th of August. With the vessels of war anchored in the offing, and inside the Inlet, all attempts to recapture either of these forts would be abortive in the present condition of the Confederate Navy. Since they have been in our hands nearly a thousand of the North Carolinians have come forward and taken the oath of allegiance; and the fact that the rebels have abandoned Fort Morgan on Ocracoke Inlet, about ten miles to the south, is evidence how little the Confederates rely on the adherence of North Carolina.

GENERAL BANKS REVIEWING GENERAL THOMAS'S BRIGADE, NEAR SANDY HOOK.

OUR Artist, now with Major-General Banks's staff, was present, a few days ago, at a very interesting review, near Sandy Hook, Maryland, the headquarters of General Banks. We are not justified in giving the full particulars in the present juncture of affairs, and consequently only add that the admirable manner in which General Thomas's brigade acquitted itself drew forth from General Banks the highest encomiums. It was a beautiful and striking scene—the thundering tramp of the artillery as it rattled past the General and his staff, while the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance formed a background at once massive and grand. Although General Banks has seen no active service, he has in him all the qualities which make a great soldier. It was a deep misfortune to the country that he did not assume his present position three months earlier.

"FRESH BREAD!"—IMPROMPTU OVEN BUILT BY THE NINETEENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, IN GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 279.

"For you, my lord, and Lady Kingswood, and my dear cousin Cyril, I hope and I pray that it may be so, for myself, the prospect only looks gloomier than ever."

"Why so, Maud?" he asked, regarding her with grave, almost stern attention.

"Because, my lord," she answered, "I presume your views respecting the disposal of my hand have undergone no change."

"They have not, Maud," he replied emphatically.

"Nor have mine, my lord," she returned, with equal firmness.

He started, and thought of Eric, and he bit his lip. Could there be method, after all, in Philip Avon's madness? He fastened his eyes upon her face to see if he could read there any clue to the truth of Philip's assertion; but he saw that it was pale and transparently white. He noticed, however, that her eyes were fixed upon some object resting upon his library table, and he followed their direction with his own.

She was looking at a key—a large, old-fashioned, time-blackened key—the key of the chamber door in the eastern wing.

"Why do you so steadfastly regard that key?" he interrogated, sharply. "Do you know it?"

"I do not," she said, laconically.

A rising blush spread itself over her face. She did not know it by sight, yet some strange instinct told her that it was the key that kept Eric in confinement.

"I am reminded," said Lord Kingswood, musingly, "of a statement which has been made to me. It is so preposterous, so wholly incredible, that I do not, I confess, award it scarcely a particle of belief. I am anxious that Lady Kingswood should know that I am here. I am very desirous of having some conversation with her. You will please to say, Lady Maud, I must confer with her. What I have to impart is of the greatest import to her and to myself. I shall, therefore, be glad if she would name the earliest moment for me to attend her. Impress upon her ladyship that I can accept no excuse, attend to no denial. Your ladyship will be good enough to seek Lady Kingswood at once, and bring to me an answer at the earliest possible moment."

Lady Maud in silence obeyed him and proceeded to Lady Kingswood's chamber, her vision haunted by the phantom of a large antique key, which she would have given worlds, if hers, to bestow, to have had in her possession for one solitary hour.

Lady Maud had but little *specialité* and less inclination for the task imposed upon her by Lord Kingswood. She had not seen Lady Kingswood since she had delivered to her, with such warmth and earnestness, the lecture upon the rights of duty over the heart's fondest affection—duty, not in the sense of morality, but in the interest of family arrangements. Lady Kingswood had spoken to her excitedly, and even harshly; notwithstanding that she had lowered her haughty and angry tone before she quitted her, the remembrance of its beat had kept her from seeking her ere she had laid down to repose or when she had risen from her couch in the morning.

She found Lady Kingswood in her sleeping apartment, pacing it slowly and thoughtfully. She turned as Maud entered, and stood motionless. Her face was very pale, and seemed to be thin and careworn, far more so than Lady Maud had ever seen it, even in the worst paroxysms of grief she had displayed on quitting London for Brighton.

Lady Maud hesitated, and then stood still, also uncertain how to address Lady Kingswood; and she glanced at her face to see whether she was still in an angry mood with her, but to her amazement and pain, she saw that all Lady Kingswood's hauteur, all her pride, all her stern anger had faded, and that she seemed to be deeply dejected and utterly spiritless.

All Lady Maud's reserve vanished. She ran up to Lady Kingswood and took her hand—it was burning hot.

"You are ill, Lady Kingswood, very ill!" she exclaimed.

Lady Kingswood twined her arms about her, laid her bowed head upon her shoulder, and sobbed like a child.

"I am glad, Maud, you have sought me, for I wish to speak a few words to you—in sorrow, perhaps, but in sincere and affectionate earnestness."

"Lady Kingswood," murmured Lady Maud, anticipating what she was about to say, "spare me. I have heard already an exposition of your views respecting my future. I know the warmth with which you entertain them, and I believe you to be sincere in your convictions, but they have failed to change my heart; they must change my nature ere they do. Therefore, let us not further discuss a subject painful to both, and little likely to end in a solution satisfactory to either. I bring you a message——"

"My dear Maud, you erroneously interpret my words," interposed Lady Kingswood. "I do not deny that what I am about to say will necessarily have some bearing upon the subject of our last conversation, but it will take an entirely new form altogether, and, perhaps, will have as little effect, because it will come to you in the shape of advice."

Lady Kingswood paused for a moment, for her voice faltered at the last word.

Lady Maud did not speak, but the word "advice" had a strange, unpleasant sound in her ear.

Presently Lady Kingswood said,

"Maud, you have a heart young, guileless, pure, innocent and unsullied. You have been, fortunately, less surrounded by the frivolities of your station than many of your sex moving in the same sphere. You have been spared, therefore, the temptations which accompany flattering attentions, low-breathed words, fascinating glances and personal devotion of individuals of your own age, but of the opposite sex. I say temptations, because it is pleasing to poor human nature to create a sensation; especially is it attractive to woman's nature. She bears with inward delight that she has fascinated many, and beholds with silent exultation the homage paid to her by some whose court is held by the vain and self-loving to be highly flattering, when it should be deemed humiliating. Having once permitted herself to become intoxicated by adulation and by admiration, she looks for these servile compliments from every fresh introduction, and if they are not at once accorded, she tries to secure them by miserable artifices derogatory to her self-respect. Betrothed to one, she seeks to command the worship of a host; she ceases, eventually, to care for any one human being, even him to whom she may be united by the holiest ties. She craves for admiration, and will incur all kinds of risks to command it. The inevitable result of this conduct, Maud, is—and mark you well, and remember now what I say to you—that the unhappy creature forfeits her husband's affection and sacrifices her own respect. She exposes herself to humiliation, insult, outrage; and she finds too late—too late!—that for the emptiest mockery, the flimsiest vain glory, she has bartered all the treasures of irreproachable integrity, of unsullied serenity of mind, and unclouded home-happiness, leaving herself, alas! alas! Maud, only unspeakable misery."

She covered her eyes with her hands, and Maud, as she gazed upon her in mute astonishment, beheld scalding and glittering drops fall through her fingers.

She laid her hand gently on Lady Kingswood's shoulder and whispered,

"Pray do not weep, Lady Kingswood, you distress me deeply to see you so unhappy. Tell me, I entreat you, what I have done to make you speak to me thus. I am unconscious of having——"

"Hush—hush," suddenly interrupted Lady Kingswood, looking up to her with weeping eyes. "I have never charged you with conduct such as I have described. Nay, I know that you have never been guilty of it. I only speak to you in words of caution. We change, Maud; time, circumstances, change us. There are thousands who, in their days of innocence, have never dreamed what guilty things they should become. A girl so young as you, Maud, is too prone to be deceived respecting the surrender of her heart. She is fascinated, attracted, and believes she loves. Woe to her if she finds out her mistake when it is too late to repair the error. When she does love, her heart is drawn from her despite her efforts to the contrary. She knows when she really loves, when she finds that no mortal joy, no good, no place, no position is pleasureable to her without the presence or the association of him who has won her love. For him no heart-offerings or wealth-offerings are too great, no sacrifices too exacting to make. If it would be joy to live for him, so would it be to die for him, did his happiness or his honor need it. This is woman's love. You have already told me, Maud, that you love. Do you, in my description, find an illustration of your own?"

"I do—I do, Lady Kingswood, in very earnest truth I do," cried Lady Maud, excitedly. "If I am young, if my youthful hopes and aspirations are susceptible of being deceived, I am not deceived in that I love. Cheerfully, Lady Kingswood, will I part with home, name, rank, wealth, all for him. I have no reserve—I—I have not known parents to love. I have ever felt a tender attachment for you, dear Lady Kingswood, but where my heart is bestowed there rests my life. My deep attachment rests not in what he has said to me, in the way he has acted to me, in the service he has rendered me, in the tenderness he may have professed for me. It is not that he is handsome in person, noble in mind, generous in thought, and spotless in his honor that I love him. I have seen those qualities in others without being affected by them; in him they are attributes which add to the force of my affection. But, oh, Lady Kingswood, is it wrong of me to say—that—that—if he possessed none of—these high qualifications, I should still love him?"

"He would never have won your love without them, Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood. "Yet—yet——"

Lady Maud's hand trembled on her shoulder, as she murmured,

"Oh, Lady Kingswood, do I not love? I am not deceived—I am not deceived. I have no other thought—no other hope than what is centred in him, and if I love not now, then shall I never love!"

"I fear, Lady Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood with a shudder, "it is even as you say. You have surrendered your maiden love—it is lost irrevocably——"

"Not lost! Oh, no, Lady Kingswood," interposed Lady Maud—"given freely and fully, and meeting with a rich response. You will yet live to congratulate me upon its possession."

Lady Kingswood shook her head, and murmured,

"That will never come to pass."

"I have at least convinced you that I love?" urged Lady Maud.

"You have indeed," responded Lady Kingswood, with a sigh.

"And now, Lady Kingswood, will you consign me to the horrible fate of giving my hand to Philip Avon, a creature for whom I entertain sentiments of the most painful antipathy?" asked Lady Maud, almost triumphantly.

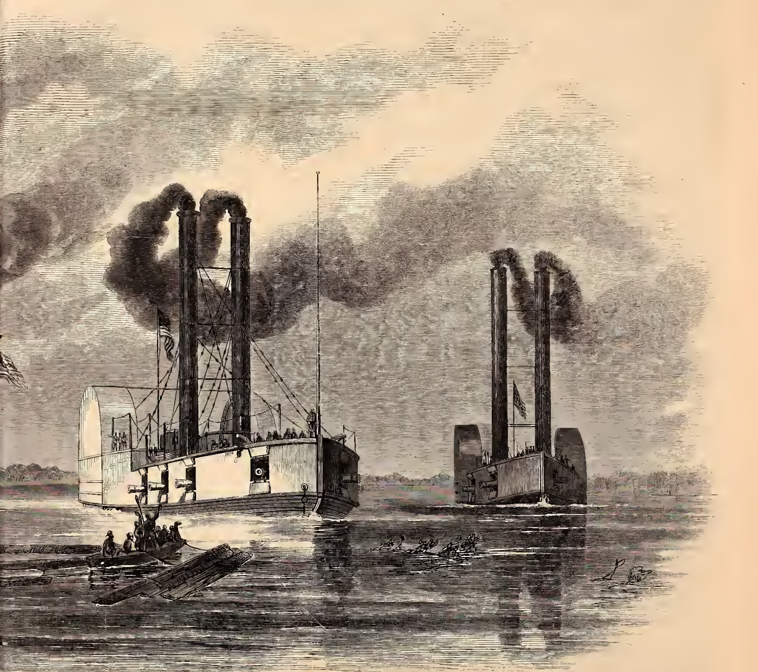
"No—no—no!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, hurriedly.

But the large tears stood thickly in Lady Kingswood's eyes.

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, sadly. "All truth yourself, you have implicit faith in the truthfulness of others. What if, after professing the deepest attachment to you, Maud, you hereafter discover you have been duped, tricked, cheated, that this long course of professed love has been a studied lie? that while foisting his caresses on you, he has been lavishing them upon another? that he has deceived, wronged, shamed you, blighted your happiness, blasted your fame, and made you a shame, a mockery, a finger-point?"

"In the name of Heaven, do not conjure up such horrible conceptions!" cried Lady Maud, with a shudder. "It is not possible that any living being could have acted so wickedly."

"It is not only possible, Maud, but it is nearer to you than you dream," returned Lady Kingswood. "For yourself and your unhappy attachment, I, alas! can only leave you and it to your fate; may both be happier than I foresee. I have fulfilled the task I had resolved to undertake. I have counselled, and I have warned you. I ask of you only, as it seems to me inevitable that we must soon part, to think of my warning and to profit by it. But if you do wed, and you find him you have chosen to be faithful to you



[...] THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN JOHN ROGERS, U. S. N.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 282

loving, and tender of your happiness, no devotion, no services of affection, no thoughtfulness to secure his earthly felicity, no constancy of ministration to his comfort and to his joys which you can bestow upon him, can overpay his deserts. Be sure, too, that all your solicitous efforts to secure his happiness will end in the accomplishment of your own."

Lady Kingswood sank into a seat, as if exhausted by her efforts to converse as much as by her emotions.

Poor Lady Maud was much affected by Lady Kingswood's concluding words. Presently Lady Kingswood lifted up her downcast head, and said,

"I am ill, dear Maud, and unable to maintain a conversation further with you. Come to me about this time to-morrow, I—I will talk with you again?"

"Shall I send for medical advice for you, Lady Kingswood?" asked Lady Maud, hastily.

"No—no," returned Lady Kingswood, in a low, sad tone; "my illness is of the mind, Maud."

"Has aught specially disturbed your mind this morning?" inquired Lady Maud, hesitatingly.

"No," replied Lady Kingswood. "Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Philip Avon has been here," she replied, in the same manner. "I thought you might have had an interview with him, and his rudeness——"

"No," replied Lady Kingswood; "I have not seen him, nor have I been informed of his arrival. I do not wish to see him; and if he should inquire for me, you will please give instructions that he be informed I am not well and cannot be disturbed."

"I will do as you wish, Lady Kingswood," answered Lady Maud; "but before I depart, let me remind you that you have made no allusion to my errand to you."

"What errand?" inquired Lady Kingswood, almost listlessly.

"It was a message from Lord Kingswood," returned Lady Maud.

She was startled by the manner in which Lady Kingswood sprung from her seat.

"Lord Kingswood?" she repeated, almost wildly. "When did it come? how? who brought it? what is it?"

"Lord Kingswood is here," replied Lady Maud, with an air of surprise.

"Here! What, at Kingswood Hall—beneath this roof with me! me! me!" she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis.

"In the name of mercy, Lady Kingswood, what has happened?" cried Lady Maud, "you terrify me when you look in this way at me. Lord Kingswood wishes very anxiously to see you; he requested me to say that he had some matters of the utmost importance to communicate to you."

"I comprehend his lordship's anxiety to see me."

"Indeed, Lady Kingswood," responded Lady Maud, "his lordship begged of me to prevail upon you to grant him an interview; he has something to communicate to you, which, he said, would be calculated to restore you to your native health and spirits."

"Some cunningly-forged lie, no doubt," rejoined Lady Kingswood, bitterly; "some cozening, speciously-framed tale to delude me. But I have heard too much already, and wish not to have it crowned by his justification of himself."

"I know not what to say, Lady Kingswood," said Lady Maud, with a perplexed air. "Both your ladyship and Lord Kingswood speak to me in riddles. I am at a loss to understand what is meant beyond that Lord Kingswood desires greatly to confer with your ladyship, and your ladyship seems very much indisposed to comply with the request."

"What if I were to see him, he cannot alter the past!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, between her teeth; "he cannot make reparation for a wrong that is irreparable; he cannot expiate that which is unatonable. He may attempt to patch up and mend a broken heart, but he cannot make it whole again."

"Yet would it not be at least kind to hear him?" urged Lady Maud.

Lady Kingswood shook her head.

"His lordship said something about asserting his prerogative," added Lady Maud.

"He threatens, does he?" said Lady Kingswood, with a contemptuous smile.

Lady Maud clasped her hands appealingly, but said nothing further.

Lady Kingswood mused for a minute, and then suddenly, and with a strange emphasis, said,

"Well, Lady Maud, he shall have his prayer granted. I will see him! oh, yes! I will see him!"

"When?" inquired Lady Maud, eagerly.

"To-morrow, Maud, to-morrow, just one hour after you have visited me," she replied, with a peculiar expression. "Say to-morrow—and now leave me. I shall faint if I attempt to carry on this conversation longer."

She warmly, passionately embraced Maud, and then, pointing to the door, sank, sobbing hysterically, into a chair.

Lady Maud, gazing at her sorrowfully, slowly retired from the apartment.

CHAPTER LXIII.

NEITHER Lord nor Lady Kingswood had spoken to Lady Maud in direct terms of Eric Gower; both had alluded to him; but while the first had promised to recur to the subject again, the latter seemed to have exhausted it and intended to return to it no more—nay, she had done more, for she had abandoned all wish to see her united to the odious Philip Avon.

She knew well that Lord Kingswood, incited to address her on the hateful subject of Philip Avon, would first speak of it as a matter settled—would, moved by her hostility, proceed to reason with her, then argue with her, and ultimately conclude by sternly commanding her to fulfil his injunctions. Philip, on the other hand, would sneer at Eric, taunt her, scoff at, insult her. He would defiantly deride her rejection of his hand, and address her as if she were already his.

She therefore addressed a note to Lord Kingswood, in which she pleaded her own weak health as an excuse for not conveying to him Lady Kingswood's answer in person. She then communicated Lady Kingswood's assent to meet him and the time she had appointed for the interview.

Anxious as Lord Kingswood had been to have an interview with Eric after his arrangement with Sir Harris Stanhope and his conference with old Pengreep, he was grievously disconcerted to find him at Kingswood Hall.

He had a strange, almost insuperable repugnance to meet him alone in the ancient chamber in which he had caused him to be confined, and an almost equal unwillingness to put to him a proposition which, if he accepted, would be a surrender of his birthright, beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall.

He did not wholly give up his original intention of seeing and conversing with Eric alone before he despatched him to London; but after some consideration he determined to postpone the interview until the following day.

He fancied that it would have a salutary effect upon the youth to keep him for four and twenty hours at least in solitary confinement. Lord Kingswood believed that, vexed by confinement and neglect, Eric would be tempted to listen to reason—that is, reason from his lordship's point of view. So he decided that he would not seek an interview with him until the following morning.

While deeply abstracted in these ruminations, Lady Maud's maid, Harebell, appeared with the note her young mistress entrusted her to carry to him. She placed it in his lordship's hands, and stood still, close to the library table, while he perused it, as if waiting for a reply.

She, too, fastened her eyes upon a large antique key which lay within reach of her fingers.

Lord Kingswood read the note with seeming satisfaction. A cold, proud smile curled his upper lip as he said to the girl,

"You will present my thanks to Lady Maud St. Clair, and inform her ladyship that the appointment shall be kept."

"If you please, my lord," said Harebell, curtseying, "Benson, the gamekeeper, who is watching the door of the goblin room in the eastern wing, told me to ask your lordship whether the young gentleman who had been put in there is to have anything to eat while he remains?"

"Oh, by all means, certainly," replied Lord Kingswood, quickly. "Let refreshments be served to him at regular intervals."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Harebell, slightly raising her voice, "but Benson says, if the young gentleman is to have dinner served up to him, how is he to take it into the room while the door is locked?"

"Oh, aye, true—I forgot," responded Lord Kingswood, taking up the key, which seemed to fascinate Harebell in so strange a manner. "This is the key of the room; give it to Benson," he said, handing it to her. "Tell him that on no account, nor on any plea, is he to permit the inmate of that room to leave it, neither is he to admit within it any other person than himself, on pain of dismissal. Let this key, when the refreshment has been served, be returned to me."

"Yes, may it please you, my lord," exclaimed the girl, taking possession of the key with much avidity, adding, "Benson wants to know, too, if you please, my lord, that when the young gentleman has had his supper will there be any occasion for him to wait?"

Lord Kingswood mused for a minute or so, and then said,

"No—no, it will be unnecessary. Let him be careful, before he retires for the night, that the door is secure; that will be sufficient."

"Thank ye, my lord," responded Harebell, with a sharp, quick curtsey, and she disappeared from the apartment.

Arming himself with a gun, and taking a dog with him, Lord Kingswood quitted Kingswood Hall for the Chace, as if to enjoy an hour's shooting alone, for he would not permit any one to accompany him.

Harebell in the meantime returned to her young mistress, and knocking at her chamber door, begged to be allowed to say a few words to her.

Lady Maud was hardly pleased at the interruption, for, with her burning cheek laid upon her hand, she was trying to contrive some mode of communicating with Eric. She, however, rose up and gave admittance to Harebell.

"What do you wish to say to me, Harebell?" she inquired.

"Why, if you please, my lady, I took your note to Lord Kingswood, and his lordship presents his thanks to your ladyship, and he will keep the appointment," answered Harebell.

"You could have told me that at any time, Harebell," said Lady Maud.

"So I could, if you please, my lady," she replied; "but any time would not do for the favor I want to ask of your ladyship."

"Favor, Harebell? What is it?" responded Lady Maud.

"Does your ladyship know Benson—the gamekeeper Benson?" asked Harebell.

"I do—by sight," rejoined Lady Maud.

"Well, my lady, it is Benson who has been set to watch the goblin chamber in the eastern wing, where the poor young gentleman is locked in."

"What of Benson, tell me, Harebell?" she exclaimed.

"Why, you see, my lady," answered Harebell, "when I carried your ladyship's note to Lord Kingswood, I don't know however it was, but I lost my way in the corridors and came right upon Benson, who, with a gun resting on the hollow of his arm, was keeping watch outside the door of that horrid ghost hole. I was like to faint at first with fright, but Benson held me up and told me not to give way to my feelings, and so I wanted to know what he did there, and he told me; then I wanted to know who was to give Mr. Eric anything to eat to keep him from starving, and he said he didn't know, he had no orders, and so, my lady, I thought as I went to the library I would ask Lord Kingswood, and say it was Benson who wanted to know what he was to do about it."

"And his lordship's reply? Quick, quick, my good girl," exclaimed Lady Maud, eagerly.

Harebell held up the antique key, and swung it backwards and forwards by the handle.

"That is his lordship's reply," rejoined Harebell, with dancing eyes and the display of a very even row of white teeth.

A thousand thoughts—a world of wishes—rushed through Lady Maud's brain at sight of that key, but she felt that she dare not ask for it, nor even display any anxiety respecting it. Harebell was not actuated by similar feelings.

"The favor I have to ask of your ladyship is," she continued, still with a peculiar, mirthful shrewdness in her smile, "to permit me to take this key to Benson, and bid him supply Mr. Eric with whatever refreshment he requires."

"Oh—yes—certainly," exclaimed Lady Maud, hesitatingly, distressed to think she could not properly invent a stratagem to communicate herself with Eric without making a confidant of this girl.

As if Harebell read her thoughts in her expressive features, she said,

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Harebell; "but the fact is, all the household like Mr. Eric, and they would do anything for him they could without offending Lord Kingswood. Now, he has been treated cruelly enough already to-day, and somebody therefore ought to treat him with kindness, so I thought that if your ladyship would just write two or three lines to him to ask what refreshment he would like, and when he would wish to have it—it would, my lady, seem to him, lonely and miserable as he must be, that he is not forsaken by all the world."

Why, it was the very stratagem that Lady Maud could not think of until thus put before her very eyes and into her hands.

Her heart was too full to speak, but Harebell's quick glance detected the large tear which had sprung into her eye. She hurried to her desk without a word, and sat down to write.

In a burst of excitement she wrote a few hurried, passionate, loving lines, expressive of the agony his position occasioned her, and breathing a hope that Heaven would permit them to meet once more ere it sundered them for ever.

She would not even read the note after she had written it, but with cheeks of the hue of the carnation, she handed it to Harebell, and bade her hurry with it to its destination.

"Where are you going, pretty little Suky?" exclaimed the spoken-of Benson, "all eyes," as he gazed on her pretty face.

"I want to go into that chamber," she said.

"My orders are to let no one in or out," he said, "and I must obey my orders, even though so pretty a wench as thou bid me nay."

"Did you think Mr. Gower was to be suffered to starve here all day?" she exclaimed. "No, gamekeeper, he is not. Lord Kingswood has given the key to me. I am going to ask Mr. Eric what he would like for his dinner, and then I shall carry it to him, and when that is done I am to give the key to you until supper-time. Lord Kingswood's orders are that, while you have the key, you are not to admit a soul into that room, nor to let the inmate of that room depart from it on any pretence whatever. When the bell rings for supper, I shall come again and take the key back to Lord Kingswood, and you may then retire to your bed."

"My bed, wench? what, in yon corner, I suppose?" returned the gamekeeper, with a sneer. "I be to watch here all the night."

"Lord Kingswood ordered me to say that a night-watch was unnecessary," rejoined Harebell, emphatically. "So that when I take the key the last thing, you may go your way to your hut in the forest."

A moment more and Harebell passed into the room, where she saw Eric standing leaning upon his elbows on the window-ledge, and looking out thoughtfully into the Chace.

She began talking to him about what kind of refreshment he would like to take, and he rather impetuously declined taking any, but she raised her finger in a cautioning manner, slipped Lady Maud's letter into his hand, and in an undertone asked a message back in reply. He was only too enraptured to have the opportunity of sending one, but there were no writing materials in the room.

He had, however, a pocket-book, and he tore a leaf from it, and was about to write upon it, when Harebell stopped him.

"It is necessary to be very cautious," she whispered. "Be careful what you say, I might lose the paper or it might be taken from me. Don't you think, sir, it would be better if you were to say to the young lady herself all that you wish to write?"

"It would, indeed," exclaimed Eric, with eager anxiety; "but how is an interview to be accomplished?"

"Leave that to me," returned Harebell. "All you have got to do is to write on that bit of paper, and beg Lady Maud to come to you and speak with you, if only for five minutes. I'll do all the rest."

Eric seized her hand and wrung it. Then he wrote in terms of passionate entreaty for Lady Maud to grant him an interview, if only for a few moments, as Harebell had suggested.

He handed the note to the girl, who hastily slipped it down her bosom, and then whispered,

"We shall not be here until after nightfall."

Raising her voice, she requested to know at what hour she should bring him some refreshment, and on replying "a few hours hence," she quitted him, turned the key in the lock, and then handed it to Benson.

She turned abruptly down a flight of steps, for she saw Philip Avon, with a scowling visage, advancing towards the chamber in the eastern wing.

Harebell was prepared to find her young mistress eagerly expecting her. Poor Lady Maud! she was no adept at the art of dissimulation, although she endeavored to accomplish her aim without admitting Harebell to her confidence. Abstracted, perplexed and distressed, Lady Maud had almost determined to run all risks and confide the real state of her heart to Harebell, when the latter, engaged in repairing some antique lace, said abruptly,

"This old point, my lady, reminds me of the old ancient chamber in which there pines a fair young lord locked in with an old, ancient key. Poor young gentleman, he looked so piteous, and begged so hard to be able to interchange a word with your ladyship, that if it was poor I, I don't know how I ever should refuse him."

"I know not how to grant his request," exclaimed Lady Maud, in distressed accents. "The room is locked and guarded, and if Lord Kingswood were to know that I had visited him he would be so very angry with me."

"So, my lady, perhaps he would be if he knew that your ladyship had written to him," rejoined Harebell. "Whatever Lord Kingswood may think and say, there can be no harm in just hearing what Mr. Eric has to communicate to your ladyship."

"But how is it to be arranged?" inquired Lady Maud.

"I relieve guard," Harebell said. "When Ben on goes off duty, I go on. That is to say, my lady, I take the key of the room from Benson, to return it to Lord Kingswood, and between my receiving the key and giving it up to Lord Kingswood, you shall see Mr. Eric."

"Thank you, my good Harebell. I will place my trust in you, and I will go to see Mr. Eric to-night," said Lady Maud.

"Of course you will, my lady, and happy will he be. Poor gentleman! it will be something to cheer him while in that awful, lonely, ghostly, horrid room," rejoined the girl. "Now that I know what we are going to do, now I shall know how to arrange," she added; "and if your ladyship will excuse me, I will make my preparations."

The sun was now sinking behind the distant hills, daylight had merged into twilight, the green foliage of the trees was fast changing into purple masses, and thick white mists were ascending from the valleys. Lady Maud sat wearily watching, believing the day would never end. Kingswood Hall was solemnly quiet, there was not a sound to be heard within the building, as there appeared not to be a leaf stirring without. The shadows grew longer and deeper, the pale, golden, greenish hue of the sky was changing into a violet tint, when Lady Maud was startled by finding Harebell at her side.

"Oh, my lady!" she exclaimed, almost out of breath, "there has been such a to-do—such a disturbance! What a terrible man Mr. Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, is!"

"What has happened?" she inquired.

"I forgot to tell your ladyship that I met him advancing along one of the corridors as I quitted the eastern wing to-day, to bring you a note from Mr. Eric. I turned out of his path, and he did not see me; but it seems he went direct to Benson, and directed him to admit him to Mr. Eric's room. Benson referred him to Lord Kingswood, and Mr. Avon went into a passion, and called Benson names. Benson don't like to be called names. So he was firm, and Mr. Avon went out into the Chace to search for Lord Kingswood. Not being able to find him, he makes for Benson again, and this time he told Benson that he would throttle him and then take the key from him. But Benson put his gun to his shoulder, and pointing it at Mr. Avon, he very respectfully told him that he would blow his brains out if he attempted to touch him, and so Mr. Avon went away muttering vengeance against him."

"Has Mr. Avon left Kingswood Hall?" inquired Lady Maud, nervously.

"Oh, yes, my lady; but Benson thinks he will be back again, and that therefore he had better wait on the watch for the remainder of the night."

"How very unfortunate," she murmured. "I shall not be able to—to—see—to comply with Mr. Eric's request."

"Oh, yes, my lady," rejoined Harebell, quickly; "for if he comes back again, he will be told that Lord Kingswood has got the key; he will then have to find Lord Kingswood to get it, and will also find, when he does see him, that he has not got it. When he returns to the chamber in the eastern wing, I suspect that it will not be of much consequence who has got it. If you please, my lady, wrap yourself in your large cloak and hood, and be ready to depart from here directly you hear the nine o'clock servants' supper-bell ring. I must go to Benson to obtain the key, and then I will conduct you thither."

At the time appointed she made her appearance, and on they went, slowly and silently, until at length they paused at a door.

Harebell produced a ponderous key, and inserting it noiselessly into the lock, she turned it without sound, suffered the door to gently open, and admitted Lady Maud into the room. She drew the door to again, turned the key once more in the lock to secure it, withdrew it, and glided silently away.

Lady Maud, on finding herself within the small, old chamber, uttered a faint cry of alarm.

Before her stood a figure in all respects resembling a phantom.

The moon had risen, and its white, shining beams streaming through the window, fell upon the clear, open, handsome face of Eric, as he stood erect, motionless, peering towards the softly opening door.

Eric sprang forward and encircled the enshrouded figure in his arms. He drew her to the moonbeams, and she let fall the hood from her head, so that the silver rays gleamed on her fair, sweet young face, and he saw that her clear, lustrous eyes were bent upon his tenderly and lovingly.

"Sweet Lady Maud! dearest and kindest, how shall I thank you for this most generous and tender condescension?" he said, in a rich, earnest voice.

"Nay," she said, faintly, "I am but too, too joyful at having the opportunity, through the happy management of my maid, to interchange a few words with you. Oh, Eric, how I grieve that you should have been so insulted, so wickedly outraged as you have been this morning!"

"By Philip Avon, yes!" he exclaimed with stern bitterness; "but never heed it, sweet Maud. I treat his contumely with scorn. Still I cannot conceal from myself the respective positions in which we stand," he said, firmly. "You are young, beautiful, of high rank and assured position, the heiress of a name and fortune. I stand for the moment nameless and penniless—a fugitive, wandering in secrecy, and persecuted when I appear. Thus, my suit to you at first sight appears to be not only preposterous in its nature, but, on my part, the act of a designing scoundrel——"

"Eric!" ejaculated Lady Maud, with astonishment.

"And so, indeed, it would, dear Maud, if I were in very truth a nameless, penniless adventurer; but Heaven be thanked, I am only fortuitously so," he rejoined, quickly. "I have a name and rank, and ere long I will establish my title to it. In the interim, however—deep as my love is for you, Lady Maud, blissful as your face and form are to my eyes—I hold it to be an imperative duty that I should separate myself from you entirely, refraining from all personal interviews or communications, until I, having a name not less noble than your own, being of equal rank and wealth, can come forward and say, Lady Maud St. Clair, I love you tenderly, deeply, enduringly. I offer to you my hand, my heart, my life."

"You are sanguine, dear Eric, of being reinstated in your rights; I am not. You have told me that you have no friends——"

"But you, dearest!" he exclaimed.

"Lord Kingswood is wealthy, powerful and inflexible," she continued. "Measured against his strength, your greatest efforts must fail, and you must be crushed."

"I neither fear him nor his power," he said; "I dare the struggle, and I shall come from it victorious."

"Oh, Eric!" she returned, passionately, "my heart is bursting—breaking beneath this roof! All here for whose opinion you need care, save myself, are arrayed in bitter hostility against you. In the eye of Heaven, by your vow and my own, I am your wife! take me with you hence! I will cheerfully, gladly give up all I hold here, station and wealth, to share your fate. Take me, Eric; I have the means of flight. I have a small fortune of my own which Lord Kingswood cannot touch, and I have a wealth of love for you surpassing all the treasures of the world."

A sharp, hurried tap at the door interrupted her, and a voice breathed hissingly through the keyhole,

"For mercy's sake, Lady Maud, secrete yourself, Lord Kingswood is approaching the chamber."

Before Eric could think of a recess to answer this purpose, the door was struck a violent blow with some weapon, and the voice of Philip Avon, thickened by intoxication, cried,

"Hallo, you fox in the trap there! I want to worry you! Open the door or I'll break it in!"

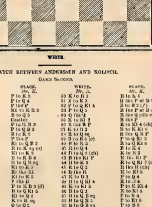
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

All communications for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, Chess Editor, Home Life Insurance Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

PROBLEM No. 305.—By MEDICUS, Newburg, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

MATCH BETWEEN ANDERSSEN AND KOLISCH.

GAME SECOND.

WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	30 K to R 2	R to B 5
2 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	31 B to K 3	Q tks P at B 5
3 P tks P	P tks P	32 P to Q Kt 4	B to B 2 (f)
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	33 P to Q 5	R tks P at B 4 (ch)
5 B to Q 3	B to Q 3	34 Q tks Q	R tks Q (dis ch)
6 Castles	Castles	35 K to Kt 2	R tks P
7 P to K R 3	P to K R 3	36 B tks R P	R to Kt 4 (ch)
8 P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	37 K to B 2	R to K Kt 5
9 Kt to Q B 3	B to K 3	38 R to Q sq	R tks Q R P
10 P tks P	P tks P	39 B to B 3 (g)	P to Q Kt 3
11 B to K 3	Kt to Q B 3	40 B to K 3	P to Q Kt 6
12 Q to Q 2	R to K sq (a)	41 R to Q 4	R to K 4
13 Q R to K sq	Kt to K 2	42 R to Q 8 (ch)	K to R 2
14 Kt to K 5	B to K B 4	43 B tks Kt P	R tks Kt P
15 P to K B 4	R to Q B sq	44 B to K 3	R to Q Kt 7 (ch)
16 P to K Kt 4	Kt to K 5	45 R to Q 2	R tks R (ch)
17 Q to K Kt 2	Kt tks Kt	46 B tks R	K to Kt 3
18 P tks B	Kt to K 5	47 K to B 3	P to B 4
19 B tks Kt (b)	P tks B	48 B to Q Kt 4	K to R 4
20 Q tks P (c)	P to K B 3 (d)	49 K to Kt 2	P to K Kt 4
21 Kt to K Kt 4	B to Q Kt 5	50 B to Q 2	K to Kt 3
22 R to K 2	Kt to Q 4	51 B to Q B sq	P to R 4
23 Q to Q 3	K to R sq	52 B to Q R 3	P to Kt 5
24 B to B sq (e)	Q to Q 2	53 B to Q B sq	P to B 5
25 R tks R (ch)	R tks R	54 B to Q 2	K to B 4
26 Kt to K 3	B to K 4	55 K to B 2	K to K 5
27 P to Q R 3	Kt tks Kt	56 B to K sq	P to Kt 6 (ch)
28 B tks Kt	B to Kt 3	57 K to Kt sq	P to B 6
29 B to B 2	Q to Q 4		and wins.

(a) The game is well opened on both sides, the moves being made in strict accordance with the theoretical analysis laid down by the authors.

(b) Mr. Anderssen explained to us that he made this move without due deliberation, being of opinion that P to K B 5 would have given him a fine game.

(c) We believe that P to K B 6, instead of the move in the text, would have led at least to an even game.

(d) Mr. Kolisch does not fail to take immediate advantage of his adversary's weak play; Black's position is now very superior, and with due care victory must be certain.

(e) The best move under the circumstances.

(f) Played with Mr. Kolisch's usual ability; after this move the game is irrecoverable.

(g) R to Q 1 would have been unavailing, since Black would have replied with B to K 4, and if White had then taken Q Kt P with Rook, Black would have rejoined with Rook taking the Bishop, and winning a piece.

POLES *v.* PRAYERS.—We heard, a night or two since, a tolerably good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky riggings. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar, and expecting instant destruction, one of the raftsmen dropped on his knees, and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes for an instant, he observed his companion not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doing, Mike?" said he. "Get down on your knees, now, for there isn't a minit between us and purgatory."

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with the pole; "be aisy now! what's the use of praying when a feller can tech the bottom with a pole?"

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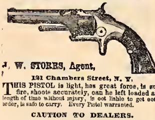

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No. 305.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

The Publisher of Frank Leslie's Newspaper to the Public.

OWING to the largely increased circulation of his various publications, involving as it has done considerable additions to his establishment, and in view of the augmented business duties incident to the prompt and satisfactory management of his affairs, the Editor and Publisher of this Paper has found it necessary to make new arrangements for its conduct, and such as are as satisfactory to himself, as he has no doubt they will prove to be to the public. Conscious that the times are momentous in themselves, and fraught with momentous consequences, he is ambitious to secure their full and truthful illustration, and also to render his paper a reflex of the National feeling, and a faithful ally of the National cause. He is equally anxious to make it, in its literary character, fully equal to the requirements of a refined and cultivated public. To this end, he has great satisfaction in announcing that he has secured the services of Hon. E. G. Squier as the future Editor of his Newspaper. Mr. Squier is too well known through his public services, and has a literary and scientific character too well established on both Continents to need a word of introduction or commendation here. His name is a sufficient guarantee that the Newspaper will be conducted with vigor, independence, judgment and impartiality. While it will discuss public affairs with freedom, it will avoid mere partisan influences, prejudices and objects, and devote itself only to what may be regarded as the best interests of the country. Not doubting for a moment the ultimate triumph of the present great National movement, and the reorganization of the Republic under higher and better auspices than before, in accordance with the more advanced sentiments of the age, and in conformity with the severe teachings of experience, the Newspaper will lend its efforts to the success of the one and the perfection of the other, with whatever of ability or influence it can command.

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General Fremont's Proclamation—Emancipation.

On the 31st of August, General Fremont issued a Proclamation from St. Louis, declaring, among other things, that "The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, shall be confiscated to the public use, *and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.*" We have now a Proclamation from Provost-Marshal McKinstry, dated the 13th, giving practical effect to that of General Fremont, in the case of Thomas L. Snead, of St. Louis, convicted of having "taken an active part with the enemies of his country," whose two slaves, Frank Lewis and Hiram Reed, are, consequently, "declared to be free, and for ever discharged from the bond of servitude." This is the first proceeding under the Act of the late Congress, entitled, "An Act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," of which section 4 is as follows:

"Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That whenever any person claiming to be entitled to the service or labor of any other person under the laws of any State, shall employ such person in aiding or promoting any insurrection, or in resisting the laws of the United States, or shall permit him to be so employed, he shall forfeit all right to such service or labor, and the person whose labor or service is thus claimed shall be thenceforth discharged therefrom, any law to the contrary notwithstanding."

A literal construction of this law would only authorise the the emancipation of such slaves as have been individually employed by their masters in the rebel service, to prove which would probably in most cases be impossible, or at least involve long and complicated investigation. General Fremont, rightly interpreting the sentiment of the nation, and adverse to half measures, has given the law the only application which can be at all practical and useful in the present emergency. For it is idle, discouraging to all earnest men, and damaging to our cause throughout the world, to discriminate, or to appear to discriminate, between the different kinds of rebel property and unfavorably to the slave. We stultify ourselves, and justly incur the charge of weakness and vacillation, and, what is worse, treachery to the holy cause of human freedom, when we boldly confiscate the ships, and houses, and cattle of the rebel in arms, and yet refuse freedom to his slave, whom he claims as property, except such slave has actually been employed against the nation.

It has been intimated that the Government would disapprove of General Fremont's proclamation. We discredit the report. Considerations of policy, or false notions of conciliation, may have hitherto induced the Administration to treat certain "delicate questions"—for it is in this dainty way that a portion of the press speak of the atrocity of Slavery—with great circumspection, and to affect a desire to keep them entirely out of the contest, just as if the whole world does not know that Slavery is at the beginning and the end, is the very essence and body, the motive and sustaining power of the present struggle on the part of the rebel States. But we hope the stern teachings of the past five months have taught it the folly of masking a purpose which must sooner or later be avowed, and through the execution of which alone can the country be restored, and its peace and prosperity secured.

We have sung pæans to the Union right loudly, and flaunted the Star-Spangled Banner right grandly, and proclaimed to mankind that it was only to uphold the one and perpetuate the other, that we have rushed to the red fields of war, and poured out freely our treasure and our blood. But we have failed to arouse the enthusiasm of men abroad, and have not always secured their sympathy. At home, whatever of real strength we have had, apart from the wholesome patriotic flush of our youth, has been derived from the conviction that the result of the war must be, *first* the paralization of Slavery as a power in the State, and a circumscription of its limits; and *secondly*, ultimate emancipation.

We do not mean to say that any one contemplates these results as the work of a day, or through any violent disruption of existing social and political relations and organizations. But we do not suppose for an instant, that any reconstruction of the Union can be effected with Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri as Slave States. The war will settle the question of Slavery within their borders, whatever may be their future political connections. It is estimated that one-half of the slaves of Missouri, and one-third of those of the other States named, have either escaped or been removed to the Gulf States. And it is there that the great moral, and social, and political ulcer of Slavery must be driven, to gather and break.

To this end General Fremont's proclamation, and the proceedings under it, will largely contribute. Let it be known far and wide that the treason of the master is the freedom of the slave, and that loyal citizens will be protected in the possession of their slaves until victory perches on our arms, and we are enabled to fix their future destinies, with due regard to the interests of the master, and those of the purified and regenerate Republic. When this shall be proclaimed and understood, we can afford to despise the hostile policy of foreign Governments, for we shall be sure of the hearty sympathies of their people, which even the most despotic of them must regard; and we shall bring to the war a purpose, a will, and a principle, superadded to a patriotic impulse and fervor, before which the rebel hosts will disappear like dew before the sun. General Fremont has laid the axe at the root of our present evils. If he shall be thoroughly, openly and consistently sustained on the whole line of our military operations, from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, the cause of the Union and of humanity will have gained its first great victory, and its ultimate triumph will be assured, amidst the acclamations of mankind. The strength of the South consists in a settled, well-defined purpose, intelligible to all of its adherents, and in support of which they are capable of making any sacrifice, and ready to resort to any means. We must oppose it by a purpose equally definite, and through such overpowering means as a just God has put in our hands. Slavery has embroiled the country for half a century, distempered its policy, polluted its social life, demoralised its politics, corrupted its councils, and finally raised its impious hand against the best Government the world ever saw. Let it die!

After the above was written and put in type, a painful rumor was spread through the daily press that the Government, regarding the Proclamation of General Fremont as transcending his authority, and, as a mark of its displeasure, had superseded him in his command. The rumor has proved to be true only to this extent — the President has ordered the Proclamation of General Fremont to be modified so as to conform to the strict letter of the law, as quoted above. That is to say, no slaves are to be freed, except such as have been individually employed by their masters, or by permission of their masters, "in aiding or promoting insurrection, or in resisting the laws of the United States." The letter of the President, making this order, is as follows:

Washington, D. C., Sept. 11, 1861.

Major-General John C. Fremont.

Sir—Yours of the 8th, in answer to mine of 2d inst., is just received. Assuming that you upon the ground could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your Proclamation of August 30, I perceived no general objection to it; the particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves, appeared to me to be objectionable, in its nonconformity to the Act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subjects, and hence I wrote you expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly. Your answer just received, expresses the preference on your part that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do. It is therefore ordered that the said clause of said Proclamation be so modified, held and construed as to conform with and not to transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, approved Aug. 6, 1861," and that said Act be published at length with this order.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Probably the President felt that a strict discharge of his duty, in an administration of the laws, required him to make this order; and there is no doubt that the advocates of "moderation and expediency," whose counsels have precipitated the country into war, have strongly urged him to take this step. The fault is less with the President than with the framers of the Act, which is but a half-measure, and, like all half-measures, bad in policy. As it stands, it provokes just as great hostility among the rebels as an unconditional confiscation of their slaves could have done, while it fails to enlist the sympathies or inspire the action of those hostile to slavery on principle, or who would destroy it or weaken it as an element of political disturbance and national insecurity. As it stands, it contributes in no degree to retain the allegiance of a single slaveholder, while it repels the support which our cause would otherwise receive from the sympathy of all civilized nations, to say nothing of the more effective energy and renewed zeal of the people at large, who are fully awake to the fact that Slavery is the sole origin of our troubles, and the "direful cause of all our woes." The best act of Congress, at its coming session, will be the amendment of the law, so as to meet the exigencies of the times. By December, it is to be hoped, the Administration and Congress will have become aroused to the *reality* of the present struggle. It will not be too late to retrieve the errors of a false and dangerous moderation.

Kentucky Rousing for the Union.

A desperate effort is now in progress in Kentucky to precipitate that State into Secession, or failing in that, into civil war. The traitor Governor, Magoffin, openly, and the traitor Senator Breckinridge covertly, are invoking every means fair and foul to bring about this result. The new Legislature fortunately, fresh from the people, is thoroughly Union. In his message to that body, Magoffin, after a long and studied denunciation of the North and the National Government, and after exhausting every appeal favorable to the rebels of the South, nevertheless said, "My respect for State rights and State sovereignty will make me bow in respectful submission to the majority of her people, so long as I am a citizen of Kentucky." The sequel has shown the hollowness and falsity of this, as of every other protestation this double-dyed traitor has made.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago Brigadier-General Polk, in command of a division of the rebel army, occupied the town of Columbus and other commanding points on the Mississippi River in Kentucky, in consequence of which General Grant, the Union commander at Cairo, proceeded on the 6th to occupy the town of Paducah, on the Ohio. Up to this time, out of respect for the position of neutrality which Kentucky, under Magoffin's inspirations, had assumed, the Government had abstained from military operations on her soil. The occupation of Paducah became, however, a strategic necessity, consequent on the prior movement of Polk.

On the 12th the following resolutions, calling on the Governor to expel the rebels, were presented, and passed the Lower House of the Legislature by a vote of 71 to 26, and subsequently passed the Senate by a vote of 26 to 8:

Resolved, That Kentucky's peace and neutrality have been wantonly violated, her soil has been invaded, the rights of her citizens have been grossly infringed by the so called Southern Confederate forces. This has been done without cause; therefore,

Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, that the Governor be requested to call out the military force of the State to expel and drive out the invaders.

Resolved, That the United States be invoked to give that aid and assistance, that protection against invasion which is granted to each one of the States by the 4th Section of the 4th Article of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That General Robert Anderson be, and he is hereby requested to enter immediately upon the active discharge of his duties in this military district.

Resolved, That we appeal to the people of Kentucky by the ties of patriotism and honor, by the ties of common interest and common defence, by the remembrances of the past, and by the hopes of future national existence, to assist in repelling and driving out the wanton violators of our peace and neutrality, the lawless invaders of our soil.

Notwithstanding his affected deference for the will of the people of Kentucky, Magoffin vetoed these resolutions and returned them to the Legislature, by which, however, they were passed over his veto by a large majority. Following up this decisive action, the House instructed the appropriate committee to bring in a bill making it felony to aid the war by enlisting troops for the rebels, or inducing any one to do so, or by joining or parading with any company with the intent to join the Confederates. Also providing that invasion of Kentucky by any citizen as a Confederate soldier shall be punishable by death—the Act to go into effect in ten days, but not to be applicable to those who return to their allegiance within sixty days.

These emphatic proceedings inspire us with confidence that the scheme of forcing Kentucky, the best and most chivalrous of the Slave States, out of the Union will fail. Polk, at the head of 8,000 men, is reported as still holding his position, disregarding equally the protests of Kentucky and the order of recall of the Governor of Tennessee. Meantime General Grant remains at Paducah, in the name of the United States, while throughout the State the Union men, convinced that "neutrality" is no longer possible, are rallying to the national standard. They have formed several camps, which are rapidly filling with soldiers. In one camp five regiments of Kentuckians were organized in one week, each regiment numbering one thousand men, all thoroughly armed and equipped. There are also two regiments of loyal Tennesseeans in the camp. This looks like a determination on the part of the people not to be overridden by the rebels, and gives significance to the letter of the well-known and patriotic Kentuckian, Leslie Combs, addressed, under date of the 4th, to a member of the recent People's Convention of New York. He says:

"These peace meetings with us, and I presume everywhere, are mere soft words for treason, and we shall so treat them. I am on guard all the time ready for action. If the rebels dare make a war upon us we will sweep them clean, and that rapidly. We are wide awake, and defy their malice as much as we scorn their blustering. 'The Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the Laws' must be kept aloft everywhere, and all mere party platforms trampled under foot."

A grand salute of 97 guns was fired in the Park of this city, on the 14th, in honor of the 71 members of the House of Representatives and the 26 Senators of the Legislature of Kentucky who voted for and passed the joint resolutions quoted above.

The Coming State Election.

Several attempts have been made by a portion of the leaders of the Democracy of other days to commit what remains of the party, as an organization, to a quasi-hostility to the war, and to give aid and comfort to the rebels by mouthy declarations in favor of peace, and against the extraordinary measures which the Government has been compelled to take for its preservation. It seems that a majority of the members of the Democratic State Committee are of this semi-Secession, or "White Feather" stamp. At any rate, they refused to accede to the proposition of the Republican State Committee, which was to make no distinctive party nominations on either side, but to make up a sound Union ticket of members of all parties, throwing aside, during the present vital struggle, all partisan issues and designations. Their refusal would have been a mistake under any circumstances, inasmuch as the Republican party is, and long has been, in an unquestioned majority in the State. The so-called Democratic Convention accordingly met, nominated a ticket for State officers, and adopted a series of milk-and-water resolutions, strongly tinctured with Secession sympathy, poorly disguised under the form of aspirations for peace, and reflections on the abuse of Executive power.

But the Convention mistook the times, and the spirit and temper of the times. That deference for the South, or what its opponents have called subservience to the South, which until lately was a Democratic weakness, no longer exists. It has disappeared under Southern assaults on the Constitution and the National integrity, and the old leaders seek in vain to evoke the spirit which once responded to their call. A number of the nominees of the Syracuse Convention, including Mr. Tremaine, nominated for Attorney-General, and Mr. Bronck, nominated for Treasurer, have refused to stand, and in the meantime (on the 10th) a People's Convention, presided over by Mr. Alvord, an old Democrat, but made up of members of all parties, has nominated a ticket regardless of party, and pledged only to the

Union, the open support of the Government, and the vigorous prosecution of the war, as follows:

Attorney-General, Daniel S. Dickinson; Secretary of State, Horatio Ballard; Comptroller, Lucius Robinson; Treasurer, William B. Lewis; Canal Commissioners, F. A. Alberger and B. F. Bruce; State Prison Inspector, Abram B. Tappan; State Engineer, William B. Taylor; Court of Appeals, William B. Wright.

This ticket was subsequently adopted by the Republican State Convention, and it may be called the Ticket of the People of the State of New York—for the faction which endeavors to cry peace and compromise, when there is no peace, and compromise is spurned, is too insignificant in character and numbers to be denominated an opposition. A corresponding faction attempted to run a candidate for Governor in Vermont, not long ago, who received something less than 3,000 votes. In Maine, the candidate of the same stamp was defeated by nearly 30,000 votes, and we shall be disappointed if Mr. Dickinson and his co-nominees are not elected by a popular majority of at least 200,000 in the State of New York, in the coming November election.

Maryland.

NOTWITHSTANDING that in the late Congressional election the popular voice declared for the Union by a decided majority, the hold-over State Legislature has continued to do all in its power, aided by leading rebel sympathisers in Baltimore, to plunge Maryland into the same vortex with Virginia, and inaugurate civil war within its borders. The opportunity for consummating this fatal act has not yet occurred, and the recreant Legislature has adjourned from time to time, in the hope that an occasion would offer favorable to their purposes. Its last adjournment was to to the 17th of this month, when it seems to have been concerted that a "Declaration of Independence," *à la* Tennessee, was to be rushed through, and instant adjournment made, in concert with an open demonstration on the part of the Secessionists in the State, supported by a movement across the Potomac by the rebel army. Of course, such action is not within the competence of the State Legislature, even under the loose ethics of rebellion, but would give them a pretext of some faint plausibility whereon to act. The plan, however, bunglingly contrived and not likely to succeed, has been effectually thwarted, so far as the traitorous Legislature is concerned, by the arrest, under the authority of the Government, of ten of the leading rebels of that body, together with Mayor Brown, of Baltimore, Henry May, the sole rebel sympathising Member of Congress from Maryland, and the editors of the Baltimore *South* and *Exchange*, both bitter Secession journals. Most, if not all, of those traitors have been transferred to that hospital for sick patriotism, Fort Lafayette. We trust this vigorous blow will not be followed by the usual period of inaction, but be supported by a firm and consonant policy. Maryland lies between us and the Capitol, and we must allow no movement within its borders which shall for a moment divert the attention of General McClellan from the rebels in front, or embarrass his operations against them. We could wish that this task of vigilance and duty of repression were confided to younger hands than those of General Dix. In common with a number of our most respected and most deservedly respected leaders, he belongs to a past generation, and it is impossible that his perceptions have escaped being blunted, and his energies impaired by years. This generation may profit by the counsels and advice of that which has preceded it, but its salvation can only be worked out by its own young strength and activity. We cannot believe that the lessons taught us by Cadwallader, Patterson and McCauley have been entirely lost; and although we would not insult General Dix by classing him with those imbecilities, yet he will consult his own reputation by quietly giving place to a younger and more vigorous officer. General Scott has gracefully stepped aside for the youthful McClellan; and it is undeniable that the only men to whom the nation now looks with confidence and hope are Fremont, McClellan, Banks and Rosencranz, all comparatively young men, and exponents of the living generation.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.—This gentleman, late Vice President of the United States, made a speech at a barbecue, at Richmond, Ky., on the 30th of August, in which he openly counselled disobedience to the laws of the country. His organ, the Louisville *Courier*, reports him as follows:

"He insisted that Kentucky ought not to pay any portion of the direct tax—first, because she had no hand in inaugurating or carrying on the present war; secondly, because the tax was levied to pay the interest on a debt unconstitutionally created, without authority of Congress, in support of an army and navy unconstitutionally raised."

This advice to Kentucky to nullify the laws is by no means the only act of treason of which Mr. Breckinridge has been guilty. His entire conduct in the Senate, during the late extra session of Congress, his speeches and votes, were all calculated and no doubt designed to give "aid and comfort to the enemy." We regard Fort Lafayette as a swindled institution while John C Breckinridge is outside its walls.

COMMODORE McCAULEY.—A Washington correspondent of the *Times* has endeavored to "vindicate" the conduct of Commodore McCauley, who commanded at Norfolk when the Navy Yard at that point was burnt. He had better try his hand at the vindication of some more hopeful subject—say Benedict Arnold. The only question in the public mind is whether McCauley was imbecile, a coward, or a traitor, with a strong tendency to believe him one and all.

SHORT AND SWEET.—General McClellan made this little speech to the Federal army, on the 10th:

"Soldiers—We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts."

This may be interpreted in tolerable rhyme as follows:

We have had our last defeat;
We have seen our last retreat!
Stand by me, and I'll stand by you,
And 'twixt us both we'll put 'em through!

AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.—A certain Lieutenant G. W. Alexander, captured with the "French lady" in Baltimore, and confined in Fort McHenry, some time ago applied to be transferred from the cells to the guard-house. This was granted, on his giving his written parole that he would not undertake to escape from the house at night. On Sunday evening last he broke his parole and escaped. Every sense of honor and sentiment of manhood seem to have disappeared under the moral canker of Secession.

NAVAL INEFFICIENCY.—An officer in the Gulf Squadron writes to a daily contemporary from Pensacola, as follows:

"We have just received the news of the destruction of the apparatus of the lighthouses at Cape Canaveral, Jupiter Inlet and Cape Florida. The expedition is proceeding south, and by this time Carysford reef and Sombrero lights are also destroyed, that being the design of the party whose forces are a schooner and two barges, thoroughly armed and equipped. Where is the Navy? And what are they doing? Nothing! There have been in this port, or are here now, the sloops Preble and Vincennes, frigate Santee, steamers Water Witch, Rhode Island, Keystone State, Crusader, Wyandotte, and schooner Wanderer; in all, nine vessels, a hundred and six guns, thirteen hundred men. Within a week this tremendous force has been here, and within two hundred miles of us a million of property has been destroyed, and several valuable and important lights have been put out. Why these have not been protected I do not know; but our mistakes are becoming too numerous and very unfortunate. This should be known and attended to. Some of our officers want stirring up. One of the lighthouse keepers was a passenger in the schooner that brought the news. The destruction of these lights is a most outrageous piece of vandalism. The lights, though in our charge, are really the property of the world, for vessels of every nation passing up the Gulf Stream have a most important interest in them. The destruction is inexcusable."

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—The following statement of the debt of the United States was laid before the capitalists of Philadelphia by Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury. The statement comes down to the 2d of September:

LOANS.

Amount.	*Annual Interest.*	*When Redeemable.*
$2,883 361 11	$1?3 001 85	December 31, 1862.
9,415,250 00	564,915 01	January 1, 1868.
8 908 341 88	534,500 50	July 1, 1868.
20,000,000 00	1,000,000 00	January 1, 1874.
7,022,000 00	351,100 00	January 1, 1871.
18 415,000 00	1,104 900 00	January 1, 1881.
3,461,000 00	173,050 00	January 1, 1885.
112,092 59	....	On demand.
$70,217,048 50	$3,901,407 35	

TREASURY NOTES.

Outstanding.	*Annual Interest.*	*When Due.*
$1,445 300	$97,?06 74	All past due
9,933,950	1,1?6,534 00	Dec '61 and Jan. '62.
16,850,100	1,085,?09 00	April to Aug. 1863.
10,000,000	98,030 14	September, 1861.
2,090,300	20,?93 00	Sept and Oct, 1861.
15,000,000	3,285,000 00	July and Aug., 1864.
630,850	130 263 60	" " "
$55,950,500	$5,840,746 40	

From this it appears that the debt and annual interest are as follows:

Loans.......	$70,217,048 50	Annual interest..	$3,901,467 35
Treas'y notes.	55,950 500 00		5,840,740 40
Total......	$120,107 548 50		$9,742,213 84

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* has felt it a duty to defend the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, from the popular clamor. He says that there is no truth in the story of his having written to his brother-in-law, George D. Morgan, for 10,000 horses to supply the 20 new gunboats of 500 horse-power each, ordered by Government, recently. It does not appear that there was any contract actually entered into for the horses; while the anxiety as to where so many could be got on short notice, to say nothing of the difficulty of getting hay and oats to feed them, was very natural. And as regards the criticisms on Mr. Welles's absence from his post during these troublous times, everybody knows that they are malicious as well as impertinent, inasmuch as the Department of the Navy suffers no detriment from his absence. The business goes on just as well when he is away as when he is in Washington. One would think his age, at least, might shield him from denunciation. Very few men live to be as old as he is, and those that do ought to be respected. There has been nothing more ungenerous than the censure of Mr. Welles for not sending reinforcements sooner to our garrison left at Fort Hatteras. Mr. Welles is too experienced a man to be caught in such a trap. He has been a close observer of public affairs for nearly three quarters of a century, and he believes that men's lives should not be risked in war—that is, not many of them. His idea is, that the men left at Hatteras Inlet were sufficient, if they should succeed in continuing to hold it, for the present; while, if they are to be massacred or taken prisoners, the less there are of them the better. If it should turn out that they are perfectly safe, just as soon as that is known to be the case, others will be sent down there with them, and additional rations. And as to the clamor of merchants about sending a competent fleet to sea, to sweep it of privateers, these persons forget that the ships belonging to the United States Government are put into the hands of Mr. Welles as a sacred public trust, and that he is responsible for their safe keeping, as well as having them properly painted and newly coppered when they need it. Let the Sumter and a few others of the worst of the privateers run aground, like the Jeff. Davis, or get wrecked, as they are very liable to when the equinoctial storms come on, and you will see that Mr. Welles will not be behindhand in getting ships enough under weigh. Do not forget that not one of the 70 odd ships recently captured by the pirates belonged to the Government, a fact which will be a standing monument to the prudence of Secretary Welles for some time to come.

CORRECTION.—It is not correct that Floyd *ran away* from Rosencranz at Gauley's Bridge. True to his instincts, he *stole away*.

A PROPOSAL TO THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.—Some time ago the fishermen of Marblehead and vicinity offered the services of themselves and vessels against the Southern privateers. That offer was declined by Secretary Welles. We understand that the same patriotic and enterprising class of men have another proposal to make of a still more advantageous character. but are deterred from sending it in to the Navy Department from a repugnance to encounter a second refusal. They are ready, it is stated, to enter into a contract with the Government to sweep the ocean of privateers and to close all the inlets of the Southern coast for a million of dollars—defraying all their own expenses.

TREASURY NOTES.—The Secretary of the Treasury has addressed a circular to the various Assistant Treasurers to the following effect:

"Under the act of July 19 and August 5 last, Treasury notes of the denomination of five, ten and twenty dollars have been, and will continue to be issued, redeemable in coin on demand of the offices of the Assistant Treasurer at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and at the Depository of Cincinnati. These notes are intended to furnish a current medium of payment, exchange and remittance, being at all times convertible into coin at the option of the holder, at the place where made payable, and everywhere receivable for public dues. They must be always equivalent to gold, and often and for many purposes more convenient and valuable. A sufficient amount of coin to redeem these notes promptly on demand will be kept with the depositaries by whom they are respectively made payable. And all deposit and collecting officers will receive them, enter them on their books, and pay them to public creditors as money. Large amounts of the notes of small denominations are rapidly being issued and distributed."

NO COMPROMISE.—The advocates of "peace" and compromise in the North will do well to reflect on the language of the Southern leaders and rebel press. The following passage from the New Orleans *Crescent* is only a specimen: "If the Northern people suppose we are fighting for compromises or terms, they had as well get rid of that little delusion at once. We are fighting for independence and a separate nationality. If we were allowed to dictate our own terms for a further union with the North, we would scorn and spurn the proposal!"

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October is just out, price 25 cents. It contains not less than 40 elegant engravings, full illustrations and descriptions of the Fashions, and a vast amount of interesting literary matter. The following are only two or three selections from numerous flattering notices of the press:

"This popular monthly has no less than 40 pleasant illustrations to grace its pages, and add to its beauty. The fashion plates are attractive and will please the ladies."—*Smyrna (N. Y.) Times.*

"'Verona Brent,' a charming story of wonderful interest, is finished, and another of equal interest—'The Lady Lisle'—is commenced. The number contains other good stories—a score or more—and a great amount of valuable and interesting reading besides, so that all tastes may be suited. The fashion department is full and complete, as usual—abounding in knick-knacks, rich and rare, for the especial delight of the ladies. Of the embellishments, which are numerous, we simply note the beautiful fashion plate and a fine portrait of the lamented Ellsworth."—*Waterville (Me.) Mail.*

"The last number of this beautiful Magazine and *Gazette of Fashion* is on our table, with its usual quantum of 96 pages of highly artistic plates and interesting and entertaining reading matter, both European and American."—*Cayuga (Canada West) Sentinel.*

"This journal of art, literature and fashion has a beautifully colored frontispiece of the fashions, besides numerous fine wood engravings. The literary contents, in prose and poetry, are sufficiently varied to suit the tastes of all classes of readers. There is an illustrated and descriptive department also, devoted to ladies' fashions, the mysteries of which we do not pretend to explore, but it cannot fail to be highly interesting to lady readers as it contains a piece about 'Styles for the Month,' 'Things Seen and Talked About,' 'Descriptions of Fashions,' &c., with 'pictures to match.' These are wonderful days for illustrations, and Leslie seems to be bringing the pencil and the graver into almost as frequent use as the pen, which, combined, aid vastly in smoothing and adorning the path of knowledge, once deemed so rugged and so difficult to pursue."—*Weekly (Mich.) Clarion.*

MAPS OF THE WAR.—J. H. Colton and Co., of 172 William street, have just published various maps, which are indispensable at the present time, as they enable the reader to follow with living interest the important naval and military operations now in progress. They are at once cheap and reliable.

THE EIGHTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in advance of the official publication. Compiled and compared with former censuses, by Dr. Fisher. Published by Messrs. Colton & Co. This is a most timely publication, and should be in every office and editorial room.

WE think the Government owe to the public some explanation of the circumstances attending the release of Mr. Serrill from Fort Lafayette. The *Evening Post* says, after relating his release from custody upon taking the oath of allegiance: "There is testimony of such a character that it is not improbable that Mr. Serrill's notes may yet be confiscated. In this case he will be invited by the proper Court to endorse the notes, which are payable to his order, and if he should decline, he can be committed for contempt. At all events, the Government may deem it advisable to keep possession of the post notes till the insurrection is suppressed." It would thus seem that Mr. Serrill owes his liberation to his money.

LORD PALMERSTON, with his usual sagacity, saw through the cause of our disaster at Bull Run, and improves the occasion to warn the volunteers of England against a similar mishap. At a banquet given recently to him in honor of his installation as Warden of the Cinque ports, he thus alluded to the absolute necessity of strict discipline and military organization:

"Discipline alone can render valor and strength capable of victory. Why, our cousins in America as individual men are as brave as any that tread the earth. They are of the same stock as ourselves, they are descended from the same parents, are animated by the same spirit, and prepared to encounter equal dangers. But when thousands of men as personally courageous as any race in existence get together, each man wanting that confidence in his comrades which discipline and training can alone supply, they exhibited to the world that unfortunate rapidity of movement which took place at Bull Run."

We can afford to smile at the jibes of the French and English scribblers, when the foremost man in England understands and avows the true state of the case. Bull Run may have saved us from a greater disaster, and it certainly will not change the policy of the Premier of England.

A GENTLE HINT.—Although the most celebrated English green is called Lincoln, our own excellent Lincoln has none of that color about him. His last joke is sending nearly one-half his cabinet to London as Commissioners to the World's Fair. They are to start early in next July. Among the number are Mr. Seward, Caleb Smith, Kennedy, of the Census Bureau, Wallach, Mayor of Washington, and Mr. Everett. We surmise that the latter has been appointed without asking Mr. Bonner's permission. We are not informed whom Jeff Davis will send. Toombs, Cobb, Wigfall and Floyd would worthily represent the South. Should anything be stolen from the Grand Exhibition, the London police will then know where to look for it!

THE New York *Daily Times* had a very alarming article on the 13th Sept., which was calculated to strike terror into all who are afraid of the Nephew of his Uncle and the French fleet. It was a "Te Deum" over the narrow escape we had just had of driving Louis Napoleon frantic by giving a grand public ovation to Prince de Joinville, our saviour on this occasion being the Brazilian Minister, who, with tears in his eyes and horror in his face, begged the American Eagle not to rush thus madly into the arms of perdition and *parley vous!* Will it be believed that all this arose out of the fact that our excellent Collector, Hiram Barney, merely went down in a little steamer to assure the Prince that he was not going to search his royal baggage. Whether this plump invitation to smuggle is a compliment to the Orleanist or an insult to Louis Napoleon, is a question for casuists and Custom-House officers to decide.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—On Monday, the 16th, Mr. Hermann commenced his Prestidigitations to a most crowded and delighted audience. His sleight-of-hand is so wonderful as really to deserve his sesquipedalean title. Indeed, we consider it a very happy one, since the manner in which solids exhale beneath his touch are almost miraculous. Even the traditional tricks, old as Cagliostro and young as Professor Anderson, assume a novelty, from the wonderful manner in which they are accomplished. But no description can do justice to his merit—only the eye can understand, and even they look bewildered. All the beauty and fashion of the city were present on the opening night, and the entertainment promises to be popular.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

ADVICES from St. Louis of the 13th report a desperate fight between the Louisiana and Missouri troops under General Hardee, in reference to the conduct of the latter in the battle of Springfield, the Louisianians charging the Missourians with cowardice, and treating them as cowards in camp. The Louisianians charge that while they were fighting the Missourians actually stole their horses and fled. General Hardee was falling back on Pocahontas and the Missourians were dispersing.

THE steamer Spaulding reached Fortress Monroe on the morning of the 13th, from Fort Hatteras. The Susquehanna and Pawnee were still there. The defences had been put in complete order, and the guns spiked by the rebels were ready for service. Four British vessels had run into the inlet with merchandise for the rebels, not knowing of the change of sovereignty, the Federal flag having been temporarily hauled down. Pilots were offered the vessels and every facility for getting in. They did not discover their mistake until too late. Two of the vessels, the Susan Jane and Harriet Ryan, were from the British Provinces, and had valuable cargoes consisting of molasses, shoes and clothing.

THE intelligence from Richmond is important, as it states that 156 of the prisoners taken at Bull Run had been sent from that city to Castle Pinckney, Charleston harbor. It also appears that a number of prisoners had attempted to escape, but that only Captain Hurd and his two companions had been successful therein.

THE soldiers on the Potomac are sending home money to their friends as fast as they get their pay. An Indiana regiment sent $2,00? in gold to Evansville last week, and on the 10th inst. the members of the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment gave Mayor Wightman, of Boston, upwards of $5,000 to take home for distribution among their families.

THE Union majority over Secession Democracy, in Maine, is 27,525.

GOV. MAGOFFIN has issued the following Proclamation, in obedience to the resolutions lately adopted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

"The Government of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others concerned, are hereby informed that Kentucky expect the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally."

THE Spanish Minister at Washington has assured the Secretary of State that the report of a proclamation by the Captain-General of Cuba, recognizing the rebel flag in Cuban ports, is entirely unfounded. No such proclamation has been issued. What has been done is simply to enable vessels to enter without regular papers when they hail from a port on the Southern coast in possession of the rebels, rendering it impossible for regular papers to be procured. Of course no such vessels could be afloat, but those escaping the blockading force. There was no intention to extend any leniency to the pirates—at least so the Spanish Minister is said to represent to the Secretary of State.

GENERAL REYNOLDS and the Union forces repulsed the rebels under General Lee, on the 14th, near Canoux Ferry. Union loss, one man. The loss of the enemy unknown, as they carried off their dead and wounded with them. The attack made by the rebels was along the whole line of the Cheat Mountain position. Wise and Floyd are in full retreat.

A DESERTER from the rebel camp at Columbus reports that Gen. Johnston is ready to march on Paducah, Kentucky, with a force of 10,000 men. Generals Price, Raine and Claib Jackson are combining in a grand force of 20,000 to attack the Federal lines near Jefferson city; Jackson intending, it is said, to make that city the capital of the State.

HOWARD AND GLENN, editors of the Baltimore *Exchange*, have been sent to Fort McHenry.

MR. McMASTERS, editor of the *Freeman's Appeal*, formerly *Freeman's Journal*, was taken to Fort Lafayette on the 16th. His indignation was extreme.

GENERAL FREMONT had put Colonel Frank Blair under arrest for treating him with disrespect.

THE pirate Sumter was at Surinam on the 21st of August, and had threatened to fire upon the town if she was not furnished with coals and other supplies.

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* of the 3d inst. has the subjoined carefully compiled estimate of the population of that city, just completed.

Whites....................		26,859
Negro slaves	17,535	
" free....	3,766	
		21,301
Total,....................		48,160

BRINGIN IN SOEK REBEL PRISONERS TO WASHINGTON BY UNION TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUSTUS M'KINSTRY,
Provost Marshal of St. Louis, Missouri.

When General Fremont, with his usual promptitude, put Missouri under martial law, he chose as his Provost Marshal Brig.-Gen. McKinstry, an officer of judgment and vigor, and who had for many years been in the military service of his country.

Justus M.-Kinstry was born in New York, and entered West Point as cadet, in 1833. He was made 2d Lieutenant of the 1st Infantry, on the 1st of July, 1838 and became Assistant Commissary of Subsistence in September of the same year. In April, 1841, he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster with the rank of Captain. In the Mexican war he commanded a company of volunteers, and was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. He also distinguished himself at Cherpultepec. At the commencement of the present rebellion he entered heart and soul on the side of his country, and is now carrying out the policy of General Fremont with his characteristic fearlessness. He was recently created a Brigadier-General. In our editorial column we have commented on the recent special edict of General McKinstry, which safeguards the slaves of Mr. Snead, of St. Louis, who had been proved a traitor to his country. These acts of justice and retribution will make rebellion so unprofitable as it is wicked.

ARRIVAL OF REBEL PRISONERS IN WASHINGTON.

It is pleasant to know that the accounts current some time ago of the cruelties practiced by the rebels towards their captives were erroneous, as it would have entailed upon them a retaliation terrible to contemplate. So far as our treatment of Confederate prisoners is concerned, it is impossible to find any fault. Indeed, if we are to credit what we hear, more sympathy has been shown, especially in Washington, for the rebels who have fallen into our hands, than for our own wounded soldiers. Our Artist has sketched a group of Confederate soldiers who were recently captured near Washington. One thing is undoubted, that very many of the rebel pickets have voluntarily placed themselves in our hands, and still more have declared that they were forced into the rebel ranks.

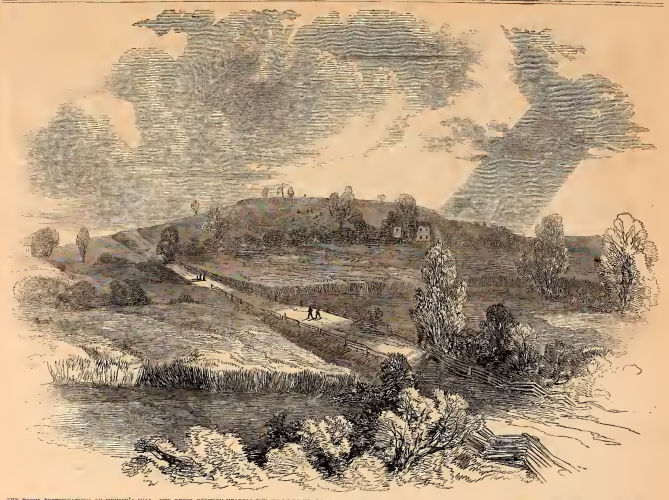
MUNSON'S HILL, NEAR WASHINGTON.

During the last few weeks, Munson's Hill, six miles out of the Chain Bridge, has become a spot to which all eyes have been directed. It is on the northern side of the Leesburg turnpike, about one mile from Bailey's Cross-roads, where our pickets are stationed, and about three miles this side of Falls Church, which is in full possession of the enemy. It commands no road excepting the Leesburg turnpike, the Columbia turnpike being sheltered by thick woods up to the crossing. Its defences are unimportant, being simple breast-works, of considerable extent, but not ditched, and not embrasured for artillery. Those who saw the deserted works at Bairds' Court House and Centreville will understand just how little these are worth, for they are of exactly the same order. The elevation of the hill is not very great, and its summit can be approached to within a few hundred yards from the north under cover of heavy woods. At present its only distinction lies in its proximity to our lines. It is the nearest of a series of defences which have been planted along the Leesburg road, and which extend to some distance above the Chain Bridge. The rebels, however, hold positions nearer to the Potomac than Munson's Hill. Four miles beyond the Chain Bridge, opposite our right, they have a small force, and their pickets approach a little nearer. Thence they run down, through hedges and fields, irregularly, toward the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which they hold, up to the spot where it is crossed by the Four Mile Run. In this neighborhood they have strong pickets, which frequently come into collision with those sent out upon our side from Bull's Roads. Bull's House, a little to the west of Bull's Roads was a point of perpetual contention. From the Four Mile Run the rebel outposts cross directly to Munson's Hill, on the slope of which they descend to within a half mile of Bailey's Roads. From this point down to Benton's Tavern they hold the Columbia turnpike, and thence stretch across in almost a straight line to near the mouth of Occotoak Run, the last place at which our pickets meet them.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. M'KINSTRY, U. S. PROVOST MARSHAL OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN B. WHEELER, ST. LOUIS.

CAMP OF THE GARIBALDI GUARDS.

One of the most remarkable effects of the present war for the preservation of the Republic is the universal response made by the diverse nationalities, which have merged their future in that of our own. It argues well for the justice of our cause, and the spirit of the age, that the freemen, who have shaken off the dust of their tyrant-ridden fatherlands, have rallied around the flag of their adopted country. Foremost among these are the Irish, Germans, and the numerous refugees who have fought under the banners of Kossuth and Garibaldi. The latter noble band of exiles have formed themselves into a regiment called the Garibaldi Guards, and placed themselves under the command of Count d'Utassy, who distinguished himself in the war for Hungarian freedom. This fine body of men is remarkable for the number of trained men it has in its ranks, at least one-half having fought in European battle-fields. It comprises Frenchmen, Italians, Hungarians, Germans, Swiss, Irish, Scotch, and a few English who served in the Crimean war. When reviewed by the President, on their arrival in Washington, they were highly complimented. They now form part of General Blenker's brigade, and are stationed near Roche's Mills, in a most picturesque spot, rendered more so by the foreign tastes of some of the Garibaldians. One of our sketches illustrates this peculiarity, where Swiss huts have been erected, carrying back, in their minds' eye, many of its brave members to the land where the *Rose des Roches* only finds peak to peak. The cleanness shown by those men [illegible] our



THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS ON MUNSON'S HILL—THE REBEL POSITION NEAREST THE UNION LINES, THREE MILES SOUTH-WEST OF ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.

day of trial is a grateful return for that aid and sympathy we have ever shown to the cause of European freedom.

GENERAL ROSENCRANZ AND HIS STAFF.

We present to our readers to-day a most interesting and valuable sketch of General Rosencranz and his staff, a sketch rendered all the more interesting by the recent brilliant triumph he has gained over the Mercury of the rebels—Floyd. We regret that our space will only allow us to enumerate the names of the gallant men who so efficiently carry out the plans of their chief.

Joseph Dorr, Jun., Private Secretary; Captain C. King-Drury, Jun., aide-de-camp; Captain N. P. Richmond, Adjutant; and last, but not least, Captain Charles Leib, Quartermaster, to whom our artist is under special obligations.

Gauley Bridge, the scene of their last exploit, is a post village of Fayette county, Virginia, and is situated just below the junction of the Gauley and New rivers, about 300 miles west of Richmond, and 36 miles above Charleston. Below the junction, the river is called the Great Kanawha. The valley of the Gauley river is about 60 miles long, and is famous for its beautiful scenery and fertility. Near Gauley Bridge is a beautiful water fall of about 22 feet. Gauley Bridge is about 30 miles from Summersville

SKIRMISHING BETWEEN THE PICKETS OF THE OPPOSING ARMIES, NEAR MUNSON'S HILL—THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In Memoriam.

A cross to transpierce smothers worship,
Deep-toned numbers with rapture ringing;
And all the world enrobed as the lily.
When he! a pause in the singing.

* * * * * * *

A pause, a sigh, then a crown of gladness,
So hath mother risen to forget!
Folded to rest in the land she loved best.
Where all the Florist be greeted.

Where the green forest, dark-cloaked and glossy,
Hugs the sunny hills of Florence, 'tis there
Up to crown the pure brow of the woman,
Who of the dead is up a her life.

So hid he rest, saw the singing is ended,
And hushed are the voices that sang;
But the music of her deeds shall not be forgotten,
Nor forced from the sight of thy heart.

Flint her to rest, sing! thy triumph is won!

Well did she love thee with heart's true devotion;
Never a song of her pleading failed to reach
Thy ear, and to thrill through the hearts of thy people;
So, in the land of the poet, she sleeps.

In the lone hall of the pure immortal,
Soon each relative her fame shall be seen;
Now on the brow, or purple of fame, the laurel
Florence, bestow thy sweet shell be one!

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Lord Kingswood, after quitting Kingswood Hall, made his way at a rambling pace, and in a thoughtful mood, across the park to Kingswood Abbey.

The remainder of the night he passed until he reached the old hermitage.

He gave a sort of, and a singular feeling of awe stole over him as he looked upon the silent-covered scene and the dark sky remained to him luminous whenever it was.

Lord Kingswood, as he entered the hermitage, was startled by a sound, and death, and as it seemed in his ear.

"Ha! ha! ha!" It was the hollow laughter of a fool maniac," he exclaimed, emphatically, "as how loud the echoes and cause of our end. It was here I first saw her face of more than mortal beauty, and how much of happiness has it not since created for me—how much misery—how much happiness! I passed since that hour! I have been constantly haunted by the expression of that face, and the sound of that voice, which has been ringing in my ears like a magic melody! I have been constantly haunted by the expression of that face, and the sound of that voice, which has been ringing in my ears like a magic melody! I have been constantly haunted by the expression of that face, and the sound of that voice, which has been ringing in my ears like a magic melody!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Lord Kingswood, in the tone of all of fear, yet, in blood-curdled, "I believe, quickly. "Where is the man who dares to speak to me of my future Kingswood of Kingswood."

As he concluded he turned from the old fashioned window upon the doorway, and then started back as if he had seen a ghost.

Before him, in the doorway, stood Lord Kingswood, his pale cheeks. But the white hair of his head, and the long white beard that descended upon his breast, made him appear more than ever like a ghost.

"Erle!" he said, in a low tone.

"I," she cried, "Lord of Kingswood, I would be reminded if ever you had to do to me more than you have done. You shall not, my lord."

"Erle," he continued, recovering from the astonishment that caused for a moment, "I have been in search of you. I have been in search of you. I have been in search of you.

Joseph Derr, Jr., Private Secretary. Capt. N. P. Richmond, Adjutant. Capt. C. Leib, Quartermaster. Brigadier-General W. S. Rosecrans. Capt. C. Kingsbury, Jr., Aide-de-Camp.

GENERAL ROSECRANZ, COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF WESTERN VIRGINIA, SURROUNDED BY HIS STAFF, AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS, CLARKSBURG, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL ROSECRANZ'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 298.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

The open air refreshed me. I seemed to pass into it from a charnel-house of dead men's bones. Glancing up from the road, I again met the fascinating eyes of Ornamel. He met mine, and seemed looking through me into vacancy. As I walked away uneasily, the clear blue air seemed full of the eyes of Ornamel, and their radiance dazzled me.

Monsieur, my uncle, had sharp eyes, and at dinner he noticed that something unusual had occurred.

"You look pale, nephew," he observed. "Is anything the matter?"

"I am not well; my brain swims; I have the headache."

"Nothing more?" asked cousin Elizabeth, solicitously.

"And the heartache," I replied, looking at her, and conjuring up a sickly smile.

"It is the heydey of youth, and means mischief," laughed my uncle, following my eyes.

I was now distinctly conscious—conscious, in spite of myself—that monsieur was a villain. Day by day I felt myself shrinking from him, as from something polluted. Day by day I perceived more clearly how he had woven me in his toils, and how helpless I was to free myself from him unassisted. He had a strange power over me; I could not rid myself of his influence. He was a mystery and a terror to me. I remembered the sad, wistful face, now and then flashing into fire, of Mrs. Timbs, and I hated him for her sake. I loathed and feared him.

My fear and loathing for my uncle, which, I say, increased daily, did not lessen my attachment to Elizabeth. Strange to say, as my dislike of him increased, my love for her, so far from decreasing, multiplied itself tenfold. I pitied her. She seemed too lovely and gentle, and too weak of will, to be in the hands of such a father. She was helpless, and I loved her. My own helplessness bound me to her, and the sorrow she sometimes showed on her face was in unison with my own.

This love for the one, being opposed to hate for the other, bewildered me. Could I marry Elizabeth while aware that her father was a villain, stained with at least one terrible crime? Could I be privy to a plot which threatened my uncle's life, while on the eve of a marriage with his child? Should I forsake Elizabeth, and leave Monsieur Charles to his fate, by joining Augustus? Or should I expose Augustus's plans, so far as I knew them, and tell my uncle of the man called Ornamel?

I spoke one morning to my uncle on a subject which was near to my heart, determining, as I did so, to be guided in my dilemma by his conduct on that occasion.

"Uncle," I said, "do you really think that Elizabeth loves me?"

"Yes, I do. I think that she loves you, Henry, with her whole heart and soul."

"Suppose, uncle, that I were to change my mind, by-and-bye, and should refuse to marry her?"

He looked at me, with lifted eyebrows, as if puzzled, as he answered, smilingly,

"She would break her heart."

"Uncle, I don't believe in broken hearts!"

Mind, this was a sophism.

"Sceptical about Cupid at eighteen! Well, well. But what did you mean by the question?"

"I wished to know what might happen supposing circumstances should prevent this marriage."

"Circumstances will do nothing of the kind."

"I hope not," I said. "By-the-way, uncle, I have news for you."

"News for me! Whence?"

"From London. I have heard that a person whom you know, a friend of yours, is dead."

He seemed somewhat perturbed, but simply said,

"Whom?"

"Mrs. Timbs."

He looked at me so fiercely and wickedly that I almost regretted having introduced the theme. Then he smiled.

"I was aware of it," he muttered. "Timbs, poor fellow, did not fail to let me know that he had had a family affliction. How came you to hear of this?"

Stammering and blushing, as I returned a lying answer to his abrupt question, I said,

"I saw it in a newspaper."

"Strange! The deaths of such commonplace people are seldom publicly chronicled."

Here he met my eye again, and, changing his tone, seized me by the wrist.

"Bah! don't trifle with me, boy. You've been in communication with my enemies."

I hung down my head and returned no answer. He was pale and angry.

"Once and for all, beware! I'll have no plotters in my house. You hear me? Henry, you are ungrateful. I succor you in the time of need; I rescue you from the hands of criminals. I treat you as one of my own family, and I give you my dear daughter in marriage; and this is your gratitude."

I grew quite courageous, and looked him full in the face.

"Since you must know, then," I observed, calmly, "know that I have never, since my arrival in this house, plotted or harbored secret malice. The other day I was brought into communication, accidentally, with the people you speak of, and I heard also accidentally, that Mrs. Timbs had died. That is all."

He released my hand.

"If you are honest and true," he said, "you will tell me where and how you met these people."

"By accident. I can say no more."

"And you listened to them?"

"Yes."

"They spoke words to my prejudice?"

"They did."

"Did you repudiate those words?"

"I did."

Which was false; but I was cowed by my uncle's manner.

"Enough then. Think of them, for the future, as dead and buried. I will see to it."

And he left me with a malicious twinkle in his unsteadfast gray eyes.

Two nights after this I first became conscious that Monsieur Charles's house was haunted.

I slept in a little back room, on the ground floor, which looked out on a lawn. It was a white and quiet little room, and my sleep in it was usually sound and peaceful. I was accustomed, in those bright spring nights, to pull up the window blind, and to let the crystal light flow in here and there among the shadows.

Well, two nights after I had spoken with my uncle about Mrs. Timbs I had a dream, and Mrs. Timbs was in it. I dreamed that I was again a little boy, fair-haired and sickly, and that I was lying very ill by the side of a golden river, in a bed of woven bulrushes. (I had read my Bible, and knew about Moses.) My illness, as I felt it in my dream, was not painful or feverish; it was the simple consciousness of perfect weakness, mingled with a delicious sense of cool repose. But over me bent a fair lady, very young and beautiful, who seemed like, and yet not like, the lady who had called herself my mamma; and she held cups of the cool water to my lips, while her eyes, always fixed on mine, flashed into my soul with a wistful and feverish intensity. Far away, on the other side of the golden river, I could see Mrs. Martha Timbs, younger but the same, kneeling at the feet of Monsieur Charles, who had a halo of blushes around him. Then the eyes of the beautiful lady grew painful to me; and I turned away from them, moaning and frightened, and shivering. Whereat I awoke.

The dim phosphorescent darkness, splashed with light, of the early spring night, filled the little room, and I could see the great square window, with trees beyond, plainly. Something moved near me, with sound, and I felt alarmed. Then I became conscious that a dark object was standing without the window, and that a face was gazing into the chamber. I could not see the face, but I could feel it turned upon me. Half doubtful, half fainting, I sprang out of my bed in my night-dress and crept to the window. The figure did not move; but, as I drew near, I perceived it was that of a woman. Nearer still I became conscious of a wistful and scared face, very like the one I had seen in my dream. Nearer still I bent to it, with the pane between us. Stooping down, I looked at it wildly, and my

MAP OF THE ATLANTIC COAST FROM FORTRESS MONROE, VA., TO FORT MACON, N. C., SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OUR PRESENT NAVAL OPERATIONS.—SEE PAGE 802

eyes were riveted on the strange, ghostly eyes of my dead mother. With a slight, half-audible scream, in a cold perspiration, I sprang back, seeming, as I did so, to root the gaze by main force from the soul of the apparition. The figure placed its finger on its lips as I did so, and flitted away into the darkness. I pressed close to the window to follow it with my eyes, but it was gone.

When I next became conscious I was lying on the floor of my room, with the first rays of the cold dawn about me. I arose and gazed around me, shivering.

In a moment the occurrence of the night flashed back to my mind, and I remembered how the figure had placed its finger on its lips, seemingly to enjoin silence. I thought of the Ghost in "Hamlet;" for I had read Shakespeare. Could my mamma's ghost be revisiting the glimpses of the moon for the purpose of apprising me of a crime committed? Could she mean me to be the instrument of her revenge for having been foully murdered? Could my uncle be the object of her wrath?

However that might be, the consciousness that something awful was about to happen, did not frighten or bewilder me. On the contrary, it brightened all my faculties, and gave me determination. I made up my mind to act a manly part, and see justice done at any cost. I would wait patiently until my mother's spirit chose to express its desires to me, and then I would strike home. Of course, I was certain that the ghost came in no spirit of animosity to myself personally.

So I of course determined not to make a confidant of my uncle, nor of my intended, Elizabeth. The next morning monsieur noticed my pale, haggard face.

"Worse and worse," he said, in a sympathetic tone. "My dear nephew, I really think you are very ill; you look quite ghastly. I had better call in Doctor Pestilend."

"It is unnecessary; I feel tolerably well in myself, and my face belies me."

"Then your face belies you in a most plausible manner," said Elizabeth. "What an arch-deceiver it must be, Henry."

We soon dropped the subject, however, though my uncle was evidently uneasy. As I walked about that day I became conscious that my uncle was also walking about, dogging my footsteps. His shadow fell upon me throughout the day. When I entered the churchyard and stood musing over that mysterious grave, it was behind me. As I walked away, it fell upon the tablet. It pursued me in-doors and out of doors, till I felt as if I were chained to it, as it were, and was dragging it after me.

Evidently my uncle had been rendered suspicious by his conversation with me, and was fearful of the turn events were taking. But I was braced up and strengthened by my very fear, by my very dread of the mysterious dead, and felt competent to defy him. It was quite as well, therefore, that he and I did not exchange many words together, and that what words we did exchange were of the most commonplace kind, and on the most remotely commonplace topics. We rather shunned each other, while eagerly watching each other's movements.

Elizabeth and I found ourselves alone together in the course of the afternoon. We were sitting on chairs in the garden, while my uncle took his after-dinner nap.

"Henry, dear," said Elizabeth (she called me dear!), "am I right in ascribing this indisposition of yours to mental trouble? and am I wrong in asking you to share with me the secret which is making you so miserable?"

Ah! a black thought struck me. She had been set on by my uncle to worm from me certain secrets at whose nature he dimly guessed. I scorned her at the thought, but meeting her blue, wistful eyes, they seemed so like the eyes of the ghost I had seen the night before, that I chid myself for doubting her.

"I cannot, I may not answer you, Elizabeth," I observed, after a pause. "But I will say this much, I have lately been put in possession of facts which may prove fatal to the happiness of us all."

She placed her little white hand in mine, and looked up pleadingly into my clouded face. I felt touched.

"Tell me, Henry," she murmured, "do these facts you speak of threaten the happiness of my father? Is there danger near us, and does that danger threaten him most of all?"

I looked at her doubtfully. Then, encouraged by her seeming innocence, I answered in the affirmative.

"Yes, Elizabeth, my uncle is in great danger."

"I thought so. Alas! I thought so. Henry, save him!"

She clung to me breathless in her fear, and appealed to me wildly and suddenly.

"I cannot. I have power neither to aid nor to injure him!"

Driven on by my love and pity for her, I revealed more than wisdom would have done.

"Elizabeth," I continued, "listen to me, but beware of repeating my words. Your father has an enemy; one who has been grievously wronged, one who has grievously suffered, and one who is now, preparing to call your father to a terrible atonement."

"Great Heaven!" she cried, starting up with a scream. "It is Eugene!"

I believe she would have fallen at my feet, and begged and prayed me to warn and save her father, had not monsieur at that moment joined us. The subject of conversation changed; but ever and anon the eyes of Elizabeth met mine, and were full of passionate entreaty. I now plainly perceived that there was a war going on in her bosom between her filial affection and her knowledge that it was wholly misplaced. She loved her father, though she feared and shrank from the man. I loved her for her goodness more than ever. Poor girl! she had been brought up under dangerous auspices, and was to be credited for having managed to retain her innocent face.

When night came, I was so thoroughly persuaded that the ghost would again visit me that I lay down on the bed in my clothes, determined to watch. The hours passed slowly and wearily, and I became very nervous. The silence had voices for my eager eyes, and the darkness was full of spangled gleams.

The moon came out in good time, and poured her white radiance into my little chamber. So I waited, breathlessly.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE MYSTERY DECREASES.

Confessedly, my brain was in a state of high fever, so that my courage simply arose from great nervous excitement. I could have faced half a dozen ghosts that night, though I should assuredly have been unable to define my position next morning.

While I lay awake on the bed, waiting, I reflected that mine was a strange half realized kind of life, and that, in its vagueness, it resembled my own dreams in early childhood. Could I be fated to dwell for ever in the midst of crime, sorrow, terror and mystery? Was I born to become a second Wandering Jew, with a Golden Skeleton ever pursuing at my back and goading me to utter madness? Fervently did I wish that I had been born as poor as the musical Loret, or as happy as the vulgar Badgers. As it was, I seemed the slave of my own good fortune, compelled to bend my head to the heel of my Skeleton as humbly as your fanatic stretches his bare body beneath the wheels of annihilating Juggernaut.

I must have fallen into a sleep, in which I lay, with a dim consciousness that I heard voices.

By-and bye I started up, nervously. Could it be fancy? or did I really hear a stealthy footstep creeping up-stairs past my door? I listened again, but the sound had ceased.

A minute afterwards, I heard it again. There was no mistake this this time; and I could not account for the sound satisfactorily by attributing it to some inmate of the house. My courage left me, and I felt frightened. I walked to the window of my room and lifted the sash. The air was cool and balmy, and nothing human was to be seen.

Again! A stealthy foot was moving upward, pausing every now and then, as if the intruder listened.

My uncle's room lay directly above mine, and thither, after a minute or more, I heard the footsteps moving. But they were not my uncle's footsteps, of that I was certain.

Scarcely knowing what I did, but fascinated, as it were, by my fear, I opened the door of my room and looked out into the passage. No one was visible but I fancied I heard a low breathing above me.

I stood breathless and listening. Then I heard the door of my uncle's room stealthily opened. I crept up stairs, and, in my excitement, left the window of my room open behind me.

Fortune favored me. The stairs were hidden in gloom, but the chamber in which my uncle slept was slightly moonlit. Crouch-

ing down on the stairs, with my head just above the topmost flight, I was able to see into the room. I distinctly saw the figure of a woman, and recognised the woman as the ghost I had seen the night before—no ghost now, I was sure, but a woman of flesh and blood.

She stood at the foot of the bed looking at him. He was hidden from me by darkness, but I distinctly heard him breathe in sleep. My heart throbbed quickly through all its pulses; for I feared her presence there might arise from deadly motives. That the man and woman were enemies, I was sure. That they feared each other, I surmised. What, then, but revengeful purpose could tempt the one to come into such close proximity with the other?

I had no time to reflect on my own position—on the relationship the midnight visitor bore, or seemed to bear, to myself. She had the face of my dead mamma, softened and slightly idealized. But at that moment I could make no attempt to solve the mystery, or to guess at its cause.

Some minutes passed before the figure again moved. The face, which I could not see plainly, was turned upon the sleeping man, and the air of the whole figure was one of meditation. But I shuddered from head to foot as she passed round to the head of the bed, bent silently over the sleeping man, and touched him.

"Charles!"

It was a sad, clear, musical voice, that spoke in a whisper, but put me in mind of churchyard chimes.

"Charles!"

The voice went through my blood like ice; for it was sweeter and wilder than the voice of my quondam mamma. I strained my eyes across the darkness, and listened hotly.

There was a movement, as if the sleeper stirred. Then she touched him again; but, as he sprang up in bed, with his shade against the window, she drew back into the shade of the bed-curtains.

"Who is there?" he said in low tones, but calmly and audibly.

I saw him turn to the door, and start as he saw it standing wide open.

"Who is there?" he said, in a louder voice than before; but the voice shook this time.

I could hear his hot breathing. The dark figure of the woman rustled out from the bed curtains and stood some yards from him, with a pale face, on which the moon shone dimly, looking fixedly at him.

"Is that Elizabeth?" he whispered, in a voice that shook and wavered.

"No," answered the voice.

The figure did not move.

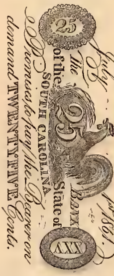
"Who and what are you?"

"One who has come a second time to demand justice, and to warn you."

Why did he not alarm the house? He sank back on his elbow, gazing at her, and I felt that their eyes met. He repressed a cry of fear and sprang out of bed.

"Then it is——"

With a savage yell of rage and terror he clutched the woman by the skirts.



FACSIMILE OF A NOTE ISSUED BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.—SEE PAGE 302.

"Stand back!" she cried, still in a whisper, drawing something bright and glistening.

He released her and fell back, like a beast waiting for a spring.

"I would not have your blood upon my head," murmured the woman; "but I tell you, Charles, to beware. Charles, make amends now, and all the long years of agony shall be forgiven."

"Bah!"

There was more terror than contempt expressed in this monosyllable.

"Listen, Charles. This cannot go on for ever. Twice have I left my living grave, and twice have I come to my worst enemy to demand justice. Again I demand it. Take care!"

He made a spring at her, and she had drawn back, with uplifted hand.

"You must and shall hear me, or I will alarm the house. You know well that I fear you not, and that I am desperate. Answer me! Where is my boy?"

"Dead!" growled the ruffian, in reply.

"It is false," she whispered. "He lives—my boy lives! Ignorant of your sin, ignorant of my existence, he lives. Answer, Charles, have you done him justice?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Has he, or has he not, been robbed and deluded?"

"I told you that he was dead."

"Liar!" she cried. "He lives, as I said, and he is in this house."

But before she could say more he had sprung upon her and grasped her arms with both his hands. She did not attempt to scream, though she made several ineffectual struggles. Something falling rattled on the floor.

"Let me go!" she murmured, in a helpless way.

In spite of her former courage, she seemed like one whom habitual restraint had rendered abject and submissive.

"Let you go!" he muttered, flinging her on the floor, and holding her. "Not yet, my fine madam. So you would have murdered me, would you—murdered me in cold blood? But I've got you, and this time you don't escape me in a hurry. We cannot permit mad people to roam at large this way, threatening the lives of peaceful householders."

"Have mercy, Charles!"

Something in the tone of that imploring voice, mingled with the allusions thrown out during the previous conversation, fired my blood. I stole quietly into the room, and winding my long arms around my uncle's throat, dragged him from the woman. So we writhed together on the floor.

The woman seemed stunned with surprise. A moment afterwards she collected herself, and rushed down stairs. Mad with rage at the thought that she was escaping him, my uncle dashed both his hands into my face. My face bled, but I held him fast.

"Help! murder!" he screamed, at the top of his voice.

There was a rustling in the passage without, and Elizabeth, pale and trembling, entered the apartment with a lighted candle in her hand. At sight of her I let go my hold, and we rose to our feet. My uncle shrunk back, and glared at me savagely.

"Henry! father!" cried Elizabeth, "What is the meaning of this?"

Monsieur, his lips foaming, his eyes flashing, pointed fiercely at me.

"Ask him," he cried.

She looked appealingly into my face, but I made no answer.

"He would have murdered me!" cried my uncle. "He crept up to my room in the dead of night, and would have murdered me as I slept."

The lie staggered and stunned me. At this moment Elizabeth stooped down and lifted something which glistened from the carpet. It was a common carving knife.

"He can't deny it, and you hold the proof in your hand. He would have murdered me."

"It is false!" I cried.

"Hear him!" said my uncle, with a savage sneer. "He denies it; but there's your proof."

I grew quite calm and pale, for I now saw my danger. But there was much of sadness in my emotions.

"Elizabeth," I said, quietly, "do you believe this?"

She looked from one to the other in a weak, wan way, but returned no answer.

"You are silent: you believe me guilty. But remember, I have denied that man's charge. I would not have his blood on my head for all the world. But that is enough. I shall leave this accursed place this moment, and will never more darken its threshold again."

And I moved to the door. But my uncle, having recovered all his natural strength, sprang after me, and gripped me with an arm of iron.

"Not so," he said, firmly and bitterly. "You don't escape me in this way."

Elizabeth looked appealingly at him, but he did not relax his hold.

"What do you want with me?" I asked, with an assumption of firmness.

"Never mind. Time, my dear nephew, will enlighten you on that head. In the meantime, you don't leave this house. Boys who attempt to cut throats with carving-knives, at the dead hours of the night, must not be suffered to go unpunished."

I had neither strength nor courage to resist him. He pushed me into a little dressing-room, which communicated with his own bed-chamber. Then I heard him pass, with Elizabeth, out of the larger room, and lock that door also.

Then I wept. I sat down, with my face in my hands, and shed bitter tears. I felt very injured and miserable; doubtless I had cause to feel both. My thoughts principally followed the footsteps of the woman I had rescued. How had she entered the house? How had she escaped from it? The egress seemed answered, in one way, by my open window; but the ingress was a mystery.

The front door lay just below the room in which I was imprisoned. I was startled from my meditations by hearing that door open, and, looking out, I saw my uncle pass from the house with a servant of his, his groom. I could hear them talking, but I could make out few of their words. "Escaped lunatic." "Wife." "Jumped through the window." "Left." "Right." "Five pound note, if you overtake her." These were the fragmentary words which I caught at intervals. Then they separated, going in different directions.

I felt sure that the mysterious woman was the object of their pursuit, and chafed and fretted in my fears for her safety. I fell with all my weight against the closed door, but it did not yield. Then I struck it repeatedly with my clenched fist, till my hand bled again.

All was of no avail. I sat down, trembling, and doggedly awaited the worst.

To whom could the woman have alluded, in making the inquiry about her boy, and in averring that he was then under that roof? To whom but to myself? Could the woman be indeed my supposed mamma risen from her grave? or could she, by some means or other, have avoided death at the last moment?

The last supposition was preposterous. I myself had seen her stretched out, stiff and cold, on her deathbed, and I could not possibly have been deceived in the matter. My eyes, at that time, had been much too sharp to be made the fools of the other senses. There was some terrible mystery.

At first, in my extremity, I forgot Elizabeth, to whom I had pledged my love. Could she possibly believe me guilty of attempting her father's life? Certainly, circumstantial evidence was against me; but if she really loved me, she would, in the very face of such evidence, believe in my innocence. I felt my own love cool as I encouraged these reflections. Something of the wickedness of my uncle fell like a shadow on her innocent face.

I was startled by hearing the door of the outer room open. Light footsteps came towards the inner door, which opened in its turn. Elizabeth, very pale and calm, stood on the threshold, with the light in her hand. Silently she beckoned me to her.

"Go!" she whispered. "My father will not be back for some time, and you have time to make your escape. I know that you are in danger."

"Elizabeth!"

I uttered the word out of a full heart, pleadingly. It was the last vague appeal of a dying love, and the love expired with her answer, for she waved her hand, as if deprecating reply, and I was surprised to see her lip curl scornfully.

"Go!" she repeated; "I would not have him harm you, but I have never loved you. Go!"

"You have never loved me?"

"Loved you? You are a boy; and he wished me to marry you for his own purposes. Loved you? Are you mad? Go, boy. I know you are innocent of the attempt upon his life, and for that reason I have come to release you. Go, go, go!"

She added the last words impatiently, waving me away as she spoke. I slunk away like a beaten cur, casting one bitter glance at her cold face. She followed me down stairs.

"Take what you want," said Elizabeth, pointing to my chamber door.

"I will take nothing!" I muttered, with angry determination. "This roof is accursed!"

"As you please," she answered, with a slight sneer. "You yesterday held a different opinion."

"Remember, Elizabeth," I said, for I was wroth, "that you have made an enemy of one who would willingly have proved himself your friend. Your disclosure might have been made more kindly."

An expression of pain, which suddenly stole across her features, was covered by a gesture of impatience.

"You have wilfully and cruelly deceived me," I continued, bitterly.

She laughed in a low, helpless way, and then bit her lips nervously.

"Just so," she answered. "We have wilfully and cruelly deceived you. What more could you expect from us? Did you imagine that our behavior towards you was dictated by kindness?"

"Then you confess to guilty motives! Oh, that I had known this before! You are both guilty."

"Yes, both. It is as well to be candid with you; for it is useless to continue the deception any longer. We had chestnuts to take out of the fire, and used you as a cat's-paw. Go!"

I was worked to frenzy by her cool, cold and deliberate manner, spiced as it was by ill concealed scorn and well-affected amusement.

"Then, farewell," I cried. "We had an account to settle, and you have enlightened me as to the items. Take care!"

"Pray do not threaten; for my candor must convince you that we do not fear you. Do what you please. We have always thought you weak spirited."

"We shall see."

She had opened the front door for me. I seized my hat from the stand and rushed out. The door was softly closed behind me. I felt alone in the wide world.

Whither to go I knew not. I had some three or four shillings in my pocket; that was all. I thought of Augustus, and walked rapidly away in the direction of his cottage. It was past midnight. I had just passed the churchyard, when some one broke through the roadside hedge and stood before me, panting. I immediately recognised Augustus, of whom I was in search. He came up to me, with a strange wild look on that rough face of his.

"This is a night of terrors," he whispered, grasping my hand. "Why are you abroad?"

I was about to enter into a summary of the occurrences of the night, when he interrupted me:

"Have you seen Ornamel?"

I gave a gesture of surprise at the question, and answered in the negative.

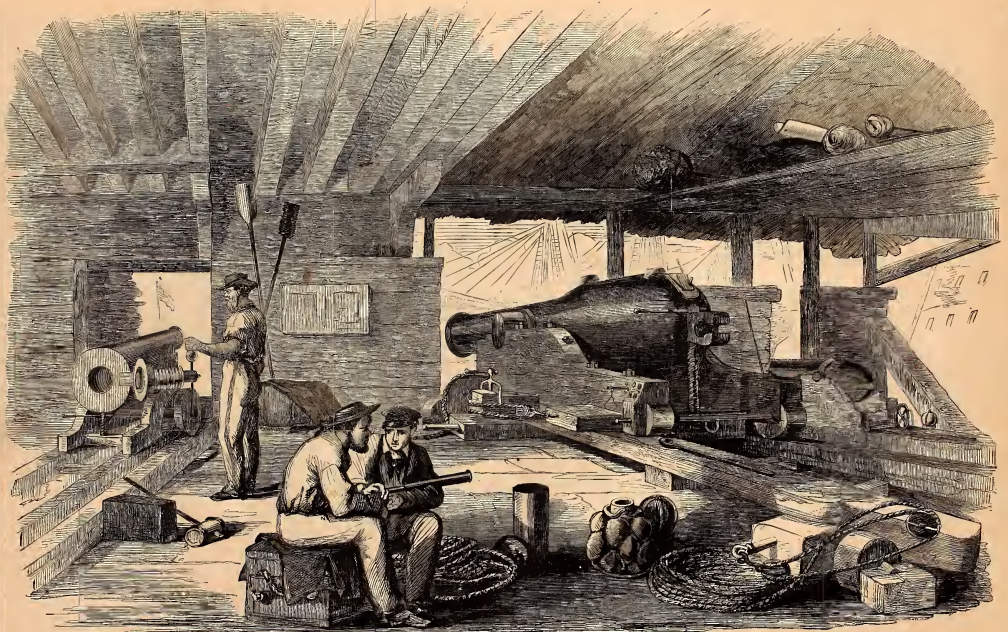
"He is abroad, and I'm looking after him. He means mischief."

I here broke in to give him an account of what I had witnessed—the midnight visitor, her entry into my uncle's room, their conversation, and the scene which followed. He evinced no surprise.

"Yes, she is again at large, and Ornamel is on her track. They advertised her escape, and we watched for her. Ornamel saw her first, and fled after her. It was then that I missed him, and followed."

"What is to be done?" I asked, anxiously.

FAC SIMILE OF A TREASURY NOTE FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, ISSUED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, 1861.—SEE PAGE 302.



Cochran's Breech Loading Gun. Dahlgren Gun. Parrott Rifled Gun.

NAVAL PRACTICE BATTERY, NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist at Washington.—See Page 295

COMMODORE SILAS H. STRINGHAM, COMMANDING THE U. S. ATLANTIC SQUADRON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORAND, BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 302.

"Hush!"

He bent down, listening, holding up his finger to enjoin silence.

"Come this way," he said, leading me back to the churchyard. We entered, and crouched down in a dark corner among the tombs.

"I heard footsteps," he said, in a hot whisper. "Wait!"

There was a solemn pause, during which we listened attentively. All we heard for some moments was our beating hearts. Then we became conscious that some one was approaching us from the fields behind. A minute afterwards the figure of a woman appeared, clambering over the wall. It entered the churchyard, and crouched down silently in a distant corner. It was that of our midnight visitor.

Immediately afterwards we heard other footsteps coming in the same direction. Then my uncle leapt the wall, and stood peering about him in the enclosure. He walked across the churchyard, and looked over upon the highway.

"Richard!" he said, in a loud whisper.

"Yes, your honor," answered a rough voice, which I recognized as that of the groom.

"She passed this way. Keep along the highway, with your eyes sharp about you, while I reconnoitre here."

"All right, your honor."

"Remember, a mad woman; but don't give the alarm unless necessary. Keep on straight to the next village. If you see her, detain her; hire a carriage and bring her to me. Never mind the expense. And remember, there is a reward offered for her apprehension."

"Yes, your honor."

The man ran at full speed along the road, and was soon out of hearing. Monsieur's unfortunate habit of talking aloud here manifested itself. He turned round, peering among the tombstones, and talking to himself. Luckily, he did not happen to come in our direction. Augustus crouched in the darkness, gripping me convulsively, and I could see his eyes flash fire.

"Curse her!" soliloquized my uncle, as he stumbled among the graves. "Curse her for a fool! Does she think to escape me by this folly? I'd hound her to the furthest corner of the earth. This state of things can't last. We must get rid of her somehow."

Here he came plump against a rakish-looking tombstone, which he greeted with a blessing. Then falling forward, with a succession of strides, he stumbled against the woman, where she lay in the darkness. She gave a scream and rose to her feet. He started back, with a cry, surprised and frightened at the suddenness of the meeting. Augustus grew more and more excited.

"Found at last!" cried my uncle, making a spring at his victim.

The woman fell on her knees before him, and clung about his feet.

"Have mercy, Charles!" she moaned. "Have mercy!"

He spurned her with his heavy boot, and seized her savagely by the arms.

"I've got you at last, my lady—safe! and this time you shan't escape me so easily. Rise and come along. Rise, I say! You won't?"

"Have pity, Charles! For the sake of old times, have pity! I've suffered enough."

He was dragging her to her feet, when Augustus sprang forward and touched him on the shoulder. Both men stood erect looking at each other. Monsieur was pale and nervous. Augustus was pale and perfectly collected.

"Who are you?" asked monsieur, savagely, "and what do you want?"

"I'm an old friend of yours; and I want to prevent you from injuring the helpless woman there. There, I've answered your questions, and you must answer mine. By what authority, my man, do you lay violent hands on that woman?"

"By what authority do you question me?"

"Look at me!" said Augustus, thrusting his face close to that of monsieur.

"Eugene!" muttered monsieur, stepping back, as if aghast.

Augustus (by which name I shall continue to call him yet awhile) became facetious. When he became facetious, he became vulgar.

"Exactly! Eugene himself, in the flesh, and no thanks to you that he isn't out of it. I hope my old friend continues well."

"Once more, what do you want with me?"

"Much. In the first place, my man, I might want to put a few questions to you about a lady friend of mine. Secondly, her name might be Martha. Thirdly, I might be desirous of asking you how she is, bodily and mentally."

Monsieur committed himself by muttering an ungentlemanly oath.

"Don't get out of temper. Now, do you know that I've heard that this lady friend of yours—and her name might be Martha—is dead and buried?"

"What then?" said my uncle, who was gradually recovering his composure. "What then? I had no hand in her death."

"False!" cried Augustus, plunging into a torrent of passion. "She was murdered!"

"Not by me."

"By you! She died by a slow poison, administered year by year at your hands. Curse you, for a lying villain! But there, I've done with you for the present. By-and-bye, we shall meet again, and you shall not escape so easily."

Here I stepped forward, and met my uncle's eye. It burned fiercely upon me; but he made no observation. I here became conscious of a dark form cowering in a distant corner.

"And this—for a lady she is—goes along with me to a place of safety. By-and-bye, perhaps, we shall have something to say to you together. In the meantime, farewell."

All this time the woman had lain on the ground, moaning and sobbing. She rose to her feet now, and prepared to follow Augustus, whom she seemed to recognize.

"Stop!" cried Monsieur Charles, authoritatively. "That woman is my wife."

The dark form I had noticed just before now sprang forward.

"Liar!" cried the voice of Ornamel. "She is mine!"

Half dressed, with his white hair streaming around his ghastly face, Ornamel sprang at Monsieur Charles, and plunged his long, sinewy fingers in his throat. The two men fell, and rolled over and over on the grass, struggling and writhing. The woman had swooned away on the appearance of the man who claimed to be her husband.

(*To be continued.*)

COMMODORE S. H. STRINGHAM.

COM. SILAS H. STRINGHAM, whose portrait we publish to-day, is one of those rare men, Christian warriors. What Havelock was in the British Army, Commodore Stringham is in the American Navy—one of those who, regarding war as a terrible necessity, carry into the performance of its duties a grave and religious spirit. Such men, like the Ironsides of Cromwell, are indeed invincible. This conscientious nature he inherited from his parents, who were citizens of Newburg, Orange county, State of New York, where the subject of our present sketch was born in 1796. On the 15th of November, 1809, he entered as midshipman in the frigate President, then commanded by the gallant Captain Rodgers, and he has consequently been fifty-two years in service, twenty-six years of which have been passed at sea. In 1830 he was appointed to the command of the Falmouth, on the West India squadron.

In 1835 he sailed from New York in the John Adams, to join the Mediterranean squadron, and returned in 1837. In the same year he was appointed to the Porpoise, to go in search of a pirate that was annoying our merchantmen on the coast. In 1842 he commanded the Independence, which was attached at that time to the Home squadron, and on the 8th of September, 1847, he was made Commander and took charge of the Ohio, sent to Brazil on special service, for the purpose of conveying to that country the American minister and his suite. From this post he succeeded to the command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and on the breaking out of the Mexican war he resumed his position in his old ship, the Ohio, and led the squadron at the taking of Vera Cruz and Castle San Juan d'Ulloa.

In 1852 he sailed in command of our squadron to the Mediterranean, from whence he returned in 1855, and was ordered to the Charlestown Navy Yard as Commandant, holding that position some four years; upon leaving there he was the recipient of various testimonials of regard from all classes. Upon the incoming of the present Administration he was summoned to Washington, and when it was decided to blockade all the Southern ports, he was ordered to his present station, reaching from Key West on the south to Cape Charles, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on the north, with the Minnesota, a forty-gun steamer, as the flag-ship, and some twenty-five vessels in all, manned by 3,500 sailors and marines. The fleet is the most important ever put in commission by the Department.

His latest, but not his last achievement, we trust, has been the reduction of Forts Hatteras and Clark. After the capture he brought the prisoners he took there in the Minnesota to New York, and is now again in command of his vessel, and about to start upon another and equally important expedition.

In person Commodore Stringham is of medium height, and compact, athletic frame, of manly bearing and frank demeanor. In a word, he is a sailor, a gentleman and a Christian. Although in his sixty-fifth year, his temperance has left him twenty years younger in constitution than his years indicate.

NAVAL PRACTICE BATTERY AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.

OUR present number contains a sketch of what is called the Naval Practice Battery, where our young gunners rehearse before they go into the terrible ordeal of battle. Simple as the loading and firing of a gun may sound, it is an operation which tries the nerves, and requires the utmost nicety of adjustment. It is really and truly as much an act of science, if properly done, as the most delicate surgical operation. We need not say anything about the Dahlgren gun itself, having both illustrated and described it in our paper of the 27th of April, 1861, and indeed our present sketch speaks for itself.

MAP OF THE VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA COAST.

WE give to-day a completer map of the present scene of Naval operations. We have so fully described the localities that we have now merely to say that a recent survey gives the following depth of water at the various inlets: New or Oregon Inlet, 3½ to 5 feet; Hatteras Inlet, 15 to 17 feet; Ocracoke Inlet, 8 to 10 feet; Old Topsail Inlet, which is the entrance to Beaufort, and guarded by Fort Macon, has from 17 to 21 feet. It will therefore be seen how necessary it is to secure Old Topsail Inlet without delay. Fort Macon is the most important of these inlet forts, mounting 48 guns. We hope soon to announce its capture and occupation by our troops. A correspondent of the New York *Daily Times* says:

"I learn from a native of Beaufort, North Carolina, now resident here, that Hatteras Inlet was formed in 1846, up to which time the road passed over it. And it seems that another storm broke over it in 1854, by which the channel was considerably deepened. It is now the best inlet to the sounds. For half a century the North Carolinians have discussed the utility of opening an inlet at Nag's Head, which is not far south of Norfolk, and many a Congressman has flattered himself and his constituents that he could induce the General Government to undertake the work. It used to be thought, I remember, that about a million dollars would be sufficient to open a deep ship-channel. It is probable that a tenth part of the sum would have sufficed, if we are to judge by what nature has accomplished at Hatteras. It was only necessary to dig a ditch two or three feet deep, and a mile or less in length, to initiate the channel. The next storm would accomplish the rest."

THE NATIONAL BONDS AND THE BOGUS SHIN-PLASTERS.

AN old writer has said that coins are very good standards of national solidity. This is perhaps too flattering to American vanity, since it gives the American eagle too great an elevation over the Spanish dollar, French franc, Turkish piaster, Russian rouble, Indian rupee, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the British sovereign, we do not mean the Madonna of England, the Lady Victoria, but that sovereign which commands $4 82 in every honest exchange office. We give to-day two facsimiles or portraits, which so completely illustrate Shakespeare's famous lines—

"Look on this picture and on that—
Hyperion to a satyr!"—

that he must have had in his mind's eye the proofsheet of our present paper, which places in financial juxta-position the real Simon Pure with the false. The old saying of "All Wall street to a Bowery peanut" has never had a better translation. They are significant of the two causes. The National note represents the dignity of the Union—the Confederate shinplaster the straits to which a wicked conspiracy has reduced what was once part of a great nation. Artistically considered, the comparisons are equally odious. Looking at them, there are few men, with their eyes and brains, who would not rather invest a $100 in the one than 25 cents in the other! One thing we may promise, that, as valor is always magnanimous, whenever our misguided rebels of the South cry for "quarter," General McClellan will doubtless give it—upon their renouncing the error of their ways, and returning to their duty.

OBITUARY.

EX GOVERNOR GEORGE P. BRIGGS, of Massachusetts, who was recently severely wounded by the accidental discharge of a shot-gun, died at Stockbridge on the 12th. He was born in Andover, Berkshire county, Mass., April 12th, 1796. He commenced life as a hatter's apprentice, but his indomitable energy led him to abandon his trade for the purpose of acquiring a liberal education. He spent a single year in an academy; fitted himself for the prosecution of legal studies by the reading of borrowed class-books at the light of a log-fire after his labors in the short winter days; entered an office as errand boy, but made such progress that in 1818 in his 22d year, he was admitted to the bar. In 1831 he was elected a representative in Congress from Massachusetts, and officiated as such till 1843, being Chairman of the Post-office Committee during the 27th Congress. In 1843 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and since his demission of that office has been one of the most successful, energetic and respected lawyers in New England. Although for 10 years past somewhat retired from the busier arena of public life, he is a loss to Massachusetts of one of her strongest and most important citizens.

PERSONAL.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the popular English novelist, author of "Framley Parsonage" and "The Three Clerks," has again arrived in this country. He is a brilliant novelist; but when he undertakes travels, and the discussion of practical subjects, he sinks beneath contempt.

HON. DAVID TOD, formerly Minister to Brazil, and a loyal Democrat, has been nominated for Governor of Ohio. A Republican is nominated for Lieutenant-Governor. Party lines are rapidly being swept away, as they should be, till a peace is conquered.

MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER, of the U. S. Army, arrived in Chicago on the 4th instant, and established temporary headquarters at the Sherman House. He is still suffering from the wound he received at Manassas. He was complimented with a serenade on the evening of his arrival. He is to take command of a division of the army yet to be designated.

MR. JAMES C. DERBY, formerly of the publishing firm of Derby & Jackson, has been appointed Consul to Porto Rico.

THE Prince de Joinville was a passenger on the steamer Africa, now at this port. He is accompanied by his son, whom he designs (with the permission of the Government) placing in the United States Naval School at Newport.

THE Hartford *Courant* states that General Lyon left, by will, all his property, valued at $30,000, to the Government. He has thus given all that a man could give for his country.

GRISI has sung in London over 900 nights during the last thirty years; 93 times in "I Puritani," 82 times in "Don Giovanni," 79 times in "Norma," 97 in "Lucrezia Borgia," 78 in "Les Huguenots," 41 in "Semiramide."

THE Hon. Henry Barnard (says the Hartford *Times*) has been appointed Librarian of the Watkinson Library, and it is probable that he will soon visit Europe to purchase books. It will be remembered that the late David Watkinson left a legacy of $100,000 to found a library of reference in Hartford.

COLONEL JOHN FITZ ROY DE COURCEY, an English officer of distinction, has tendered his services to the Government, and they have been accepted. Colonel De Courcey commanded a Turkish regiment during the Crimean War.

COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE and his Indiana Zouaves are again in the field, this time for the war. Their exploits in the Cumberland neighborhood are not yet forgotten, and we shall doubtless hear of them again from Missouri.

CHARLES HENRY FOSTER, Congressman elect from North Carolina, has tendered the President a full brigade of loyalists from that State.

THE *Diritto* of Turin publishes intelligence from Caprera to the 7th of August, giving some account of Garibaldi's health and opinions on affairs in general: "General Garibaldi, who had been attacked with his rheumatic pains, remained in bed for several days, and until the 4th never left the house. Since that day he has resumed his walks, and now nothing remains of his complaint but a slight pain in his left hand, which will shortly disappear by the use of the vapor bath. Very much grieved at what is going on in Naples, he makes it the subject of long conversations with the companions of his solitude and with the frequent visitors, Italian and foreign, who urge him, but in vain, to leave the island. He has formally declared that he will not do so unless compelled by events. He receives a great number of addresses and letters from all nations who are laboring for the great cause of independence and of liberty. Requests for advice are sent to him from all sides, and he gives it according to that political intelligence which up to the present time has prevented him from committing an act which was not for the dignity and welfare of his country."

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN, one of the officers of division at Bull Run, is to have command of a division in the army.

MR. FAULKNER, our late Minister to France, who was for some time under arrest in Washington, has been transferred to Fort Lafayette.

GERMANY has lost one of her most eminent female scholars, Frau Dr. Heidenreich, *née* von Siebold, died at Darmstadt recently. She was born in 1792, studied the science of midwifery at the Universities of Gottingen and Giessen, and took her doctor's degree in 1817, not *honoris causa*, by favor of the Faculty, but like any other German student, by writing the customary Latin dissertation, as well as by defending in public disputation a number of medical theses. She took up her permanent abode at Darmstadt, where she was universally honored as one of the first living authorities of her special branch of science.

OUR latest advices from London, by the Africa, inform us that Lord Monck is about to succeed Sir Edmund Head as Governor-General of Canada, and that the English Government is about to despatch an army reinforcement of 22,500 men to that province during the present month. Charles Stanley Monck, Viscount and Baron Monck, of Ballytrammon, Wexford, in the peerage of Ireland, is the eldest son of the third Lord Monck, and was born on the 10th of October, 1819. Lord Monck succeeded to the estates of his father and the peerage on the 20th of April, 1849.

MONSIEUR J. E. SOUCHARD, French Consul in Boston, has been created by Napoleon III. a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

ACCORDING to the Turin correspondent of the London *Times*, the ex-Queen of Naples is "a character." He says she goes about in man's clothes, "smokes like a sailor and swears like a trooper." She hectors her sister-in-law, and has pitched battles with the princes and princesses of the house of Bourbon. Though robbed of her sceptre she disdains to handle the distaff; she carries her dread revolver at her side; she delights in the exhibition of her skill; she aimed at a cat the other day, in the Quirinal garden—a fine Syrian cat, gray, long-tailed and hairy—who was basking in the morning sun (the Queen is up at five o'clock), on the wall hanging over the grotto of fountains and waterworks, which are one of the seven wonders of the City of the Seven Hills. Purring, and stretching, and gamboling, did the unwary tabby luxuriate in the sense of blessed existence, when the Queen took aim and fired, and the poor thing leaped up in the air, hit through her head, and dropped down like lead into a basin of water beneath.

OUR amiable young friend, the Prince of Wales, is under hard drill in Ireland. In no one single respect is an iota of distinction as to drill or camp duties made between him and any other captain of a company. Wet or dry, hot or cold, he has to tramp along whenever he is ordered out, and take his share of the fatigue and roughing which a long day's drill so impartially accords to all in every regiment, whether guards or line, officers or men.

THE Boston *Transcript* relates that among the throng of applicants for the Government loan at the Treasurer's office was Wesley Bishop, a negro, who has been for some years employed in a glass establishment on Merchants' row. "Clad in his working-day garments, his good-humored countenance beaming with an honest purpose, he placed upon the counter his little bag of gold—a portion of his hard-earned accumulations—with an evident feeling of satisfaction that he could contribute something to sustain a Government which, although it had at times seemed to have forgotten that his race had rights to be protected, he yet felt it to be his sacred duty to sustain."

COLONEL JOHN W. LOWE, of the 12th Ohio regiment, who fell at the head of his regiment in the thickest of the fight in Western Virginia, on the 10th instant, was a man of much intelligence and undoubted bravery. He served with distinction in the Mexican War. He has a brother living in Vanderbilt avenue, Brooklyn.

THE body of Colonel John A. Washington, who was shot on the 11th, was sent to his family on the 16th, under a flag of truce.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

M. LOUIS BLANC has published the eleventh volume of his *Historie de la Revolution Francaise*. The work is spoken very highly of. Among the questions which M. Blanc is said to have settled is the one that Robespierre certainly did not attempt to commit suicide on the night before his execution. The pistol shot which Robespierre received was fired by a gendarme named Meda, who was promoted for the deed.

SIR G. C. LEWIS, notwithstanding his onerous official duties, first as Secretary of the British Home Office, and lately as Minister of War, has found time during the session to write "A Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients," and is now busy revising the proof-sheets from the press.

A VERY valuable little pamphlet has just been published in London entitled "Colliery Explosions, and a Means to Prevent Them." The author, Mr. R. H. Hughes, proposes to ventilate mines and collieries by forcing fresh air to their various parts by means of pipes under pressure. Air, he says, may be supplied to mines by an apparatus very similar to that by which gas is furnished to towns. In 1859, 905 colliers lost their lives in the United Kingdom, and in 1860 the number rose to 1,109. The deaths caused by explosions of firedamps were four times as numerous in 1860 as in the preceding year.

A LETTER on the nomenclature of the minor planets, by Mr. J. R. Hind, appears in a late number of the *Monthly Notices of the British Royal Astronomical Society*. He expresses his dissent from the proposal of M. Le Verrier, the director of the Observatory at Paris, that the present system of giving the new planets classical names should be discontinued, and that they should be simply named after their discoverer, and numbered; thus Astræa would be (5) Hencke; Thetis, (17) Luther; and so on. Mr. Hind also strongly objects to such names as Maximiliana and Angelina, which, he says, ought to be rejected, or, if these be allowed, it should be with the understanding that no future infractions of the rule should be permitted.

THE French Academy gives every ten years a prize of 20,000 francs ($4,000) for the work deemed most highly representative of French literature. This decennial prize has been awarded to M. Adolphe Thiers, historian of the French Revolution, of the Consulate, and of the Empire. But the eloquent little hermit of the Rue St. Georges happens to be immensely rich, so he has generously declined the money, and begged the Academy to apply it to some other purpose of literary usefulness. It has been proposed to bestow their munificent honorarium on some other author or authoress. The chances oscillate between M. Jules Simon and Mme. George Sand.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, it is said, intends to retire from the presidency of the Royal Society of Great Britain, a post which for so many years he has filled with honor and distinction. Ill health more than old age has led the illustrious man to take this step. Who is to be his successor? General Sabine was talked of, a savant in every way qualified to preside over the F.R.S.s when a whisper arose that Lord Brougham would accept the presidency if elected. Lord Brougham has long passed his eightieth year, but he is still hale and active; his frame is still vigorous, and his intellect shows no signs of decay.

SUBMARINE volcanic action in the Atlantic Ocean near the Equator has been for some years going on. We have now two accounts of it, observed by ships but a few miles apart from each other—the Dallas, Captain Wikander, and the Melbourne, Captain Cowie, on March 20, 1861. The latter says: "We were startled by a heavy and loud rumbling noise, and at the same time felt the ship tremble from stem to stern, which lasted four or five minutes. The noise resembled more the low grumble of distant thunder than the harsh, grating noise produced by the ship taking the ground." The Dallas lost her false keel by the shake or collision.

THE long electric telegraph line connecting the southern ports of China with America is in the course of rapid construction by the Russians, under the superintendence of the Colonel of the Romanoff family known by his beautiful maps of the Amoor country, in Asia.

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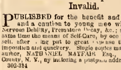

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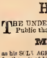

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE AT THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

Seven Actresses Burnt to Death.

THE Continental Theatre, in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, the 14th of September, was the scene of one of the most appalling accidents in the annals of the stage. We have had, at rare intervals, the distressing case of one dancer being burnt while exercising her vocation, such as Chas Wheeler, in London, and Adele Lehman, at Niblo's Garden, but never before has the journalist had to pen such a wholesale horror as that which has recently occurred on the stage of the Continental Theatre. As we have made this calamity the subject of editorial comment, we shall here confine ourselves briefly to the facts.

The second act of Shakespeare's "Tempest," as every one knows, commences with a dance by the *corps de ballet*, whose members were engaged at the end of the first act in attiring themselves in the gauze and tarletan that form the ballet apparel. The dressing-rooms front upon Sansom street, and are on the second floor, nearly fifty feet from the footlights. They are reached by a flight of stairs running up from the side of the stage, and are three in number, communicating with each other. The inner of these rooms is devoted to the principal dancers. On one side of that occupied by the four chief artists is a large mirror with a gas-jet beneath it. Before this they arrange their poses. A row of pegs extend along the wall above the mirror, upon which the *corps de ballet* hang their walking dresses while wearing their stage attire. Upon a nail nearest to the right of

ESCAPE OF MISS CLARA CLIFTON FROM THE SANSOM STREET WINDOW OF THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

"SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS," OR HOW THE UNION TROOPS BID THEIR FORAGING IN MISSOURI.—A SUDDEN BEAR BESETVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. PRENTISS'S COMMAND.

SEE PAGE 310.

the mirror Miss Ruth Gale had hung a tarletan dress, which, in reaching to take down, caught fire. In an instant the poor girl's clothes were in a blaze. Shrieking with dismay, she ran across the room to her sisters, who, heedless of their own safety, endeavored with their bare hands to extinguish the flames. Maddened with fright, she tore herself away from them, and rushing into the outer room, among the panic-stricken girls, set their dresses also on fire. The scene of terror that now ensued baffles all description. Miss Zela Gale, who had first run to her unhappy sister, and whose dress was speedily in a blaze, fled shrieking down the stairs, towards the stage. At this instant the stage carpenter, Mr. Thomas Bayard, wrenched up the cloth which represented the sea in the last scene of the first act, and wrapping her in it extinguished the flames, but not before the doubly unfortunate girl had met with another accident, for in her anguish she had dashed furiously against some silvered plate glass, and lacerated herself in a frightful manner. At this instant the audience was made painfully aware of the accident by Miss McBride rushing upon the stage, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and enveloped in flames. The attendants rushed from the sides to her aid, and tearing up some more of the cloth which represented the waves, from the stage, wrapped it around her. The curtain was then hastily lowered, while many, alarmed at the screams, arose and left the theatre. The immediate appearance of an actor named Wheatley, who said that there was no danger, and that a few of the actresses had been slightly burned, calmed the excitement. This person, however, had no sooner retired than louder and more piercing shrieks were heard, which so terrified the audience that he again came forward and begged them to disperse.

In the meantime the occurrences behind the scenes were of the most awful character. Upon the stage itself there was an unparalleled scene of horror—six or seven young ladies, with their clothes nearly all burnt off them, running frantically about, making the whole building ring with their cries. Miss Hannah Gale leaped from the window in Sansom street, and fell upon the pavement with such force as to render her insensible. Miss Anna Nichols sprang from the platform at the head of the dressing-room stairs to the stage, a height of nearly twenty-five feet, and was much hurt. Miss Phœbe Forden was shockingly burnt. Miss Clara Clifton sprang from the Sansom street window, and was caught by a spectator. In the course of an hour or two all the sufferers were removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the greater medical skill.

Death soon closed the sufferings of six of these unhappy girls. Anna McBride died at six o'clock on Sunday morning, Miss Phillips at one o'clock the same day, and two hours afterwards Hannah Gale. Mrs. Herman died at four o'clock that afternoon, and in the course of the following night Miss Addie Gale and Miss Forden. On the 17th Ruth Gale died, making the seventh victim to managerial economy. There are yet two in great danger, Miss Abbie Carr and Miss Zela Gale. Anna Nichols and Kate Harrison are only slightly injured. Three other young ladies were likewise scorched. Thomas Bayard, the carpenter, whose noble exertions deserve the highest praise, is recovering from his burns, which are not so serious as might have been expected from his fearless efforts.

Barnum's American Museum.

THE LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS from the River Nile, in Egypt, the only animal of the kind ever seen in America, and really the GREATEST WONDER OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, the great Behemoth of the Scriptures, so graphically described in the Book of Job, where it is said, "Upon the earth there is not his like," is to be seen here a few days longer, as is also the What is It? Sea Lion, Aquaria, &c. Dramatic Performances twice a day, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

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The State of the Country.

The Line of the Potomac.—Affairs in and around Washington have undergone little or no change during the past week. Troops continue to reach the Union encampments, and the work of drill and organization is prosecuted with ceaseless energy. A single quick and wakeful eye watches the whole line of the Potomac, and neglects none of the movements of the rebel commanders, who seem to have abandoned the purpose, no doubt once entertained, of endeavoring to cross the Upper Potomac, and in conjunction with an uprising of their adherents in Maryland, assail Washington in flank and rear. The sweeping arrest of the leading Maryland traitors, including the Secession majority in the State Legislature, has no doubt contributed to this change in the plans of the rebels. Meantime, if concurrent accounts are to be credited, sickness, destitution, the approach of winter, and growing apprehensions of powerful naval demonstrations on the southern coasts, are rapidly demoralizing the forces under Beauregard and Johnston. Open discontent prevails everywhere in their ranks, and the contingents of some of the States are only retained by empty promises of a speedy forward movement on the Capitol. Similar dissensions exist in the rebel Government at Richmond. To heal these, General Bragg was called from Pensacola to take the place of Mr. Walker, as Secretary of War; but the change has been without any improved result. A correspondent of the Richmond *Whig* denounces the government as "rotten in the head," and declares that "Davis ought to be spitted up where the army can see him." He continues:

"I have a letter just from Manassas. Our troops there one day last week had nothing for breakfast but salt and potatoes; were sent eight miles at double quick to meet a false alarm, and got neither dinner nor supper when they came back to camp.

"You have won a great victory and got no fruits from it. You have had charge of the government for six months and have done nothing. No meat, no bread, no powder, no wagons, no anything but salt and potatoes, and yet you sing out, 'The government has the entire confidence of the whole people.' There is rottenness enough in the medical staff alone to damn any administration. Why hoodwink the people? Your government is rotten and stinks. We must smell it at last, and the sooner the better.

"Freezing and starvation stare you in the face for the next winter, and you call on the women and children to give up their blankets and bread for the soldiers. The women have supported the war so far. You could not be in the field to-day but for their needles. You have had the government for seven months and you confess your inability to do anything by your daily ways, and still you speak of confidence. It is waning hourly, I assure you, and unless the press speaks out plainly, and that soon, all is lost."

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 12th, not only confesses to the general demoralization and wretchedness of the rebels, but also the fact that, underneath the apparent unanimity of opinion in the insurgent States, there exists a profound loyal sentiment, only awaiting the opportunity, which it is to be hoped the progress of the national arms will soon afford it, of an open expression. This paper says:

"It is evident to every intelligent observer that the embittered remnant of the submissionists party, which was fully represented in the Virginia Convention, is bent on organizing a regular opposition to the government. Under all the names that it has borne, that element in our politics has been invariably against southern interests, and although the events of last spring annihilated its material form, or at least, caused it to disappear from public view, it exists with undiminished virulence, and awaits the opportunity to spring into light again."

Kentucky.—The present great centre of national interest is Kentucky. Her Legislature, fresh from the people, by decisive and overwhelming votes, has discarded the false and unnatural position of "neutrality" which the rebel Governor and his adherents had imposed on her, as the next step to open Secession. This action was no doubt hastened by the occupation of Columbus and other important points within the State on the Mississippi river by the rebel forces under General Polk, and the passes of the Cumberland Mountains by another rebel force under General Zollicoffer. Although Governor Magoffin and Senator Breckinridge have exerted their personal and official influence and power to prevent and embarrass the action of the Legislature, yet the position it has taken is open, unreserved and decisive. Not only has it peremptorily ordered the rebels from the soil of Kentucky, but it has called General Anderson to the head of the military forces of the State, and instructed him to drive the invaders from its borders. The General responded at once to the call, and on the 21st issued a proclamation worthy of the defender of Fort Sumter, as follows:

"Louisville, Kentucky, Saturday, Sept. 21.

"Kentuckians—Called by the Legislature of this my native State, I hereby assume command of this department. I come to enforce, not to make laws, and God willing, to protect your property and your lives. The enemies of the country have dared to invade our soil. Kentucky is in danger. She has vainly striven to keep peace with her neighbors. Our State is now invaded by those who professed to be her friends, but who now seek to conquer her. No true son of Kentucky can longer hesitate as to his duty to his State and country. The invaders must, and God willing, will be expelled. The leader of the hostile forces, who now approaches, is, I regret to say, a Kentuckian, making war on Kentucky and Kentuckians. Let all past differences of opinion be overlooked. Every one who now rallies to the support of our Union and our State is a friend. Rally then, my countrymen, around the flag our fathers loved, and which has shielded us so long. I call you to arms for self-defence, and for the protection of all that is dear to freemen. Let us trust in God and do our duty as did our fathers.

"ROBERT ANDERSON,
"Brigadier-General, U. S. A."

Meantime General Buckner, one of the friends and confederates of Governor Magoffin, has called in the aid of a body of rebel troops, and issued a proclamation from Bowling Green, in the southern part of the State, openly initiating civil war. The consequence has been a general arming of the people, the advance of the national forces from Indiana to the aid of the Unionists, and the commencement of a movement which must speedily result in the expulsion of the rebels, and a transfer of the seat of war into Tennessee. The progress of this movement will be watched with breathless interest by the nation. If successful, as we have no doubt it will be, it opens the road to an efficient support of the loyal people of Eastern Tennessee, and pushes the Federal authority down to Georgia, into the very heart of the Rebellion. The action of Kentucky is therefore most momentous, and that the policy which was finally adopted will be firmly adhered to fortunately admits of no doubt. The spirit which prevails in her Legislature may be inferred from the following concluding paragraph of a report of the Committee on Federal Relations, on the war tax of Congress, which was adopted, in both the Senate and the House, by overwhelming majorities:

"The war was begun by South Carolina, one of the Confederate States, and soon after nine States united with her in the war. The people of those States are now in arms against the Government of the United States. They have brought powerful armies into the field, which are now in sight of the national capital, and threaten to seize it, and overthrow the Government of the United States. The people of Kentucky are determined to defend that Government against its enemies. It is a powerful, a wise, a beneficent Government. It is the work of almost divine wisdom. No oppression ever flowed from it to the people. It protected its citizens both at home and abroad, and gave them a name which was respected by all the civilized nations of the earth. The effort now being made to overthrow the Government is unspeakably wicked. Kentucky abhors that effort. She will not weigh money in the scales against a Government which has been her boast and her pride, and which she regards as the very palladium of the liberties of the people."

Missouri.—Affairs in Missouri are very far from being in a satisfactory condition. A strong opposition has sprung up against General Fremont, not so much on account of his late proclamation regarding the slaves of rebels in arms, as of alleged inaccessibility and exclusion, and, what is far more serious, neglect in properly supporting the various small detachments of Union forces in distant parts of the State, menaced or attacked by the insurgents in overwhelming numbers. They have been neglected, it is charged, and the State allowed to be overrun by rebel hordes, while large bodies of troops were retained by the General in the neighborhood of St. Louis, to enable him to carry out some gigantic plan of his own down the Mississippi River. The differences between the General and Colonel Blair, the head of the Union movement in Missouri, have become so serious that he has placed the latter under arrest, on a charge of disrespect for the commanding officer, and other allegations. Rumor announces that the Government at Washington, regarding the success of the national cause as first in importance, and as not to be perilled by personal interests and ambitions, is deliberating on transferring General Fremont to another field of service. The only military operation of importance at present going on in the State is the siege of Lexington, on the Missouri River, 300 miles above St. Louis, by a large body of rebels, said to number 30,000, under General Price. The town is defended by between 3,000 and 4,000 national troops, under Colonel Mulligan. He has sustained several attacks, the severest being on the 18th, when the Union troops were driven into their entrenchments, and closely pressed. A bayonet charge by the Irish brigade, numbering 900 men, however, broke the pursuers, and drove them back, with heavy loss. To General Price's summons to surrender, Colonel Mulligan replied, with more force than elegance, "Go to h—ll!" It is said that there is no precedent for such language in military annals, but that General Price interpreted it as a declension of his request. At latest accounts, reinforcements were hastening to Lexington—4,000 men under General Lane, and a still larger force under General Sturgis, being on their way. If Colonel Mulligan could hold his position for a few days, it was believed at St. Louis, on the 21st, that he would not only be relieved, but that Price would be surrounded and compelled to surrender.

Telegraphic advices have been received since the above was written, announcing the surrender of Col. Mulligan. The particulars of the event are given elsewhere.

California.—In the election just held, California has proved herself true to the Union. Leland Stanford, the Union candidate for Governor, is elected by 3,000 plurality. Both Houses of the Legislature are overwhelmingly Union. The vote in San Francisco was 15,000, of which Mr. Stanford received 11,000.

The United States and Foreign Powers—Spanish Presumption.

Spain has been the first of foreign powers to seize upon our domestic troubles as an opportunity for manifesting its hostility, and advancing what it regards as its interests. Conceiving that we are too much occupied at home to trouble ourselves about matters of no immediate interest, it has "annexed" the republic of Santo Domingo, including the magnificent Bay of Samana, which is capable of being made the most important naval position in the entire West Indies—a measure to which, it well knew, the United States could not fail to be hostile, and to which, under ordinary circumstances, it could not fail to oppose an armed intervention. But this is not all. Presuming on its impunity in this instance, it has now taken another step positively hostile to the United States, and to an equal degree favorable to the rebels. The Captain-General of Cuba has issued a circular admitting vessels bearing the rebel flag to equal rights, in the ports of that island, with those of nations "having no consuls accredited within the territory of Cuba." In other words, it opens the ports of the island unreservedly to rebel commerce, and invites the free entrance of the piratical vessels called "privateers." Further than this, rumors are current that Spain, incited by other European powers which have some character to lose, but do not care to risk it, is preparing to openly recognize the so-called "Confederate States."

It must be admitted that Spain has no special cause of liking for this country. Our example, no doubt, set that revolution in motion which deprived her of all her colonies on this continent, and it is equally unquestionable that the last remnants of her power in the Antilles have been several times seriously threatened by unauthorized expeditions from the United States. But Spain should not forget that the failure of these expeditions was owing not to her strength, but to the repression exercised by our own Government, inspired and sustained from the North. Every aggression or attempt at aggression on Spanish rights, from this country, originated and was supported from the South alone, and was made in the Southern interest, real or supposed; and should the "Southern Confederacy" succeed in establishing itself, there is no shadow of doubt that its successful arms would speedily be turned to secure for it the long coveted acquisition of Cuba. Spanish conceit is enormous, and the kicks and cuffs of half a century, from all sorts of powers great and small, have not expelled it; yet nothing is more certain than that any Southern State, single-handed, could occupy and hold all the Spanish possessions in the West Indies against any force that Spain could bring against it. Yet blind and short-sighted as she is conceited, Spain, in her dislike for the United States, would build up at the very doors of her most important colony an arrogant and unprincipled power, whose first act would probably be her own dismemberment.

There is another aspect of this question which foreign powers generally, now throwing off their masks and revealing their hitherto concealed envy and hate, will do well to remember. This war, even if it results in a dismemberment of the country, will nevertheless leave us a great nation, with half a million of trained soldiers in the field, and a large and efficient navy on the ocean. It will leave us with an army equal to that of France, and with the power and disposition to punish our enemies and reward our friends. If Europe seeks a new element of complication in her affairs, she can easily have it by countenancing the intrigues and affronts of that most effete and contemptible of nationalities, the husk and shell of former greatness, Spain. If we are prevented by foreign interference from securing in our own way the beneficent purposes of our organization as a Government, we shall not lack the ability to make ourselves the scourge and terror of interlopers. We profess to be able to settle our own affairs without the counsel or aid of other powers, and wish to do so with the least damage to their interests, imaginary or real. "Hands off!" in two words, is the sum and essence of our foreign policy. We are neither dead nor sleeping, but collecting our energies, nourishing our resources, and hardening our muscles for new, and, in our history, unprecedented efforts; and in a twelvemonth, even though rebellion be still uncrushed, we will be equal to any trial which foreign insolence may provoke, or foreign interference challenge.

Lessons Writ in Fire.—The lesson taught by the recent terrible accident in the Continental Theatre of Philadelphia, it is devoutly to be hoped, will not be lost on the public. Within the past year several frightful accidents of a similar character have occurred in this city, resulting from insufficiently protected footlights. Others, including the lamentable case of Mrs. Longfellow, the wife of the poet, from the taking fire of the light materials of modern female wear, expanded beyond all grace and control by preposterous hoops. Theatres, in all of their parts, should be put under rigorous inspection by the authorities, and all the lights, whether on the stage or off it, so guarded as to make an accident by fire impossible. This should be done, not less for the protection of the actors and actresses than for the safety of the public. A crowded theatre, with all its combustibles in a blaze, and panic and wild confusion in the crowded aisles and narrow doorways—the very thought of it causes a shudder! Accidents from the footlights of a theatre are so easily guarded

against, that a neglect of the necessary precautions should be severely punished. As to those resulting from undue expansion of feminine skirts, they can only be prevented by a wholesome reform of popular taste in dress, under the severe instructions of experience.

DECREASE IN BRITISH EXPORTS TO AMERICA.—While the aggregate increase of British exports generally, for the month of June last, was $5,060,000 over the same month of last year, the decrease of exports to the United States was from $3,650,000 in June, 1860, to barely $684,000 in June, 1861, a diminution of five-sixths or over 80 per cent. This decrease was made up as follows:

	1860	1861
Cottons	$718,000	$52,000
Haberdashery	355,000	51,000
Hardwares	145,000	243,000
Linens	490,000	20,000
Iron	875,000	185,000
Silk	45,000	25,000
Woollens	1,032,000	110,000
	$3,650,000	$684,000

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS IN THE UNION ARMY.—The Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, both sons of the Duc d'Orleans, and the first heir apparent to Louis Philippe, have entered the American army, and will probably be attached to the staff of Gen. McClellan. The Count de Penthievre, son of the Prince de Joinville, has entered the United States Naval Academy at Newport. The Prussian Prince Salm Salm, has been accepted as Colonel of Cavalry, but for the present is doing service in Gen. Blenker's brigade. Major Boussnwein, aide to Garibaldi, has also been commissioned to the same rank in the national service. The Montreal papers confirm the report that Colonel Rankin, of the British army, in command of one of the militia districts of Upper Canada, and a member of Parliament, has come to Detroit, to raise a regiment of 1,660 lancers, to be armed with sabre, carbine, pistol and a lance 17 feet long. He has power from the Government at Washington to proceed. Besides these, there are two distinguished Hungarian officers now serving in our armies—Gen. Asboth, on Gen. Fremont's staff, and Col. Stahel, who was at the storming of Comorn in '48, and is now commanding the Eighth New York volunteers. Col. Cozlay is the name of a third Hungarian about to enter our service. Two Prussian barons, one Von Radwitz, of Gen. McClellan's staff, and the other, Struve, the famous provisional governor of Baden, now a simple captain in the New York Eighth, represent their country's nobility in the American army.

A RECENT order of Gen. McClellan declares that firing on an enemy's pickets is contrary to the usages of civilized nations. He therefore orders that there shall be no firing on their pickets unless it becomes necessary to resist their advance or return a fire commenced by them.

CUBA AND THE REBELS.—The following is the text of the circular or proclamation of the Captain-General of Cuba, relative to the rebel flag:

HAVANA, August 31, 1861.

To the Collectors of Ports in the Island:

1st. Vessels with the flag of the Confederation of the South will be admitted into the ports of this Island for the purpose of legitimate trade, provided the documents which they present do not inspire the least suspicion of piracy, fraud or other crimes, which are punished by all national laws.

2d. Once in our ports, said vessels will be under the safeguard of the neutrality proclaimed by the Governor in the royal decree of 17th June, and cannot be molested in their loading, discharging, &c.

3d. All the authorities will consider the above vessels as proceeding from a nation having no consuls accredited in this territory.

THE STONES CRY OUT AGAINST THEM.—The two blocks of marble furnished by Tennessee and Louisiana respectively for the Washington Monument, bear the following inscriptions as an enduring reproach to their recreant donors:

"Louisiana—Ever faithful to the Constitution and the Union."
"Tennessee—The Federal Union; it must be preserved."

SOUTHERN VIEW OF "PEACE PARTIES."—The Memphis *Avalanche* of the 5th inst. pronounces the peace parties in the Federal States as "arrant humbugs," and says: "They may hold their conventions, whine about peace, and pass their canting resolutions until doomsday, but will never effect a peace on their terms. They may lick the feet of the tyrant if it suits them, but the South will continue to fight him, and against the Government of which he is the dictator, and against the people whom he governs, until she gets rid of them for ever."

THE UNADILLA.—The first of the new gunboats authorized by Congress, the Unadilla, made her trial trip on the 10th. She proved to be, in every way, a success. She was built by Mr. John Englis, of this city, her machinery being supplied from the Novelty Works. Mr. Englis made his contract for building her in Washington on the 28th of June. On the 30th he laid her keel in New York. In 42 working days she was launched, and in 63 days her engine was on board and steam got up. The building of 24 similar boats was let on the same day, and the Unadilla is the first in the water, nearly two weeks ahead of her contract time. Government pays Messrs. Englis $56,500, and the Novelty Works $31,500, making an aggregate of $88,000, without her armament.

EXAGGERATIONS.—Mr. Russell, "special correspondent" of the London *Times*, has been charged with a tendency to exaggeration. This is no new failing with that gentleman. In his account of the famous charge of the "Light Brigade" at Balaklava, he said, "Of the 607 light dragoons, above 400 were killed, wounded and missing." The final official accounts show that the loss in killed, wounded and missing was precisely 220. When the man is favorably disposed, the following arithmetical formula will enable people to get at something like the truth:

Russell's story ÷ 2 = The Truth.

Where his prejudices enter into the proposition the following will probably be nearest the fact:

Russell's story ÷ 10 = The Truth.

The loss of the "Light Brigade" at Balaklava, that "fearfully sanguinary struggle," was something *less*, proportionally, than that of the Kansas regiments at Wilson's Creek.

COTTON.—The stocks of cotton in Liverpool on the 2d of August, 1859-'60-'61, were as follows:

	1859.	1860.	1861.
American	605,820	1,076,140	735,550
Brazilian	10,600	25,510	31,740
Egyptian	17,840	42,350	18,630
East India	35,940	95,410	243,570
West India	250	370	170
Total	670,450	1,239,780	1,010,660

Showing the increase to be mainly in East India cotton. This has increased over 100 per cent. each year. So far from there being any probability that British statesmen will wish to break our blockade this winter, the truth is that their real interest will consist in allowing it to exist in all its force. Furthermore, Bull needn't trouble himself about his American supply. A very fair crop has been gathered down South this year, and a considerable, if we are to believe the Southern press, the largest part of it, has been pledged to the rebel Government. We propose to take this bodily, and shall want a market for its sale. Johnny shall have his cotton, the old boy, so he shall!

"SHARP STICKS."—Some of the thick-and-thin Administration papers claim that "increased vigor has been infused into the War and Navy Departments." We think so too, but the saurians which encumber them have required a deal of pricking up. The "sharp sticks" of the press, to say nothing of the mutterings of popular indignation, must finally tell even on the ichthyosauri of politics.

THE 25TH NEW YORK (ALBANY) REGIMENT.—A correspondent, an officer in the 25th or Albany Regiment, correcting the statement that Fort Albany, Arlington Heights, was built by a Massachusetts regiment, gives the following interesting particulars about the 25th regiment:

"It is singular that the 25th New York regiment has had no notice whatever in any newspaper outside of the city of Albany. Now, it is a fact that the 25th built Fort Albany, without the help of any other regiment, being the smallest regiment in Virginia. We were the first regiment that crossed the Canal Bridge into Virginia, the 14th New York going along the river into the interior. We planted the first American color in Virginia; took the first rebel prisoners in uniform. When we left the fort it was completed, with the exception of clearing up and sodding. We mounted the guns. We not only did this, but cut down 40 acres of woodland, and also cut timber for the stockades of Fort Runyon."

METROPOLITAN ITEMS.

SEVEN hundred and sixty-five emigrants have arrived at Castle Garden within a week, making a total of 56,460 for the year—a decrease of 21 060 from the number for the corresponding period in 1860.

THE Committee appointed to amend the City Charter met on the 21st in the chamber of the Board of Councilmen. After transacting some routine business, the Chairman of the Convention announced that the standing committees would be appointed at the next meeting of the committee, on the 23d.

THE rate of tax has been officially determined by the City Supervisors at 2 per cent below the line of Fifty-seventh street, and 1–05 above. The warrants were signed and issued to the Receiver on the 23d. The tax will be extended forthwith on the books, and the personal book will probably be opened for payments in a few days.

A LUNAR rainbow, an unusual phenomenon, was visible on Saturday evening, the 21st. A shower came up from the east, and on the dark pile of massive clouds a perfectly formed bow, displaying the three prismatic colors, attracted the attention of numerous gazers—many of whom had never witnessed this unusual occurrence.

IT is estimated that by the rebellion not less than $200,000,000 of Southern indebtedness to this city was blotted out as in a night, and the prospect of its recovery has been and is so remote and dubious that it can hardly be considered property.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Memphis *Avalanche* says that one of the Louisiana companies in the battle at Manassas lost its captain. The company then unanimously elected the wife of the deceased to fill his place, and the lady, in uniform, passed through Memphis, on the 11th inst., on her way to assume command of her company.

THE correspondent of the Columbia (Ga.) *Sun* writes from Pensacola: "The court-martial which has been sitting at Barrancas for several days has at last finished its labors. Among the cases before the court were one for murder at Fort McRea, on the day when Gen. Bragg gave liberty to the soldiers, in honor of the battle at Manassas; and two for sleeping on their posts. One of the latter, a young man named Robinson, belonging to the Tenth Mississippi regiment (and I am sorry to hear, an editor) will be shot at Warrenton, in view of the forces, on Friday, the 30th ult. The other soldier, from the fact of his extreme youth and inexperience, has been sentenced to punishment for 60 days and then drummed out of camp."

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says the heavy growth of grass in some of the streets in that city, "would pay the mower for his trouble."

THE following paragraph appears in the Memphis (Tennessee) *Avalanche* of the 3d inst. "A procession of several hundred stout negro men, members of the 'domestic institution,' marched through our streets yesterday in military order, under command of Confederate officers. They were all armed and equipped with shovels, axes, blankets, &c. A merrier set was never seen. They were brimfull of patriotism, shouting for Jeff. Davis, and singing war songs, and each looked as if he only wanted the privilege of shooting an abolitionist."

THE Charleston *Mercury* of the 7th states that a number of the crew of the wrecked privateer Jeff. Davis have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy. It says: "We learn that a conspiracy existed among the passengers and a portion of the crew of the privateer to kill the captain and officers of the Jeff. Davis, and to take the vessel into the port of New York. This conspiracy has been discovered since the return of Captain Coxetter and crew to Charleston, and proof of the designs of the conspirators established by the affidavit of one of the crew. It is thought that the conspiracy had some agency in the stranding of the Jeff. Davis on the St. Augustine bar."

WAR NEWS.

Second Engagement at Booneville, Missouri.

A BRISK engagement occurred on the 13th at Booneville, Mo., between Capt. Eppstein, with 150 men, and 600 of the rebels. After a hard fight of an hour, the enemy expressed their readiness to make terms. They were compelled to withdraw two miles from the city, to promise not to molest Union people, and to leave the arms of the killed and wounded on the ground. They acceded to these terms, and the fight was not renewed. Their leader, Col. Brown, and his son, Capt. Brown, were killed.

Fight at Blue Mills, Missouri.

DESPATCHES from St. Louis, dated September 21st, state that two fights occurred at Blue Mills Landing, on the 17th inst. The first was between 500 of the 3d Iowa regiment, with one piece of artillery, under Lieut.-Col. Scott, and about 4,000 rebels. After a desperate struggle of an hour's duration, in which Scott lost 120 killed and wounded, and all his horses, he retreated slowly half a mile, drawing his cannon by hand. He subsequently took a position with his howitzer on an eminence, and waited for the enemy, but he did not pursue. Not long afterwards Col. Smith's command, with four pieces of artillery, approached Blue Mills by another route, and engaged and routed the rebels as they were about crossing the river.

Skirmish at Petersburg, Va.

A DESCENT was made on the 12th inst. upon a rebel camp at Petersburg, Hardy county, Va., by Capt. Kidd's company of cavalry from New Creek, Md., and a company of infantry from Fort Pendleton. The rebels only waited for one shot from a 12-pounder, and then fled. Several were killed and wounded, a number taken prisoners, and their camp and all its equipage were captured. On the same day a body of 250 rebels were attacked and dispersed at Barboursville.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Saxonia brings advices to the 11th inst. The outcry of the better portion of the English press against the policy of sending troops to Canada had had the effect of causing the Government to suspend the arrangement made for forwarding them for the present. Instead there was some talk of sending a combined Anglo-French naval and military expedition against Mexico, to obtain redress for alleged injuries to British and French interests. This expedition, it was anticipated, would receive the countenance and aid of Spain. Another rumor prevails that Garibaldi, through the United States Minister at Brussels, has received an attractive offer of a command in the American army, and that he had accepted it under certain mental reservations—one of which is doubtless, that he doesn't intend to come. Our journals make too much noise over a few titled nobodies whom poverty and national destitution have driven to our shores. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi are in Naples, where they were received with the greatest enthusiasm. Fresh disturbances had broken out in Poland. England had bought of some African king a large tract of country for the culture of cotton, and the French Government was negotiating for a similar purpose.

PERSONAL.

MRS. C. MEARS BURKHARDT opened her new educational establishment for young ladies, corner of Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, on the 12th. The city affords no finer, more airy, or healthful position than this, and Mrs. Burkhardt's well-earned reputation for thoroughness in teaching the essential branches of education, while investing her pupils with the accomplishments necessary to their success in society, must retain for her elegant establishment the eminence it has so long maintained, despite the disturbed condition of affairs. Her school is equal in every respect, and superior in many, to any which the metropolis affords. We commend it to public patronage.

DODWORTH has opened his private academies for dancing and calisthenics at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, and at 137 Montague place, Brooklyn.

COL. EDWARD D. BAKER, United States Senator from California, has been appointed a Major General of Volunteers.

EX-GOV. MOREHEAD, of Kentucky, has been arrested and taken to Fort Lafayette, on a charge of treasonable practices. The New York *Times* remarks upon his arrest as follows: "Ex-Gov. Morehead may be a traitor, but he is not a hearty one. He is one by necessity. Neither is he a dangerous man. He is a good feeder, a fair drinker, a lover of cushioned chairs and '$10 000 a-year,' and would cheerfully exchange his cotton plantation and his politics to-morrow for a Union home and a good income on Brooklyn Heights. As a conspirator, he is not worthy to be mentioned the same day or the same night with Magoffin or Breckinridge, and we wonder that he was taken by the Government and they left."

MR. SOLOMON STURGES, of Chicago, has taken $100,000 of the national loan. Mr. Walter L. Newberry, President of the Galena and Chicago Railroad, $10,000. Mr. Wm. B. Astor, of this city, is reported to have taken $50,000.

MR. RUSSELL, the American correspondent of the London *Times*, in a recent letter, writes: "For good or for evil, the issue between the North and South is rapidly approaching to that which the South predicted and feared, and the North at first disavowed, and does not now altogether accept—the struggle, if it continues, will be narrowed to a contest between slavery and abolition."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has turned pork merchant in Naples. His shop is in the most conspicuous and frequented part of the town; it is gilded and furnished with great splendor, being adorned with pictures whose themes are taken from the works of the great romancer. His sign is "The Three Guardsmen;" and inside beautiful girls sell sausages and hams, and tarts in La Tour de Nesle. These girls were at first dressed in fancy costumes so contrived that they scarcely seemed to be dressed at all. So the young men of Naples hastened to Dumas's shop to buy ham and sausages, and the police deeming it unnecessary for the purposes of the pork trade that so great an affluence of charms should be displayed, required the shop girls to wear a garment better adapted to the object for which clothing was devised by our first parents in Paradise. It is stated that if the police of Naples thought itself obliged to interfere, the dishabille of the assistants of Dumas must indeed have been complete.

THE report that Garibaldi intends coming to America is positively contradicted by Mr. Frank Vizetelly, artist and correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*. Mr. Vizetelly says: "Repeated endeavors have been made to induce Garibaldi to go to North America, to aid in defending the Union. You can positively contradict those who assert that he will go there. He will not go." [Then follow some allusions to the condition of European affairs, as restraining his departure, after which the letter continues]: "Beside this, even if Italy, Hungary and Poland were in the most flourishing state of independence and liberty, he would take no part in that struggle so long as the North failed to declare, formally, solemnly and irrevocably, that it would not lay down its arms until Slavery should be destroyed to its last vestige."

CAPT. BURTON, well-known to the reading public through his adventurous and daring journey to Mecca, and still later by a tour of exploration into Eastern Central Africa, on finishing the latter came to this country to recruit his health; he made a trip to the plains, to hunt the buffalo, and crossed over to California, stopping by the way to see Brigham Young and his army of polygamists. An account of this pleasure trip, which, it is said, will contain some novel particulars of Mormon life, will shortly be published by the Harpers. This volume, which will be called "The City of the Saints," will probably be the last that we shall have from Capt. Burton for some time to come, for we learn that on the 23d August he started for Fernando Po, Western Africa.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

THE theatrical campaign has opened in this city with all the eclat of the most favorable times, and there is every reason to believe, from present indications, that the season will be a profitable one. The capacious Academy of Music has been crowded during the entire week by delighted audiences, to witness the extraordinary feats of the Great Wizard, Hermann, whose success has been as remarkable as satisfactory. We say satisfactory, because it is understood that on the success of this series of performances hinged the question of opera or no opera for the winter. It has been decided, thanks to the Wizard. He has conjured right bravely, and we are to have a short season of opera. An arrangement has been concluded between Messrs. Ullman and Muzio, by which, after a short concert tour by the troupe, composed of Miss Kellogg, Miss Hinkley, and Signors Brignoli, Mancusi (Havana company) and Signor Susini, opera will be given alternately in New York and Brooklyn. The first performance will take place on the 17th of October, and the season will continue uninterruptedly until the 9th of November, when the troupe, under the direction of Signor Muzio, leave to fulfil their engagement at Havana......The Winter Garden has been quite as successful as the Academy of Music—Mrs. Wood disputing the favor of the town with the Prestidigitateur in the comico-scenico-comico piece, "Cinderella." Of course "Cinderella" will be continued so long as the people like it, and their favor seems in no way diminished by repetition. By way of heaping up attractions, however, the management have added a laughable piece, "New York Wives, or a Lesson for Gentlemen."......Laura Keene opened to a house jammed to overflowing on Monday night, with "The Seven Sons," a masculine counterpart of the successful "Seven Sisters" of last season. The scenery is new and splendid, the dialogue sparkling and rollicking, and the hits local and otherwise numerous and palpable. The butt of the piece is a certain Dr. Fussall (not Russell), who is a special correspondent, and gets stuffed and sold all through, while in the search of information, nearly as badly as the gentleman whose name his so much resembles. It is safe to predict for the "Seven Sons" a run equal to that of the "Seven Sisters."......Wallack's new and beautiful establishment opened with great eclat on Wednesday evening—too late for adequate notice this week......Forrest is about to fulfil a round of engagements, and opens at Boston on the 30th. Brady, the photographer, has just completed a series of admirable portraits of the great actor in his favorite characters......The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn begins its concerts on the 2d of November. It now numbers nearly 1,100 members......A great variety of entertainments are offered this week at Barnum's Museum. The hippopotamus has not yet withdrawn his attractive person from the establishment......The Circus at Palace Garden continues to draw large audiences. Mr. Nixon has secured some of the best equestrians in the profession, and his programmes are in consequence all that can be desired......The London *Weekly Times* states that Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn" is to be produced at the Ambigu Theatre of Paris, at an early day......Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an actress from this country, has made her appearance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London......Madame Ristori, the eminent Italian tragedienne, has been engaged by Mr. Ullman, of the New York Academy of Music, for September, 1862, and is to bring her company with her.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

ON the 17th the propeller Fanny ran down to Ocracoke Inlet with a company of troops, who entirely destroyed the fortifications abandoned by the Confederates. The magazine was burnt and the cannon sunk. It is said that the Confederates were assembled in force at Washington and Newbern, and that 2,000 of them had landed on Roanoke Island, with the intention of destroying the lighthouse and the dwellings of the Unionists there. A detachment of 750 men, accompanied by a naval force, were about to leave Hatteras Inlet to prevent the inroad.

THE painful apprehensions entertained by the public, during the past few days, for the fate of Colonel Mulligan, the defender of Lexington, Mo., have been realized. That gallant officer, after an obstinate defence of four days and a loss of between 600 and 800 in killed and wounded, was obliged to surrender on the 22d, having been entirely deprived of water. His original force was about 2,500; that of the enemy under Price, not far from 14,000. The rebel loss is estimated at between 3,000 and 4,000.

A SEVERE fight occurred at Mariatown, Mo., on the 21st, between 600 Federal troops under Colonels Montgomery and Johnston, and 400 rebels, in which the latter were routed with heavy loss. Colonel Johnston was killed.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE magnificent fountains in the Place de la Concorde in Paris were of iron, and the water which plays over them contains lime, which soon coated them with a deposit of sulphate of lime. This obscured all the rich details of their ornamentation. These fountains have been taken down, and a layer of copper has been placed upon them by the electrotype process. This being bronzed gives the iron fountains all the beauty of bronze at a tithe of the cost. About 69 tons of sulphate of copper have been used in the process.

PARIS is lighted by more than 31,000 lamps. All but about 500 are gas lamps, the remainder are fed with oil. More than three times the light is now produced by the street lamps which was produced in 1850.

THAT gigantic plant, the Victoria Regia or Royal Lily, is producing a succession of its gorgeous blossoms in the aquarium of Kew Gardens, England. The leaves of the lily are three feet in diameter.

THE English Government last year paid £16,000 in the shape of "perpetual pensions." The custom of giving these hereditary acknowledgments to merit has now fallen into disuse. The last pension in perpetuity was granted in 1814 to the Viscount Exmouth and his heirs male. No pension is now bestowed for longer than three lives.

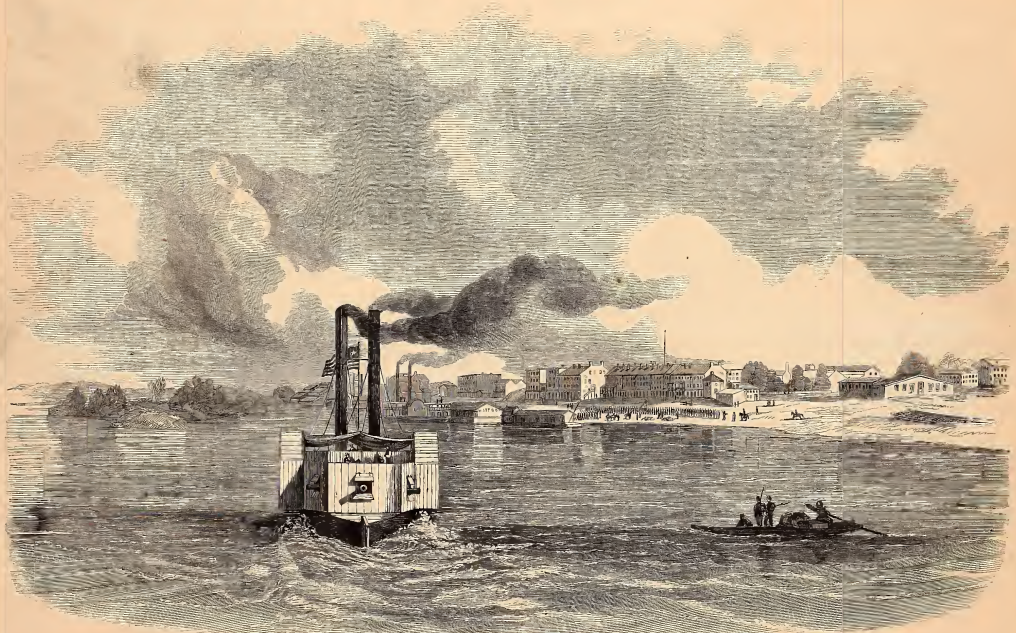
A LETTER from Chalons says, speaking of the French Emperor: "He looks older and stouter than he did in Italy, and seems to have some difficulty in walking. All this does not appear when he is on horseback, but is very visible on foot."

A LETTER from Constantinople of the 12th, in the *Wanderer* of Vienna, states that a woman named Theresa, a Sicilian by birth, was some time ago arrested for murdering a young man, her lodger. During the inquiry that followed her arrest it was ascertained that she had murdered fourteen other persons. She was sentenced to be strangled in front of her house.

AMONG other *on dits* afloat respecting Prince Alfred's recent trip to Liverpool on board the Arabia, is the following: His Royal Highness was so exceedingly taciturn and distant to the passengers generally, dining by himself when the others were on deck, and enjoying a smoke in the most out-of-the-way retreats, that a Yankee asked Major Cowell the reason of such conduct. He was gravely informed that "the Prince was acting under special instructions from the British Embassy at Washington." Subsequently Major Cowell inquired of the Yankee touching American matters, but was informed by him, in reply, that he must excuse him saying anything, as "the United States Government had particularly requested him to be reserved on such topics." Major Cowell could not but appreciate the *tu quoque*.

THE tribunal of a large town in Lower Styria has just had to decide on a somewhat singular case of breach of promise. The young, pretty and rich daughter of a baker became enamored of a gallant lieutenant in the army, and a marriage was soon agreed upon. The parents of the girl gave their consent, but on the express condition that their future son-in-law should give up his commission. This he agreed to, and hoped that the sacrifice would increase the affection of his betrothed; but alas! with his glittering uniform departed all the love of the fickle fair one, who positively refused to ratify the engagement. The lover, having thus lost both his commission and his wife, brought an action for damages against the parents, and the court condemned them to pay him a life annuity of 525 florins—the amount of his pay.

M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, in an article on the cause of the high rents now paid in Paris, declares that there are at present ten thousand apartments vacant in Paris, a greater number than was ever before known, and he thence draws the conclusion that the present high rents are not caused by competition among tenants.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF PADUCAH, KENTUCKY AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE RIVERS OHIO AND TENNESSEE, THE NORTHERN TERMINUS OF THE MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL GRANT, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 210.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISS., AN IMPORTANT STRATEGIC POSITION ON THE MISSISSIPPI, BETWEEN CAIRO AND ST. LOUIS, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE U. S. FORCES.—From a Sketch by our Artist accompanying the Western Army.—See Page 311.

FORT ELLSWORTH, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL DEFENCES OF ALEXANDRIA, OCCUPYING SHUTER'S HILL, TWO MILES WESTWARD OF THE CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

SLAUCHTER OF THE INNOCENTS;" OR, OUR SOLDIERS HELPING THEMSELVES.

The old saying, "All's feir in love and war," which in practice detes from Nimrod, but which Coleridge deeleres had first a classical voice in Aristophanes, has had its usnal illustrations in the present struggle. Morality is feeble hefore bunger, and possession being nine points of the law, carries the dey, when a scoutieg party finds itself in the midst of poultry end other live stock. Our Artist has sketched a scene of this kind, which happened near the camp at Bessyville, Missonri, in which the prospcet of a good dinner has triumphed over the niceties of *meum* and *tuum*. We do not here advocate or defend pig, geese or chicken stealing in the nbstract, but merely ssk the severest casuists, before they sit ie judgment on the celprits ie onr pictnre, to plsce themselves in the position of onr hungry heroes hefore they oest the first stone. Wellington, who carried discipline to n great extent, acknowledged, during his invasion of France, when a Franch fermer complained that the British soldiers had stolen all his fowls, that it wasn't right, and that it wes egainst his own proclamation, yet, as he had himself partaken of a roset chicken, which, no donbt, was pert of the stolen supplies, all he conld do was to pay for the ill-gotten luxury. We must, however, in justice to the Union troops, state that these instances of an *impromptu* commissariat ere very raro among the Union troops, and that the supplies thus irregularly obtained are invariably paid for. Our Artist adds, most emphatically, that on the present occasion the proprietor of the articles in question was fully reimbursed for "the slaughter of her innocents."

FORT ELLSWORTH, NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

This most formideble work of defonce is built on Shuter's Hill, an eminence about two miles from Alexandria, end named in honor of the lamented Colonel Ellsworth, hy whoso regiment it was commenced end principally constrected. It will provo one of the principal defences of Alexendrie, shonld the rebels advance in that direction.

FORT JACKSON, VIRGINIA,

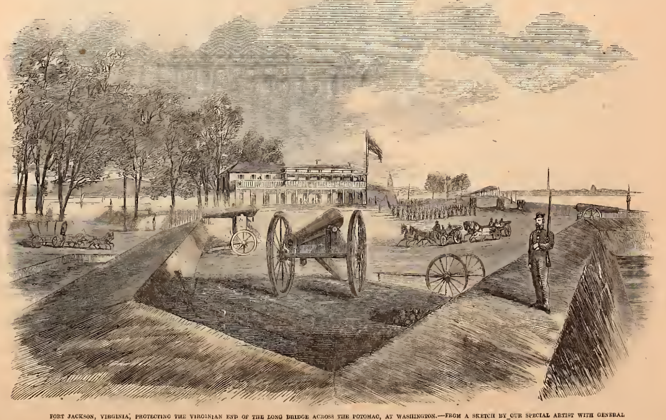
Is one of the most important works which have been erected by the United States forces for the defence of Weshington, covering the appreach to the Long Bridge from the Virginia side. It is, in military phrase, a etrong *tête du pont*, to protect either the advance or retreat of troops ecross the hridge. It was bnilt simultaneonsly with tho works on Arlington Heights, end constitutes part of the eame system with them. Its site will he identified hy all visitors to Washington who have crossed the Long Bridge, hy the littla tevern shown in the picture, as the "watering-plece" for thirsty cab horses returning from Alexandria, end the terminus of the one horse railway leeding to that lively city. This spot wes selected as the site of a great city during the "flush times" of 1836; its foundations were laid by General Jackson himself, with great ceremonies, and it was called Jackson City. The city, es an Irishman would say, disappeared before it was built, and its name is only perpetuated by the fort which occupies its site.

BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS AND MUNSON'S HILL.

The advance position held by the Union pickets in Virginia is Bailey's Cross Roads, at the crossing of the direct road to Fairfax Court Hoose and the Leesburg turnpike, about five miles to tho south-west of the Long Bridge. It is evidently regerded by Generel McClellen as important strategicelly, end has been held by him with great tenecity. Never of high architectnral protensione, the few buildings thet remain show the dilapidation and ruin incident to war, end make the place less attractive than before. It is but ahout a mile from the rehel position on Munson's Hill, which is in full view.

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY.

This flenrishing city, the capital of McCracken connty, is sitnated at the confluence of tho Ohio and Tennessee rivers, and is connected with Mobile hy railroed. It hes a fine renge of warehouses, fronting the river, containe five churches, two banks and two newspaper offices. It hes elso a marine hospitel. Its position has given it many commercial advantages, which were fast operating to meke it one of the most progressive cities of the West. When, however, the rebels took possession of Columbns and Hickman, two important points in Kentncky on tho Mississippi, it beceme necessary to hold them ie check, end to prevent their flacking our great stronghold of Cairo, and with his usual sagacity and promptitnde, General Grant immedietely occnpied Paducah. This step, although en epperent invasion of the "sacred soil" of Kentucky, has since



FORT JACKSON, VIRGINIA, PROTECTING THE VIRGINIAN END OF THE LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, AT WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

THE VOLUNTEERS OF THE NEW YORK REGIMENTS RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LAST CITY FROM THEIR HOMES.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

ree lived the entire approval of that loyal and gallant State, as expressed through her Legislature, and Paducah will, of course, be retained while the necessity for its occupation exists. Paducah contains about 8 000 inhabitants, very few of whom are tainted with the secession virus. It is 67 miles east from Cairo, and 220 from Louisville. It is named after a famous Indian chief, who formerly lived in its vicinity.

CAPTURE OF REBEL SPIES IN THE UNITED STATES MAIL COACH.

THE General McClellan adopted the stringent rule at present in force, it requires the eyes of Argus to detect the various methods employed by the Confederate leaders to gain intelligence of our army movements. Among the most common of these expedients, because of its apparent openness, was the stage coach, which has frequently was freighted with rebel spies. Our Artist was present lately when Lieutenant Wilson, of Company A, 19 S. Cavalry, at the head of a small detachment, stopped the U.S. mail coach about 12 miles from Washington, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and arrested seven men and two women, all entertaining the deadliest secession sentiments.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

CAPE GIRARDEAU is about 46 miles north-west of Cairo, and 160 miles south-east of St. Louis, 1,350 from New Orleans, and 960 from St. Paul's, Minnesota. It is also the terminus of a road which leads to Jackson, the capital of the county, and to Fredericktown, and from thence to Pilot Knob and Ironton. It thus forms the landing point where troops and supplies can be sent from Cairo to Central Missouri, as we illustrated in No. 285 of our paper, when, in a few hours, reinforcements were sent to aid General Prentiss, after the fatal but glorious battle at Wilson's Creek, where the heroic Lyon fell. This strategic point is now strongly fortified, and held by the Federal troops under the command of General Grant, who succeeded General Prentiss in the command of this division of our army. The St. Vincent College is located here. Cape Girardeau was formerly the seat of justice for the county, but was removed to Jackson for the convenience of the citizens. It consequently dwindled considerably after this arrangement went into effect, but latterly it has revived, and is rapidly improving by the natural force of trade on the river bank, where the landing is excellent. A stream runs mill there contributes largely to the improvement of the place. Some years ago an attempt was made here to work the spiral water wheel mill, but although admirably adapted for light work, the principle was not powerful enough to saw the heavy logs. The experiment was consequently a failure. Our view is taken from the foot on the Bluff, the opposite scenery being the eastern bank of the Mississippi, which intervenes between Hamburg and Thebes, two flourishing cities of Illinois, situated on the banks of that river.

FORT PRENTISS, CAIRO.

In the place of the old distillery, finished on each side by a few six-pound cannon, which occupied the extreme southern point of Cairo, the formidable fort, a view of which appears in our present number, now denies the approach of the enemy. The importance of Cairo as a strategical position was early appreciated by our Government, and Captain Benham, United States Engineer, was detached in the beginning of the war, to fortify the place. With the assistance of Colonel I. D. Webster, Engineer in Chief of the State of Illinois, a plan was soon decided upon, and from 50 to 600 men were busily engaged digging the trenches and throwing up the embankments. On the departure of Captain Benham, the work was left in charge of his first assistant, Mr. L. B. Gurney, a gentleman of thorough scientific attainments and practical experience in Engineering. Colonel Webster acting as Chief of the Department. Colonel Waagner, Chief of the Artillery, Western Army, a distinguished Hungarian artillerist, arrived at the same time to superintend the mounting of the guns, and to the untiring energy, talent and experience of these gentlemen, the rapid completion and splendid finish of the work is due. The old distillery was torn away, the banks thrown up, and one of the heavy siege guns mounted at the end of two weeks, and now, only two months after the first blow was struck, the work is nearly completed. All that vast amount of labor has been carried on without money, the engineering department has been left entirely unprovided with the sinews of war by the Department at Washington.

The complete armament of the fort will be from 16 to 30 heavy guns, the greatest number of which are now in position. An eight-inch columbiad is mounted in the centre of the fort, on an elevation, with complete traverse circle, and commands the entire circuit. The large range, broad deep ditches, well flanked faces, and steep profile make this fort the most formidable in our interior, and its favorable position at the junction of two great rivers, would make an attack by water exceedingly difficult, and only possible to an immense fleet, while its rear is strongly protected by equidistant, and will be still further secured by detached forts at the upper end of the city.

Between each two guns traverses are placed, to secure the men from exploding fire. The magazine is in the rear of the columbiad. It is built of 14 inch timber, sunk below the parade, and covered with nine feet of earth, perfectly bombproof, and secure in every respect. In the rear of the magazine are the casemate barracks, built on the same principle.

MAP OF CAIRO AND ITS VICINITY.

We give this week a map of Cairo and its vicinity, showing the more important strategic positions in its neighborhood, including Columbus and New Madrid, occupied by the rebel Generals Polk and Beades; and Cape Girardeau, Bird's Point and Pulaski, held by the national forces. Perhaps the most important of these positions, next to Cairo, is Paducah, the northern terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railway. It was, no doubt, the intention of Gen. Polk, when he took possession of Columbus, on the 4th of September, to march a force to Mayfield and thence take the rail to Paducah. In this he was anticipated by General Grant, commanding the Union forces at Cairo. The importance of this occupation of Paducah may be estimated from the fact that from two to seven boats of provisions have been daily sent eastward from this point, for the past two months, besides military equipments and other supplies. Since the seizure of Columbus the Federal troops have occupied the low Kentucky shore, opposite Cairo, and erected a work there named Fort Holt. Holding Cairo, Bird's Point, Fort Holt and Paducah, and supported by a competent force of gunboats, the advance of the army up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers is rendered simply impossible.

BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS, VIRGINIA—THE ADVANCED POSTS OF THE FEDERAL PICKET, MISSON'S HILL ONE MILE IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.

FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN THE D... ING-ROOM OF THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, ON THE EVENING OF SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.—ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF SEVEN OF THE DANCERS.—SEE PAGE 309.

BURNING OF A PORTION OF THE BALLET CORPS WHILE PREPARING FOR THE DANCE IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF THE "TEMPEST," RESULTING IN THE OBELISCHACKS, WHO WITNESSED THE CATASTROPHE.—SEE PAGE 595.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

Vanity Fair has produced a National Hymn through the aid of a mathematical formula. We recommend the adoption of this mode of composition, if the result is generally likely to correspond with the first specimen:

Men, who hear Niag'ra's sound,
Men, who tread the far Gulf's bound,
Ours is Freedom's hallowed ground;
Freedom's heirs are we.
From the White Hills of the North
To the Colorado forth,
One the mighty Nation's birth,
One its destiny.
Hark the watchword as we rally,
Over mountain, plain and valley,
God and Liberty!

Who hath sky of brighter gleams?
Broader lakes, or braver streams?
Eden-like, our wide land teems
With fertility.
Strong are we, with strength untold;
Span of iron, ribs of gold;
Firm on earth's foundations old,
Our security.
Hark the watchword, &c.

Now, the Eagle sweeping o'er
Our vast empire's wave-girt shore,
Sees one margin—hears the roar
Of one winding sea.
Ours the realm of rock and river,
Binding all with nought to sever;
God has made us *one for ever*,
By a wise decree!
Hark the watchword, &c.

By rich blood our fathers shed;
By the wisdom of our dead,
Pointing paths for us to tread,
In fraternity;
By past deeds of glory done;
By our name of Washington,
Hallowed is our Union,
Deathless it must be!
Hark the watchword, &c.

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXVI

WHEN Lord Kingswood satisfied himself by a rapid search of his wife's apartments that she had quitted Kingswood Hall, it became only too painfully evident to him that it was from him she had fled.

He despatched mounted servants in every direction to endeavor to gain tidings of her; and while they were gone he ransacked her desks, drawers, every and any place where he thought some paper, some scrap, scrawl, word would, like a flash of lightning upon a dark night, show him the path he ought to take.

But not a word upon a written paper, not a token, a trinket, a single article which tended to confirm the first suspicions that were raised by her sudden disappearance could be find. His search was long and carefully made, but it went unrewarded by the discovery of that he sought.

In a large case he found, heaped up in one heterogeneous mass, flung, as it were, contemptuously together, all the presents of various kinds—trinkets, rings, bracelets, diadems, to the value of some thousands of pounds—he had ever given her. He felt a spasm of pain in his heart as he recognised these baubles so huddled together as if worthless, but strangely enough he regarded it as conclusive evidence that she had quitted her home alone, perhaps to return to the bosom of her own family, which was one of elevated rank.

In the morning he despatched a brief message to Lady Maud, announcing his intention to proceed to London. Even as she received it, she saw from her window his carriage whirled at a swift pace down the avenue, and she saw his pale face look from out the carriage window and turn towards the pile of buildings like that of one who looks his last upon his home.

So she was left alone and unprotected, save by the servants, in that drear old hall. She would have been affrighted at her situation, but that she thought that Erle would be somewhere near her.

After what had transpired the evening before, she quite expected that her maid, Harebell, would communicate some intelligence to her respecting him, but the girl remained perfectly silent.

At length Maud, unable to endure her silence, her strange solemnity of countenance, asked her by a direct question, whether Mr. Gower was still a prisoner.

The girl, with a frightened look, stammered a negative. Then Lady Maud rushed past her, and so out of the room. The girl pursued her, but she had taught Lady Maud a near way to the lone chamber in the eastern turret, and she fled towards it with the speed of a deer.

The girl felt as if her limbs were palsied. She tried to be swift too, but her knees shook and tottered beneath her. She fell twice, but she uprose again, and staggered on after her young mistress, and at length reached the chamber door. With terrified eyes she looked within, and beheld Lady Maud standing like one who had been suddenly transformed into a figure of stone, her glazed eyes fixed upon a pool of human blood.

Presently she heard a low moan burst from her lady's lips, and then suddenly she saw her move from the spot to which she had appeared frozen, and follow the ghastly drops zig-zag upon the floor, down stone stairs to the doorway leading out into the park.

She bent down to the green, soft, waving grass, and here and there traced a crimson spot, until her eyesight left her, and she swooned where the body had been rested, and where there was a larger patch of gore than before.

Harebell reached her, felt her cold hands, her colder forehead, and then shrieked for help.

It was needless for the skilful physician who had been brought thither to ask what had occurred; it was enough for him to know that the brain had undergone a strain to which it had succumbed, and his directions were that she must not on any account be disturbed either by sounds or faces; that it would be proper instantly to communicate to Lord and Lady Kingswood Lady Maud's dangerous condition, but that it would be better for the present if neither attempted to see her.

"Pray, sir," said Harebell, "if you would save my dear lady, give your strictest orders to the servants in the hall not to admit Mr. Philip Avon here during Lord or Lady Kingswood's absence, on any excuse or pretence whatever."

"What is the meaning of this excitement?" he asked.

"Do not ask me, sir," she answered, entreatingly. "But, oh, if you would not kill my poor dear young lady outright, do not allow Mr. Avon to come near the Hall."

As he passed through the hall, he, in compliance with the request of Harebell, put the desired veto on Mr. Philip Avon's admission.

Philip Avon was very impartially hated by the household, so they pulled themselves together with the intention of resisting any attempt Mr. Philip Avon might make upon being refused admission, to effect a forcible entry.

In the meantime Lord Kingswood reached London, and his first task was to make some inquiries respecting Erle. He was startled with the answers he received, but though amazed and mystified, he was really not dissatisfied. Death might supervene—death not wrought by his means, might relieve him from more than one-half of his present care.

He ascertained also, without loss of time, that the Marquis of Chillingham was in London, and had not quitted it during his own absence; that he had gone through the usual official routine without deviation. But he learned also that Lady Kingswood had not returned to her father's roof, and that her family, as well as the world—the fashionable world—believed that she was yet rusticating at Kingswood Hall.

The action which had been commenced by Horace Vernon was postponed upon application to the Court, upon the plea of the unavoidable absence of a material witness, and Lord Kingswood laughed when he heard it. He did not laugh long.

Then came the news of Lady Maud's illness, of which he took little heed. He was given to understand that she was under the care of an eminent physician, and that he considered to be all that was necessary for her. He could do her no good if he made a journey to Kingswood Hall, to see her; besides, he hated sick chambers.

And thus he sat in a state of bewildering, anxious expectancy, when one evening—seated in his library alone—his valet, Pharisee, entered, and prayed him to grant him an interview, as he had a communication to make to him of the utmost importance.

"Proceed, Pharisee."

Pharisee drew from the breast pocket of his coat a leathern wallet, and from it he drew a paper, which he laid before Lord Kingswood.

He took it up. It was a note, and addressed to the Marquis of Chillingham. The handwriting was Lady Kingswood's, and the note that which she had entrusted to Pharisee in the picture-gallery of Kingswood House to deliver to the Marquis of Chillingham. At length, by an effort, he mastered its contents.

"There is no signature," he said hoarsely.

"Your lordship, I presume, recognizes the handwriting?" returned Pharisee.

"Most women write alike."

"The contents, my lord, speak for themselves," returned Pharisee; "but if your lordship is still in doubt, I can remove that doubt positively."

"Whose handwriting do you declare it to be?" he asked, grimly.

"Lady Kingswood's," replied Pharisee.

"Her ladyship speaks of an interview to the epistle," he said, huskily. "Are you acquainted with any particulars respecting it?"

"I am, my lord," returned his valet.

"There is also a trustworthy messenger spoken of. Are you the individual so honored?" inquired his lord.

"No, my lord. Pengreep," responded Pharisee.

"You must be mistaken," exclaimed his lordship.

"I am positive. I can give your lordship proofs," was the reply.

"What of the interview here mentioned? Know you aught of that?" inquired his lordship.

"I do, my lord," answered Pharisee.

"Did it ever take place?" interrogated Lord Kingswood.

"It did my lord, in this house," returned Pharisee. "Within the picture-gallery they met at the second hour past midnight. There, alone—alone, my lord—they remained together for more than an hour."

A groan burst from Lord Kingswood's lips, of such intense agony, that it seemed as though his life had gone out with it.

"Your lordship can hardly fail to recollect the night," he said, cunningly. "You were disturbed, my lord, by a loud scream. You hastened to discover the cause. You found Lady Maud St. Clair senseless on the floor near her own chamber. Lady Kingswood was bending over her. My lord, Lady Maud walked in her sleep into the gallery, and there disturbed my lady and the Marquis of Chillingham in their tête-à-tête."

"I remember the accursed night but too well!" gasped Lord Kingswood. "The interview you have acquainted me with cannot have been the only one which has taken place between these people, it must have been preceded by others."

"And has been succeeded by others, my lord," answered Pharisee, artfully. "The marquis and my lady have corresponded much together. They have indulged in clandestine meetings at Kingswood Hall during your lordship's winter sojourn there and since your lordship has quitted it."

"How recently?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"Up to a few nights since, my lord," replied Pharisee, in his sleek tone. "My lord marquis's gentleman told me that the marquis has been in the habit lately of leaving London by a special train late in the evening, and returning to London by daybreak by the same conveyance."

"Have you been able to obtain possession of any other letters than this?" he asked.

"I have, my lord," returned Pharisee, reproducing his wallet.

He drew forth a number of notes, and handed them to Lord Kingswood. They were all forgeries, executed with great skill by himself.

"I cannot explain, my lord, what part old Pengreep has played in this dreadful affair," he said, in a hypocritical tone, "but an accident revealed to me that he had possession of them, and I filched them from him. They are now yours."

Lord Kingswood opened one, and read it with burning eyes. Its contents appeared incontestibly to establish the guilt of Lady Kingswood. He leaped to his feet and shouted:

"Leave me, accursed knave. You can add nothing new to the damning torture you have inflicted upon me. I will hear no more. Go, go, for I shall strangle you, man, if you remain another moment."

"One word, my lord, ere we part," said Pharisee, assuming a bolder tone, "I leave England to-night and for ever. The paper your lordship signed in my favor is, I am advised, valueless, being imperfectly drawn up. I have therefore again to throw myself on your lordship's liberality to reward my many faithful services."

Lord Kingswood caught up a purse filled with notes and gold, which lay in an open drawer, and flung it passionately at him.

Pharisee snatched up the purse and pocketed it. He was about to utter an insulting speech when he observed the door of the room gently open, and the face of Mrs. Pharisee appear in the opening.

Before she caught sight of her husband, for whom she so much languished, he leaped at her, flung her on her back with violence, bounded over her and descended the stairs, he knew not how many at a time, with the lady of his name in full chase.

They were out of the house and away before, as the porter said, he "could see what the uperishuns was." Lord Kingswood passed the night in his library. In the morning he entered his carriage, bade his coachman drive him to the Treasury, as there he knew he should meet with the Marquis of Chillingham.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE bullet which Erle received within his breast was well aimed, but it was not fatal.

When the fever had subsided, and all danger was over, his recovery was almost as rapid as had been his illness. Youth, native strength, a constitution that had been hardened from his childhood upwards by often severe physical exercises, all combined to restore him to comparative health in a very short time.

As soon as he was able to rise from his bed, he requested to be permitted to quit the house in which he was located; but neither the nurse who waited on him, nor the doctor who attended him, would hear of such a step.

He recognised the apartment in which he had been placed. He had occupied it before. It was the first chamber he had slept in in London, and he knew that the house of which it formed a part was tenanted by Sir Harris Stanhope and his family.

He could not imagine wherefore and by what means he had been brought back hither, but being here, he had a strong impression that the young and handsome face which had watched over him during his violent illness was that of Beatrice Stanhope.

He knew that his mind had wandered and that he had spoken incoherently; he was very solicitous to know of what his ravings consisted while she was present.

On rising one morning, the third after he had been able to leave his bed, he found the door of an adjoining room, which had previously been kept locked, ajar. He pushed it open, and entering the apartment, found himself in the presence of Sir Harris Stanhope.

"I congratulate you upon your recovery from a very sharp attack, Mr. Gower," he said, in a friendly tone. "You have had, I may say, two narrow escapes, one from a very deadly missile, and the other from a very dangerous attack of fever on the brain; but you, no doubt, bear a charmed life."

"I thank you, Sir Harris, for your kind congratulations," returned Erle. "I am as yet hardly competent to judge of the true nature of the escapes I have had, but I have no doubt I shall be able to appreciate their danger when I am better acquainted with it. I believe, however, that I am greatly indebted to you——"

"Oh, that is a little arrangement between myself and Lord Kingswood," responded Sir Harris.

"Will you do me the honor to explain to me the particulars of that little arrangement?" inquired Erle.

"I am at your service," returned Sir Harris; "and so be seated, Mr. Gower."

"To abbreviate a long story, Mr. Gower," he said, "I have known Lord Kingswood for thirty years, and, I may add," continued Sir Harris, "that I am acquainted with your secret history, Mr. Gower."

"It appears to me," said Erle, with a frown, "that my secret history, as you are pleased to term it, is a species of capital, employed for the furtherance of every interest except my own."

"You judge rashly, young man," rejoined Sir Harris; "but it is pardonable. Young as you are, circumstanced as you have been, it is not surprising that you should jump to erroneous conclusions. You are, Mr. Gower—pardon my plainness—wholly in the power of one who can and will prove to you a most excellent friend or a most bitter and merciless enemy. But you have promised obedience to his wishes, and I have no right, therefore, to assume that you have any intention to treat them in a hostile spirit. Now, mark me, Mr. Gower, your position with Mr. Vernon is one of the meanest and most abject dependence——"

"Sir Harris Stanhope!" ejaculated Erle, fiercely.

"Do not misinterpret my meaning," continued Sir Harris, calmly. "I say your position, without any reference to you personally; on the contrary, assured that you possess a high and noble nature, that you are actuated by generous and elevated sentiments, I appeal to you to throw off that galling yoke, and act independently, as becomes a brave and accomplished gentleman."

"Well, sir?" said Erle, coldly, as Sir Harris paused to take breath.

"Well, sir," iterated Sir Harris, "a path is now open to you to honor and to wealth. You have excellent intelligence, a cultivated mind, youth, activity and energy. I am prepared to place in your hands at any moment from today, a lucrative and honorable appointment in the Government of India, to provide all preliminary expenses, to fit you out and forward you to your appointed post with the equipments of a nobleman, and to engage that, in a comparatively brief term, you shall return to your native land rich, honorable, and master of a situation to which you may now perhaps lift your eyes hopefully, but which, without my aid, you can never conquer."

Erle mused for a minute. The temptation was great. It would be a grand way to win Lady Maud. He knew that she would be faithful to him in his absence; and he reflected on his return, loaded with the honors a clear head, a bold heart and great energy would obtain for him. His heart swelled at the thought.

Presently he turned to Sir Harris, and said, slowly and somewhat earnestly,

"What is the reverse of this pleasing picture?"

"You mean, of course, should you reject my proposition?" said Sir Harris.

"I do," replied Erle.

"I have told you," he rejoined, "that you are absolutely in the power of a merciless enemy. You will no longer be permitted to minister to the revengeful machinations of Horace Vernon, you will at the same time be thrust into the world as an outcast, hunted from place to place, knowing no peace nor no rest."

"Hold!" cried Erle, with a contemptuous gesture. "You are speaking of me as if I had neither will, energy, nor power of action—as if I had no voice to make my wrongs heard, no strength to battle with my persecutors——"

"Stay," interposed Sir Harris, hastily, in his turn. "We are discussing the reverses before I have pointed out the whole of the merits of the obverse. I have invested the appointment I have offered to you with the chances of honors and wealth; but there remains a yet greater and more fascinating inducement to accept the post than any I have named."

"What is that?" he asked, mistrustfully.

"I have it within you chamber. I will show it to you," he said, rising abruptly from his seat. "Attend me, if you please," he added, with a low chuckle.

He took hold of Erle's arm in a playful manner, and pushed rather than led him into an adjoining apartment.

Erle had barely entered, when Sir Harris, quitting his hold, retreated from the room, and closed the door.

Erle's eyes ran round the apartment; he saw a female seated at a table, apparently bending over a book or picture. The noise of his entrance caused her to turn her head, and seeing him, she immediately rose up and advanced towards him.

He looked behind him; he found that Sir Harris had disappeared, and that he was alone with Beatrice Stanhope.

He seemed at a glance to see the whole thing clearly, and he felt that had not his heart been already surrendered to Lady Maud, it would have tried his powers of self-denial to the utmost to have declined the appointment and the lady.

As Beatrice turned her pallid face to him, and gazed upon him with a melancholy expression in her large, dark, brilliant eyes, he recognised the face that bent over him watchfully, or had flitted about the room during his illness, and it was not possible to repress a grateful emotion taking possession of his breast.

She had been prepared by her father for this interview, and she had dressed herself with exquisite taste. Charming as she was naturally, her beauty was materially heightened by her admirably fitting dress, the arrangement of a flower, a ribbon, a trinket, and the elegance with which her luxuriant and glossy hair was disposed so as to perfectly suit the contour of her face.

She approached him with a joyous smile, and held out both her white, small hands to him. He took them, and she pressed his frankly and warmly, as though, independent of all other influences or emotions, she was really pleased to see him.

"I am so glad to see you thus again. I feared—I thought you would die."

"I should be glad to know," he responded, quickly, "how I might be able, if inadequately, to make, as a friend, an acceptable return for——"

"Playing the nurse when you were ill," she interrupted, with her low, musical laugh. "Pray consider that you have amply repaid me by getting well. Do not make any further allusion to it, Erle, because it makes me blush. Now, though roses on the cheek are desirable generally, they are not welcome when we know they have no business there. Sit down, Erle."

"Nay——"

"Do as your nurse tells you, like a good obedient boy," she said, forgetting her own injunctions to him. "There," she added, as he sank on to a couch, "that is proper, and—may I sit by your side, if you please?"

This was said in a light tone of banter, which disconcerted him and he was not any the more composed to find that, before he could reply, she placed herself so near to him that, when she spoke, her shoulder touched his.

The eloquent blood rushed into his face and crimsoned forehead and neck. He turned, cast his gaze out of the window, feeling that an *eclaircissement* was but the question of a very few minutes.

"Have you seen Carlton?" she said, as she found him remain silent.

He replied in the negative.

"He is going to be married," she rejoined, fixing her large dark eyes on his.

"To whom is he to be married?" he interrogated, hastily.

"Well, latterly Carlton has renewed his intimacy with Cyril Kingswood," she said, placing her hand, as if unconsciously, upon his shoulder, "and Cyril has been paying his addresses, as you are aware, to Miss Eleanore Cotton, the daughter of a merchant prince. Carlton was introduced to Miss Eleanore's sister, a pretty girl named Henrietta. She had a heart and no sweetheart—Carlton had a heart and at least twenty sweethearts beside. None of them cared for him, and he quickly perceived that Miss Henrietta did. A woman who truly loves, Mr. Gower, can rarely help betraying it to him who has won her. So he thought, to use his own vulgar axiom, that one live duck was worth twenty imaginary swans, he proposed—was accepted. The two papas have arranged matters, and Cyril and Carlton will, of course, be married together. Do you not wish them joy, Erle?"

"You are silent," she said, leaning her face upon his shoulder, "and cold. Oh, Erle! is this the way to treat me?"

"Beatrice," he said, in a low but clear, firm voice, "hear me—I am anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between you and I. You believe me, will you not, when I say that no earthly consideration would induce me to equivocate, color, varnish or tarnish the truth?"

"I have the very greatest faith in the integrity of your word," she answered, faintly.

"I esteem you, Beatrice," he continued, speaking with earnestness, "so highly that, but for one circumstance, the friendship I feel for you would have been passionate love!"

"In the name of heaven, what circumstance is that?"

"I loved ere I saw you," he replied.

She fell back upon the sofa in an almost lifeless condition. He approached her, but she waved him off. A minute, and she rose to her sitting posture again. She wiped the clammy, death-like moisture from her white brow, and said, in a feeble voice,

"Pray proceed, Mr. Gower; never heed my passing spasm."

"But I do heed it, Beatrice," he cried, in a rich yet tremulous voice. "I feel it almost as deeply as you do yourself. Do you believe that when I came hither, alone, friendless, with a heart bursting with cares—it is but little better now, Beatrice—I could be the daily, I may say hourly recipient of your gentle attentions, your sweet courtesies, your generous sympathy, your delicate services, and your unfailing amiability of temper, and not be drawn towards you by the very warmest ties of gratefulness?"

She caught his hand and bent her face upon it. She wept passionately. Erle bent over her.

"To have professed love to you would have been to deceive you and to bitterly wrong her whose love I have won, Beatrice," he said, in a soft, low tone. "You would not have wished this?"

"Not to have saved my life!" she exclaimed, rising up, and speaking with firmness.

"I thank you from my soul, Erle," she said, with emotion, "for this honorable explanation. It is noble of you—it is just to me. It is a disappointment, I own, such an one as I have never had, and, thank Heaven, such as I can never have again. It was a dream—delicious while it lasted. I am awake now, and, Erle, we are friends. We understand each other now; but to make our understanding complete, tell me, when you entered this room, was it with the special purpose of having an interview with me."

"I was unconscious that you were here," he replied.

"You have entered into no compact with Lord Kingswood to accept an appointment abroad, and with it my hand?" she asked, earnestly.

"I have not," he returned.

"Nor with my father?" she continued.

"Nor with him," he answered. "He did indeed offer me a post such as you mention, with a fascinating inducement, but there was no compact."

"I was the fascinating inducement, then," she exclaimed, bitterly; "and you were ushered in here to see whether it was worth your consideration. Oh, I see it all now," she added, a hot flush of crimson mantling to her brow; "I was to be disposed of like a chattel or an appointment!" and she dashed the tears of vexation from her eyes. "I acquit you, Erle, of being in any way a party to this degrading barter of my hand, but I will meet it in its own fashion. Farewell. It is probable we may never meet again; if we should, it must be as strangers. I will not risk a danger before which I may fall. Heaven bless you!" She flung herself upon his neck, and sobbed violently, as she gasped out, "May you be happy with Lady Maud St. Clair."

Accustomed to control her feelings, Beatrice withdrew herself hastily from his arms, wiped the tears from her eyes, and saying to him,

"I comprehend the difficulty in which you are placed," she rang the bell violently.

On a servant making his appearance, she said,

"Inform Sir Harris Stanhope I wish to speak with him."

The man disappeared, and almost immediately Sir Harris made his appearance, rubbing his hands, and smiling.

She drew herself up, and with a stern countenance and voice, she said,

"You laid before me, sir, a proposition with which my future condition was intimately connected. It was, in fact, a matrimonial engagement with Mr. Erle Gower."

"Precisely," returned her father, rather disconcerted by her manner. "Present prosperity and happy marriage between two young, handsome people, and glorious prospects hereafter."

"Of the glorious prospects and the ultimate object of the union, Sir Harris, I have not spoken to Mr. Gower," she continued, speaking in loud, clear tones, "and for this reason, sir, I have wholly altered my views upon the matter. I positively and most determinedly decline the honor of Mr. Gower's hand, and have decided that my destiny shall pursue an entirely different course to that which you have so carefully, without consulting my real happiness, intended and arranged for me."

So saying, without another word, she glided swiftly out of the apartment and hurried to her chamber.

Sir Harris turned passionately to Erle,

"What does this mean, sir?" he cried, with a burst of fury.

"I have no explanations to make," returned Erle, haughtily.

"But I will know," shrieked Sir Harris, foaming at the mouth.

Erle heard within a minute of his departure a terrible uproar, and on making his way to the scene where it was raging, he reached it in time to see Sir Harris Stanhope fall back in the arms of his servants in an apoplectic fit.

He gave directions to the servants to place their master in his bed, despatched messengers for a doctor and for Mr. Carlton Stanhope, and then he quitted the house and directed his steps towards the residence of old Pengreep.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LORD KINGSWOOD'S carriage placed him at the door of the minister's official residence, and he leaped from it and stalked into the reception-chamber.

There was a meeting of the members of the Government that morning, to determine a question of Governmental policy, and there was an unusually full attendance. The Marquis of Chillingham was already there, and was seated in a chair by a table, surrounded by some ten or a dozen noblemen, engaged in, for him, a somewhat remarkably animated and lively conversation.

Two or three of Lord Kingswood's political friends greeted him as he entered, but he took no notice of them, and rolled his eyes wildly about the apartment, as if in search of some one.

The Marquis of Chillingham raised his gray eyes to Lord Kingswood's face, and took instant offence at the scornful expression of his features and the apparently insulting position he assumed.

He curled his lip so as just to show his teeth. He was not a person to be insulted even by implication. His rank was higher than Lord Kingswood's as well as his post in the Cabinet.

ARREST OF THE U. S. MAIL COACH BY LIEUTENANT WILSON, U. S. CAVALRY, FIFTEEN MILES FROM WASHINGTON, ON THE LINE OF THE POTOMAC, AND CAPTURE OF A LOAD OF SECESSIONISTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 311.

"You look white this morning, Kingswood," he said, slowly.

"You are a villain," responded Lord Kingswood, between his teeth.

"And irritated, too; I hope that a fresh difference with your wife has not made you pass an uneasy night," he added, sarcastically.

"You are a scoundrel!" shouted Lord Kingswood, in tones which were heard all over the chamber, "a base, mean, unworthy scoundrel!"

"You are mad, Lord Kingswood; I do not understand your meaning!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham, haughtily rising up as he spoke.

"Treacherous, unprincipled wretch, do you understand my meaning now?" he cried, dashing his fist with such violence to the marquis's face that he was hurled to the ground with great force.

Their mutual friends interfered, and the Marquis of Chillingham was raised from the floor perfectly insensible.

"In God's name what has made you commit yourself thus, Kingswood?" exclaimed a nobleman, laying his hand upon his arm.

"I am Lord Kingswood!" he exclaimed, in a stern, imperious tone. "I will answer for what I have done in whatever fashion that prostrate villain, or any friend he may appoint, shall determine. I will await at my residence any communication which may be forwarded to me by you dishonorable poltroon, unless he be coward as well as shameless libertine."

He entered his carriage, which, with many others, was drawn up near the principal entrance to the building, and gave the order to the coachman to drive him home—alas! home to him no longer.

He had been but a brief space within its walls when he received a visit from Mr. Ebenezer Cotton. At any other time he would have received him courteously, and listened to him patiently; now his visit appeared to be singularly *malapropos*.

However, though at first he declined to see him, Mr. Cotton would not be denied, and made his appearance before him. Lord Kingswood, motioning to a seat, said, coldly and curtly,

"I can spare you but a few minutes, Mr. Cotton; your visit at this moment is singularly unfortunate."

"Unfortunate or not, and unfortunate it is as you say, my lord," he replied, in a kind of sleek voice, "it is a duty I owe to you to come prompt to you upon the present occasion. When I commenced business——"

"I have already told you, Mr. Cotton," rejoined Lord Kingswood, sternly, "that I am seriously engaged; be good enough to be so straightforward, in what you are about to communicate to me, that you leave me nothing to guess."

"That's my maxim, my lord," responded Mr. Cotton, slapping his thigh, "straightforward, to the point at once; and so here goes. My lord, your son, Mr. Cyril Kingswood, is engaged to be married to my daughter Nell——"

"I cannot now enter into any consultation respecting such trivial matters," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, peremptorily.

"But you must hear me," cried Mr. Cotton, rather more boldly, "and then, my lord, if we con't agree, our solicitors must settle for us."

"Proceed, sir."

"Well, my lord, the marriage is at an end—broken up—done for—can't take place!" exclaimed Mr. Cotton, in hurried accents, as if glad to get the announcement off his mind.

"What has happened?" replied Lord Kingswood, in an almost feeble tone. He expected some new blow, and Cyril's to be the hand to strike it.

"Why, my lord, my daughter Nell took into her head to fall in love with a young fellow she has known from childhood," returned Mr. Cotton. "He was with me once, but we had a precious row about a matter of judgment, in which, as it turned out, he happened to be in the right, and I wrong. Well, my Nell, my lord, unbeknown to me, has kept up a correspondence with him, and he having had the luck to work up a new material for women's dresses, has been successful, and is already a hundred thousand pound man. We don't, in Manchester, take a long time, if luck sides with us, to scrape that sum up. So he, having a home to shelter, and an income to keep her, she has shaken my dust off her feet and taken to his. In a word, my lord, she has left my home and married herself to Sam Everton, of Salford, better content to be plain Mrs. Everton than the next Lady Kingswood."

Rousing himself from his abstraction, Lord Kingswood said,

"What does Mr. Cyril Kingswood say to this circumstance?"

"That's one of the strangest parts of the mysterious affair," exclaimed Mr. Cotton. "So far as I can learn, he has aided and abetted my Nell in her scheme, and expressed himself delighted at her success, because he said that she united herself to the man she really loved."

Lord Kingswood passed his hands over his eyes, and muttered,

"It is better, perhaps, that this should have happened. It is clear we cannot alter the state of things. Let them remain as they are. Good-morning, Mr. Cotton."

What! not a word about breach of promise of marriage—damages—law, and all that! Mr. Cotton could not believe that Lord Kingswood really intended to take the matter so calmly, and he said, suggestively,

"But, my lord, there is a part, I presume, that you intend to play in this unpleasant affair?"

"There is, sir, and it is this," said Lord Kingswood, rising up and ringing the bell; "the engagement between your daughter and my son is at an end—so is our acquaintance. Good day! Mr. Cotton's carriage," he said to the servant who attended his summons.

"Oh, very well. Good day, my lord," said Mr. Cotton, rising up, feeling like a person who had been sold very much below his own estimate of his value.

Lord Kingswood, once more left alone, cast not a thought upon the communication he had just received. In the midst of a paroxysm of maddening thought, a servant appeared, and announced, in a loud voice,

"General Sir Gordon Wyndham."

The general took his hand and wrung it.

"I have just heard of the extraordinary and unhappy occurrence of this morning," he said. "I knew you would stand in need of a friend. I am here to take that position, if you have not already appointed one."

Lord Kingswood gasped once or twice with emotion. At length he said,

"I thought I had not one left."

"You should not have doubted me," said Sir Gordon, emphatically, and added, hastily, "I will put no questions to you. I will not wound you deeper than I perceive you are wounded already. I guess all. I must only express my regret that you did not at once send the fellow a challenge, and manage it quietly without a brawl. I hear that you called Chillingham names, and in your passion so far forgot yourself, and those by whom you were surrounded, as to strike him to the earth."

Lord Kingswood said, with more calmness than the general expected,

"All that I did was premeditated, Wyndham. I called him by his proper titles, that the world should know his true character, and I struck him to the earth because——"

He paused for an instant.

"What?" inquired the general, looking at him in some surprise.

"Because," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, between his set teeth, "he is an accomplished swordsman. I am not. I can cope with him with a barrel. I am the challenged. I choose pistols and ten paces. You understand, general."

Almost immediately after this, a nobleman, and an old friend of the Marquis of Chillingham's arrived, the bearer of a challenge, couched in brief but bitterly insulting terms.

After a short conference between the friends of the two parties, the preliminaries were arranged. The noble friend of the Marquis of Chillingham offered no objection to the weapon or the distance named by Lord Kingswood, he only asked for two or three days' delay, as the marquis had been shaken by the fall he had received, and his hand would therefore probably be unsteady. The point was at once conceded, and the Marquis of Chillingham's friend took his leave.

Sir Gordon Wyndham shortly afterwards retired also. He assured Lord Kingswood that as soon as the day, the hour and the spot where the hostile meeting was to take place were determined upon, he would communicate with him.

One—two—three days passed away without his lordship receiving the expected communication.

Lord Kingswood passed most of this period secluded in his library and engaged in writing. When he had completed his task, he made a packet of the papers he had written, and placed them in a small iron safe, which he locked, and then seated himself in his chair, in grim expectation of General Sir Gordon Wyndham's communication, like one who awaits a summons from the grave.

The general, however, came himself, and informed Lord Kingswood that the Marquis of Chillingham was sufficiently recovered to meet him, that a spot some distance from London had been decided upon; and that it would be necessary at once to depart, for, as it was, they would have to travel all night to reach the place of meeting.

"I care not how or where we meet, so that we do meet," he said, calmly.

At the same time he produced a key, and handing it to Sir Gordon Wyndham, he pointed to the small iron safe, and continued,

"Take that key, Wyndham, and keep it until the issue of the meeting between Chillingham and myself is decided. Should I fall, you will open that safe, and within it you will find a packet addressed to you. It contains my last wishes respecting one who has suffered some wrong at my hands, and for which I would make atonement so far as may be possible."

Lord Kingswood then handed to him a case of handsomely-finished duelling-pistols, which Sir Gordon likewise deposited in a place of safety. When they were disposed of, Lord Kingswood rang for his private secretary and for his steward, and gave them a few ordinary directions, as though he purposed leaving London for a short term. Having dismissed them, he said to Sir Gordon,

"I am ready to attend you, Wyndham."

Before, however, he could quit the room, a servant entered, handed him a letter, and retired. He tore it open, and read as follows:

"MY LORD—It is with inexpressible grief I have to inform your lordship that my poor father, while engaged upon some important service entrusted, as I gather from my sister, to him by your lordship to perform, was suddenly attacked by a fit of apoplexy, and though the greatest efforts medical skill could employ to save him were made, he sank beneath the attack, and expired to-day. In this moment of affliction your lordship's presence and counsel would be the greatest possible boon to my sister and myself. I have the honor to be, in deep sorrow, your lordship's humble servant,

CARLTON STANHOPE."

Lord Kingswood turned his back on Kingswood House for ever.

The dawn was breaking when they reached their destination. The air was cold, but the sky was bright and clear. The place selected was a lonely spot on some forest land which had been cleared to a considerable distance with the intention of appropriating it to agricultural purposes. Here and there were patches of tall fern, but the ground generally was level and very well calculated for the murderous object with which it had been sought.

The two opposing parties arrived nearly at the same time from different points. A gentleman, an experienced surgeon, accompanied the Marquis of Chillingham and his friend.

The conferences between the seconds were of a very brief character, and the ground was fixed upon without an objection being made.

While the pistols were being loaded, the Marquis of Chillingham and Lord Kingswood stood near to each other, and once each glared on the other's face. Lord Kingswood was pale and haggard, and his eyes were red and inflamed. The marquis was pale too, but his features were as composed as usual, and save a blue lump upon his forehead, there was no alteration in his accustomed appearance.

At this moment Sir Gordon Wyndham approached him, handed to him the pistol, and murmured—

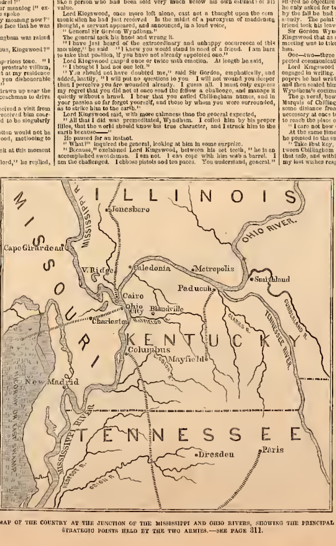
"For God's sake, Kingswood, be calm, be calm! Your life depends upon it."

The Marquis of Chillingham took the pistol which was handed to him by his second, and balanced it in his hand.

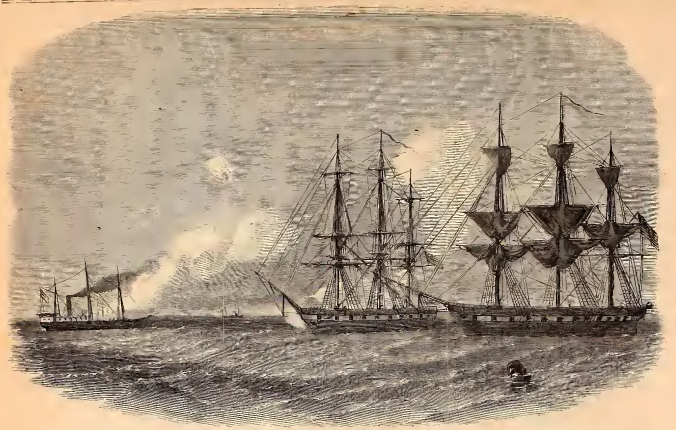
"It is heavier than that I have been practising with," he soliloquised rather than addressed to his companion.

"Practising with!" echoed his friend with elevated brows.

No more was said; the two noblemen were placed;



MAP OF THE COUNTRY AT THE JUNCTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RIVERS, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL STRATEGIC POINTS HELD BY THE TWO ARMIES.—SEE PAGE 311.



Gunboat Louisiana. Yorktown. Savannah. Cumberland

NAVAL SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE REBEL IRON-PLATED WAR STEAMER, YORKTOWN, AND A PORTION OF THE FEDERAL FLEET ANCHORED IN JAMES RIVER, VA., OFF NEWPORT NEWS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. WOOL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 318.

the word was given; they parted, and took their places quickly, as if each was bent on turning and firing before the other had the chance, for neither to miss a vital part if possible.

The Marquis of Chillingham, with his arm and pistol still extended, stood motionless, as if watching the effect of his aim. Both seconds, believing that he had been missed, ran to raise Lord Kingswood, who was senseless. At the same instant blood gushed forth from the Marquis of Chillingham's mouth as if it was being pumped up, he swayed backwards and forwards for an instant, and then fell upon his face.

The surgeon who had watched him from the moment that he observed him keep his pistol hand extended, rushed up to him and turned him over. He placed his hand upon his breast.

"He has been shot through the heart. He is dead!" he exclaimed.

He left him upon the moist grass and went towards Lord Kingswood, and found that he had been struck in the hip. The marquis had misjudged his distance, owing to the weight of the pistol, by about two inches.

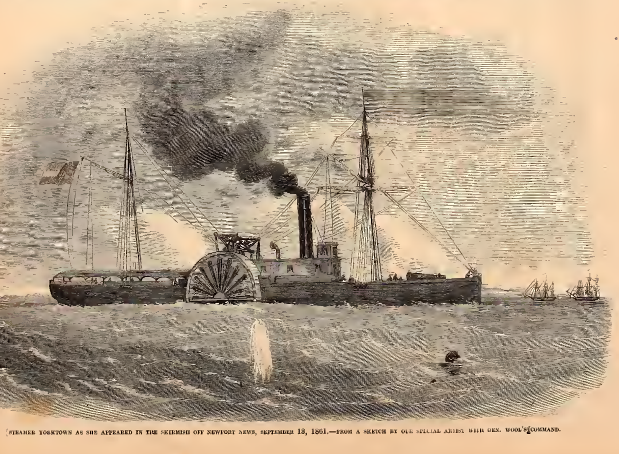
The surgeon bound up the bleeding wound hastily, and then, with the assistance of postilions, Lord Kingswood was convoyed, still senseless, to the carriage of Sir Gordon Wyndham, who decided to convoy him to some place of concealment until he should recover and himself determine what course to pursue.

The other second and the surgeon were left alone with the dead body of the Marquis of Chillingham.

(To be continued.)

THE REBEL IRON PLATED WAR STEAMER YORKTOWN.

THE Southern papers have lately given a very wonderful account of an iron plated war steamer they have been building. It now turns out to be our old acquaintance, the Yorktown, formerly of the New York and Virginia line, commanded then, as she is now, by Captain Parrish; her pilot being a Richmond man named Edward Moore. Her casing is of wrought iron plates of one quarter and one-third of an inch thick. Her length on deck, 250 feet; breadth of beam, 34 feet; depth of hold, 9 feet 6 inches; depth of hold to spar deck, 17 feet; draft of water at load line before plating, 11 feet 6 inches. Her frame is of white oak, chestnut, &c., which is fastened in the securest manner possible with copper and treenails. Her floors were moulded 15 inches, sided 15 inches, and her frames were 30 inches apart at centres. In addition to the above fastening, iron straps, diagonally and doubly laid, four and a half by three-quarter inches, ran throughout the hull, making her one of the staunchest of her class of steamers afloat. She is fitted with vertical beam engines, with cylinders 50 inches in diameter, and a stroke of piston of 10 feet. She has two flue boilers, and her water-wheels are 30 feet in diameter, and of cast iron. Her burden is 1,400 tons. She was built in New York, in 1859, by William H. Webb. Her machinery was constructed by the Morgan Iron Works, in the same city. She is represented as being well supplied with heavy guns on her sides, and rifled pivots fore and aft. These are well manned, the gunners having been in long and severe training. She is also well supplied with swords, pikes, cutlasses, pistols, and in short, every description of pirate arms.



STEAMER YORKTOWN AS SHE APPEARED IN THE SKIRMISH OFF NEWPORT NEWS, SEPTEMBER 13, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. WOOL'S COMMAND.

FORT PRENTISS, OCCUPYING THE EXTREME POINT OF THE PENINSULA OF CAIRO, AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO, AND COMMANDING BOTH RIVERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GEN. GRANT.—SEE PAGE 311.

THE MARCH OF GEN. PRENTISS' DIVISION FROM RONTON TO CAPE GIRARDEAU.

[The following pleasant letter from our Artist in Missouri, apart from its historic interest, will help to illustrate some of the scenes depicted in this issue of our paper.—Ed.]

After the few important attempts of the rebels under Jeff. Thompson to interfere with the navigation of the Mississippi by the occupation of Commerce, a little town about 30 miles below Cape Girardeau, they have a large force in that locality, while miles away from that point, and begun in fortify that place. General Prentiss, whose column undertook a demonstration against the rebels at Greenville, where the rebels were encamped in considerable force under General Hardee, immediately made a move upon the place on the morning of the 4th inst., regiments, five companies of cavalry and a battery of six guns. By the extreme rapidity of the march of the infantry, under Quartermaster General, the baggage train was got in readiness in a few days notice, and the division left Camp Benton, Ronton, on Monday, slowly over a stony country road, through a monotonous region, covered with dark pine forests and rolling hills, and encamped at accordingly poor.

We reached Fredrickstown, 30 miles from Ironton, the next day, and joined Colonel Ross's regiment, 17th Illinois Volunteers, who had occupied the place a week or more before. Fredrickstown is a small but handsome county town, situated in a hollow and fertile valley, and has a fine court house and jail, and a number of fine dwellings, and is surrounded by well-cultivated farms. It contains not more than three days' more marching, and was said to be used to foraging, and on this account the inhabitants had generally entered entirely devoted to Secession, the chickens, geese and bullocks suffered accordingly. At first the men were somewhat inclined to disobedience, but only as desirable additions to their fare; and it was successfully managed to listen to their orders, and to prevent the confusion of the confiscated articles, and questioned as to their legitimate. One fellow came marching into camp with a pig on his shoulders. "What the deuce did you shoot that pig for?" asked his colonel, halting him. "Why, sir, I thought it all the better for the men," was the answer. So he came out with a different guess. "Why did you shoot that goose?" "Why, sir, I couldn't help it," was the reply. But now, the want of provisions being pressing, permission had to be given to a few to forage, and the men were employed in offering a great deal of spare to the soldiers, and a good deal of ambiguous to the "women and children" of the rebels. A pretty fair test this whole section of country is inhabited by "loss whites" while the negroes are numerous, and the latter are all very intelligent, fine, strong, healthy looking fellows, and very jolly fellows. Some would be willing to run off, and all the children, but, while clinging to their masters, they are distant enough from the bullocks. The town was filled with strange coats, and here the waggons, which had been gathered together, were left, and here the largest share for their respective teams. Vouchers for provisions were given, and "Uncle Sam" was responsible for them. "In the Southern army," as the case might be.

After a few days' halt, the column marched Jackson, 10 miles west of Cape Girardeau, when General Prentiss rode in advance to the Cape, "where he was received with a salute of guns by General Fremont, giving him command, as reading Brigadier of General Grant's division.

General Prentiss' division is now encamped on the river bank, while he was coming through the backwoods, and regarding him and as he has been treated with the greatest courtesy by General Grant, and his reception to General Fremont, and rejoiced his troops at Cape Girardeau. The steamer Empress, from St. Louis, Cook took command of the column, and remained in camp at Jackson, awaiting further orders. The object of the march of the troops is south-eastern Missouri before the advancing column, and were concentrated at Cape Girardeau, Bird's Point, Cairo, and Hamburg, and abandon their attempts to "liberate" Missouri.

THE REBEL STEAMER YORKTOWN FIRING ON THE U. S. Ship Savannah, Cumberland and Louisiana.

The Yorktown, which was formerly one of the New York and Virginia line boats, has lately been converted into a rebel gunboat, and armed with iron, in imitation of the French and English ironclad frigates. Having placed herself in readiness for action, with Capt. J. Parish, with a compound crew of pirates, her great business is to destroy the Federal vessels which are now engaged in the Indianola vessels. For this purpose she steamed down the river for running of the Yorktown Savannah, the sailing frigate Cumberland, the gunboat Louisiana, and the steamer Savannah, and the Yorktown, and in great silence, like boys, stood in the way of this wall of iron. The correspondent of the New York Herald writes from the Newport News, that the Yorktown was not a match for the Federal vessels, and therefore addressed to come down the river, morning continued her intention, but evidently thought better of it, and began getting within range of her guns. She opened a fire on the Savannah, which was returned with great spirit and effect. Some balls were fired from the Savannah, but unfortunately her best gun for long distance was disabled. The Yorktown was only provided temporarily on a common gun carriage, and could not be elevated for a long shot. There was a good deal of firing on both sides, but it was said "nobody hurt," nor did a shot from either vessel reach "the spots." The steamer Yorktown was struck several times by shot from the Savannah, before planting a buoy to show the range of shot from where the Savannah was at anchor. The Yorktown, finding that the Federal ironclads are now at Newport News, and there is no fear that the war steamer will make a determined attack upon her, left.

The pirate was consequently compelled to put back to wait a more favorable opportunity. This is a severe blow upon the commerce, it will be a great disgrace to the Federal navy.

ART, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

The London *Athenæum* is eloquent and enthusiastic over a recently published volume of Tennyson's. "Of the poetry itself," it says, "we feel but one spirit, Nobility. It rests—Here is poetry worth waiting for, a book which will be read when the hour of the present is forgotten. It has its song in simple and lofty strains, and its satire in words basically made of Saxon and with the sense of many poured over it. We put it aside at this moment, with a sense of gratitude to the author for the pain, while of the old are such wonderful talent, superb sense of the harmony of words, and the power of making them the vehicle of the most beautiful and the most delicate thoughts. Here are green memorials of the New World's young growth, and here are pictures of the Old World's old form of Attrition is poured out the ever-flowing fire of man, we see the alpha home nestling over the tranquil valley, and the Alpine cloud. We see the cruel glowing a most vivid red, the brown grain of the old barn, roses running up the old gray wall, and the sunlight on the ivy leaves. We see the sparkling light of the sea, and the sunset behind the mountains, and the sunlight on the evening cloud, the river full of sunshine, with the bright blue above and the lighter blue on the water. We see the sunlight on the sea, and the vessel in the mid country river. No American poet has more of the home-made and home-loving than Mr. Whittier. His poetry is not filtered from a German heiress, it is a spring-fresh from New World nature, and we gladly welcome his "springing courage."

The Emperor Napoleon has just purchased out of his privy purse the celebrated picture by Ingres, "The Source," which was exhibited in 1855. It represents the nascent nymph of the Fountain of the Source, two entire sources of which have been covered with publicity since the time of the invention of the barometer, and most casual visitors, paintings and hieroglyphics of the highest interest. It is from the rock, which has been recently erected to the greatest height, and the most extensive view of the city has been procured. It was also to the Spanish that were recently found the ancient Egyptian monuments, which are now in the Louvre Museum. It also supported that the Spanish had been

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Entered, according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 307.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1861. [Price 6 Cents.

GALLANT EXPLOIT.

The Rebel Schooner Judith Burnt by the Federal Forces at the Navy Yard, Pensacola.

We illustrate to-day as daring a deed as any of the last war, the burning of the privateer Judith, on the 15th September, under the very guns of the Confederates. We avail ourselves of Major Vogdes', of Fort Pickens, spirited account of the affair:

"Three barges from the Colorado, containing 30 sailors and 65 marines, under the command of Lieutenant Russell, arrived at the fort shortly after dark last night. Captain Reynolds, of the marines, and one or two midshipmen accompanied the expedition.

"Upon each barge a 12-pound howitzer was mounted, loaded with grape and shrapnel.

"The officers and men disembarked at the fort, and remained on shore until about one o'clock, then again embarked and made their way towards the Navy Yard.

"Arriving within a few hundred yards, the boats separated, one making for the schooner Judith, lying alongside the dock, a short distance off from the battery, where the 10-inch columbiad is mounted. The second boat headed for the dock, while the third lay off a short distance, to cover the retreat with her gun.

"They were espied by the sentries when off a hundred yards or thereabouts, and hailed. The answer was given, "Guard boats!" and, as they had crept up near the island shore, some distance above the Navy Yard, and came down as if from Pensacola, they were mistaken for guard boats approaching from the latter place, until but a few yards intervened between them and their respective destinations. A sentry upon the dock first discovered the mistake, and fired his musket at the boat approaching him, then turned to give the alarm, but was stopped by a well-aimed bullet.

"The men sprang ashore just as the long call sounded to alarm the soldiers stationed there. The other sentries fled. The gun was reached, and one man, before prepared, proceeded to spike it. Just as he had most effectually completed his job, a Confederate officer, rushing ahead of his men, who were congregating, from all directions a few hundred feet off, confronted him. The marine turned, drew his cutlass, and cut him down; then hastily followed his comrades into the boat, and put off from shore, followed by a shower of musket balls. Meanwhile the crew of the other boat, which had taken the schooner in charge, were not quite so successful. On nearing the vessel, some 12 or 15 shots were fired at them, killing two, and, it is feared, mortally wounding three others. They kept on, however, under a galling fire, boarded the schooner, cut down two or three of its crew who failed to make their escape, then collecting all the combustible material they could find, set fire to it in the cabin, after which they cut the schooner loose and let her drift away from her moorings. They then embarked again in the boat, bearing with them one man, killed aboard the vessel, it is said, by mistake, he being taken for one of the rebels and cut down by his friends.

"Lieutenant Russell was wounded quite severely in the shoulder; Captain Reynolds was also slightly wounded by a musket ball while retreating. The enemy, several hundred strong, had by this time come together and kept up a rattling volley of musketry upon them. Word was now given to pay them back; the howitzers were brought to bear upon the dark mass congregated upon the dock, they quickly belched forth their contents, which did fearful execution. There is no way of estimating the result, but it is supposed that at least 60 or 70 were put *hors du combat*. The men now bent to their oars with a will, rounding the point of land on which Fort Pickens is situated. They headed off for their vessel, giving us, as they passed the fort, and receiving in return, three cheers each; three hearty cheers as never before broke upon the still morning air in the Bay of Pensacola.

"The schooner was completely destroyed. She was of about 250 tons burthen, and had on board one pivot and four broadside guns. Her loss will be very much felt by the rebels.

"The men killed in the engagement were buried upon the island. They were brave fellows, and the country will mourn their loss."

BRILLIANT NAVAL EXPLOIT IN PENSACOLA HARBOR—BURNING OF THE REBEL WAR SCHOONER JUDITH, ON THE 15TH SEPTEMBER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE EXPEDITION.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PAGE of this paper does not always afford room enough for the proper representation of the more important events and actions of the war. It is sometimes necessary to present double and even quadruple pages. This is unavoidable. A Michigan subscriber who "wishes to bind his papers," asks how it is to be done "without damage to those large and important engravings?" Our binder reports that the difficulty is very easily remedied by placing the thirteenth and fourteenth folios immediately after the fourth folio, without any inconvenience to the reader, as the pages are complete in themselves.

State of the Nation.

THE CAPITOL.—Troops still continue to be massed around the Capital, and feverish rumors of movements on one side or the other continue to agitate the local population, and are daily spread far and wide by the telegraph. The only movements of consequence, however, have been the evacuation of Munson's Hill by the rebels (on the 28th), and the occupation of the abandoned works by the National troops. The enemy has also unmasked a series of batteries on the south side of the Potomac, from Occoquan River to Aquia Creek, a distance of nearly 20 miles, from which they have every day fired on all passing vessels, without, however, inflicting any serious damage. Accounts differ as to the efficiency of these batteries, some representing them as completely closing the Potomac, and others as only a source of annoyance that can be easily removed whenever necessary or desirable. Taken in conjunction with the abandonment of the advanced positions of the rebels before Washington, it seems to imply a change in their plans, and a design to force a general action on their own ground, and with advantages similar to those which they possessed at Bull Run. It is presumable, however, that the rebel tactics will be met by others equally adroit, and the impending decisive battle fought with no insurmountable odds against the Union forces. The impression seems to be general, on all sides, that a conflict cannot long be postponed. According to the best estimates, the respective armies number not far from 200,000 men each—a total of 400,000 men—by many times the largest body of armed men ever gathered together on this Continent. The battle once opened will no doubt be fought to its ultimate results, and prove decisive of the present war. Upon it probably hinges the destinies of a great nation and an entire continent—an issue as momentous as has depended on any single event in the history of the world. We may well hold our breaths, in solemn suspense, as we watch the progress of events and the gradual but sure approach of the Titanic struggle. On our youthful General and his inexperienced army rest responsibilities of fearful weight; God grant that they may prove equal to their support and adequate discharge!

KENTUCKY.—The position taken by Kentucky is an invitation to the General Government to advance its forces to her aid, and they are rapidly moving to the support of the loyal men of the State under Anderson and Crittenden. A detachment of Ohio troops has occupied Cynthiana, and another has moved to the interior, to assist in checking the further advance of the rebels under the renegade Buckner, from Bowling Green northward. The movements of the rebels in Kentucky are marked by the same vandal spirit which has characterized them in Missouri and Maryland. Burning bridges, destroying railways, blowing up canal locks are the common incidents of their progress. Failing to rule, they are determined to ruin, and the ameliorations of peace, and the highest achievements of labor and skill are sacrificed in their ruthless and unreasoning hate. The flight of John C. Breckinridge, and his reported adhesion to the rebels, will surprise no one who has watched his traitorous conduct. Few men ever attained so high a position as he once occupied with so small a modicum of real ability; and he now subsides into infamy without the recollection of a single act of public service, or of the utterance of a single noble sentiment to redeem, in ever so slight degree, a career to which that of Arnold is bright and glorious in the comparison. The son of Henry Clay, Mr. James B. Clay, less fortunate than Mr. Breckinridge, has been arrested, with a party of adherents, on his way to join the rebels. His conduct is noticeable, not so much from any importance attaching to him personally, as from the discredit which he has endeavored to bring upon the venerated name of Clay. The first blood shed in Kentucky, in the civil war which a disregard of her obligations to the country, under the guise of a false "neutrality," has provoked, was spilt near Barbersville, on the 18th of September, when a party of rebels endeavored to burn a bridge, protected by a small body of Home Guards. The loss of the rebels was severe, but their numbers were too great to be resisted, and the bridge fell a prey to the flames.

MISSOURI.—The course of affairs in Missouri has lately been in every way unfortunate, not to say disastrous to the national cause, to the degree of arousing the liveliest apprehensions for the safety of the State. The important town of Lexington, 350 miles above St. Louis, on the Missouri River, and commanding the route to Kansas, was taken by the rebels, 27,000 strong, under General Price, on the 21st September. The national forces, numbering barely 3,500 men, commanded by Colonel Mulligan, after a desperate defence of five days against overwhelming odds, were finally compelled to surrender from want of water, having had nothing to drink for more than two days, except a small supply of vinegar. Previous to his surrender, Colonel Mulligan offered to take his army out to a level piece of graund and fight the rebel General in the open field, with the odds of four to one against him, but the challenge was declined and capitulation became an inevitable necessity. The gallant commander is said to have wept like a child when he found himself compelled to surrender. A large amount of stores, and a heavy sum of money, variously stated at from $200,000 to $600,000 fell into the hands of the victors. The rebels, unable to supply the prisoners with food, liberated them on parole, and they have returned to their homes. The loss on the Union side during the siege was 130; the loss of the rebels was very heavy, reported by one of their surgeons at upwards of 1,100 in killed and wounded. The responsibility of this severe loss—severe in a political as well as material and military sense—has been directly charged on General Fremont, who, it is alleged, had the ability to have reinforced Colonel Mulligan in time to prevent the disaster. There seems to be a general, almost universal opinion, that General Fremont, puffed up by conceit, and intent only on schemes of his own, has neglected the more important trusts confided to his hands, and proved himself incompetent to the duties of the high position to which he was elevated through a meretricious reputation, created partly by accident and in part through the exertions of influential friends and relatives. It is alleged also, that a timely intervention on his part could have saved General Lyon and prevented the disaster of Wilson's Creek—prevented, in fact, the whole series of reverses which have put a great State in deadly peril. Worse than this, it is openly hinted that Lyon was sacrificed, and the other Union leaders in Missouri placed in false positions where their credit could not fail to suffer, from jealousy on the part of General Fremont himself, and with some vague purpose of personal aggrandisement. Some of these allegations, it must be conceded, derive too much support from known facts, and to a certain extent justify public apprehension and suspicion. It is now said that the sacrifice of Mulligan and his brave little army, and the relinquishment of a commanding point on the principal line of water communication through Missouri, was a necessary part of a grand strategic scheme conceived by General Fremont, which is to overwhelm and utterly annihilate rebellion and the rebel forces in Missouri. And it is added that the General has now put his troops in motion, estimated at 70,000 men, in order to carry out this deep laid scheme, which is to surpass the strategy of Napoleon in the completeness of its success and the decisiveness of its results. We think it not unlikely that some important movement will be made by General Fremont at once, and we most devoutly hope that it will be crowned with all the triumph which he contemplates and his friends claim as inevitable. The public only knows that a great State has been nearly overrun by the rebels while under his administration, and unless he can retrieve the ground which has been lost, and that speedily, it will be fortunate for his reputation if he shall fall foremost in the fray, with his face to heaven and his feet to the foe! The dreary record of defeat in Missouri, it is but right to add, has been relieved by the brilliancy of several minor actions. On the 21st, General Lane, of Kansas, marching to the relief of Colonel Mulligan, surprised and routed a large body of rebels near Papinsville, with a loss to the latter of 40 killed, and 100 taken prisoners. He next made a forced march on the town of Osceola, and captured a large rebel supply train, and the treasury of General Rains, containing upwards of $100,000. The proclamation issued by General Lane is characteristic, and deserves a place here. After announcing the purpose of his advance, and urging those in arms against the Government to disperse and come to him for protection, he concludes:

"Should you, however, disregard my advice, the stern visitations of war will be meted out to all rebels and their allies. I shall then be convinced your arming for protection is a sham, and rest assured traitors when caught shall receive the traitor's doom. The cup has been exhausted; treason will hereafter be treated as treason. The massacre of innocent women and children by blackhearted traitors lately burning bridges on the St. Joseph railroad, satisfies us that a traitor will perpetrate crime which devils would shudder to commit. They shall be blotted from existence, and sent to that hell which yawns for their reception. The two roads are open to you people of Western Missouri, choose you between them. The one leads you to peace and plenty, the other to destruction."

TENNESSEE.—Tennessee has been so long cut off from communication with the loyal States, that little has been known of the condition of the Unionists, who constitute a large majority of the people of the eastern part of the State. It seems, however, that they are by no means changed in their opinions or attachments, but are compelled to comparative quiet from lack of arms and the material aids necessary to the vindication of their principles. The full adhesion of Kentucky to the Union, it is hoped, will remedy these deficiencies. In anticipation of such a result, it appears from the Knoxville *Register*, a rebel organ, a considerable number of the people of Eastern Tennessee are organizing and drilling under the brave old flag. An attempt made to disperse them in Green county was resisted, and a conflict ensued, in which a number were killed on both sides. We look confidently to see the rebel forces expelled from East Tennessee before Christmas, as they certainly will be, if the loyal inhabitants of that free mountain region are meanwhile adequately supported by the national arm.

ON THE OCEAN.—A couple of brilliant exploits have added something to our naval renown. On the night of the 14th of September, a boat expedition from the United States frigate Colorado, off Pensacola, under command of Lieutenant John Russell, entered that harbor, and captured and burned the schooner privateer or war vessel Judith, which the rebels were fitting out at the Warrington Navy Yard. The Judith mounted four 42-pounders, and a long pivot gun amidships. The loss of the attacking party was three killed and 15 wounded. That of the rebels is said to have been heavy. Two men were hung by the rebels next day, supposed to have been the sentinels who permitted the surprise to be effected. Another similar and equally successful exploit was performed by detachments from the gunboats R. R. Cuyler and Montgomery in the harbor of Apalachicola, Florida, on the 26th August. On the night of that day a boat expedition was fitted out from these two vessels, which entered the harbor, and captured and burned the ship Finland, loaded with salt. On their return the boats were chased by a rebel steamer and a privateer schooner, but escaped.

The rebel steam privateer Sumter has been heard from at Surinam, with the United States steamer Keystone State in full pursuit. The capture of the Sumter is only a question of time.

POSTSCRIPT.—The rebels before Washington, despairing of the success of an attack on the Union forces in front, have fallen back from all their advanced positions. Upton's Hill, as well as Fall's Church, have been evacuated, and are now held by the Union troops. The position of the rebels at these points appears to have been not very formidable. There were no signs found of guns having been mounted; their defences were simply rifle-pits, nor were there any evidences of tents having been there, or any other protection except rudely constructed sheds. An unfortunate error on the part of two divisions of the Union troops occurred on the advance of General Smith's force from Chain Bridge to Fall's Church. During the darkness of the night the Philadelphia regiment of Colonel Owens mistaking Captain Mott's battery, General Baker's California regiment and two other regiments for a body of the rebels, opened a tremendous volley upon them, killing and wounding several. The California regiment returned the fire with terrible effect. The guns of Mott's battery were then ordered to load with canister, and were about to pour a deadly volley upon Colonel Owens's men, when the mistake was discovered, in time to avert a terrible slaughter.

The Impending Battle.

THERE is no doubt that there are at least 300,000 men drawn up against each other, in nearly equal numbers, in and around Washington. Many estimate the aggregate rebel and national forces at 400,000. A struggle between these two immense armies cannot long be postponed. The integrity of the Union, the future of a great nation, the problem of Free Government, all depend on the success of the Union forces. On the other hand, the success of long-cherished schemes of ambition, for which the rebels have sacrificed honor and raised their parricidal hands against the Government of their fathers, and the lives and fortunes of the rebel leaders, hang on the issue of the battle. They fight with halters around their necks, and will fight with the desperation of despair. The contest, when it comes, cannot fail to be on a scale as grand as any recorded in history. The greatest battles of Napoleon were fought with inferior numbers. At Austerlitz he had but 80,000 men, and the combined Russian and Austrian armies numbered barely 100,000. At Jena his force was less than 130,000; at Wagram, 160,000; at Borodino, under the walls of Moscow, 120,000; and at Waterloo, but 80,000. The greatest numbers ever engaged during his career were before Leipsic, in 1813, when he commanded 175,000 men against the allies, Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Swedes, etc., numbering 290,000. This struggle, which lasted three days, was known as the "Combat of the Giants," and ended in the overthrow of the great captain. Washington never had over 30,000 men under him at one time; Jackson never had more than 15,000; and Scott, until this year, never saw 20,000 men under his orders. The nearest approximation in numbers to those now before Washington, in modern times, was at the battle of Solferino, where the French and Sardinians numbered 145,000, and the Austrians 170,000.

"HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!"—On the 25th ult. James B. Clay, a son of Henry Clay, was arrested with 16 of his men, while on his way to join the rebel General Zollicoffer. John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States, was with the party, but succeeded in effecting his escape.

RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.—The Census of 1860 reveals some striking facts as regards population and its increase in the United States during the last decade. The rate of increase in the country at large was a little over 35 per cent. Great differences, however, are observable between the several States. There are 19 States below this average, the lowest in order being Vermont, 0.32 per cent.; then New Hampshire, 2.55 per cent.; and next, South Carolina, 5.28; Maine following with 7.73, and Tennessee with 11,63, and once powerful Virginia with only 12.27, while North Carolina shows only 14.23. Minnesota, on the other hand, increases from 6,077 inhabitants in 1850, to 162,022 in 1860, or at a rate of increase of over 2,500 per cent.; Oregon from 13,294 to 52,464, or at the rate of 294 per cent.; Iowa from 192,214 to 674,048, or at 251.22 per cent; Texas from 212,592 to 602,432, or 183 37 per cent; Wisconsin from 305,391 to 775,873, or 154 06 per cent. Arkansas increases 107 per cent, and Illinois over 100 per cent.

The average ratio of increase of slaves is 23.42 per cent. In two States—Maryland and Delaware—they have decreased in number. In two States only are they more numerous than the whites; in South Carolina, where they number 402,541 against 291,623 of the white inhabitants, and in Mississippi, 436 696 to 353,969 whites. Their largest number in any one State is in Virginia (490,887), and the next in Georgia (462,232).

The free colored population of the country shows a very small increase, only 10.68 per cent.

TASTES DIFFER.—Old Samuel Johnson once said "he had undergone all the trials of life except trial by jury, and that was one he would rather die than undergo." Mr. Foster, the able counsel for Mr. De Witt Littlejohn, said, in his recent speech in the great libel suit, "it is a blessed privilege when a man can be tried by a jury. It is a still more blessed one when he can be tried by those whose sympathies are, and ought to be, like his own." This is just what we don't want. We pass over the blessed privilege of being a criminal. A man can therm suit himself. But we decidedly object to have our criminals tried by juries whose sympathies are like their own. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and in this case we do not believe that a man ought to be tried by his peers.

THE "PEWTER MUG."—This far-famed, hat in its exterior aspect and internal arrangement most modest, almost squalid resort of the radical section of what President Van Buren called the "lion-hearted democracy of New York," is among the things past. It has expired with the partisan organization with which its name has been inseparably associated in the mind of every New Yorker, and its fate is ominous of that which impends over Tammany Hall itself. The great rebellion and the vast and vital issues to which it has given rise have swallowed up for ever all the partisan questions with which we used to distract ourselves, and will lead to new combinations and party organizations and watchwords. At present, thank Heaven, the North presents an unbroken front, and its people, whatever their previous political affinities, occupy a common ground of Union for the Constitution and the Laws. At the end of the war, and when the reorganization of the country is commenced, men will no doubt range themselves in different political camps, with new names, aims and principles, and with new leaders. Then other Pewter Mugs will doubtless arise, wherein caucuses will be packed, nominations fixed, intrigues consummated, and what is called the "dirty work" of partisan politics performed.

The Pewter Mug became the headquarters of a faction which split off from Tammany Hall in 1828, thirty-three years ago, since which time it has been a favorite resort of the inferior ranks of the Democratic party, through all its phases of "Locofocoism," "Barnburnerism" and "Hunkerism," down to its unreserved adhesion to "Unionism," and the blazon on its banners, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved!"

The place of the Pewter Mug will know it no more for ever! Whether it is to revive in all the splendors of marble and brown stone we know not; nor yet if Brown will return to the scene of his former triumphs, to gladden the hearts and exalt the spirits of his multitudinous customers. At any rate, an old city landmark has disappeared with the tender of Tammany. As observed

by a contemporary, "It has outlived many who helped to give it consequence, and now naturally follows its old friends and patrons to the grave."

We had in our last paper a fearful illustration of that most terrible of all accidents, burning to death. The Paris paper, *Galignani*, contains another proof of how careless ladies are of their own lives. With the present style of dress, they live in the most fragile of frames, and at the same time those most susceptible of destruction. Nevertheless, they will obstinately run the risk, when the lightest gossamer might be made indestructible by a simple chemical mixture almost costless. When will the ladies think it worth while to take care of themselves? We read:

"Another of those fearful accidents, caused by the extremely inflammable nature of ladies' summer toilets, occurred in Paris the day before yesterday. A foreign lady, staying at a hotel in the Rue Hyacinthe St. Honoré, was preparing tea for two female friends who had called to see her, when one of her sleeves caught fire from a spirit-lamp on the table, and all her dress was immediately in a blaze. Her two friends rushed out of the room, crying for help, which it was impossible for themselves to render. The waiters of the hotel were instantly on the spot, but before they could extinguish the flames the unfortunate lady was so dreadfully burnt that she expired the next morning, after dreadful sufferings."

As a *pendent* to the foregoing, we give this simple preventive: "Muslins, etc., steeped in a seven per cent. solution of ammonia, or a 20 per cent. solution of tungstate of soda and then dried, may be held to a flame of a candle or gas-lamp without taking fire. That portion of the stuff in contact with the light becomes charred and destroyed, but it does not inflame, and, consequently, the burning state does not spread to the rest of the material. The cost is very trifling."

"Bobbing Around."—Paragraphs are current in the newspapers to the effect that "the United States Minister at Brussels" has visited Caprera, at great expense, for the purpose of offering to Garibaldi "a command in the Union army." It is stated, in the telegraphic despatches of the Paris papers, with great circumstantiality, that "His Excellence Sanford" had specially chartered the steamer Dante, from Genoa, for his visit to Garibaldi, at "the price of 2,500 francs." It would not surprise us to hear that "Excellence Sanford," in an unexceptionable suit of black, had also visited Abdel Kadir, Schamyl, and even Nena Sahib with similar propositions! Such a procedure would be delightfully characteristic; but we protest against the Government of the United States being supposed for an instant to be implicated in any such nonsense. If "Excellence Sanford," who is "Minister *resident*" in Brussels, chooses to indulge to the luxury of notoriety, which many people mistake for reputation, by chartering steamers for 2,500 francs a trip, and dashing about with a palpitating air of business and responsibility, very well; but the Government should have it understood that it is not to be held responsible for his fussiness. We can fight our own battles without the aid of Garibaldi, or Abdel Kadir, or Schamyl, and when the President wants to send a message to an Italian subject, he probably will consult economy as well as propriety by employing the American Envoy to Italy, and not the "Minister *resident* in Brussels."

After the War.—The New York *Herald*, commenting on the unfriendly spirit manifested by certain European powers, pointedly observes: "At the conclusion of this war we shall have in the field over 300,000 veteran soldiers; and our navy will comprise over 500 ships of war, and we shall have a naval brigade of about 50 000 men. Let European governments be careful, then, how they treat us during the continuance of this war, for when we have settled our domestic troubles the slightest word of insult or provocation may let loose upon Canada or Cuba this terrible force, and sweep the last vestige of monarchical rule from this continent."

The War on the Ocean.—The number of vessels captured by the United States war vessels in entering or leaving blockaded ports, or under rebel colors on the high seas, is 52, valued with their cargoes at $1,917,200. The number of merchantmen and other vessels seized in Southern ports by the rebels, or captured by their privateers, is 64, valued, with cargoes, at £2,791,400. The war on the ocean, therefore, in respect of captures, shows a net loss of 12 vessels and $874,200 to the Union side—an additional commentary, if any were needed, on the inefficiency of our Navy Department.

The Rebel Army.—The New York *Herald* publishes what it regards as a complete table of the rebel forces, with their stations, giving a grand total of 279,100 men, of which it estimates that about one-half, or in round numbers 140,000, are on the Potomac.

Materials of War.—During the first three days of last week 6,000,000 cartridges were sent from the arsenal at Watervliet, opposite Troy, to the Union armies. Four complete six-pounder batteries and six thirty-two-pounder batteries were also completed and shipped.

The Oath.—A number of the political prisoners confined in the National Hotel at Fort Lafayette have been released on taking the following oath:

"I do swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. And further, that I do this with a full determination, pledge and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatever."

"Let Justice be done though the Heavens fall!"—The Providence *Journal*, in commenting on the course of affairs in Missouri, and recapitulating the reverses we have suffered, concludes with the following language, which is only an expression of the universal sentiment of the New England and Middle States:

"Now it is very evident that somebody is to blame for the loss we have sustained during the past eight weeks. Who it is we cannot at this time and at this distance from the scene of action undertake to say. But the public are demanding in a tone that is not to be mistaken that the author or authors of these blunders shall not be suffered to peril our cause in the West. No matter what man stands between us and success. He must be searched out and known and set aside. Nothing can shield incompetency now. Let the inquisition be made and judgment fearlessly pronounced. If we have, as is said, a splendid army in Missouri, let us hear of it sweeping McCulloch and Price down into the land of bayous and alligators. If we have not men enough, let them be raised forthwith. If they do not volunteer, let them be drafted. At all hazards, at any price, let these rebels be turned back, let Missouri be set free, let the highway to the Gulf of Mexico be opened."

The Fire Flags.—The Mayor, in a communication to the Common Council, dated September 23d, encloses a letter from Captain Vickers, Provost Marshal of Alexandria, stating that he had "found in a pile of rubbish the flags presented by the city of New York to the Fire Zouaves," and wishing to know what to do with them. A fact so disgraceful needs no comment.

Allotment Tickets.—The War Department has made the necessary arrangements to carry out the act of Congress relative to allotments of pay. Hereafter the recruit, upon enrolling his name, has only to designate what proportion of his monthly stipend shall be given to his family, to have the necessary minute made, and the sum paid regularly. Large numbers of very desirable men have turned away from the recruiting station because the officer could give them no assurance as to provision for their families while they are absent on duty. Such assurance can now be had.

The Aztecs Outdone.—The land that produced the Aztec children has contributed another still more striking wonder for the curious—an Indian dwarf, 30 years old, but 17 inches high, born without arms or legs, yet perfect in health and speaking two languages. We understand that this extraordinary being is soon to be exhibited in New York.

Prince de Joinville.—The Prince de Joinville, whose recent arrival in this country has been the occasion of much comment, and whose son has entered the naval service of the United States, was the third son of Louis Philippe, and was born in 1814, he is consequently 47 years old. In 1838 he had reached the rank of Post Captain in the Navy, and at the bombardment of Vera Cruz was in command of the frigate Creole. He sailed with the expedition to St. Helena, in 1841, in command of the Belle Poule, and brought the remains of Napoleon to France. His report to the King on that occasion and the reply are as follows: "Sire, I present to you the ashes of Napoleon." Louis Philippe replied: "I receive them in the name of France." The Prince visited this country the year after, and afterwards went to Rio Janeiro, where he married the Princess Francesca of Braganza, the sister of Don Pedro II. In 1844 he commanded the French fleet on the coast of Morocco, and after the bombardment of Tangier and Mogador arranged a treaty of peace between the Moors and France. Since 1848 he has lived in retirement.

The National Eagles.—A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, referring to the difficulty of distinguishing the national and rebel colors in battle, suggests mounting a gilt carved or cast eagle on each flagstaff as a distinguishing emblem. He adds: "The eagle can be cut or cast so as to weigh very little; it need not be expensive, comparatively; may be placed on the staffs now in use, and recognized as far as the eye or glass can reach. No objection in reason can be urged against its adoption by the Government; nothing can be more appropriate, or more readily or cheaply procured, and, in the present low state of the mechanical arts in 'Secessia,' the emblem could not be soon or easily counterfeited or stolen."

The Ladies of Hoboken presented the Forty-fifth regiment New York Volunteers with a splendid "black, red and gold" stand of colors, on the 9th September, at Landmann's Park. The regiment is a German one, and one of the best that has left for the battle field. The Colonel, George von Amsberg, is a Hanoverian by birth, who, after finishing his education at the University of Gottingen, entered the Austrian army. He was attached to a Hungarian cavalry regiment, in which he held the post of Lieutenant-Colonel. When the Hungarian Revolution broke out, Colonel von Amsberg took the part of the insurgent Hungarians against the Austrians. He fought in most of the principal battles, and was made a Brigadier-General by Kossuth. At Villagos he fell into the hands of the enemy. By court martial he was sentenced to 19 years' imprisonment. After nine years' imprisonment in Hohen Asperg he was pardoned, under the condition to leave Germany. Colonel von Amsberg came about four years ago to the United States.

The ferocity of impotence is far beyond that of strength. A tiger is nothing to an angry editor, whose rage is always in *inverse ratio* to his power. The Kentucky Lexington *Statesman* has found it necessary to suspend its usual daily dribblings of treasonable venom. We cheerfully give its last editorial:

"We know the howl of joy with which this announcement will be met. If it gives you joy to see a free paper suppressed by its own voluntary choice, rejoice, for such you now see. For some time past this paper has been published at a loss, in consequence of the prostration of business generally. We have advocated peace. We known vast majority of the people in the slave States—in this State—agree with us in sentiment. We see what has been done elsewhere. We know that only a few days is left to us. It may be said that all we say is for harm and against the Government. Therefore we close our issue on this day. We do so in the sternest defiance to the most infamous and damnable tyranny that has existed on the face of the civilized earth within the last two hundred years. When the time comes that a free man can utter his sentiments without the Bastile to his face this paper will resume its old position. It is not the fear of the Bastile, but the hope that some good may be done to a down-trodden people by our silence for a time. As far as we are concerned, it is defiance to a tyrant and all his power. A free press has ever been the foe most dreaded by all usurpers. We hope it may be free again in this country."

We regret that the above did not come in time for the *Budget*, for it has one sentence which, for fun, "outjeremiahs Job." "It is not the *fear* of the Bastile, but the *hope* that some good may be done to a down-trodden people by *our silence*." If anything could reconcile a down-trodden people to whatever goes over it (to continue the rascal's metaphor) it is the silence of such rebel ribaldry as that which found utterance in the Lexington *Statesman*. It is really paying too dear that our waste paper should have the brand of treason on it.

Small Deer.—A number of people, presumably as a joke, some time ago addressed a petition to the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, asking for the expulsion from the country of Mr. Russell, LL. D., etc., on account of falsehoods and "treasonable matter" contained in his letters to the London *Times*, of which he is special American correspondent. To this petition Mr. Seward has found leisure to reply in full, in a manner so serious and didactic as to make us suspect that he sees no joke in the affair at all. The gravity with which he declines to take any extreme measures against the "special correspondent," because "probably not 50 copies of the London *Times* ever find their way to our shores," and the owlishness with which he propounds such platitudes as "interference with the press, even in the case of an existing insurrection, can only be justified on the ground of public danger," are indicative of solemn earnestness worthy of Dogberry himself, or of an irony so deep as to as to defy detection. When the Abbé McMasters gets locked up for printing his spleen in a paper the name of which is hardly known beyond the small circle of his personal acquaintances, and when the "Bungtown *Buglehorn*" is suppressed by authority for treasonable utterances, we don't see why a mendacious correspondent of the London *Times*, "or any other paper," should be deprived of an equal and not unlikely coveted as well as deserved notoriety. The truth is, Mr. Seward has been engaged in a very small and a very silly business in answering what, if genuine and not intended as a satire, was a very silly petition; and it is to be hoped that his "engrossment with urgent public duties and cares," of which he speaks, will henceforth prevent the issue, if a proper sense of dignity fails to do so, of State papers on such contemptible subjects as William Russell, LL. D., etc. We present too many points for merciless foreign satire, in our conduct of the war and administration of the Navy, without calling on the Department of State for additional subjects for universal cachinnation.

Odd Fellows.—The total number of Odd Fellow Lodges in the State of New York is 610; number of members, 13,784; yearly receipts, $90,000, most of which is paid out in way of relief to the sick and widowed.

National Debt.—The following table shows the debt of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, and its probable amount in the coming year, together with the amount per head of the population at these three several periods:

	1787.	1816.	1862
Debt	$80,000,000	127,000,000	600,000,000
Per head	$20	$16	$16 66

A Southern Monarchy.—The following extracts from DeBow's *Review*, a well-known monthly exponent of Southern opinion, shadows forth some of the ideas of social and political reorganization which are floating in the minds of the Southern leaders, and which, should they be successful in permanently disrupting the Union, they will no doubt endeavor to put in practice. A nobility founded on property in slaves, with a subsidized army of "mean whites," and a King taken from some *effete* "royal family" of Europe, are among the plans of the great Rebellion. We would suggest young Bomba, late of Naples, as an appropriate Sovereign for the Empire of Cottondom!

"England," says the *Review*, "has once tried to dispense with nobility, and France twice, but each experiment was a failure. In America we have the aristocracy of wealth and talents, and that aristocracy is somewhat hereditary. The landed aristocracy of the South, who own slaves, approach somewhat to the English nobility. Time must determine whether the quasi aristocracy of the South has sufficient power, permanence and privilege to give stability, durability and good order to society. It is sufficiently patriotic and conservative in its feelings, but we fear wants the powers, privileges and prerogatives that the experience of all other countries has shown to be necessary."

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Massachusetts has now in the field sixteen full regiments, seven unattached companies of infantry, and one complete battery of artillery. There are now in the State, in course of organization, six regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry and three batteries of artillery.

Iowa has six regiments of infantry and two of cavalry in the field. Three more regiments of infantry and one of cavalry are in camp, nearly organized, making a force of over 9,000 infantry and 3 000 cavalry, or, in round numbers, 12,000 men. Governor Kirkwood has just issued a proclamation calling for four more regiments, two of which are to be used exclusively on the borders of the State.

Connecticut has now five Brigadier-Generals in the field, viz.: Generals Totten, Mansfield, Benham, Sedgwick and Wright. They are all West Point men, and all but General Sedgwick members of the Corps of Engineers. Totten is from New Haven, Mansfield from Middletown, Benham from Meriden, Sedgwick from Litchfield, and Wright from Clinton.

Illinois has furnished 47 regiments, and is rapidly organizing 13 more, in addition to the thousands of troops she has furnished to Missouri regiments. In a short time she will have supplied the Government with 60,000 troops—and good ones, too—sturdy brave, docile, and loyal men, who are willing to fight for the Union, and suffer for it.

Michigan has organized 12 regiments, numbering 13,000 men, eight of which are now in the vicinity of Washington, and the other four will soon be ready to take the field. Besides these 13,000 volunteers, not less than 3,000 have left the State and united with other regiments.

The whole number of pupils at schools, both public and private, in the 15 slaveholding States in 1850 was 600,979; ditto State of New York, 727,222. Virginia expended in 1854 for the education of poor children $69,404, and for the maintenance of a public guard $73,159.

There is quite a flood of emigration from Western Texas and Missouri to the shores of the Pacific, as many as 60 to 70 wagons a day passing *en route*.

The Navy Department has accepted propositions from Messrs. C. S. Bushnell & Co., of New Haven; Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia, and J. Erickson, of New York, for the construction of iron-clad vessels.

The first railroad in Oregon has just been built on what is called the "transit across the cascades." The road is of substantial construction, is three and three-quarters of a mile long, and most of it is on tressel work of a dizzy height.

The fact that the name of the colonel of the 4th Vermont Regiment is Stoughton, and the name of a captain of the regiment is Todd, has given rise to the following conundrum: Why are men so anxious to enlist in the 4th Vermont regiment? Answer—Because they can have Stoughton with their Todd.

The Cincinnati Annual Conference of the Methodist Church resolved their thanks to General McClellan for his Sabbath observance proclamation.

The Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas, has issued a proclamation ordering all the stores in the city to close, and all business operations to cease between the hours of four and half-past six o'clock in the afternoon of each day, for the purpose of giving all persons time to perfect themselves in the use of firearms.

The Union sentiment continues to work disastrously upon the Secession journals and editors of the North, and in the loyal sections of the border slave States. Our lists now exhibit the following results:

Papers suspended by the authorities	17
Destroyed by mobs	10
Died naturally	6
Denied the mails	5
Changed to Union	7
Editors in prison	6

The Mississippi, a magnificent steamer of 2 019 tons, and the largest vessel built of iron in this country, was launched in Boston on the 10th. Her length over all is 295 feet; breadth of beam, 39 feet; depth of hold, 25 feet. She draws when light 8¾ feet forward and 9 feet aft, and when loaded her draft will probably be 16 feet. The hull is of iron up to the main deck, above which she is built substantially of oak timber. Beneath the main deck the vessel is divided into five water-tight compartments.

After the capture of Fort Hatteras, one of the shells was found to have pierced the rebels' powder magazine, without bursting. On examination, it appeared that the gunner, whose duty it was, had forgotten to tear off a small leathern cap, ordinarily put on for safety. This was the only shell thrown that did not explode. Had the cap been removed, the fortification would have been blown up, and not a handful of men left alive to be captured as prisoners of war.

The canal system of the State of New York is triumphantly vindicating the enlightened policy which persevered through all difficulties till "the enlargement" was substantially completed. Its present onward and upward course is illustrated in the contrast between the gross receipts of 1859, when canal trade literally touched bottom, and those of the present year, 1861—taking the 1st of September in each year as the standpoint for the previous twelvemonth:

1859	$1,814,368
1860	2,381,301
1861	3,366,822

The Military Department of Ohio will in future consist of Ohio, Indiana, and that part of Kentucky within 15 miles of Cincinnati. General Mitchell is to command, and has his headquarters at Cincinnati. So much of Virginia as lies west of the Blue Ridge is to constitute the Department of Western Virginia, under the command of General Rosecranz.

The Panama Railroad Company voted to invest $500,000 in Treasury notes. They have already taken $100,000, and propose to recall their deposits from London.

A lady of Columbus inquired of the spirit-rappers how many children she had. "Four," replied the spirit. The husband, startled at the accuracy of the reply, stepped up and inquired, "How many children have I?" "Two," answered the rapping medium. The husband and wife looked at each other with an odd smile for a moment, and then retired non-believers.

The whole valuation of the city of Providence is $56,896,500; the ratio of tax is 56 cents on each $100, and the entire tax $329,999 70. Last year the valuation was $58,131,800; tax, 56 cents; whole tax $325 538 08.

The corn (maize) crop of the United States in 1840 was estimated at 377,000,000 bushels; in 1850, 600,000,000; and in 1860, 900,000,000 bushels.

Hon. George A. Shaw, Inspector-General of Army Supplies made in New England, says that there are 70 mills now engaged in manufacturing cloth for the Government, and that the amount of goods ordered is about $20,000,000.

Foreign News.

The latest advices contain nothing of importance. England is in a state of profound political repose, the only questions engaging its attention being the American crisis and the Italian question, which now occupies a very subordinate place. France is equally quiet—the solitary ripple being a pamphlet on the eternal papal question, which, if reflecting the Emperor's opinion, bodes badly for his Holiness. Hungary is rapidly approaching another outbreak—the Government having ordered that the taxes shall be collected by military process. Rumors are still prevalent of the exchange of Sardinia for Rome, but nothing definite is known. It is not likely that Louis Napoleon would choose such a time for the only measure that could give England an opportunity of forming a coalition against him, and the joint expedition of France and England against Mexico is sufficient proof that he contemplates no grand European *coup* this year.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—In its scenic features the new piece at this theatre is unrivalled by any which has yet been produced in this country. Neither pains nor expense has been spared to make them beautiful and effective. There are, moreover, some admirable groupings, and a sufficiently appetising exhibition of flesh-colored tights and twinkling ankles. But when we have said this, we have exhausted all that can be said in the way of commendation. The dialogue of the piece, for it has neither plot nor coherence, is the most abject, melancholy rubbish that was ever inflicted on the suffering ear of a disgusted public. Not a ray of wit or genius enlivens its dreary stupidity, and the sooner it is cut out, and the piece resolved into a series of tableaux, with music between, if only by an ordinary street organ, the better for the reputation of the theatre, and the more satisfactory to the public.

Academy of Music.—The Prestidigitateur, Hermann, has completely changed his programme, albeit the public were satisfied with it as it stood, and has introduced an entirely novel series of performances, if possible more remarkable and entertaining than the first. He is now assisted by the charming Mrs. Hermann, who "does" second-sight and clairvoyance in a manner that puts to shame all spirit-rappers and mesmerists. The Foxes may hide their diminished heads, and Andrew Jackson Davis go to planting congenial cabbages.

Winter Garden.—This old favorite holds its own against all competition, Mrs Wood still remaining the star ascendant and attractive. We learn that the management have a series of novelties in preparation sufficient to meet all the requirements of metropolitan audiences.

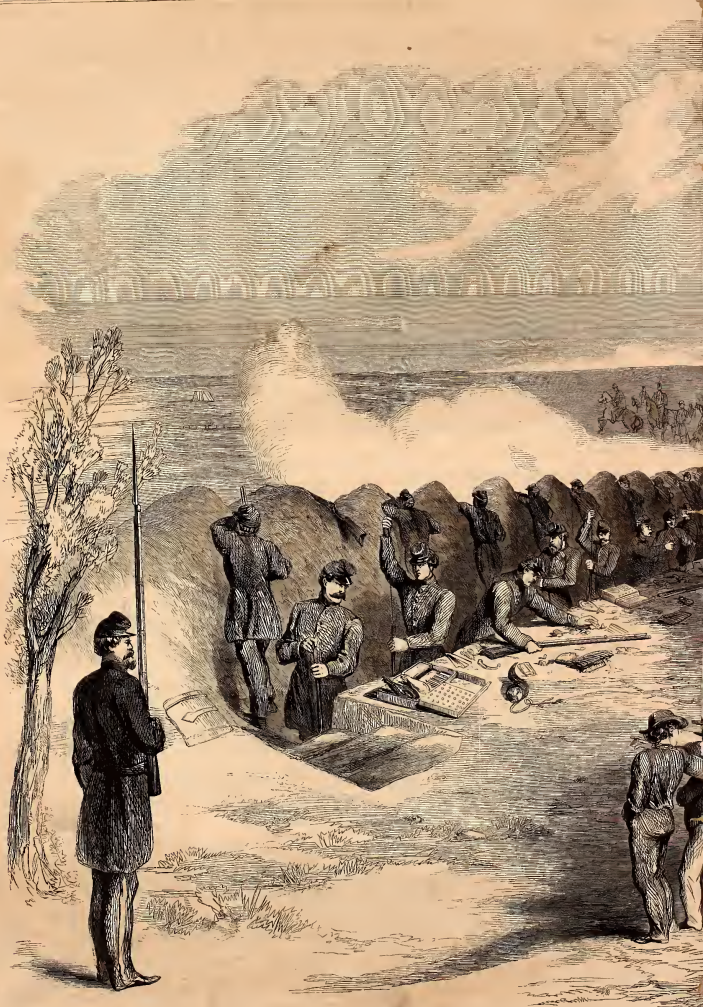
Miscellaneous.—It is reported that Signor Muzio, in conjunction with Signor Rissoli, is forming an opera troupe for a season in Havana, composed of the following artists: *Prime donne*, Miss Hinckley, Elena Kennett, Adelaide Baseigio and Mme. Massea; tenors, Lotti, Volpini, Tombesi and Bignardi; baritones, Ferri and Fellini; basses, Antonucci and Nertel......Charles Mathews has written a comedy called "The Soft Sex," which was extremely unsuccessful on the night of its production at the Haymarket Theatre, London. The author, however, remodelled and revised it very fully, and the piece is having a run. Its leading object is to show how weak and ridiculous women are when they assume to themselves the strength and attributes of men, and how irresistibly powerful and captivating they are when they adhere only to the softer and gentler charms and graces which properly belong to their sex.

Latest Intelligence.

Late advices from New Orleans, received at Cincinnati, state that Mississippi City has been taken possession of by our war vessels, and that all communication between New Orleans and Mobile by water is, consequently, cut off. This is a movement which the Louisiana and Alabama rebels have been anticipating and fearing for some time, and it was understood that vigorous measures had been taken to prevent it, under the supervision of the traitor Twiggs. All the important points on the Texas coast are also stated to have fallen into our possession. The details of these operations will be looked for with unusual interest.

Mr. Chase, the efficient Secretary of the Treasury, has returned to Washington from his visit to New York, having perfected his arrangements with the banks for the second $50,000,000 of the National Loan.

At noon, on Monday, the rebels moved in force, 10,000 strong, on the fords of the upper Potomac, but were repulsed with heavy loss. This seems to have been a concerted movement, and an attempt to accomplish the results which they failed to achieve in front of Washington.



"SHARPSHOOTING"—TRIAL OF SKILL OF BERDAN'S RIFLEMEN, BEFORE GENERAL McCLELLAN AND STAFF, NEAR W

OCCUPATION OF PADUCAH, KY., BY UNION TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL GRANT, SEPTEMBER 6—VIEW OF THE NORTHERN TERMINUS OF THE MOBILE AND OHIO RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL GRANT'S COMMAND.

ARRIVAL OF UNION TROOPS IN PADUCAH, KY.

OUR last number contained a view of Paducah and a brief description of the place. We now continue our illustrations of the war in the West, by another sketch from our Special Artist, representing the arrival of reinforcements from Cairo, Illinois. The recent action of the Kentucky Legislature renders Paducah more important every day. Being within four hours' steam of Cairo, there is no fear of the Union troops meeting with a similar disaster to that we have sustained recently at Lexington.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* gives the following interesting account of the new floating bridge constructing at Paducah:

"The barges, for bridging at any point the rivers, have arrived here from Cincinnati, and are being rapidly fastened together, making a floating bridge of great sustaining power. They are laid side by side, and a platform, giving much the appearance of a plank road, passes over the middle. In a few days the Ohio here will be crossed by a highway, which, while affording passage for any number of soldiers and the heaviest artillery, can be moved at pleasure, or, as the exigencies of the day require, to points above or below. Now that Government has awakened to the importance of Paducah as a post for future operations, it becomes a wonder that the perceptive faculties of those in power have on this subject so long remained dormant. Commanding entirely the Tennessee River, a tributary navigable for hundreds of miles, an avenue of boundless wealth, and whose course is through a bitterly hostile country, with the mouth of the Cumberland but a short distance above, and the Ohio entirely under control, Paducah, easy of access from all points for Union purposes, becomes at once a centre of great military interest and power. Ever since the commencement of the war, until very lately, boats loaded with contraband goods have plied without interruption up the Cumberland and Tennessee, carrying aid and comfort of the most acceptable kind to the kingdom of the C. S. A. This is now impossible, and the occupation of Paducah will have the same effect, and almost as great a one, as that of Fort Hatteras. Paducah is the key to the enemy's territory here in the West, and over Kentucky's soil the armies will have to march that effect anything at present in the Confederate territory; and some move is already on foot that is expected to bring with it important results. Steamers now lying at the levee leave, it is understood, this evening for Evansville, and will bring down from there six thousand Indiana troops to this point. Activity prevails in every department, and evidently something's up. Any conjecture is under embargo, as there is one chance in a dozen that a guess might hit the truth. Two or three steamers are constantly busy towing the barges for the bridge into place, while others ply mysteriously off to points up and down the river."

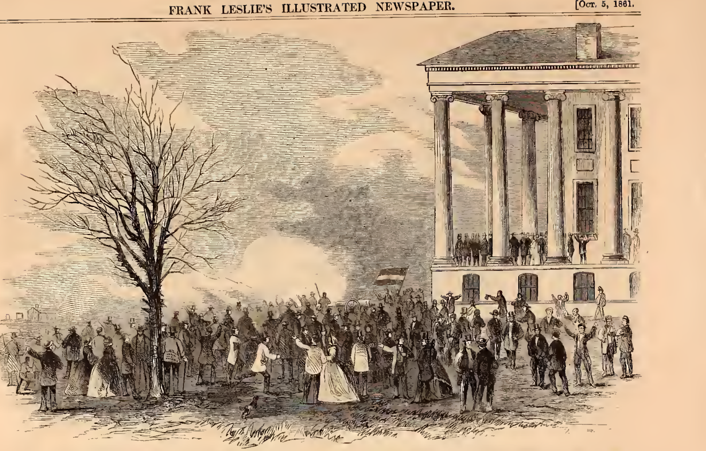
SHELLING OUT A REBEL CAMP ON THE POTOMAC.

WE have had heretofore to compliment Lieutenant Tompkins, of the 1st United States Artillery, for his excellent services. We have now to illustrate a recent incident, where, observing on the other side of the Potomac a rebel camp, he fixed one of his guns, and after one or two trials, got the range so perfectly that they fled in the greatest confusion. Despite the start the rebels got by Floyd's complicity, it does not seem that their artillery has ever accomplished what ours has done. We have repeatedly compelled them to break up their camps, while they have never yet once reached ours. They may have a numerous artillery, but it is certainly not one of long range, as evidenced by Mathias Point, Sewall's Point and other places. Our guns on the Rip-Raps reach the rebel batteries, but not one shot has gone near Fort Calhoun.

REVIEW OF THE BERDAN RIFLE REGIMENT.

IT must be confessed that science, if not secretly provocative of ultra caution, yet takes from men that bovine daring which constitutes, in the public eye, the chief attraction of war and stamps men as heroes. And yet the agency of science in war is older than Archimedes, who, with his burning lens—if we are to credit Roman historians—set fire to the galleys of the enemy when they came within the focus of his silent battery at Syracuse. It is only within the last few years that the rifle has been brought to play its part *en masse* in war; a rifle, twenty years ago, was like a Toledo blade—too expensive for common use—and it is only within the last eight years that mechanical science has manufactured thousands to the one formerly made. This, of course, will in time equalise itself; but there seems to be little doubt that England's manufacturing skill saved her at Inkermann and the Tchernaya. Our wealth and skill will serve us equally well in the present unhappy conflict, for although the rebels, through the satanic villany of Floyd, stole a march upon us at the beginning

SHELLING A REBEL CAMP ON THE POTOMAC BY LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS, OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



REBEL JUBILATIONS AT RICHMOND, VA.—FIRING A SALUTE OF 100 GUNS FROM THE CAPITOL, ON RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

yet we are fast recovering our ground, and every day will increase our advantages.

From the very commencement of the present war we have felt the want of that most necessary of all adjuncts to an invading army—sharpshooters—what the whiskers are to a cat, and the *antennæ* to an insect, sharpshooters are to an advancing corps. They are at once life and safety to the advance, and death and danger to the foe. Like all great commercial nations, the United States found herself terribly deficient in this most necessary arm, and the Government therefore accepted with promptitude the offer made by Mr. Berdan, one of the most celebrated of our shots, to raise a regiment of riflemen. He was, as a matter of course, appointed the Colonel. We have, from time to time, chronicled their progress in their camp at Weehawken, which their trials of skill made quite a famous spot—ominously inaugurated as it was sixty years ago by the death of Hamilton by the hand of Aaron Burr. Our present number contains a sketch of the review of Berdan's riflemen by General McClellan on their arrival in Washington. A spectator thus describes the scene our Artist has sketched:

"This afternoon an exhibition in target practice was given by Colonel Berdan's Sharpshooters at Camp Burnside. The target was about six feet long by three wide, with two men, life size, painted upon it and the distance fired was three-quarters of a mile. Out of 240 shots 130 hit the target, and nearly all the other shots struck very near it. Among those present were the President, who rode on the field in an open barouche, accompanied by the Prince de Joinville and Secretary Seward. The Prince's suite and two sons followed in a carriage. The party were received by the troops in fine style. The President reviewed the regiment. At a late hour Major-General McClellan and staff, including Generals Stoneman and Van Vliet, with Captain Barker's cavalry escort, arrived on the field. The General immediately rode up to the President and gracefully raised his hat and paid his respects to his Excellency and the Secretary of State. He next turned his charger and rode to the rear and dismounted, and then returned to the Presidential group, where he entered into conversation with the Prince de Joinville and suite, and the Prince's two sons.

"General McClellan walked down the lines of the troops, looking every man in the eye, and afterwards watched with interest the progress of the shooting. He complimented the men for their skill, and expressed his gratification to Colonel Berdan at the neatness and excellent discipline that pervaded the camp, which is greatly due to Lieutenant Colonel Mears, recently detailed from the regular army, and who has labored industriously to perfect the men in drill and camp duties.

"There were also present General McDowell and staff, General Meigs and staff, General Mansfield and staff, Colonel Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, and Chief Clerk Leslie, of the War Department, and numerous other army officers of distinction.

"Among the distinguished foreigners present was Captain Stevenson, commander of the celebrated field battery of Montreal. A large number of ladies and citizens of Washington were present. The affair was successful, so far as the shooting was concerned, and was highly interesting to the spectators."

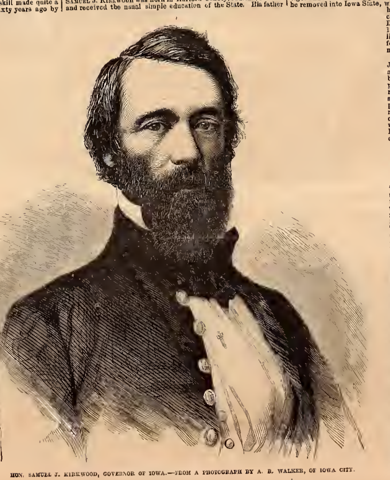
REBEL SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE BATTLE OF STONE BRIDGE, FIRED IN RICHMOND.

A correspondent has sent us a sketch of the rejoicing manifested by the rebels when the news reached them of the battle of Stone Bridge, as they call the Bull Run *fiasco*, for it was won on both sides—indeed, as the victory remained with neither party, the less said about it the better. Our sketch is taken from the front of Gov. Letcher's mansion, and represents the firing of the salute from the front of the State House, in honor of the battle.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

Samuel J. Kirkwood was born in Harford county, Indiana, in 1813 and received the usual simple education of the State. His father was a farmer, and young Samuel spent his days in agricultural and his evenings in more intellectual pursuits. But to a young and ambitious mind a rural life is only a vegetable state of existence, and in his 16th year the future Governor of Iowa was found serving ipecacuanha and mixing prescriptions in his brother's drug store in Washington city. A few years of this dry drudgery sufficed the future Governor, and in 1835 he went to Mansfield, Ohio, where, abandoning Æsculapius for Themis, he turned his attention from rhubarb to law. He was soon admitted to the bar, and such was his genial nature and close attention to the business of his clients, that he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for that district without any serious opposition. In 1851 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention from Richland county. Here his moderation, vigor and admirable temper made him quickly conspicuous. In 1855 he removed into Iowa State, where his fame had already preceded him, and the very next year he was chosen to represent the Iowa City District in the State Legislature. In 1859 he was nominated by the Republican State Convention as its candidate for Governor, and elected by a large majority over ex-Senator A. C. Dodge.

Till 1854 Governor Kirkwood was a Jacksonian Democrat, but the progressive spirit of the age, and the unblushing corruption of the Democratic party, drove him into the Republican ranks. In manner and dress he is a simple, unpretending man. He is a plain and forcible speaker. He generally resides on his farm, which is one of about 1,200 acres, and two miles west of Iowa city, on the Iowa river. He is universally respected, and is called the Farmer Governor.



HON. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, GOVERNOR OF IOWA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. B. WALKER, OF IOWA CITY.

THE PULASKI MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

The noteworthy cunning with which the Cotton States have made Virginia their catspaw has concentrated upon that unhappy mother of Presidents so much attention, as to throw the other States quite into the background. This is, however, as much caused by climate as circumstance. The advent of winter will change the *venue*, and very soon Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans will feel, in "their own proper persons," some portion of the suffering that others feel already, and will continue to feel, in the shape of commercial distress and family bereavements. It seems to be the general opinion that at this minute the hand of our official Jove is about to hurl a thunderbolt at either Charleston or Savannah. We therefore give our readers in the present number a sketch of the Pulaski Monument, in the city of Savannah, erected, it is hardly necessary to add, to the memory of that gallant Pole, who fought so nobly for the independence of that Union the infatuated rebels are now so madly endeavoring to destroy. When the rebellion first broke out, and the Charlestonians sank hulks at the entrance of their harbor, the selfish men of Savannah rejoiced, inasmuch as they hoped it would build up their port at the expense of their infatuated sister; but the blockade has entirely frustrated such hopes, and trade is quite at a standstill in Savannah. It was till the present year a place of much commerce, containing about 36 000 inhabitants. It is situated 18 miles from the sea, and 96 miles south of Charleston. Its chief staples are cotton and rice.

The moonment commonly called the Pulaski monument is situated in Johnson or Monnment Sqnare. It is a fine Doric obelisk of marble 53 feet in heighth. The base of the pedestal is 10 feet four inches by six feet eight inches, and its elevation is about 12 feet The corner stone was laid by Lafayette during his visit to the United States in 1825. The needle which surmounts the pedestal is 37 feet high. Another and very elegant structure has also been erected to the memory of this gallant foreigner in Chippewa Square. Pulaski was killed in the attack made by the allied American and French armies in 1779, when the British held possession of Savannah.

GRAND REVIEW OF CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY IN VIRGINIA.

On the 24th of September General McClellan held a grand review of cavalry and artillery, which went off with great eclat. The troops consisted of two full regiments of cavalry, the 5th regular and the Kentucky Volunteers, together with such portions of the Lincoln, Ira Harris and Cameron Guards as had their horses and sabres. These made up above 2,000 men, and in addition there were eight batteries of U. S. Regular Flying Artillery, comprising 48 heavy rifled and howitzer field pieces, with caissons, carriages, horses, riders and gunners, in full quota. The review was held on a broad level common one mile east of the Capitol, at about three o'clock, P. M. It will be remembered that the camps of these regiments are situated near the extremities of Seventh and Fourteenth streets, and consequently the troops had to ride about three miles before they reached their parade ground. This gave the inhabitants a capital opportunity of seeing them on their way to their mimic scene of action. Thousands of men, women and children streamed after them, and it was a most animated scene. On the ground itself were gathered our most distinguished men. In a carriage were the President, his wife, and Mr. Chase. At four o'clock General McClellan, accompanied by his staff—among whom were the Compte de Paris and Duc de Chartres—rode upon the ground, and were received with six guns. The General rode slowly along the line, and carefully scrutinized the equipment, arms and bearing of the troops. He then inspected the artillery, which is of a far heavier calibre than that used at Bull Run. Eight batteries, numbering 48 heavy guns, then rode in thunderous line before the young Commander-in-Chief, and elicited his hearty approval. This closed the review, and by sundown the glorious pageant was over.

SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE CELL, WASHINGTON CITY.

Since the appointment of the present Provost Marshal, General Porter, there has been a marked improvement in the public thoroughfares of Washington. Till then, too many of our officers imbibed at Willard's and other fashionable bars, while their men drank at the lower grogshops. The result was a saturnalia of drunkenness and military insubordination, which culminated at Bull Run. As a specimen of the floating material that once carried outrage and disorder through the streets of Washington, but which now, under the vigilant régime of General Porter, finds its sobering level in the dormitory of a station house cell, our Artist has sent us a sketch of the incongruous elements which he found one early morning in the cell of a station-house. Such scenes are of course more or less common in all free countries during the infancy of a military necessity. Too much credit cannot be given to our energetic Provost Marshal for the temperate firmness he has shown during the trying inauguration of a system so novel to our great Republic.

TOWN HALL AND MARKET PLACE, ALEXANDRIA.

Ever since the memorable 24th of April, when the chivalrous young Ellsworth, at the head of the ill-omened regiment of Fire Zouaves, took possession of Alexandria, it has remained in the possession of the Federal forces, most of the inhabitants having left. Its once well filled houses are now comparatively empty and closed up, and the few stores that remain open are principally for the accommodation of our troops. Terribly has this wicked little town paid for its ceaseless and malignant treason. The Town Hall, of which we give an exact sketch, is now devoted to military purposes, we hope soon to be restored to its more legitimate functions. Alexandria is well defended by entrenchments around it, the principal of which is Fort Ellsworth, built on Shuter's Hill. We gave a view of this fortification in No. 306.

ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

On the evening of September 17th, about half-past eight, as a train, carrying Col. Torchin's 19th Illinois regiment, was passing over a bridge, near Huron, Ind., about 143 miles west of Cincinnati, 13 from Mitchell, and 52 from Vincennes, the bridge broke, and the train fell through, and four cars, crowded with soldiers, were precipitated into the creek. The bridge had a span of 60 feet, and was 10 feet high. The cars contained the companies E, F, G and I, mustering about 250 men. The killed were 38, and the wounded 107. It was at first thought that the bridge had been tampered with by the rebels, but a careful investigation has shown it was the result of that wicked indifference to human life which has placed most railroad officials, not even excepting those of New York, on the same platform with other criminals.

The Coroner's jury reports that after an examination of the bridge and others built of the same materials, they conclude that the accident was not occasioned by any insufficiency of timbers or iron work, but attribute the accident to a broken rail found at the west end of the bridge. As the locomotive, tender and one passenger car passed over in safety, the latter car, as appears from marks on the timbers, misplaced the iron and crosstrees, which threw the remainder of the cars from the track as they entered the bridge, thus precipitating them against the truss and cords, and breaking the bridge down, and not from any weakness or decay of timber. Another committee of practical men, appointed on the part of the road, made substantially the same report.

Murder is murder, whether directly through the means of the revolver and the knife, or indirectly through the overpaid Railroad Director and his half paid employé. We commend to the attention of our Grand Jury the recent case in London, England, where the Secretary of the Brighton Railroad has been committed to prison, and the signal man and Superintendent have been sent for trial for manslaughter.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, who passed shortly after this appalling accident, thus recounts the mournful scene: "On the journey down, I enjoyed the melancholy privilege of witnessing, shortly after the catastrophe, the scene where the gallant 19th Illinois was hurled upon sudden, frightful and inglorious death. To describe the sickening and heartrending scene transcends the power of words. Just in the gray dawn, in the midst of a thick and clinging mist which aided horror to chill the blood, while the dripping leaves were burdened nature's tears for 'the unreturning brave,' I stood at the fatal bridge, in the dense and lonely woods, and saw mangled and shapeless heaps which had once been men drawn by dozens from the wreck. Broken muskets, shattered canteens, torn and bloody blankets, tatters of uniform dripping with gore, were scattered in wild confusion. Large fires were burning in many places, and the wounded lay around these, writhing in agony, vomiting blood, moaning in anguish, while purple streams stealing slowly along the ground or saturating their blankets, told the extent of their injuries. A jellied and unrecognizable mass was pointed out as having once been a gallant officer, while more than one poor fellow literally disemboweled was still alive. No battle-field could surpass the scene in horrors, while every redeeming feature, every reconciling association of the battle-field—intrepid chivalry, the giddy fray, the noble cause for which it is sweet to die, the compensating deaths of foemen—all these were wanting. Noble Illinoians, lost to your country in the darkest hour of her need, we the more deplore you because you missed the rich experience of the hero's death upon the field—because to you the voice of death was not that prophet's word in whose hollow tones are heard the thanks of millions yet to be."

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN THE ALPS.

There is news from Switzerland, says an English paper, which painfully recalls the memory of a terrible catastrophe which happened on the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc, on the 20th of August, 1820. On that day a party, consisting of Dr. Hammel and some gentlemen from Geneva, started up the mountain, accompanied by several guides. A descending avalanche swept off three of the latter, by name Auguste Tairraz, Pierre Balmat and Pierre Carrier, all three belonging to families now inseparably connected with the history of the mountain. From that day, up to the 15th of this month, not a trace of them was ever discovered; on that morning was discovered on the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons, a number of human remains and fragments of dress, accoutrements, &c., which have been recognized as having belonged to these hapless guides. These relics are stated to consist of:

1. An arm in the most perfect state of preservation, with the hand, fingers, nails, skin and dried frozen flesh intact, in no ways discolored, part of little finger only gone. The length of this limb extends to the elbow.

2. Parts of two different skulls, with a good deal of hair remaining with the skin on both; one belonging to a fair man, the other to a dark one. The hair most wonderfully preserved in color, &c. One of these fragments was recognized by Julian Devonssoux (a survivor of the 1820 ascent), as being that of Pierre Balmat.

3. Part of a guide's knapsack, with sundry portions of a lantern attached to it.

4. An iron crampon, which the guides at that time strapped on their shoes when they crossed the glaciers, &c., to prevent slipping.

5. Several portions of guides' dress, cravats, hats, torn portions of linen, portions of cloth, coats, &c., all easily distinguishable as belonging to men of the guide class.

Two of the guides who accompanied the party of 1820 are still alive, and it is said that Dr. Hammel still survives in England. The most interesting circumstance in connection with this recovery of the remains of these long ago mourned men is, that it is in exact fulfilment of Professor James D. Forbes's prediction, based on his observations and knowledge of the laws which guide the motions of the glaciers. Professor Forbes, it is stated, has repeatedly told the Chamouix guides that they might look out for traces of their deceased comrades in the Lower Bossons in about forty or forty-five years after the catastrophe, and that he told Auguste Balmat in 1858 to keep a look-out. From the discovery, therefore, we may deduce a satisfactory demonstration of the glacier theory now accepted by men of science.

Oaths in Criminal Proceedings.—The new Act (24th and 25th Victoria, cap. 66) has been printed, the object of the Act being to give relief to persons who may refuse, or be unwilling from alleged conscientious motives, to be sworn in criminal proceedings. Any person called as a witness in any court of criminal jurisdiction in England or Ireland, required or desiring to make an affidavit, refusing or being unwilling from alleged conscientious motives to be sworn, is to be permitted, on the judge or other presiding officer "being satisfied with the sincerity of such objection," to make a solemn affirmation or declaration in the following manner: "I, A. B., do solemnly affirm and declare that the taking of an oath is, according to my religious belief, unlawful, and I do also solemnly and sincerely affirm and declare," &c. The solemn affirmation is to be of the same force and effect as if the party had been sworn. The Act will take effect on the 1st of October.

Never Saw the Sea.—Each branch of the fine arts has contributed its quota to the roll of unexpected successes and sudden bounds into celebrity. There is the story of Poussin impatiently dashing his sponge against his canvas, and producing the precise effect (the foam on a horse's mouth) which he had been long and vainly laboring for; and there is a similar one told of Haydn, the musical composer, when required to imitate a storm at sea. He kept trying all sorts of passages, ran up and down the scale, and exhausted his ingenuity in heaping together chromatic intervals and strange discords. Still Curtz (the author of the *libretto*) was not satisfied. At last the musician, out of patience, extended his hands to the two extremities of the keys, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The deuce take the tempest! I can make nothing out of it." "That is the very thing!" exclaimed Curtz, delighted with the truth of the representation. Neither Haydn nor Curtz, adds the author from whom we quote, had ever seen the sea.

The recent Paris census shows that no fewer than 23,000 persons are employed on photography and photographic processes in that city.

REVIEW OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS ON THEIR MARCH TO VIRGINIA, IN FRONT OF THE PULASKI MONUMENT, MONUMENT SQUARE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, AUGUST 7.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.

GRAND REVIEW IN WASHINGTON OF EIGHT BATTERIES OF ARTILLERY AND THREE REGIMENTS OF CAVALRY, BY THE PRESIDENT, GENERAL McCLE

AN, AND A PORTION OF THE CABINET, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist attached to General McClellan's Command.—See Page 327

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

Dedicated to the Stay-at-Home Rangers.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Brave young rebels and contraband cattle,
What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with your delicate marble complexion,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with your manly and resolute action,
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Say, has the bombazine counter designed you?
Gave he his love-lock a trifle and tan
Measur'd by calico and Gauze on the Common,
That is the cry for the sweet little man?

Give him for sword a fair ell of young muslin,
Each of them armed with deadly name;
Then shall the foeman from hamper and bodice
Almost by low logs at the sweet little man.

All the fair cohorts that follow the standard
Black the white footsteps he leaves and has,
Make him a colonel, a knight, or a field-officer—
Type is too small for the sweet little man!

Oh, but the Ageing-string dowels are the fellows!
Each of them kicks at the end of a span;
Handle your sticking-plaster bravely, you rebs!
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Have we a country? Of course we have can.
Briefly (as our lively thews'r always briefer)
We're going to whip the sweet little man.

Catch me confining my poems with strangers!
Those few remain who are known to the van
In the brigade of the Stay-at-Home Rangers
Have got a corner, may they stand by the man.

Such are the staff of the Mikado's wives,
Such were the dames in the tent-scene at Astley;
Theodore Hook recruits and loves cheery dancers
Brave as the whole of the Stay-at-Home Rangers.

Tield into the stirrups, my gunnery masters!
Some good practice before, and plenty after!
Fire is a charm in a moment of misfortune,
And in a battle, my sweet little man.

When the red flame of the last infidel thunders
Burns our encampment—after a battle,
When the cool work is—the chiefly sweetness,
Then will the Stay-at-Home Rangers be missed.

When the brave soldiers come back from the border,
How will he look who is missed from the throng?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by the lady he's most fain to please?

Fear not for him, though the rebels extend him—
Life's to be saved as well as a throne;
We can but brown-stitch coal-rake to protect him,
Till he shall fall for the sweet little man.

Now then, ship cheers for the Stay-at-Home Rangers!
Blow the great drum and the fife to the big man!
Fast in the field that is farther from fun at
Take your win to make game, sweet little man!

—*Baton Transcript.*

ERLE GOWER.

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Erle Gower, excited by his recent interview with Beatrice Stanhope, and as well by the sordid appearance of her father elsewhere in his mission to the Spa, was on his way to Pengerry's residence at Brighton. He was followed by the exact same by endeavour, to found the way long and laborious, and, therefore, the more difficult to trace. Erle Gower's mind was, consequently, difficult to read; but the reader will soon be made acquainted with it. Suffice it to say, that he reflected upon what he'd transpired between Sir Harris Stanhope and himself, and the explanation he had had with Beatrice, and was convinced that the letter in the hotel had a trap ordered him been laid by Lord Kingswood in spirit of revenge, for the disappointment he had met with in not succeeding in the plan agreed upon between them.

The door opened even while he thus reflected, and he perceived old Sarah Pengerry standing at the threshold, waiting, with a look of the most respectful appearance lighting up its wrinkled face.

Erle scrutinized the old woman's countenance up a flight of stairs to the room which led for a short visit across to his sitting-room. Old Pengerry pulled off his cap.

"Is Sir Harris Stanhope with Kingswood, Dobby first directed your steps hither; instead then, supposing you'd come to see me, I'd have no news to say that I know of, as I've not been out of doors until you have your own and I have mine—adieu!"

Erle stood himself at ease, and old Pengerry slid both hands into his shoulders, and stepping over him, looked into a fire.

"Sir Harris Stanhope is with Lord Kingswood," he said, to a short, reflective manner, "and Lord Kingswood, old boy, Horace Vernon, have subjected you to trial, but who but lord can tell the result?"

"I know full well of an opinion," returned Erle, "I was boldly manifested by Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood Hall, to end character in his own strong old enemy, by an affidavit, which I've no doubt will be forthcoming shortly. Fortunately the last such an oblique direction, placed from a rib, and passed through the heart, and the lungs, and the liver, and the kidneys, and finally entered the thick muscles of the back."

"An enemy," mused Pengerry, "an enemy," he repeated, with deep amazement. "Do you mean to say, Erle Gower, that you have to believe that Lord Kingswood placed a blind ruffian in the chaise to say you by a stranger?"

Unsentimentally and unfeared Erle, quickly and emphatically. "His lordship has been my enemy from the first moment I entered his presence."

Dobby no more spoke, but he pondered, he, I presume, took that mode of to clog the dreary sick reliance between us.

"Any," cried Pengerry, "I can't see why you should be so much annoyed that you had honor your head—Lord the brand, but so I perceived that you had a hole in your head, and that you had been shot through it."

Erle gave his attention to the Kingswood Hotel, you had wrestled a warrant, and the next day Sir Harris Stanhope, Lord Kingswood, and Horace Vernon, Esq., were all in the room, and Erle, you had been found against your life, and what is to place your name?

"Mr. Pengerry, Dobby," he said, "I am not to be found, I am returned Erle, briefly, "and the name of the individual who fired at me can be found in the person of Sir Harris Stanhope, and also in the person of Horace Vernon, Esq."

"You don't know, you can't tell," exclaimed old Pengerry, sharply. "One special reason you may be sure of, and that is, that you have been shot by you by, I presume, that the gunner's hiding person would be hastened."

"Sir Harris Stanhope," said Erle, "is not the man to do such a thing, but that the spirit in which you are alluding has nothing to do with the object of my visit to you."

"It appears to be very much connected with it," was Pengerry's rejoinder, somewhat pompous. "The third person is a witness, and a very important one, Erle. Any person who has been shot through the head, and who has lived to tell their could be the name of the third person, and that person is Lord Kingswood."

"It is quite evident, I see in this chamber that I had a serious and a deadly enemy," replied Erle, "and I am convinced that I have a serious and a deadly enemy in Lord Kingswood. I have taken up a place when the fire is said was the letter may be. It was a letter which I received from Sir Harris and in Kingswood Hall, and which I have in my possession. I have every as all within the household, to suspect a thing at times the most trifling, of importance. I have, in fact, made it a study to observe and to reflect, and not to overpass the most trifling circumstance which would enable me to investigate the cause of the plot by which I stood betwixt Lord Kingswood's wealth and the young lady to whom I am engaged. Now, I will tell you of those very ambitious, these machinations, which have and may still, I want both, I are and how. One, indeed, will suggest—and suggestion, I am of opinion, is the best—and do you remain in ignorance of the whole affair of the murderous thing. I, myself, will be the best judge of what is to be done. I will, if the latter, the worst could have or my advice. I am, therefore, to request that you will not interfere with me, or with my affairs, in regard to Lord Kingswood."

"I can do this, and I will, for your hour and mine is come I" exclaimed old Pengerry, with a peculiar calmness.

He rose and went out of the room with a hurried step and an excited manner, and re-arrived with the packet of papers which had been plucked from him by Horace and Albertina Pharaoe, see Virgo, and which he had recovered in an extraordinary manner.

"Your title, your estates, your name, honor, happiness are contained in this packet," continued Pengerry, "and I have kept it a secret for long-enough confessions. They were never lost, but, on the contrary, were placed with a growing sort of charity. They were all left in the hands of Lord Kingswood. But I had a complete real my results, by a kind of formal marriage romance, Mr. Albertina Virgo, and my housekeeper also, was placed as Mrs. Dobby. I discovered, by an accident, that Lord Kingswood had a clandestine intention with the view of Lord Kingswood. I detected that some plan was in agitation between them, and I was resolved to be on the alert. I discovered that the secret adopter Virgo was in Kingswood Hall Estates. This alarmed, I placed a watch upon my house, and my vigilance was rewarded by my spy detecting Phaeton and Virgo in the act of forcing the bureau, and opening the drawers, and enabled me to come up with them at the moment the robber of the packet was about to make his escape. I secured the packet, and here it is."

"Sir," he said, "my friend Erle, with sorrowful exclamation.

Old Pengerry looked at him with astonishment. "Did me how much of your history Vernon has communicated to you."

"Absolutely nothing," replied Erle, "a word or even hint," replied Erle, quickly.

"Then," replied," he rejoined with a sneer. "If you received any suggestion, comment, or communication regarding your origin from any other person?"

"No, with a sneer," replied Erle, "I have not as yet seen Lord Kingswood Hall and no intercourse with Dibs.

The owner of the old mansion was long-lost and remarkable affair upon old Pengerry. He listened with as memory at the time to every word Erle uttered, and when he had done, he sat for a few minutes in silence, with his head resting on his hand.

"Strange as a wonderful," he muttered. "The last fact said in his hour. There is no doubt!" He rose from his seat. "There is no room for disputation of course when both the power to make revelations as that which is revealed, Erle, young gentleman, I have the honor to address."

"Sir, Stanhope Hall."

"Erle, you are the individual before Erle, and said, as he commanded to open the packet which he had brought back with him.

"I have no book, in order that you may clearly comprehend your own history, and the motives which have been the cause of the plot laid for your life. Mysterious absence of the chief motive Erle Kingswood at the age of the deceased Lady Kingswood Gower. Erle Gower was a remark of a religious sect, common to family, and unfortunately conjoined by the Kingswood Gower. Erle Gower was a remark of a religious sect, common to family, and unfortunately conjoined by the Kingswood Gower. Erle Gower was a remark of a religious sect, common to family, and unfortunately conjoined by the

The mother of Erle was young and exceedingly lovely. She was a kingswood, but by a very distant relation. Lord Kingswood was strongly to court her person, in being the son of her daughter and of Lord Kingswood—"

"Sir," said Erle, interrupting him, "I am aware of the circumstance of him to whom you address."

"If consequently," continued Pengerry, "could proceed to complete your identities—to your true mother of your father, and your right name."

"I am aware of the circumstance of him to whom you address."

"Sir, I am aware of the circumstance of him to whom you address."

"I am not lawful, and his, because both were required to be married, while Lord Kingswood was in a state of insanity, and Lord Kingswood was in a state of insanity, and Lord Kingswood was in a state of insanity, and

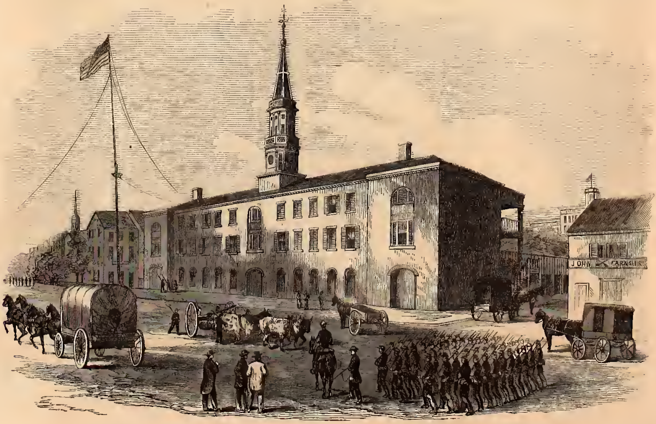
THE HUMORS OF A PRISON—SCENE IN A STATION-HOUSE CELL, WASHINGTON, AFTER THE APPOINTMENT OF THE PROVOST MARSHAL, GEN. PORTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 327.

As he counselled so Erle performed. He took the box in his hands, and knelt at the pedestal of the Lady Maud. Then he lifted the lid, and withdrew from within a parchment manuscript of several pages.

Erle turned his eyes to the manuscript. It was written in a rough, bold hand, but in a character which if he had not been learned in the written lore of the period he would have been unable to decipher.

He proceeded to read, in a low tone, quivering with excitement, as follows:

"I, Baron Erle of Kingswood, do here make confession to him, or to her, or to them who may discover the secret hiding-place in which I shall deposit this writing, of my most dreadful deed of guilt. My cousin, Lady Maud, of Brightstowe, deprived of both parents by the inroads and ravagiegs of murderers and plunderers acting under warrants falsely purporting to be signed by Henry VIII, of that day king, was brought up within the Hall of Kingswood, a charge left to my father and to my mother, to cherish and to protect. We were reared as brother and sister, and then it seemed that between us much affection did not exist. But when I sprang towards manhood I found that her exceeding beauty had won my heart in spite of her cold reserve. I was, perhaps, not fitted to play the soft wooer in a lady's chamber, for the wild sports of the chace were with me a passion; but I loved her. She who had been frank with me in childhood was coy when I appeared, or sought pretexts to evade my presence. I tried then to draw her attention to my love by garlanding her favorite white fawn with the fairest flowers I could gather. One eve I found her in a coppice with her fawn; she was caressing it, and she kissed the flowers I had placed around its neck. I broke through the thicket and threw myself at her feet. I told my love, and after I had passionately urged her to return my love, she imprinted a kiss upon my forehead, and I called her my own. She was not my own; at least, another claimed her. (See page 334.)



TOWN HALL AND MARKET HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 327.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD, NEAR HURON, INDIANA, 143 MILES WEST OF CINCINNATI, ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 17, IN WHICH UPWARDS OF 100 MEN OF THE NINETEENTH ILLINOIS REGIMENT, COL. TORCHIN, WERE KILLED AND WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY LOVIE, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 327.

HINGTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist attached to General McClellan's Command.—See Page 325.

ERLE GOWER.

(*Continued from page 331.*)

"Walter Avon! Black Walter of Hawkesbury dared to lift his accursed eyes to her, to seek her, waylay her, to pour lying words in her ear against me! So that when she met me she would turn pale and weep, would shrink from my embrace, and too often gaze reproachfully at me. I did not then understand the cause. It was explained to me by a follower of Black Walter's, who avorred that the Lady Maud—spotless as the untrodden snow—met Walter Avon in the Chace, and wandered with him there. He told me further of an assignation they had made to meet at sunset, in the hunting-lodge, at that time without a tenant, for I had begun to lose my taste for sport, and preferred wandering alone and in cruel thought in the thickness of the wood. When I heard the ruffian's statement dark thoughts stirred within me. I resolved to attend the assignation too. The sun set that night in a glowing crimson flood, as if to foreshadow the terrible event in which I was to make so grim an actor.

I had sworn to myself that if I found the story true I would slay her, and hack him limb from limb. As I approached the thicket leading to the lodge I fancied I heard a woman's scream; but a bird flew away from a tree above my head, screeching as it wont. I thought no more o the scream—but my quick and practised eye caught sight of something moving towards the end of the thicket. I ran onwards at the top of my speed, breathless I reached the lodge, and found the door open. I heard a heavy footstep ascending the stone staircase, and I sprang up the steps. I entered a room and saw, seated on a chair, Walter Avon, with Lady Maud in his arms. Her face lay reclining upon his shoulder; blood mounted to my brain, ran into my eyes, through my veins, into my hands. Like lightning I unsheathed my sword—oh, God!—I buried it to the hilt in her body! As I drew it out, ensanguined with her blood, he leaped to his feet. I caught Maud—dead! dead!—in my arms, and I made a deadly blow at him, but only gashed his face. He drew a dagger, and retreated to the door. I followed, striking at him as we leaped, rather than descended the stairs. Then he turned and fled. I followed him, but, encumbered with the bleeding body of Maud, I could not keep pace with him, and he escaped I turned into a glade; I laid the lifeless body on the grass; I bound up the ghastly wound, and while in the act of lifting her, a ghostly monk from the Abbey of Kingswood stayed my hand.

"'Who has done this murder?' he said, sternly and fiercely.

"'If it be murder, then the act is mine,' I answered, angrily, for I liked not the bitter expression on his face

"'Cain,' he cried, pointing to her pale, calm face, 'she is thy near kith.'

"I raised my fist and felled him to the earth. He arose, blood rushing from his mouth, and levelling his finger at me, cried:

"'Accursed! The brand of Cain be on thy brow and upon thine hand. Thou shalt not rest on earth nor after death, thou nor thine, nor those to come after thee, until one bearing thy name shall mingle his blood with hers who now lies bleeding there. And so shall doomsday come ere one of thy now accursed race shall lift the doom you have called down upon them and their heirs for ever!'

"He fled from me or I should have slain him. But his words lay heavy on my soul. I raised the body of Maud from the crimson turf, and bore her by a secret passage into the chamber adjoining the library, and laid her upon the bed. All that night I tried to restore her to life but in vain. Then troubled thoughts of my fate, if charged with her murder, haunted me, and in much agony of mind I cast about what to do with the body. At length I bethought me of a chest which had been sent to me from across sea, of cunning device in respect to its locks. It stood within the library. Within that chest I placed the remains of Lady Maud, and locked it; the key I place in the ebony box with this manuscript. Years have passed since that dreadful time. Black Walter disappeared after that night of horror, no one knew whither; but I learned after his departure that I had been deceived; that he had taken steps to poison the mind of beloved Maud against me, and that he had on the fearful night on which I slew her, inveigled her to the wood. On meeting her there he, upon her refusal to speak to him, seized her with the intention of carrying her off; she fainted; he fled with her in his arms; I pursued. What follows I have recited. I have kept my dreadful secret. I dare reveal it in no other fashion than this, for I have a beloved boy upon whose name I would not cast taint. The loss of Lady Maud at the time caused great consternation, but as I conducted the search for her, no tidings were obtained respecting her. The monk perished miserably, having been set on by a mob of peasantry, and for aught I know, revealed not what he saw that night. I have caused a statue to be made to the memory of Lady Maud. It bears the date of her death, and I have appended to it the words, 'The Unavenged,' forasmuch as Black Walter hitherto hath escaped my vengeance. But he has returned to his home, he hath set rumors afloat concerning my crime, and I go to meet him in mortal combat. Should I fall I shall leave a Kingswood to draw atonement for Lady Maud from the blood of an Avon. For until a Kingswood shall hold the life of an Avon within his grasp, so long will Lady Maud remain unavenged, so long the doom rest on the House of Kingswood. I testify to the truth of what I have here written. Maud, murdered saint! have mercy on me! May God assoil my soul!

"ERLE, BARON OF KINGSWOOD."

There the document ended. Erle drew a long, deep breath, and rose up and gazed on the soft, sweet face of the statue. A tear sprang into his eye.

Pengreep whispered in his ear—

"Erle, Baron of Kingswood, fell by the hand of Walter Avon. So has it been down to the father of Lord Kingswood, who, it is whispered, met his death foully at the hands of the late Sir Philip Avon."

"So shall it be no longer, I swear," cried Erle, with intense emotion. "I have had the life of Philip Avon quivering on the point of my sword and fluttering round my bullet; I, a Kingswood, have drawn the blood of an Avon, and Lady Maud, the Unavenged, I will avenge you!"

"Come, come let us examine the chest," cried Pengreep, with trembling lip, "the secret is not yet all revealed."

Erle, highwrought by what he had read, found his hand tremble so he could scarcely turn the key in the lock. He well remembered the secret spot wherein to insert it. The sharp, sudden click with which the bolt shot back in the lock made them both start.

At the same moment the blood of Pengreep chilled, and his hair seemed to slowly rise up. He clutched Erle by the wrist, and whispered,

"Heard you that?"

Both at one instant heard the sweeping rustle of silk and the sound of light footsteps rapidly approaching them; but though they strained their eyeballs until they ached they could see nothing.

A solemn, deathlike stillness ensued. Erle silently pointed to the chest, and both exerting their strength, lifted up the lid. The hinges gave forth a harsh, grating noise as they raised it, and it fell back against the wall with a sound like thunder.

With hearts beating with violence, they paused and listened, but the same deathlike stillness reigned as before, there appeared no signs of interruption from the household.

Erle raised up the lamp, and they both cast their eyes within the chest.

There, coiled up, muffled as it were in a cloud of silk, which seemed to shrink into dust as they gazed upon it, lay a skeleton; a glittering gem sparkled upon the neck, and jewels and pearls gleamed upon the wrist.

A groan burst from the lips of Erle as he beheld the ghastly object crouching where it had been thrust on the night of the cruel murder—lying where it had been deposited, without moving or being moved, for three hundred years.

"The Ladye Maud," he murmured, in a deep and solemn undertone.

"The Unavenged avenged," exclaimed old Pengreep.

"Not yet," rejoined Erle, with knitted brows.

"The dawn has come!" responded Pengreep.

"Ay, and it shall be day ere long," said Erle, with a bitter emphasis.

Pengreep uttered suddenly an exclamation of horror.

"Holy Heaven!" he ejaculated, in accents of absolute terror. "Who comes here?"

He pointed down the library. Swiftly approaching them advanced a figure clothed in white.

Erle pressed his hand upon his heart to keep down its wild throbbing.

"The Lady Maud St. Clair!" he exclaimed, in scarcely audible tones.

(*To be continued.*)

OBITUARY.

HON. WILLIE P. MANGUM, of North Carolina, died at his residence in Orange county, in that State, on September 11, at the age of 69 years. For some years he had suffered with paralysis, and it is probable that the recent death of his only son, from a wound received on the field of Manassas, depressed his spirit to a point from which he could not rally. He was born in Orange county, North Carolina, in 1792, and graduated at the University of that State in 1815. He studied law, rose to eminence in his profession, engaged in politics, and was elected to the House of Commons in his State in 1818. In 1819 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and from 1823 to 1826 served as a representative in Congress. He was elected a United States Senator in 1831, re-elected in 1841, and for a third term in 1848. In 1837 North Carolina gave him her 11 electoral votes for the Presidency of the Union, and during Tyler's administration he was President of the United States Senate. His political preference favored the Whig party, but since 1853 he has entirely abandoned the political arena and lived in retirement

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.—This is the title of a very fine engraving just published by Goupil & Co., 772 Broadway, embracing portraits, well grouped, of Generals Scott, McClellan, Butler, Dix, Fremont, Siegel, Wool, McDowell, Banks, Heintzelman, Anderson, and Commodore Stringham. They are all truthfully executed, with the exception of that of Dix, which bears more resemblance to Lamartine than any other modern.

JAMES G. GREGORY (successor to Townsend & Co.), 46 Walker street, has published Key's "Star Spangled Banner" and Drake's "American Flag" in thin but sumptuous quartos, with all the glories of illuminated covers by Hows, wood cut illustrations by Darley, and music by various composers. Every taste is consulted in their production, and they are beautiful, useful, and appropriate contributions to the centre table and piano

WAR NEWS.

Storming of Romney.

ON Monday, September 23d, 500 men of the 4th Ohio regiment, one piece of artillery, the Ringgold Cavalry, and 400 of the 8th Ohio regiment, on Monday advanced from New Creek, Western Virginia, toward Romney. They found a rebel force 700 strong, at Mechanicsville Gap, and drove them out; they then passed on and stormed Romney, driving the enemy, 1,400 strong, to the mountains, with the loss of 35 killed and many wounded. The national loss amounted to three killed and 10 wounded.

Skirmish in Force near Washington.

GENERAL SMITH, with 5,000 men, on the 25th, made an advance beyond the Chain Bridge towards Lewinsville. The advance corps, consisting of 3,000 men and six pieces of artillery, halted about half a mile from Lewinsville. The guns were put in position on the right and left of the road, and skirmishers thrown out. The national forces then waited from half-past nine o'clock A. M., till three o'clock P. M., the enemy making no sign of an attack. In the meantime our men engaged themselves in loading wagons with hay and corn belonging to Lewinsville rebels. Finally the enemy appeared in force, consisting of at least four regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery, and opened a fire which was responded to. After the Union forces had thrown about twenty-six shot and shell, the rebels disappeared. The troops returned at five o'clock, with over 90 wagon loads of hay and one prisoner, and with the credit of having behaved admirably.

Fight at Papinsville, Missouri.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LANE, of Kansas, surprised a superior force of rebels at Papinsville, Mo. on the 21st, and after a severe fight, routed them, losing 17 killed, and a large number wounded. The rebels lost 40 killed, 100 prisoners, and all of their tents, wagons and supplies.

Fight at Lucas Bend, Missouri.

FROM Cairo, we learn of a skirmish at Lucas Bend, on the Mississippi river, between a cavalry company, commanded by Captain Stewart, numbering 75, and a company of rebel cavalry. The latter were pursued into Jeff Thompson's camp at Belmont, with the loss of four killed, five captured, and many more wounded. The remainder scattered into the woods.

A German View of the War.

A LATE number of the Cologne (Prussia) *Gazette*, has an intelligent article on American affairs, from which we take the subjoined extract:

"The whole civilized world has an interest in this war. It is a war which the people of the Northern States, conservative by the nature of their industrial and political habits, could not longer put off; and it is a war which, under perhaps other names, many a nation of Europe will have to take up in its turn. It is with the United States as with us: the feudalism of the middle ages is arrayed in arms against the citizenship of the nineteenth century; an exploded theory of society is lifting up its head against the triumphs of our thinking, industrial and progressive century, the poverty-struck Don Quixotes of the Southern plantations give battle to the roaring windmills and smoking chimneys of the wealthy North. It is the supercilious noble in arms against the spirit of the century in which the citizen is supreme. In such an issue we can wish success only to the Constitutional Government."

PERSONAL.

A NUMBER of influential persons in California, admiring the noble and patriotic course pursued by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, in the present conflict, have sent to Boston for his portrait, with the purpose of having a life-size likeness executed by one of their best native artists. The picture is designed for one of the public institutions of San Francisco.

REV. B. C. WARD, pastor of the Congregational Church in Geneseo, Illinois, has applied for and obtained authority to raise a company of infantry to be composed entirely of ministers of the Gospel. In his address to his fellow clergymen he says: "Christ now calls them out from behind their velvet cushioned barracks to meet the enemy face to face, with the hot shot of rifled artillery and the gleaming bayonet."

THE *Tribune's* Jenkins tells us that "Mrs. President Lincoln is engaged in qualifying herself for the more delicate exigencies of her exalted station. She is about to resume, under competent professors, the study of the French language, with which her early education made her familiar, but the practice of which has long been interrupted by the quiet but unceasing occupations of domestic life. We also understand that in other and similar ways Mrs. Lincoln proposes to add to the many accomplishments for which she is already distinguished, and which supply to the saloons of the White House its most brilliant adornments."

THE French Emperor and Empress are said to be fighting like cats and dogs over imputed derelictions of conjugal duty. The *grandes dames* of Europe refuse to visit the ci-devant Mdlle. Montijo. The King of Sweden saw no hostess at the Tuileries, for "when your royal visitors bring their royal wives I will be at home to assist in the reception"—and that is another cause of discord. So the story goes, half false, doubtless.

THE venerable Rev. John Pierpont, the poet, has accepted the position of chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts regiment.

THE Portsmouth *Gazette*, the oldest Democratic newspaper in New England, over 100 years established, gives notice of suspension, after one more issue, unless its revenues are largely increased.

THE Legislature of Virginia has repealed all the honors ever conferred upon General Scott, and ordered Scott county to be in future "Davis" county.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post* says, "General Scott can never more take the field. He cannot mount a horse, he can scarcely ride in a carriage, but his mind is clear and vigorous, and his opinions are eagerly sought for. Still in his ashes glow their wonted fires."

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE, Superintendent of the American Coast Survey, has been elected a Foreign Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of the French Imperial Institute.

THE King of Prussia, commiserating the failure of the National Hymn Committee and the dearth of lyrical poetry in the Republic, has kindly sent over Prince Salm Salm. There is no story that he is in he stationed at Sing Sing.

THERE were two Barrons in the Revolution—Commodore James Barron and Captain Richard Barron—both in the Virginia navy. James had two sons, Samuel and James. The latter, late of the United States Navy, was the one who killed Decatur. It is his son, Samuel Barron, who was captured at Fort Hatteras.

MR. RUSKIN, the great art critic, is engaged on a volume of Swiss Sketches.

MR. ROSSITER, the painter, has made arrangements to receive at house, Cold Spring, a number of female pupils. The instructions of such an artist, and the picturesque charms of the scenery of the Highlands, will probably secure an early application from those anxious to avail themselves of such conspicuous advantages.

MEYERBEER has consented to compose a march for the opening ceremony in connection with the Exhibition of 1862.

REV. COL. MCCARTER, formerly of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in Philadelphia, is raising a regiment for the war, and has already enrolled 700 men.

LELAND STANFORD, the newly-elected Governor of California, is about 38 years of age. He is a son of Josiah Stanford, of West Troy, N. Y. He studied law in Albany, but for a few years past has been engaged in mercantile business in Sacramento.

MRS. SUSAN PARRISH, a wealthy and benevolent lady of this city, lately deceased, has left $1,000 to the Newsboys' Society.

COL. FRANK BLAIR has been released from arrest by Gen. Fremont, "for public reasons," and ordered to his regiment.

MESSRS. CHARLES MIEL, late of Harvard University, and Eugene Fezandie late Chief of Instruction in Paris, have opened an establishment at 10 Union Square, for instruction in the French language, through the medium of soirées, lectures and readings, beginning on the 1st of October. M. Fezandie bears the highest recommendations from M. Garcin de Tassy, and other distinguished members of the Institute of France

THE sanitary condition of the rebel army on the Potomac is described as shocking. The Charleston *Mercury* of August 22d says: "The frightful condition of the camp is the subject of universal interest and alarm. In the spirit of Spartan fortitude we are willing that our troops should be sacrificed, if need be, in the cause of the country. But that they should fall victims to the mismanagement of an inefficient department is utterly unendurable. It is not our business to depose and reform. But it is our duty to expose that inefficiency which is disastrous to the public welfare. Ten thousand lives are now in jeopardy through this folly. The fruits of the great battle of Manassas have been sacrificed to this almost criminal fatuity." A correspondent of the Savannah *Republican* states that "in a certain Mississippi regiment two-thirds of the entire command is on the sick list, and the deaths have reached as high as nine a day."

THE Government is now expending, it is said, about $1,000 000 per day. This sum is mainly distributed in the loyal States. Nominally, the outlay is to carry on a war, to crush out treason, to rub out rebellion. Practically, however, this immense sum is a premium to the industry of the loyal States. Not only do our brave soldiers and sailors receive an honorable recompense, but the money of the people employs our mechanics and operatives of many kinds, gives business to our factories and foundries, and to those who deal in all sorts of provisions and supplies. As the war goes on, its benefits to the home communities of loyal people will be more and more apparent.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XVIII.—FACE TO FACE.

MY uncle was evidently on the point of being strangled, when Augustus interfered, by dragging Ornamel from his opponent by main force. The woman had recovered from her swoon and disappeared, before I thoroughly understood what was going on. I then saw Ornamel standing over Monsieur Charles, and casting a sullen, dissatisfied look at Augustus. Monsieur rose on his elbow and looked up savagely.

"You shall smart for this treatment," he growled. "Who is this madman?"

"Shall I tell you?" said Augustus, in a bantering tone; then, stooping down with a sardonic smile, he whispered something in my uncle's ear.

"It is false!" cried monsieur, looking overwhelmed, nevertheless. "Where are your proofs?"

"Rest assured we have them."

"Bah! who will believe you?"

"The law will."

Monsieur, in spite of his fright, seemed rather tickled by this last answer. Ornamel had suddenly disappeared; so he indulged in a harsh, uneasy chuckle.

"I say, do you know what that croak of yours put me in mind of?" asked Augustus, sneeringly. "The creaking of gallows-chains. Old jailor-bird, you're anticipating a day not far distant."

Monsieur Charles made no answer to this, but kept his eyes fixed on mine.

"My time is coming," he muttered fiercely, "and it shall come heavily for you, my fine ruffian, and the boy there. You've set your wit against mine, and it shall go hard with me if you don't smart for this night's work. Let the woman go. She is my wife, and I shall claim her at your hands shortly."

A cloud came over the face of Augustus, who seemed, for the moment, to see danger ahead.

"Perhaps you will; perhaps you won't," he muttered. "Don't forget, though, that if you drive us into a corner, there'll be blood drawn."

"I'll hang you all!"

"Dear me, how considerate. I fancied you'd sown all your hemp for your own consumption."

"Bah! I leave you to your reflections. Out of the way, boy."

He stalked along the churchyard, and, leaping the wall, walked along the road. Augustus and I followed, taking the opposite direction. Directly my uncle was out of sight, Augustus seemed troubled and perturbed in spirit.

"Luck seems against us," he muttered, bitterly. "What is to be done?"

"Why, you have the law on your side."

"No."

I looked at him in surprise; but he only shook his head gloomily.

"Law is his natural element; he revels in it, and always succeeds in it. I saw him smile to himself as he left us; and I'm certain a dangerous idea has crept into that bad head of his. What shall we do?"

"Go into court, tell the whole truth, whatever it may be, and come out again in triumph."

"Yes, in triumph—in the van. Who'd believe Ornamel, with his rambling imagination? Who'd believe me who have scamp written on my very face? Nobody. Who'd believe a gentleman of fortune with an innocent and humane expression to gild his fine clothes? Everybody."

"But the woman," I said, "the ——"

"Mad!" remarked Augustus, finally.

"It cannot be. Miserable, mysterious, but not mad."

"Mad, for the doctors say so. Mad, because she has been violent. Mad, because her story is an incredible one, which she has no written proofs to support."

"Ah!" I sighed in a tone of mingled conviction and incredulity.

"Of course it's out and out folly to imagine that he'll yield without striking a blow in his own defence. But what do I stand talking here for, when there is work to be done? Where is Ornamel?"

"He slipped away after the woman, while you were talking to my uncle."

"Worse and worse. Come, put your best foot forward. They must have gone in this direction."

As he walked, or rather ran, along the highway, I conjured Augustus to explain away the mystery of that night, on which seemed to depend the mystery of my past life; but he shook his head stubbornly, and answered only in riddles. I felt vexed to think he was so secret, and expressed my vexation.

"It is for your own good, my boy," he said, kindly. "I have no wish to awaken hopes which may be destined to disappointment. Better that you should be blind for a time, than that you should open your eyes to misery. Be patient, and all may, all will be well."

"But have you crimes to lay at my uncle's door—charges that will ultimately hold good in law?"

"We have; and if the law don't recognize them, we must prosecute them unlawfully."

"How?"

He smiled sardonically, but made no reply. I persisted—

"Little as I know about the matter, I'm sure that you won't gain your ends by violence."

"We shall have our revenge!" he muttered, with a grin. I thought him wicked.

"We shall have our revenge," he continued, "if we hang for it."

"I hope all will be in your favor, and that you will not be driven to extremes."

He turned upon me with a fierce and malicious suddenness.

"Why, man," he cried, "if I were to open my mouth now, and tell all I know, you'd kill him yourself. You'd kill him, I say, if you've an ounce of living blood in you."

"Again, is there no other means of satisfying your feelings? Bloodshed, at the best, is a fearful alternative."

He bowed his head. When he looked up again, the expression of his face was half sad, half fierce. His mind seemed wavering between sorrow and hate.

"Henry!" he said, pausing, and looking me full in the face. I stopped unconsciously. "Christian people have a doctrine which divides the world equally into tyrants and slaves. This doctrine, when an enemy smites us on the one cheek, steps in to request us to offer our enemy the other. Bah! Is bloodshed viler than torture of body and soul—than the slow poison administered under cover of a smile, and which, after long years of agony, ends fatally?"

"Perhaps not. But can bloodshed recover the victim of the poison you speak of?"

"It can cleanse away that poison from the blood of those connected with the victim. Enough. You are young, and your sufferings are and have been nothing. Martha will not rest in the grave until I have called her betrayer to account."

We walked on in silence, gloomy and perturbed. I pitied, but could not respect, the wild ravings of my companion. He was clearly a tolerably good man, who had been spoilt by the world's rough usage; and his standard of ethics was one very different from that by which lads of eighteen are accustomed to measure themselves.

Little as I loved my uncle, much as I loathed and feared him, my blood crept at the thought that I might, however unwillingly, be concerned in his death. I dreaded to be herded with those who held out such dark threats against him. Monsieur Charles, villain as he was, was nevertheless my uncle, his was my flesh, his was my blood. It seemed wicked in myself to further the punishment of his wickedness. It was clearly my duty to discourage his enemies at all hazards, and even to protect him.

But then I thought of Elizabeth, and my blood boiled. Most boys are rash, and I was no exception to the rule. How suddenly had she changed her whole nature, as it expressed itself in her words and manner! She had never loved me; she had led me on from folly to folly by pre-plotted dissimulation and falsehood, and this on her own confession. I tried to despise her, but could not. I tried to pity her, but could not. Although she had never really loved me, her bare confession of the truth stung me on my tender bump of self-esteem. I was a boy after all; a weak, despised, ordinary boy. And what possible motive could my cousin and my uncle have had in thus deluding me? If I answered this question by supposing that monsieur had encouraged my attentions to his daughter for the purpose of strengthening his hold on myself, I simply arrived at another and more perplexing question. What object, good or

sinister, had my uncle in desiring to link me in such close connection with himself? My property, my money. There was the clue, I fancied, for I was sure that his object was a bad and selfish one.

"Augustus," I said, suddenly grasping his arm. He turned with a strange look.

"Augustus, who is that woman whom we met to-night? Who and what is she?"

"The ghost of your dead mother!"

"Nonsense! She is made of flesh and blood, and is no ghost."

"She is the ghost of your dead mother!"

"You speak in riddles. Why will you continue to mislead me?"

"I speak the truth, Henry. Riddle or no riddle, my words are true words."

"Then mamma could not have died, after all. I saw her in her coffin, stiff and cold, and I saw her coffin laid down and buried in yonder churchyard."

"Doubtless," muttered Augustus, in a sceptical tone of voice.

"Yet the woman we speak of lives; made of flesh and blood, and she draws breath like you and I. She seems to me more beautiful than my dead mamma. She has the features, but not the expression, of my dead mamma. Yet I cannot account for the fact that she still lives."

Augustus groaned, and moved on. After a momentary pause, I spoke again.

"Augustus!"

He again turned upon me, with the strange, scared look I had noticed before.

"Go on," he said, with an impenetrable insensibility.

"Augustus, be plain and honest with me. Who is that woman?"

"She is the ghost of your dead mother."

Do what I could, I found it impossible to persuade Augustus to tell me more. Naturally a talkative man, he became reticent and moody. He quite puzzled me; his serious manner accorded so ill with his incredible statements. He was evidently earnest; and I could not avoid coming to the conclusion that his mind was unsound. And if his mind was unsound, was I not committing an unpardonable error in listening for a moment to his statements? Might he not be systematically bearing false witness against my uncle, for some bad reasons of his own? But, no! vanity reminded me of the words of Elizabeth, and memory, calling up the strange, mysterious past, persuaded me that my uncle was not an angel.

As we walked along, Augustus grew more and more anxious about Ornamel.

"He is too weak-headed to be suffered to wander about alone; and I fear that bad consequences will follow if he meets again with the woman you've been asking me questions about."

"He could not harm her."

"No; but the shock of meeting alone with her might be too much for him. You seem surprised."

The fact being that I was puzzled again by remembering that Ornamel had claimed as his wife the woman whom Augustus said was the ghost of my dead mamma. If the woman was my mother, and if Ornamel's claim was a true one, then Ornamel was my father. This seemed preposterous, for my father had died abroad when I was quite a child.

It would be better, in the first place, Augustus thought, to see if Ornamel had gone home to the cottage, but to keep a sharp look-out on each side of the highway as we went thither.

It was now early twilight, and the shoulders of the eastern hills were wet with the silver dawn. Somehow the light made me uncomfortable. It had a strange chilly way of falling on my pale face, as if it had caught me in the act of doing something unlawful. Augustus and I seemed two prowling burglarious vagabonds, whom the light had found out, and intended to expose to public censure.

Just before we reached the cottage we met a motherly-looking but commonplace woman, whom I recognized at once as Sarah.

"You remember Sarah, Mr. Henry?" said Augustus.

"Oh, yes," I answered, shaking hands with Sarah quite affably.

"And you, Sarah, of course remember Mr. Henry."

Then changing his familiar tone for one of deep and terrible anxiety, he whispered,

"Has Ornamel returned?"

"Yes. Hush!" And Sarah, looking very anxious, placed her finger on her lips to enjoin silence.

"Alone?"

"Not alone."

Augustus drew a long breath, and asked a question by lifting up his eyebrows. Sarah nodded. Then both cast a compassionate look upon me.

"I just stepped out here to tell you not to interrupt them," observed Sarah. "They are together, in his own room. Do not go near them."

"Are they quite calm?" asked Augustus, anxiously.

"Calm as babies," said Sarah.

Augustus waved Sarah back as he entered through the house door.

"Follow me, Henry," said Augustus, in a hot whisper. I followed him upstairs, noiselessly.

The door of Ornamel's room stood partly open, and we could just see into the room through the space between the hinges. We heard no words, but we heard the sobbing of voices, choked with tears.

Augustus placed his eye close to the aperture, and, as he did so, with difficulty suppressed a cry of wonder and surprise.

"Look!" he whispered, scarcely audibly, and I looked.

Ornamel was seated in a chair, with his face thrown forward on the table, sobbing violently; while the woman, kneeling by his chair, wound her long white arms round his neck, and wept too.

"Is this a dream?" murmured the voice of Ornamel. "Is this a dream?"

"It is no dream, dear," answered the woman. "Thank Heaven!"

And she wound herself closer to him, weeping, and kissing him tenderly.

"Come away!" said Augustus, beckoning me from the door.

So we left them, overwhelmed by their mysterious meeting.

CHAPTER XIX.—MONSIEUR CHARLES IS NOT IDLE.

You may imagine how perturbed I felt in mind after witnessing this extraordinary meeting. My heart throbbed eagerly, and seemed to assure me that their joy was my joy. But my brain was as puzzled as an entangled skein. It suggested all sorts of absurd answers to the questions of my heart—answers which seemed absurd when viewed in the clear light of common sense. Argue the matter coolly I could not, for my wits were in a ferment.

Augustus led me down to the kitchen, and we seated ourselves by the fire.

"What is to be done?" he asked, in a vacant way, as if he hardly knew to whom he was speaking. But when I shook my head in reply he roused again.

"We must leave this place immediately," he said, in a decided tone.

"Where shall we go to?" I inquired, innocently.

"To London. Sure as that sun shines, if we delay here, he'll be down upon us. In London we shall stand some chance of eluding him. Mark me, Henry, I am avoiding him because I fear to face him. I'm avoiding him for the sake of a poor miserable fellow-creature who once served me a good turn. Should the aid of the law be called in by our enemy, that miserable fellow-creature is lost."

"You speak of Ornamel."

"Yes. It is necessary to convey Ornamel to some safe hiding-place. And the woman too! What is to be done with her? I'm in a mist! I'm in a mist! What can be done?"

"If, as you say, my uncle has been criminal, he surely will not seek aid from the law, save as a last resource."

"True; but, if he wishes to escape us at all, that last resource must now be sought. The events of last night have upset all my plans, and I confess myself puzzled."

"But the woman has committed no crime, and cannot——"

"Stop!" cried Augustus, his eyes flashing fire. "There is a hue and cry after her. She is an escaped lunatic."

"Is she, then, insane?"

"Insane or not, she has escaped from a madhouse—where her truest words have been taken for mad ravings. Medical men have pronounced her the victim of dangerous delusions."

I made no reply; for I was asking myself whether the woman was or was not *compos mentis*. For my own part, I had seen little in her manner to denote a mind unseated. Augustus continued,

"More than this, I am certain that Ornamel will never consent to part with her, to be separated from her, now that he has again set eyes on her. Reason is, with him, quite out of the question; for repeated heartache has made him the slave of his emotions. Death only can separate him from the woman—of that I am convinced. This conviction doubles my perplexity tenfold."

"Would it not be better, then, to leave this place at once?" I suggested.

"Decidedly. Yet what do we know of the enemy's movements. Even now the police authorities may be on the alert to intercept us. Nevertheless, I would risk all; but I cannot."

"Explain."

"Fortune is against me, and my pocket is nearly empty. I have scarcely more than enough to pay my own fare to London."

"Could not Ornamel venture upon the journey alone?"

"Sheer madness. It would be worse than folly to trust him any where alone. He is as helpless as an infant—though, to be sure, his wits are clearer than they used to be. It cannot be done."

"Then I see no other plan than either to set out on foot, or to remain here for the worst. For my pocket is even emptier than yours. Indeed, to stay here will be best; for I'm sure my uncle has no idea of your whereabouts."

"Bah! They would hound me down like a dog, in a day. But I'll bite! I'll bite!"

He was white and savage, and he snapped his teeth like a hound at bay. Suddenly his features softened, and he placed his hand softly on my shoulder.

"Henry," he said, sadly, "wild and strange as this night has been, thank God for it. Thank God, for the sake of the two miserable creatures upstairs. Thank God, even if it be the dark herald of bloodshed. For wrong and suffering have met above there, calling to God against sin."

I was impressed by his calm, sorrowful face, and by his solemn voice.

"Come what may, Henry, those two miserable creatures must be saved—for each other. That flood of bitter tears may clear the crazy wits of Ornamel, and it may lend fresh energy to the heart of the woman. Thank God, then! The time for which we have been praying long has, at last, come."

"You puzzle me more than ever."

"I dare say; but you will soon have your eyes opened. In the meantime let the secret be kept hidden in your heart, that you may never lose sight of it. The time, I say, has at last come when a long account must be settled; and I fear I can only make it payable at headquarters. Hold no communication with the man or woman; but remember, on your soul, the griefs and bitter pangs of the half witted man called Ornamel, and the sufferings of the woman who is weeping on his neck at this moment."

So it was determined that we should stay where we were until we could conveniently reach London; and that we should take the best measures to keep our persons hidden as much as possible. Augustus would communicate with some friends of his, and see what they could do to help him in the emergency. Just as the day broke Augustus persuaded me to go to bed in the little room I had before occupied, and I was soon dreaming calmly of Ornamel and the strange woman.

(*To be continued.*)

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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 309.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1861. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

Be Careful to Open this Paper before Cutting It.

Our Present Number.

Our present number is one which must arrest public attention in a very marked manner. It contains by far the most comprehensive and complete Map of the Southern and Border States that has yet been issued from the newspaper press of the country, showing not only the localities of every important action that has taken place during the present war, but the actual positions of the National and rebel forces, and of the blockading fleets and vessels. Apart from its usefulness for present and future reference, it presents a better epitome of the state of the country at this moment than could be derived from any written article, however careful and elaborate. It will prove of great value to our readers, enabling them to trace all future military and naval operations with ease and certainty.

We need not direct attention to the various authentic views and sketches which accompany the great Map in this number. The view from Munson's Hill shows the ground intervening between the National and rebel lines beyond the Potomac. Falls Church

"A REBEL TREED."—CAPTURE OF LIEUTENANT D. J. SEGAL, OF THE INSURGENT ARMY, NEAR FALLS CHURCH, BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WINSLOW AND CAPTAIN SHATTUCK, OF THE NEW YORK 87TH. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 264.

village, our advanced position, is also shown in a spirited and truthful sketch; as is also the Flotills of the Potomac, and the positions on the Potomac, where the rebels lately attempted to close the navigation of that river. The recent capture of the steamtug Fanny by the rebels is also illustrated, the Camp of Gen. Fremont at Jefferson City, Missouri, and the shelling of the rebels across the Upper Potomac, not to mention spirited sketches of the adventurous escape of some of our New York prisoners from Richmond, and the somewhat comic episode of "treeing a rebel."

All these views and sketches are authentic parts of the history of the times, from artists of acknowledged fidelity and ability actually in the field, and sharing all the privations and dangers of the camp. The sketch of the battle of Lexington, which we presented exclusively in this paper last week, is probably the only one ever taken, and must remain the sole standard pictorial representation of that event.

In this number, also, is commenced a splendidly illustrated narrative, "The Graveyard Secret," which, as it records, without embellishment, an actuality in the history of German criminal administration, has created a greater sensation throughout Northern Europe than any relation that has been published since the days of Caspar Hauser. Its thrilling interest deepens with every chapter. It has never been published in this country.

Arrangements are in progress for the exclusive publication in this paper of a new and brilliant serial tale, by one of the first novelists of the age, of which due notice will soon be given.

We need not mention the circumstance that the Illustrated Newspaper appears this week in new and elegant type, nor say more than that our improvements in all departments shall keep pace with the generous encouragement of a liberal public.

TREEING A REBEL NEAR FAIRFAX.

Our Artist has sent us so amusing an account of the capture of Lieutenant H. J. Segal, of the Confederate army, that we regret we can only epitomise the particulars. On Friday, the 4th of October, a scouting party of 18 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel B. Winslow and Captain L. B. Shattuck, of the 37th Regiment N. Y. V., were out in the vicinity of the enemy's lines, about five miles from Falls Church, in the direction of Fairfax. As they were proceeding in silence and caution, through a dense wood, they heard the tramp of horses and the jingle of sabre scabbords. The Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain, ordering their men to halt, went to reconnoitre. In a short time one of them came upon an open space where they saw four rebels seated under a large chesnut tree, by the side of a road, and engaged in eating chesnuts. The Confederates saw him, and sprang upon their horses. The officer crying in a loud voice, "Charge!" by the time the scouting party had got up the four "gallant" horsemen were beyond pursuit. Our men were about gathering up the spoils of victory, which consisted of four sabres, two revolvers, four coats and blankets, when they saw a horse tied to a tree by the roadside. A further search revealed its master, perched upon the lower limb of a large chesnut—whither he had climbed with his sabre to lop off the fruit. A dozen rifles pointed at his breast soon brought him to reason, and he surrendered himself a prisoner. When he got down, and felt safe, he began to "blow" with true Southern chivalry; and, when brought before General McDowell, coolly boasted that at the battle of Bull Run he had aimed repeatedly at the General, but had always missed. General McDowell smiled, and said "that he would send him somewhere where he would not have another such chance for some time."

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FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.——E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

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The State of the Nation.

"Watchman, what of the Night?"

We present this week a Map of the Southern and Border States, showing not only the localities of every action of importance that has taken place during the present War, but also the actual positions of every considerable force, National or rebel, now in the field, and the stations of the various blockading fleets and vessels. It is a most important and suggestive document, which cannot fail seriously to arrest the public attention.

It is now six months since the rebels opened their impious batteries on Fort Sumter, and inaugurated Civil War. A great number of important events have occurred in this interval, too fresh in the public mind to require recapitulation. The pregnant question now is, What have been the net results of our efforts to vindicate the Union, the Constitution and Laws of our fathers, and how do we stand to-day? A glance at the Map which we publish will yield an answer, but one, we fear, little satisfactory to the patriotic heart of the country, little worthy of the devotion that has been exhibited, or of the exertions that have been put forth by the people of the loyal States.

With the control of the entire Navy of the country, and with the men and the means to increase it indefinitely, what have we achieved on the ocean? The humiliating fact, that while we have captured less than 60 vessels, wholly or in part owned by the rebels, or attempting to run the blockade, the rebels have taken upwards of 70 of ours, and these mostly on the high seas. We have destroyed two cockboats of privateers, while the Jeff. Davis, for three months, and the Sumter, for more than four, have defied our power, and mocked at our pursuit! Our blockade has become the byword of Christendom, and is likely to involve us in complications the end of which can scarcely be foreseen, and for the result of which our rhetorical but wholly unpractical Secretary of State is directly responsible.

How stand we on the land? Missouri and Kentucky are undeniably members of the Union, even according to Southern interpretation. And yet, two-thirds of the former and one-half of the latter are this day held by the insurgents. In compensation, we occupy, with varying fortunes, a fifth of Virginia. In other words, the rebels have made the soil of the loyal States the battle-ground of the war, and visited on them the horrors of a contest which should have been transferred to the territories of those who provoked it. The rebel flag flaunts in full view of the Capitol and the Presidential Mansion. We navigate the Potomac by suffrance. Cincinnati is entrenching itself; and Philadelphia clamors for money to hem itself in with earthen defences. And even St. Louis—3,000 miles away from the heart of the rebellion—reposes in the security of fortifications which have cost a round million of dollars. The throat of loyal East Tennessee, one-third or more of the entire State, is clutched by the iron hand of the Rebellion; and the heart of North Carolina, which has ever beaten true for the Union, lies under the dagger of the assassins of their country's integrity and greatness. It is true, we have not surrendered Fortress Monroe, in Virginia; it is true that we still hold the Tortugas, out of sight of the Florida coast, in the Gulf of Mexico; and, equally true that we still retain Fort Pickens, under a practical if not expressed condition, that we shall fester there in quiet, nor disturb the rebels while they pile battery on battery for our ultimate reduction! Arid Arizona spurns our authority; and the Indians of the border are passively allowed to join destinies with the enemies of the country, without an effort to counteract their machinations.

This is by no means an attractive outline; but there is the the Map, look at it! Trace the wavering line which defines the boundary of National authority, and see where it cuts in on the territory of the loyal and rebel states respectively. What a commentary does it afford on the fact that we number 20,000,000 of people and they but 12,000,000, of which one-third are slaves, and another third our allies in sympathy and principle! What a commentary on the fact that we hold the entire navy and nineteen-twentieths of the maritime resources of the country! What a commentary on the fact that the Government refused thousands of volunteers, while the treasures of the country was heaped at its feet, hundreds of millions at a time, by a patriotic Congress representing a united and patriotic people! We pour regiment upon regiment, and brigade on brigade, from north, east, west and the centre, into that insatiable vortex of all things military, Washington, and we hear occasionally of a grand review, or of the occupation of some point vacated by the enemy, and which proves to have been defended by painted Columbiads and formidable sections of stovepipe—the occupation being achieved at the trifling loss of a dozen killed and a score wounded, through the mistake of one National regiment firing into another!

We wear the weeds of Bethel, Vienna, Bull Run, Wilson's Creek and Lexington, but we can claim the scant laurels of Rich Mountain and Hatteras Inlet as a compensation!

Now the conclusion is irresistible, it forces itself home to the conviction of every reflecting man, that if this manner of thing continues for another six months, the war will resolve itself into what a hostile foreign press already claims it has resolved itself, "a war of boundaries." It is, therefore, of vital importance to every man who has a dollar to pay, a voice to raise, or a drop of blood to spill for the great and glorious heritage of our fathers, to see that this shall not become a war of exasperation and boundaries, but an exemplary vindication of the National honor and integrity, thorough, effective, decisive and final. In doing this he must not be deterred from the severe requirements of his duty by the shallow cry of Government stipendiaries and parasites, "Don't embarrass the Government!" nor yet by vague promises, enforced by mysterious nods, of "something grand" on the eve of realization. In times like these we can have but one standard of estimate, both of men and measures, success! We have no time to analyze causes and weigh circumstances. "Do thou succeed!" is the stern mandate of the people to those into whose hands they have confided their interests. "Failing, give place to those who shall succeed. The Nation must not fail!"

Judged by this standard of judgment, as well as under a critical, yet impartial, review of its conduct in detail, the present Administration is unworthy of the cause which it represents and of the confidence and support of the people. As a whole, it has signally, disastrously, shamefully failed! The stupidity of instituting a "blockade" of our Southern ports, instead of closing them as ports of entry, on every principle of administrative responsibility, is chargeable on the Secretary of State. By that act he created the rebels "a belligerent power," and invited all the complications with Foreign Powers which have followed on that immeasurable blunder, and of which we by no means see the end. It is no valid excuse to say that the authority for closing these ports did not rest in the Executive and his advisers, when it is notorious that the Executive was driven to do many things not constitutionally nor legally within his competence, and which Congress has been called upon to sanction by *ex post facto* legislation. He "took the responsibility," and the country sustained his conduct.

Nor is the delinquency of the Secretary of State, and his absolute lack of a statesmanship adequate to our present emergencies, demonstrated by this transcendent blunder alone. To say nothing of the minor, we had almost said maudlin silliness of writing an official letter of five pages about a mendacious correspondent of a foreign paper, while a generous and sympathetic communication from the Emperor of Russia was dismissed in as many lines—leaving such after-dinner absurdities aside, what can be said of the folly of offending the first man and most powerful ruler of Europe, by ostentatious attentions and official distinctions to the vagrant representatives of the most effete and justly despised of all the dynasties which have afflicted Europe, the Bourbons!

But it is not our purpose to deal in personalities. The delinquencies of the Secretary of State are second only to the ignorance, imbecility and inefficiency which have characterised the Administration of the Navy. Happily here, at least, absolute fraud and corruption have not been charged, although notoriously practised by minor officials. The Department of War has the bad eminence of adding favoritism, contract-mongering, and the great and small delinquencies and malpractices reflected from a head, distinguished only in wild-cat banking, railway jobbing, and all the sharp and selfish practices of a small Pennsylvania politician.

In the department of Finance the success of the Government has been decided and complete; and in those of the Post Office and Interior there has been neither censure nor complaint. What money the Government has required, whether to supply the wasteful extravagance of the Secretary of War or maintain an idle fleet, Mr. Chase has promptly supplied. The proof of his capacity is his *success*. Let every member of the Cabinet be judged by the same standard, and treated accordingly. General Scott's plans and General McDowell's execution of them failed at Bull Run; and the nation saw the necessity, and acquiesced in it, of reorganizing and reviving a beaten and dispirited army by giving it a new leader. The substitution of Dickinson for Seward, Holt for Welles, and Banks for Cameron, would be worth more to the National cause than a hundred thousand men and a hundred millions of money. All history has shown that great national movements can only be controlled and efficiently directed by men representing the popular sentiment and impulse—the creations of the exigencies they are called on to meet. It will be happy for the country if the President of the United States has the discernment to discover, and the courage to put in position, such men as do really represent the nation, and who have the energy, independence and ability to reassure its waning confidence, nerve its drooping arm, and redeem the blunders, incompetence, not to say the unfaithfulness and criminality of their predecessors in office!

The Great Naval Expedition.

It has been for some time understood that a formidable naval expedition was organizing for operations on the Southern coast. Before these lines reach our readers it will have sailed for its destination. This, of course, will remain a secret for a time; but sooner or later, it may be ten days or it may be a month, we shall hear of a terrible blow inflicted on the flank of the rebellion, or of a great and ignominious failure. We look with confidence to a result which shall carry terror to the hearts of the rebel leaders, and shatter the army which they have massed up, with so much effort, on the banks of the Potomac, into a thousand fragments. The blow may fall on New Orleans, on Mobile, or on Charleston. It would be a grand realization of retributive justice if the latter city were to fall under the mighty arm now wrathfully uplifted! It would send a thrill of satisfaction throughout not alone the North but a great part of the suffering South, to know that the seat of war is transferred to South Carolina, and that that centre and seat of chronic treason has been brought to bear the horrors of the contest which it so wantonly provoked.

Some notion of the formidable character of the expedition may be formed from the fact that at least 20,000 men have been detailed for its complement, and that it is composed of not less than 40 war vessels and transports. Among the vessels that have been commissioned for the service in hand are the following: Flagship, steam frigate Wabash; steamships James Adger, Augusta, Florida, Alabama, Curlew, Petit, Mercury; gunboats Ottawa, Unadilla; transports Baltic, Atlantic, Cahawba, Vanderbilt, Empire City, Coatzacoalcos, Ocean Queen, Parkersburg, Roanoke, besides a number of others, names unknown—altogether constituting the largest fleet ever concentrated on the shores of the New World. The Cahawba, which sailed on the 12th, took out the 3d Rhode Island regiment, lately encamped at Fort Hamilton, and is supplied with surf boats and experienced surfmen from Toms river, Long Branch, Squan and other places on the Jersey coast. On the 10th, 15,000 men passed over the Washington road to Annapolis, presumably to form part of the land force of the expedition. Simultaneously with the first reports of the operations of this fleet, we may expect to hear that the slumbering volcano of Fort Pickens has broken out in a tempest of shot and shell on the rebels encamped around Pensacola. Nor need we be surprised if, at the same time, the grand army of the Potomac shall make its second advance on the hosts of Johnston and Beauregard. We are on the eve of important events. But they will come none too soon. The nation is heart-sick of inaction, and of petty and indecisive battles. We must strike home now or never!

Cotton from Central America.

Late English papers state that samples of cotton from Honduras have been submitted to the Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, which has published a report thereon, to the effect that "this cotton is the nearest approach to New Orleans cotton that has been shown in the market." The Association might have added that the famous "*Sea Island*" cotton of South Carolina is a native of Honduras, whence it was brought to the United States, shortly after the Revolution. A quantity of Honduras growth, sent to England a number of years ago, an account of which appears in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society of Arts," was pronounced fit for making the finest Nottingham lace, and was valued at from 1s. 3d. to 2s. per pound.

The ordinary cotton plant, which in South Carolina is an annual, being killed every year by the frost, rising only to a spread and height of eighteen inches or two feet, becomes a perennial in Central America, of from four to six feet in height and spread. The yield, according to experiments made in Honduras, with the Anguilla or Sea Island variety, is proportionably still greater. According to these experiments, the yield is two crops of 500 lbs. each per acre, or 1,000 lbs. per year; while in South Carolina the same description gives only one crop of from 150 to 180 lbs. per acre.

The ports of Honduras are no further from Liverpool and New York than are those of Mobile and New Orleans, and as the country has a healthful climate, [illegible] native labor, there is no good reason [illegible] duce cotton to meet all the requisitions o[illegible] commerce.

"Chicamacomico."

THE Arabs reverence idiots. They believe that God has them in his special care. We believe so too; at any rate, we have lately had two notable instances which go far to prove it. A special Providence, which struck the enemy with blindness or with panic, alone prevented the little helpless detachment landed from the fleet before Hatteras from being completely cut to pieces, during the night previous to the bombardment of that fortress. "A miss is as good as a mile," and it turned out that gallant Max Weber and his diminutive command escaped. But instead of thanking the Lord, and keeping out of danger in future, somebody in command at Hatteras took the risk of tempting Providence a second time. So he sent a regiment—the 20th Indiana—forty miles or so up the narrow, desolate, wave-beaten, sun-bleached strip of sand called Hatteras Island, the angry Atlantic on one side, and the broad waters of Pamlico Sound on the other, to a place called Chicamacomico—a *comico* place certainly for a camp—forty miles from everywhere, and near nowhere in particular! And then he sent a little tub of a propeller with a cargo of stores to the 'Comico camp. Of course the propeller was quickly grabbed by the rebels in full sight of the camp at 'Comico. And the rebels thereupon waxed bold and sent over a large body of men to capture the camp at 'Comico—one detachment above and another below it—while their vessels shelled it from the Sound. Whereupon the commander at 'Comico took to his heels and fled towards Hatteras. Providence helped him; and while a deep sleep fell on his enemies, he passed them unobserved in the night, losing only about 50 men and all his tents and equipage! Naturally indignant at such a proceeding, the gunboat Monticello steamed up alongside the island, and pounded the rebels soundly with shot and shell, and justly punished their stupidity for having permitted the fellows from 'Comico to slip through their fingers. It was an exciting entertainment and safe withal; but what on earth was the 20th Indiana regiment doing or to do at 'Comico? We burned and blew up a good fort at Ocracoke Inlet which might have been occupied by this regiment comfortably and usefully, and sent it forty miles away on an exposed sand-spit? It is said General Mansfield has gone to command at Hatteras. None too soon, for Heaven may some day forget to protect its idiots!

THE UNIVERSAL SENTIMENT.—The narrow, carping and hypocritical policy which the Government and press of Great Britain have pursued towards this country, in this the hour of its peril, has produced its natural effect—the revival and intensification of popular hatred and contempt for the so-called "Mother Country." Senator Wilson, of Mass., only reflected the universal sentiment when he said, on passing through New York with his regiment, on the 9th:

"And I say here to-day, that their action [that of the banks of New York] is worth more to our cause in the Old World than a victory on the soil of the New. (Cheers.) For it says, in a manner that carping Englishmen can understand, that the men who control the moneyed interests of America have made up their minds to fight this battle to a successful issue. (Great cheers.) That nation of shopkeepers will run blockades when they can, but they will not break my blockade, nor attempt to do it. (Applause and laughter.) Sir, I want to see this war closed successfully; but after the criticisms which come from the other side of the Atlantic, as God is my judge, I say I do not want to do it through any favor of the men of the British Isles. (Great cheers, long continued.)"

OFFICIAL COMPETITION.—Gov. Morgan, of this State, who probably knows as much about military matters as most other thrifty but rather close-fisted members of his class—that is to say, the martial class of New York merchants—has been made a Major-General, ostensibly "to enable him to perfect the organization of the New York Volunteers." And now it seems the Governors of nearly all the Northern States, except Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, insist on being made Major-Generals also. The cost of a Major-General (including his pay, which is $5,484) is about $20,000 a-year. The gratification of Gubernatorial ambition in say 20 of the 22 loyal States would only cost us $400,000 annually! Gov. Sprague, who *is* a military man, and has proved his coolness and bravery in the field, declines both the honors and profits of a Major-Generalship. Gov. Morgan accepts; but it is said will forego "his perquisites." If he does, the legitimacy of his claim to the name of Morgan may well be called in question.

THE COMMERCE OF THE COUNTRY.—Statistics and estimates, gathered and made for the Government, show conclusively that the foreign demand for breadstuffs from this country must largely exceed the demand of any previous year. It is susceptible of positive proof that we must receive for our cereals, within the present fiscal year, more money from Europe than we have heretofore received for both food and cotton, and that, supposing we shall not this year sell one pound of cotton to Europe, we shall yet have a large balance in our favor, which will be payable in specie.

NEW YORK CORN EXCHANGE.—But few people not immediately connected with the trade are aware of the large business transacting in breadstuffs in New York, chiefly on European account. The following memorandum of the operations at the Corn Exchange on Friday, the 4th, will give an idea of it:

20,500 barrels flour	$110,620
305,800 bushels wheat	381,200
171,000 bushels corn	93,420
4,000 bushels rye	3,010
5,200 bushels barley	3,092
Total value	$591,662

THE WAR IN FRANCE.—The war is not confined to our own shores. On the 19th of August a duel was fought on the Seine, near Paris, between Capt. C. L. Moses, of Saco, Maine, and Hon. F. G. Farquar, of Virginia, the former a strong Unionist, the latter a rabid Secessionist, growing out of a heated political discussion. Farquar was killed at the first fire, and Capt. Moses was severely wounded. He succeeded in escaping from France and in reaching this country, but is still suffering much from his wound.

TREPIDATION.—The authorities of the Southern cities and seaports are exerting themselves to prevent the planters from sending forward their cotton, lest its accumulation should act as a bait for the Northern armies or the Union fleet. Gov. Moore, of Louisiana, in deadly fear that New Orleans should be made a tempting depot for the flossy commodity, has issued a proclamation prohibiting its introduction, and the military committee of Memphis has followed his example. It is clear that the principal Southern cities do not consider themselves by any means safe, and do not really despise "Lincoln's mercenaries" so much as they pretend.

THE INVITATION TO GARIBALDI.—The invitation to Garibaldi to "lead the American armies," which is said to have been made by Mr. Sanford, our Minister at Brussels, has provoked as much disgust and i[illegible] [illegible]ng Americans as it has excited ridicule among foreign[illegible] [illegible] says this preposterous story continues to circulate [illegible]pean press, and, with other similar statements, is pro[illegible] [illegible]pression that we are not only utterly destitute of the mili[illegible] [illegible] requisite for command, "*but are ostentatiously proclaiming* [illegible] *necessity in this respect.*" The *Herald* says that no proposition of the kind stated has ever been made to Garibaldi "*by any one having authority to that effect.*" Of course not! No Government would offer such a wholesale insult to its thousands of patriotic and competent officers. Garibaldi was a capital "free lance" in South America, and a very patriotic, daring and successful guerilla leader in Sicily; but he is in no way fitted to be a leader of large bodies of men, and, what is to his credit, never pretended to be. The mixing up of his name in this matter, and whatever of annoyance he may suffer in consequence, to say nothing of the contempt cast on American military genius by these alleged offers made by the "Minister Resident in Brussels," are to be charged to that distinguished diplomatist alone!

THE Paris correspondent of the *Herald* states that a number of Americans resident in that city, smarting under the ridicule and scandal created by the story that Garibaldi had been offered the command of the National armies, wrote to Mr. Marsh, our Minister in Italy, to ascertain the truth of the affair. Mr. Marsh replied that there was not a word of truth in the story so far as he or his Government is concerned, and intimates that there has been some impertinent intermeddling in the affair, which will some day come out. The correspondent goes on to say:

"The fact of the matter is this: That meddling Mr. Sandford, who—although his appointment was as Minister resident at Brussels, spends most of his time anywhere but there, and seems disposed to be eternally mixing in what does not concern him—has been to Turin, and from there went to Caprera, saw Garibaldi, and perhaps took the responsibility to make him an offer of service in the Federal army. It of course is not to be presumed that our Government authorised Mr. Sandford to make any such offer, but that it was done in obedience to his meddlesome instincts, which seem determined never to permit him to mind his own business. This is the main cause of the reports which have originated in relation to our Government and Garibaldi, although I am informed from a reliable source that the latter made a tender of his services, through Mr. Marsh, some weeks since. It was, of course, a delicate matter to refuse; it would have been absurd to accept; and while the matter was held in abeyance the Minister to Belgium must needs insert his busy fingers, and create all this disturbance, which has temporarily, at least, seriously injured us in the eyes of Europe."

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.—The 10th number of this great Historical work is ready for delivery. It contains complete accounts of the capture of Lexington, and views of the place and the struggle between the brave handful of National troops and the overwhelming force of rebels under General Price, together with much other interesting and valuable war matters. See advertisement on 15th page.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

THE receipts of foreign gold and silver, and from California, at New York and at Boston for New York account, since January 1, are as follows:

Foreign gold entered at New York	$34,670,000
Foreign gold entered at Boston	7,636,000
California gold at New York	27,208,000
Total income of gold since January 1	$69,514,000

THE Union State Ticket in Ohio has been elected by between 50 and 75 thousand majority.

From Santa Fe, New Mexico, information has been received of an attack made upon Fort Fontleroy by 400 Navajoes. The troops in the fort, however, repulsed the rebels, killing 20 and taking 14 prisoners, suffering the small loss of but one wounded.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN offers $50 reward for the return of a silver-plated harness, which has been stolen from his carriage-house, and for the arrest of the thief. Some one inquires whether Floyd has been to visit him lately?

MISSOURI is one of the largest States in the Union. Its territory exceeds in extent the six New England States and the State of Delaware combined. It is divided into upward of 100 counties. The State extends about 285 miles from east to west, and 280 miles from north to south.

THE Washington (N. C.) *Dispatch* announces that Mr. Selby Spencer, of Hyde county, has succeeded in raising 10 or 12 bushels of green tea—the veritable China tea—on his premises the present year. The seed was obtained years ago from an English captain, and the *Dispatch* thinks that Mr. Spencer's experiment demonstrates that it can be successfully raised in North Carolina. It is said to make a beverage nearly equal to the China tea.

THE popular subscriptions to the 7 3-10 per cent. loan at New York continue on a liberal scale, reaching the past week nearly $3,000,000. The whole individual subscriptions at New York since the 19th August amount to $15,380,000. On Tuesday, October 1, the Associated Banks passed to the credit of the Government the additional sum of $35,000,000, being the New York quota of the second general guarantee upon the Treasury bonds.

A VERY brilliant review of cavalry and artillery took place in Washington, on the 8th. About 5,000 cavalry and 18 batteries of artillery took part, and the display was most satisfactory. After the review a most unfortunate accident occurred. As Cooper's Pennsylvania artillery were proceeding from the field to their camp, in passing along Pennsylvania avenue, and directly in front of the President's mansion, the contents of a caisson attached to one of the guns exploded, mortally wounding one soldier and injuring two others.

WAR NEWS.

The Battle of Chicamacomico—Bloody Rout of the Rebels.

FLUSHED by their success in the capture of the Fanny, the rebels organized an expedition consisting of six steamers and sailing vessels, carrying between 2,000 and 3,000 men, for the surprise and capture of the camp of the 20th Indiana regiment, at Chicamacomico, on Hatteras Island, 40 miles to the north of Hatteras Inlet. On the 4th the expedition reached its position, and, while shelling the camp, landed a large body of troops above the position and another body below, to cut off the retreat of the National forces, in case of an attempt to retreat on Fort Hatteras. Colonel Brown, finding resistance to the superior force of the rebels, supported by their flotilla, hopeless, retreated, with a small loss in the way of pickets captured, and under cover of night succeeded in passing the division sent to cut him off, unobserved, and reached Hatteras Light, 15 miles from Fort Hatteras, in the morning. Here he was met by Colonel Hawkins with 500 men, marching to his relief, supported by the frigate Susquehanna and the gunboat Monticello. The troops halted here, prepared, under the cover of the guns of the Susquehanna, to dispute the advance of the rebels, while the Monticello steamed along the shore to ascertain their position. Fifteen miles above the lighthouse she discovered them advancing along the barren, narrow, sandy spit which constitutes the island, and at once opened on them with her guns with terrible effect. They attempted to retreat, but the Monticello kept parallel with them, pouring in a constant storm of shot and shell. In vain they sought shelter in copses of scrubby trees and under cover of the sand hills—still the iron storm sought them out. Many waded out in the water, to escape the shot, while the main body retreated hastily towards their boats, and attempted to re-embark. Still the implacable Monticello played on their exposed flank with unabated fury, until the rebel flotilla came within range, when she directed her fire on the vessels composing it, sinking two schooners loaded with men, and seriously damaging their steamers, and compelling them to draw off out of range. This terrible bombardment was kept up until night lent its protection to the harassed enemy, and under cover of its darkness they got aboard their vessels and fled in dismay to the mainland, with a loss in killed and wounded estimated at some hundreds. Among the killed was Colonel Bartow, of Georgia, and a large number of officers. A correspondent describes the carnage among the rebels as horrible: "Their dead bodies strew the beach for miles, and the sand is covered with their muskets, knapsacks and blankets."

Attack on the "Billy Wilson Regiment" on Santa Rosa Island.

WE have the rebel accounts of an attack on the Billy Wilson regiment, encamped on Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens, on the night of the 8th instant, probably in attempted retaliation for the surprise and destruction of the privateer Judith. The attacking party is said to have consisted of detachments from several Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama regiments. The Zouaves are credited with having fought with great bravery, and the rebels admit a loss of 10 killed and about double that number wounded. Indeed, the dispatch indirectly indicates that the rebels eventually got the worst of the fight, although they claim to have spiked the guns of the Zouaves, destroyed all their camp equipage, and committed great slaughter among them. It will be remembered that some time ago the Zouaves were moved some distance from Fort Pickens, and located in a somewhat isolated position.

Daring Naval Exploit.

ON the 10th, Lieut. Harrell, commanding the steamer Union of the Potomac flotilla, stationed at the mouth of Aquia Creek, learning that the rebels had fitted out a large schooner in Quantico or Dumfries Creek, and had collected a considerable body of troops there, with the intention of crossing the Potomac, determined that the schooner should be destroyed. He accordingly organized an expedition, and with one boat and two launches entered the mouth of the creek about half-past two o'clock on the morning of the 11th. The schooner was discovered some distance up, in charge of a single sentry, who fled and gave the alarm. She was immediately boarded and set on fire, and when her destruction was rendered certain, Lieutenant Harrell's men returned to their boats and pulled again for the steamer. Their position was fully revealed by the light of the burning schooner, and they were fired upon continuously from both banks of the narrow stream, but not one of them was injured, though their clothing in many instances was perforated with bullets. The success of the enterprise was complete.

Naval Engagement on the Mississippi.

THE gunboats Tyler and Lexington, while reconnoitreing down the Mississippi river on the 7th, fell in with the rebel gunboat Jeff. Davis. They chased her to within two miles of Columbus, Kentucky, when the batteries on the Kentucky shore opened on them. The rebels used some twenty guns, some of which were rifled cannon. The engagement lasted an hour. No damage was done to the boats. The rebel loss has not been ascertained.

Burning of Osceola, Missouri.

THE particulars of the burning of Osceola, in Missouri, by General Lane, are thus stated by a letter of September 30, from Jefferson City, Missouri, in the Chicago *Tribune*: "News came here this morning that General Lane had burned the town of Osceola, St. Clair county. The circumstances are thus related. Ten days ago he fought a body of rebels marching to join Price, at a place called Papinsville, on the Osage river, in Bates county. He rather got the worst of the fight, and lost the gallant and esteemed Colonel Johnson. He fell back toward Mound City, where he obtained considerable reinforcements, and then marched in quest of rebels. He pounced on several small bodies, captured their horses and other property, and continued to Osceola, which he entered on Wednesday last. While marching through the streets he was fired upon from the windows of the houses, some of his men were killed, many wounded, and he narrowly escaped himself, his horse being shot. He repaid this treachery and assassination by burning all that part of the place from whence the shots proceeded. A large number of contrabands were taken, and the troops were quartered on the subjects of Jeff. Davis."

PERSONAL.

IT is said that Brigadier-General Pierce, late commanding at Big Bethel, Virginia, is now serving as a private soldier in Colonel Fletcher Webster's regiment, thus giving the strongest evidence of his devotion to his country.

GENERAL SHERMAN has been ordered to the chief command in Kentucky. It is due to that gallant and distinguished officer, General Robert Anderson, that it should be known that this change has been made at his request, owing to the precarious condition of his health.

ADELINA PATTI has been invited to sing at the coronation of the King of Prussia next month, at Konisberg. Meyerbeer recently sent to ask if she would take the character of Dinorah, in his opera of that name, about to be performed at Berlin.

MAZZINI is engaged in writing "Memoirs of his Life and Times," a work which will embrace a good deal of the secret history of European events during the last thirty years.

THOMAS H. CLAY, youngest son of Henry Clay, does not follow his elder brother, John B. Clay, but has written a most patriotic letter, which closes thus: "The fiery cross is gleaming everywhere; the friends of the Southern Confederacy are fleeing from our borders, and what will be left will be pure gold with but little treasonable alloy. Beaten back from Kentucky, the war must be carried into their own territories, their leaders must be surrendered, and the Constitution and laws must be vindicated." Chip of the old block, all hail! Thus would have spoken gallant Harry!

OBITUARY.

COM. WM. H. BALL, U. S. N., died of disease of the heart on the 10th of September, while in command of the U. S. sloop of war Marion, when within two or three days sail of Fort Pickens. He was born in the city of Washington, 19th April, 1811, was appointed a midshipman, from the State of Ohio, and entered the service April 1st, 1825. His total sea service was 14 years and 7 months, and on shore and other duty 8 years. He was in the service nearly 33 years.

HON. KINGSLEY S. BINGHAM, United States Senator from Michigan, died of apoplexy, at his residence, at Green Oak, on Saturday. He was born in Camillus, Onondaga county, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1808. He received a fair academic education, and was early placed in the office of a lawyer as clerk, where he served three years. In 1833 he emigrated to Michigan and settled upon a farm. Elected in 1837 to the Michigan Legislature, he served five years as a member of that body. He afterwards served three years as Speaker of the same body. He was a Representative in Congress from Michigan from 1849 to 1851, and served during that time on the Committee of Commerce. In 1854 he was elected Governor of the State, and held that position till 1859, when he was elected to the United States Senate.

COMMANDER WILLIAM MAY, of the United States Navy, died on October 10th, at his residence on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Commander May was the fifth son of the late Dr. F. May, of Washington city, and is a brother of the late Captain Julian May of the United States Army, and of Colonel Charles May, distinguished for his intrepid conduct in the Mexican war, under General Taylor. Commander May entered the navy in 1831, and was promoted to a lieutenancy in 1842. He behaved gallantly in the war with Mexico, and was severely wounded by a musket ball shattering his right arm, in the attack on Tuspan.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

THE theatres, with the exception of the Winter Garden, present nothing new. "The Seven Sons," which is undergoing gradual expurgation, still holds its place at Laura Keene's Theatre. The novelty of the week at the Winter Garden is a grand spectacular piece, "Napoleon the Great," and the play of "Lavater," with Mr. Walcot as principal character. The first-named piece presents three fine tableaux—"Napoleon on the Rock of St. Helena," "The Attempted Escape of the Emperor," and "Napoleon's Chamber and Death."

AT the Academy of Music, Hermann, after delighting crowded houses for nearly a month with his prestidigitations, on the 17th gave place to the Muse of Melody, the occasion being Mr. Ullman's first benefit. The piece was the popular opera of "Il Ballo in Maschera." On Monday evening, the 21st, will be given two new operas, "Betly," by Donizetti, and the charming comic opera of "Les Noces de Jeannette," never before produced in this country, and a concert by Carlotta Patti—a musical combination unprecedented in the history of the Academy. We cannot doubt that a grateful public will respond with generous liberality to the appeal of the persevering and unselfish manager, and make his benefits what they ought to be, not only a tribute of regard to the man, but as an effective guarantee of a new and successful opera season.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS" is having a splendid run at Barnum's Museum. It is well acted, and most of the characters are sustained with a truthfulness and vigor which would do credit to any stage. It is so rare now-a-days to find any piece which has a consistency and a rational development, that "Great Expectations" has the effect of positive novelty.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

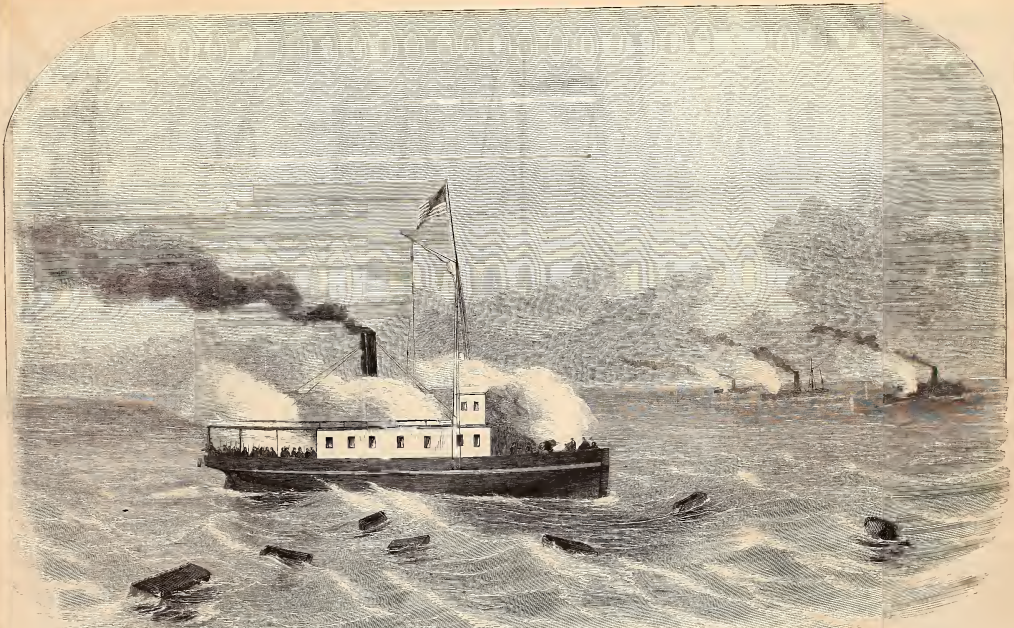
TWO books on America, or relating to American matters, have lately made their appearance in Paris. The first is "*Le Nouveau Monde: Scenes de la Vie Americaine:*" The New World; Scenes in American Life, by M. Oscar Commettant, with a preface by M. Louis Jourdan, of the *Siecle* newspaper. The work consists of a series of detached chapters or stories, containing each, we presume, a certain amount of fiction; but the fiction is skilfully blended with the truth, and renders the whole exceedingly attractive. Both M. Jourdan and M. Commettant are decidedly opposed to slavery. They believe that in adopting this institution as one of the elements in our political structure the first legislators of the United States prepared unconsciously the calamities from which we are now suffering, and they blame particularly the Roman Catholic Church for conniving at the adoption of a system which is directly opposed to the fundamental principles of Christianity.

The second is "*Thomas Jefferson: Etude Historique sur la Democratie Americaine,*" by M. Cornelius de Witt. The position of the author and the character of his undertaking have given him access to most valuable sources of information. Besides the printed documents which contribute to elucidate the life, labors and political career of Jefferson, he has been able to consult freely the diplomatic correspondence of the Duke de Choiseul, the Count de Vergennes, and other French statesmen, whose despatches are preserved at the Paris Foreign Office.

The great literary novelty of the season in Paris, however, is "*Œuvres Complètes de W. Shakespeare,*" François Victor Hugo, Traducteur, Paris. The text in this translation is said to be rendered with fidelity and spirit, and the volumes have been received by the French public with remarkable favor. Their popularity is demonstrated by their extensive sale. The first translation of the great English bard into French was made by M. Letourneur in the 18th century, and all other translations, until the appearance of this of M. Hugo, were based upon Letourneur's version, and not upon English text. Letourneur's translation was so full of periphrases, circumlocution, and ignorance of his author, that it baffled M. Guizot's best efforts to bring it into anything like harmony with the original.

TS OF THE VARIOUS FORTIFICATIONS THAT HAVE BEEN ERECTED, AND THE LOCALITIES OF ALL THE IMPORTANT BATTLES THAT HAVE BEEN FOUGHT DURING THE PRESENT WAR.

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN AND BORDER STATES, SHOWING THE ACTUAL POSITIONS OF THE NATIONAL AND REBEL FORCES, AND OF THE BLOCKADING FLEETS AND VESSELS, THE POSIT



CAPTURE OF THE PROPELLER FANNY IN PAMLICO SOUND, ON THE 1st OF OCTOBER, BY THREE REBEL STEAMERS, WHILE CONVEYING MEN AND STORES TO THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT, ENCAMPED AT CHICAMACOMICO, 40 MILES FROM HATTERAS INLET.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE INDIANA REGIMENT.—SEE PAGE 362.

ENCOUNTER OF THE LAWYER AND THE JAILOR IN THE CEMETERY.

The Graveyard Secret;

A Narrative of Criminal Administration in Germany.

"There are both just and unjust laws. Few, even among the best, are the full and faithful exponents of right. But the most unjust law may be rendered harmless when administered by an intelligent and scrupulous judge, as the best may become perverted if the presiding magistrate be negligent or unprincipled. And if both just and unjust laws exist, so there are also both good and bad exponents of them.

"Let us not then raise a hue and cry against legislation in past times, nor on the discovery of any abuse in the administration of justice in days gone by; let us not exclaim, in the spirit of the Pharisee, 'Such an abuse of power is impossible in our days!'"

Such was the tenor of a letter which I lately received from one of the oldest and most respected magistrates of Germany, forwarded with the accompanying manuscript, which he begged might be published. The events related happened fifty or sixty years ago, but they might have occurred at the present time, and their age has in nowise diminished their authenticity or interest. The manuscript begins:

CHAPTER I.—A GRAVEYARD ENCOUNTER.

AT the period of which I write, I had just been admitted to the bar, and was proud of the liberal education which I had received; and, although not earning a farthing, I devoted myself to my profession with a degree of earnestness which ultimately reaped its reward. I was in the office of the chief magistrate of the little town in which I was born. This town was in an impoverished and sparsely populated district. But my future was not restricted by its narrow limits; the whole country was open to me, and I looked upon it as a domain over which I should obtain jurisdiction some day or other.

So, to become familiar with the district which I already looked upon as my own, I decided, during my vacation, to travel over it on foot. It is a fine country, and, with the exception of Austria, the most flourishing and greatest in extent of any in Germany.

"Shall you visit Z——?" inquired my mother, when I told her of my plans for the summer.

"Certainly," I replied. "I intend visiting that and every other town in which a court is held."

"I wish, then," continued my mother, "that you would make inquiries concerning a friend of my girlhood, called Nettchen Thalman, who resided at Z——."

"When, mother?"

"Oh, at least twenty years ago."

"Is she married?"

"Certainly."

"What is her husband's name?"

"I have really forgotten. He was a mechanician—a great genius, it was said. You will have no trouble in finding him. Go and see Nettchen, and bring me all the news about her."

I could not repress a smile; it was evoked by a remembrance which was brought to my mind by my mother's commission.

Four years previously, when about leaving home to attend college, my father said to me at parting:

"Do not forget to pay your respects to Professor B——, and to remember me most affectionately to him as well as to his family. While I was pursuing my studies I was very kindly received at his house. Remember me particularly to his eldest daughter, the fair Augusta. But beware of her; she is as coquettish as she is beautiful. In times gone by she had designs on—— But I hope you will manifest as great prudence and reserve as did your father."

After having promised all my father desired I set out for the university, and on the very day of my arrival called upon Professor B——.

Good Heavens! Was this indeed the "fair Augusta," who twenty-five years before had laid snares for my father, and against whom I had received formal injunctions to protect my heart! Twenty-five years tells more on a girl's beauty than my father could have supposed! It is true that their effect upon her coquetry was less decided, for in this respect the "fair Augusta" was unchanged. Only it was no longer with the students that she coquetted; she had too many gray hairs and too few teeth for that now; her thoughts and attentions were directed to God.

My mother, who spoke of her friend as if they had been parted but one or two years, recalled this souvenir to my mind, and made me smile. I, however, promised to attend to her commission, and set out on my journey the day following.

Three weeks after this I was on the road leading to Z——. It was a fine, warm August day. I loitered on my way, stopping at every village, and gathering nuts and flowers, as I journeyed slowly onward. It was only as evening approached and the temperature became cooler that I actually made much progress towards Z——.

I had intended to reach that town during the day, as this was perfectly feasible, but had lost so much time in loitering by the way that I could now scarcely hope to arrive there before ten or eleven at night.

The air was so refreshing, the night so beautiful, the landscape so brilliantly illumined by the moon's silvery rays, that I scarcely quickened my pace, finding a strange pleasure in prolonging my delightful journey.

But towards eleven o'clock dark clouds, charged with electricity, began to obscure the sky, and presaged a coming storm. I hastened my steps therefore, for the prospect of being drenched to the skin, even of an August night, is not attractive.

It must have been about midnight when I perceived, on my left, a number of lights and the contour of several sombro objects—houses doubtless, the outlines of which were vaguely visible against the frowning sky. I supposed myself, therefore, from the hour and position, to be at Z——. A laborer of whom I had inquired the way at nightfall, had informed me that the first straight road to the right led directly to the town, but that I could lessen the distance by taking a by-path which led to an old convent situated on the outskirts of the place.

The night was too dark for me to see any distance in advance, so, finding a path to the left which seemed to lead in the direction where I had discerned the lights, I turned into it.

All at once the lights, which were now my only guides, disappeared from view, as if suddenly extinguished, and the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I must have lost my way.

I endeavored to retrace my steps, but so dense was the darkness that I could not succeed. I was certainly lost! I found myself in the midst of brambles and thorny bushes, tightly interlaced, and on singularly uneven ground. Eminences and depressions rapidly succeeded each other. I stumbled at every step, while my garments were caught at every turn by the thorns, and on putting my hands before me to feel my way, they became cruelly scratched and lacerated.

First I went to the right, then to the left, then I retraced my steps—all in the vain hope of advancing in a straight line; but on every side I found myself struggling over eminences and depressions and hemmed in by brambles and briars.

At last the moon peeped out feebly from the clouds by which it was obscured, throwing a faint light over the scene. At the same moment a clear and sonorous sound fell upon my ears. It was the church clock striking twelve, not fifteen steps from where I stood. I gazed around, and found myself in an old cemetery, in the midst of sunken graves.

The consciousness of being alone, at midnight, in a strange country, in a cemetery where the toppling tombs seem ready to open, is not altogether reassuring.

Involuntarily I turned my head, expecting the graveyard to yield up its ghostly tenants. But I only saw the bushes and brambles around me; and a skull, on which I happened to tread, rolled a few paces from me without a single flash of indignation from its hollow eye-sockets.

I was soon reassured, however, by the thought that after all I had strayed but little out of my way. The road which I had taken was the one designated by the laborer; but instead of following it outside the walls of the cemetery, I had entered the burying ground itself. I was, therefore, in the suburbs of Z——, and had only to go towards the convent to find the right road to the town.

Just before me stood the church with its clock tower, and behind it rose the pointed battlements and frowning turrets of the old convent. I advanced, therefore, in that direction, avoiding as much as possible treading upon the sunken graves and fleshless bones which obstructed my path.

But I had hardly advanced ten paces before the moon again became overcast, and I was again in total darkness. I endeavored, however, to continue on my way, when suddenly I heard a strange moaning sound. It seemed to come from the ground beneath my very feet. The sound was faint but perfectly distinct. I shuddered, and my hair seemed to stand on end.

I stopped to listen, and heard the sound several times repeated. Was it the moaning of a living being, or did it proceed from a denizen of another world? Was the tomb at my feet about to give up its dead?

I look around in search of a light or some other indication of life. The convent was certainly inhabited; the striking of the church clock proved that, but I saw no light in any of its windows. The night was as silent as it was dark.

The moans suddenly ceased, but were succeeded by a cry of distress which was faint and smothered, but none the less painful to hear, so full was it of anguish and despair.

I found myself at once under the influence of both fear and curiosity. The last impelled me to move forward, while the former riveted me to the spot. I felt after a moment's reflection that it was almost criminal to remain thus inactive, while my intervention was perhaps so necessary to some suffering fellow-being. I was just about to call out, and offer my aid, when a sound above ground reached my ear. It was similar to that of a door grating on its hinges.

After this I waited several moments, but heard no further noise of any kind. Still I was unwilling to leave the spot without some attempt towards discovering the cause of the mysterious moans which had ceased so suddenly, and which I could not but fancy had been forcibly smothered.

I was now entirely myself again. I struck the ground with my stick, exclaiming, "Hallow there! hullo!"

There was no response. All was silent. I struck the ground again.

"Who is there?" cried I; "who needs assistance?" and I advanced a few paces.

As I did this, there was a sudden movement, a short distance from me, and the bushes were parted as if some object was making its way through them.

"Who goes there?" I repeated.

No one replied, but the rustling among the bushes continued. I sprang forward and stumbled against a tombstone, yet fancied I could discern the outline of a tall and slight figure hurrying rapidly from the spot.

I was motionless with astonishment, wondering whether the object which I had seen was a living being or a phantom; and, if the former, what he was doing in this old graveyard, at such an hour, and why he had vanished at the sound of my voice.

But I was roused from these reflections by the sound of footsteps approaching me. Involuntarily I grasped my walking stick tightly, yet against the object which I now saw advancing I at once felt that it could do but little. I could not avoid a shudder as I saw two red glistening eyes fixed upon me.

A sudden gleam of light at this moment disclosed to me that I was near a very high wall—the wall of the convent, on the other side of which I should have been, had I not missed my way.

I now began to feel actual terror. All the old stories of monks concealed and tortured, of nuns buried alive, which I had heard or read, recurred to my mind. I was aware, it is true, that over a hundred years before the monastic system had been abolished in this country, but even this failed to reassure me. For, so far as ghosts and apparitions are concerned, the man who may think lightly of them at home and by daylight, is infinitely less courageous and incredulous at midnight, in an old cemetery. So I began to ask myself if the moans which I had heard had not issued from the fleshless lips of some hapless nun or monk, the victim of the religious hallucinations of the Middle Ages, condemned each night to watch and pray among the tombs.

As I grew accustomed to the light which had broken in upon the scene, I distinguished, facing me, a tall, vigorous man, holding in one hand a dark lantern, the light of which had suddenly dazzled me, while in his other he grasped a stout, knotted stick. At his side, in menacing attitude, stood an enormous dog, gazing at me with his wicked, fiery eyes.

Although the man was gray, he seemed possessed of the utmost vigor, and his long woollen jacket and old fur cap, dragged over his eyes, contributed to give him a sinister and malignant expression.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired, in a hoarse, menacing voice.

Repugnant as was the man's appearance, and discourteous and threatening as was his tone, still my fears vanished in an instant. He was no phantom of the Middle Ages! His voice and manner, so insolently imperious, I was too familiar with not to set him down, at once, as some subordinate official.

"My friend," I replied, "will you show me the direct road to Z——?"

His expression became still more dark and threatening. He surveyed me from head to foot.

"You called out a few moments ago?" he inquired.

"I did, but——"

"Follow me!"

"Where?"

"You shall see."

"But, my friend——"

"I am not your friend!"

"Well, then, friend or enemy, I have no time to follow you. I am going to Z——, and have lost my way. Will you, yes or no, direct me to the town?"

He reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed,

"Come on!"

"You will show me the road to Z——?"

"Yes."

He set off at once. His huge dog, which had stood by during the conversation with a ferocious air, and which seemed only to be awaiting his order to tear me in pieces, preceded him by a single step. They were a well matched pair!

I followed my guide along the wall.

"Where are we?" I inquired as we proceeded.

"Can't you see for yourself?" His tone was curt and harsh.

"You heard me call out?" I said, with a view to draw him into conversation.

"Certainly, and try in future not to disturb the public rest by such shouts, or you will not get off so easily."

"Where could you have been to have heard me?"

"Mind your own affairs."

"Do you know why I called out?"

"I neither know, nor wish to know the reason."

"I heard such strange sounds."

"Every fool fancies he hears strange sounds at night in a graveyard."

"But what I heard might have been heard by the most rational man in the world; by you even."

He turned on me suddenly at these words, and throwing the full light of the lantern upon my face, scrutinized it with an air of menace, seeking apparently to read my very thoughts, and I believed (not without reason, perhaps) that he was debating in his own mind, not the propriety of disposing of me, but the time and manner of doing so.

His dog seemed to follow his thoughts, and gave a wicked growl.

I must confess to a feeling of alarm. I was not quite sure as to my exact whereabouts, and perhaps, after all, I was deceived in supposing my companion an officer of any kind; for, although coarseness and insolence are the usual characteristics of these men, still they do not belong exclusively to them. My guide, however, continued on his way, and a moment after, pointing to the right, he said,

"Take that road, it leads to Z——."

Then closing his lantern, he left me in total darkness. He had as suddenly disappeared with his dog as if swallowed up by the earth, and I remained in a state of stupefaction, in doubt as to whether I was sleeping or waking.

After having listened for a few moments and hearing nothing of my late companion, I advanced in the direction of some lights which I supposed were shining in the windows of the houses of Z——. In ten minutes I was at the inn door of the town.

My desire to obtain some information likely to throw light on my singular adventure was necessarily repressed until morning, inasmuch as every one had retired at the inn, with the exception of a maid who seemed to me too sleepy to give any satisfactory information.

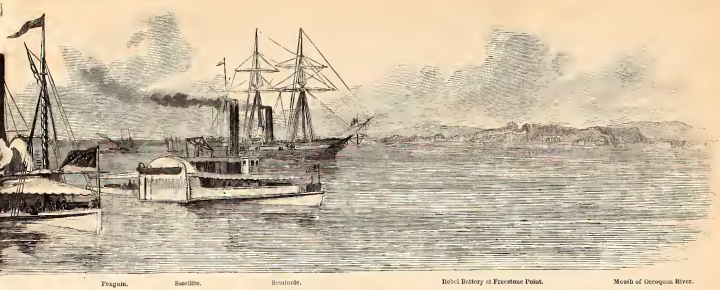
(Continued on page 362.)

THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER AND HIS CLERK SURPRISED BY THE LAWYER.

THE POTOMAC FLOTILLA HOLDING THE RIVER OFF THE MOUTH OF OCCOQUAN CREEK, BETWEEN FREESTONE POINT, VA., AND INDIAN HEAD, M

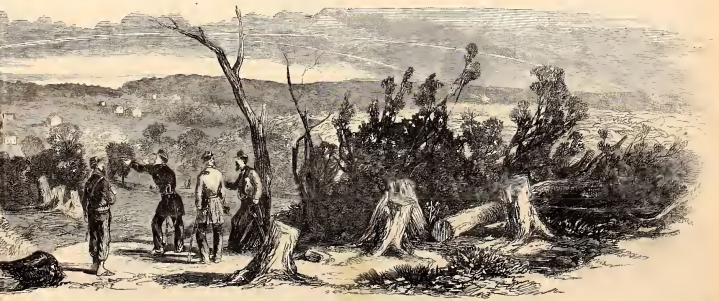
VIEW IN FALLS VILLAGE, VIRGINIA, OCCUPIED BY THE NATIONAL FORCES, GENERAL SMITH'S DIVISION, SHOWING TAYLOR'S TAVE

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF FALLS CHURCH, MASON'S HILL, AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY, TAKEN FROM THE WORKS NO



ARYLAND, TO PREVENT THE PASSAGE OF THE REBELS FROM VIRGINIA TO MARYLAND.—From a Sketch by our Artist on board the Flag Ship.—See Page 362

N, AND THE NORTHERN EXTREMITY OF THE TOWN.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist attached to General McClellan's Command.—See Page 362.



W BUILDING BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS ON MUNSON'S HILL.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist attached to General McClellan's Command.—See Page 362

The Graveyard Secret.

(*Continued from page 359.*)

CHAPTER II.—THE GRAVEYARD BY DAYLIGHT.

Next morning I hastened to question my host in reference to the convent and the graveyard. I resolved also to make inquiries concerning my mother's friend, although I had little hope of obtaining information concerning her.

"Have you a mechanician in your town?" I inquired of my host.

"Sir," he replied, with an amusing toss of his head, "our city can boast of two, both of considerable renown. One has not his equal in——"

"What are their names?"

"One is named Muller, and the other Schultze."

"Are they married?"

"Muller's wedding will come off next week."

"And the other?"

"He is a widower."

"Do you know his wife's maiden name?"

"Theresa Shrader. She died last year."

"Did you ever hear of one Nettchen Thalmann?"

"Never, sir."

It was evident there was nothing further to be ascertained in this quarter. My duty fulfilled to my mother, my next thought was to gratify my curiosity.

"There is a convent at the entrance to the town, is there not?" I queried.

"Yes, sir, but it has long been closed."

"Ah! since when?"

"For over a hundred years."

"Was it a monastery or a nunnery?"

"A nunnery."

"Is it inhabited at the present time?"

"It is our baily."

"The seat of the bailiwick?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Certainly, sir," replied the host; then shrugging his shoulders, he added,

"We are still living under the old system; and though the inconveniences are universally admitted of investing a single man with the powers of judge and bailiff, still with us the administration of justice and of finance are conducted by the same person."

I continued without replying to the man's reflection on an abuse the evil consequences of which had come under my own observation:

"Do the employés of the bailiwick inhabit the convent?"

"All except two or three."

"Is there not among them a large, gray-haired man—a kind of giant, with a hard, sinister countenance?"

"I think I know to whom you refer."

"He wears a woollen jacket and fur cap."

"Precisely."

"And has a surly dog?"

"A black dog."

"You know him then?"

"Certainly. He is Martin Kraus, the jailor of the prison."

"The jailor?"

What light did this simple information cast upon my adventure of the preceding night, and a light so sinister and fearful!

Then it was the jailor who had dismissed me from the cemetery, when, responding to the mysterious moans which came apparently from the depths of the earth, I had betrayed my presence in that vicinity. He also must have heard those moans. Perhaps it was he even who had imposed silence on the poor wretch that uttered them, and who had opened the door which had grated on its hinges. What sufferings, physical and mental, must the poor prisoner have endured to indicate his pain in sounds so full of lamentation and despair!

But whence came those moans? from a cell in the old church? from some subterranean passage beneath the cemetery? Was it possible that justice had confined her prisoners in those sombre dungeons, the odious monuments of the barbarism of the Middle Ages? I could scarcely believe this, and yet it seemed the only way of accounting for the distrust of the jailor and his strange rough manner of replying when I referred to the sounds which I had heard. A strange presentiment came over me, that I had raised a corner of the veil which covered some dark mystery.

I continued to interrogate my host, giving myself little uneasiness as to whether or not he considered my curiosity strange or importunate.

"Are there many prisoners confined in the jail?" I inquired.

"About twenty. But they are only petty thieves or paupers."

"Where is the prison situated?"

"In a portion of the convent."

"Is it not near the old church?"

"No, sir; it is quite to the other side of the convent."

A little disconcerted by this reply, which upset my calculations, I continued, after a moment's reflection.

"Are there not some ghost-stories connected with the old convent?"

"Is there any convent about which some do not exist?"

"Do you know any connected with this one?"

"Sir," said my host, with so comic an air of self-sufficiency that I could scarcely repress a smile. "Sir, the belief in spectres and phantoms is a superstition which I abandon to the lower classes."

"But," I insisted, "it is not necessary to believe in them, to find them interesting."

"I have always considered these stories," he replied, "unworthy to occupy even the leisure moments of an intelligent being."

I had elicited all that I could from my host. It was only to the old convent, then, that I could turn for the key to this enigma.

Now, the principal object of my journey to Z—— was precisely to visit this place, and to have an interview with the chief magistrate, relative to the mode of administering justice in this town, one of the most important in my future jurisdiction. I also hoped there to obtain some information respecting my mother's friend.

I set out, therefore, for the old convent. Before entering it, however, I wished to examine, by daylight, the scene of my adventure of the preceding night. I easily succeeded in finding the road, and was not long in reaching the cemetery.

The old convent, now the seat of the bailiwick, was distant about five or six hundred yards from the town. It was a long, quadrangular building, with high and narrow windows. To the right, was an old abandoned church, surmounted by a heavy awkward clock, in a massive octagonal tower, which the hand of time had left almost intact; and on the same side, but farther behind, on a line with the convent, were the stables, and still farther on was a fine, large garden. These buildings were surrounded by a high, old wall, which, however, did not enclose the garden, hedged in by ivy, nor the church, the façade of which opened on the cemetery, contiguous to the garden, and was separated from the road by the wall referred to.

The cemetery, which had long previously fallen into disuse, presented that aspect of desolation which had so deeply impressed me on the preceding night. The graves, covered with weeds and bushes, were mostly destitute of headstones and crosses, and in many instances had fallen in. Vainly did I seek to identify the spot whence I heard the moans, every portion of the cemetery presented the same aspect—that of utter desolation and ruin.

My only landmark was the old wall, near which I had found myself. It was evidently that which separated the graveyard from the road. But although I examined every tomb in its vicinity, I found nothing to indicate the precise spot where I had met the jailor or from whence I had heard the mysterious sounds.

But what astonished me most was, that in the whole length of the wall I found only the gate through which the jailor had ushered me into the road. It was not through this that he entered the cemetery, for it was towards the right, in the direction of the garden that I had first heard the sound of his footsteps. I could not comprehend how he could have came upon me so suddenly, nor could I explain his instantaneous and mysterious disappearance.

The church, it is true, communicated with the cemetery, by a large portal and by a small side-door. But the portal, the hinges of which I carefully examined, was covered with cobwebs and dust, evidently the accumulation of years, while the small side-door, which doubtless led to the sacristy, was closed on the outside, with a huge bar of iron fixed in the wall.

There remained then, only the hedge, which separated the cemetery from the garden. But there was no opening in this, and the branches of ivy were tightly interlaced. Still, perhaps, a passage through it might have been practicable, but had the jailor reached me through the hedge I should certainly have heard a rustling sound, and even admitting that this had not impressed itself upon my mind, his sudden disappearance was none the less inexplicable.

In a word, in spite of my minute investigation of the cemetery, the enigma remained unexplained, and an unexpected incident complicated matters still further.

Wearied with the fruitlessness of my researches, I walked slowly away from the church, keeping close to the hedge of ivy, which was high and dense, and concealed me from the view of persons who might be in the garden, while the grass beneath my feet was so thick as to deaden the sound of my steps. When I had come to the end of the walk, a spectacle met my eyes which riveted me to the spot.

At the extreme end of the hedge was a small trellised doorway which I had not previously remarked, and which communicated with the garden and the cemetery. On the sill of this door stood two persons, one of whom was a girl of thirteen or fourteen, simply but elegantly attired. Although only a child in years, she had the roundness of form and the dignified and reserved bearing of a woman. But I was struck with the pallor of her face and the expression of sadness reflected in her magnificent eyes and on her delicately cut features. By her side was a youth of sixteen or seventeen, evidently her inferior in social position. His was one of those frail, delicate organizations which so early outgrow their strength. The angel of death had already marked him as his own, judging from his marble pallor, his sunken chest and hollow eyes.

On perceiving me, the young couple started and drew back. They had not thought me so near, and surprised by my sudden appearance, were confused and terrified. Their confusion and embarrassment convinced me that they must have been watching my movements, perhaps from the time of my entrance into the cemetery.

A sudden thought struck me. At first it was only a vague suspicion—a confused remembrance. But the more I reflected, the more distinct did it become, and the suspicion speedily vanished to give place to a certainty. The young man whom I now saw was the tall, slender youth who had fled from me on the preceding night. He also had recognized me. I could discern it in his looks. He had, doubtless, related the adventure to the young girl, and both had, consequently, watched my movements with curiosity. That which strengthened me in this opinion was the confusion which they manifested, and which was certainly unwarranted by the simple appearance of a stranger under ordinary circumstances, and they were conscious that I remarked all this.

I had not been able, it is true, to distinguish the features of the young man who had so strangely crossed my path, and should have felt puzzled to have explained by what means I identified him, and yet I was none the less sure of having done so. It was in my own mind more even than a conviction; it was a certainty.

Yet I could neither divine his purpose for being in the graveyard at such an hour, nor for avoiding me so mysteriously when I called out; nor could I comprehend the expression of melancholy so deeply imprinted on his features and on those of his fair companion.

As I had no pretext for accosting the young people, I left the cemetery and proceeded to the old convent, or, as the townsfolks now called it, the Baily. Here alone could I hope to find a clue to the mystery, which I decided to leave nothing undone to unravel. In spite of what I had learned from the innkeeper, I was convinced that the moans which I had heard proceeded from the prison, and that chance had put me on the track of some mysterious crime, in which the jailor and perhaps some of his superiors were implicated. I decided upon my course of action as I walked along, and the first person whom I inquired for was the chief magistrate of the bailiwick.

At this period this person was an infinitely more powerful individual than is the president of a tribunal or a director of police of the present day. He was then, within the limits of his jurisdiction, an absolute sovereign, a veritable autocrat.

CHAPTER III.—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE JUDGE.

The chief magistrate of Z—— was a stern but exceedingly intelligent man. His severity was imprinted on every feature of his face, while his love of order was apparent in his scrupulous neatness of dress and in his cold and reserved manners. Yet, in spite of this, I recognised in him a man whose early youth had been devoted to pleasure and dissipation.

He received me with extreme affability and politeness. And yet I fancied I traced a shade of annoyance in his face when I explained the object of my visit, and requested permission to inspect the baily, and to inform myself as to his mode of conducting its affairs.

He, however, promptly accorded me the permission I requested, and even had the courtesy himself to accompany me to the courtroom, and, register in hand, explain everything of interest to me.

In all parts of the establishment perfect order was observable. Every journal and every register was made up to the very day, and each clerk had his allotted task, to be completed at a certain hour.

In one of the corridors we met a man who was evidently in waiting.

"What is your business?" inquired the judge.

"The assessor summoned me to be here to-day."

"At what hour?"

"At nine o'clock."

"But it is already past that time."

"I was told that the assessor was engaged."

The judge opened a door.

"Assessor," he inquired, "did you summon this man at nine o'clock?"

The assessor blushed and stammered an excuse.

"I was occupied with important business which I could not postpone."

"This man has perhaps neglected some business of as great importance as your own, in order to be here at the appointed time," rejoined the judge. "Witnesses should not await your leisure, but rather you theirs."

And the assessor was obliged to give the man his immediate attention.

Several little incidents of the same kind occurred during my visit, which, though in themselves insignificant, were typical of the inflexible severity but extreme justice of the judge.

Consequently, I was totally unprepared for a little scene which subsequently took place in my presence.

The judge now conducted me to the registry, where the head-clerk was seated at a high desk, which overlooked a long table, around which were placed his subordinates. Among these was the youth whom a short time previously I had seen in company with the young girl. I recognised him from his pallor and languishing air. The recognition was mutual, for on seeing me he became still more ghastly, and his hand trembled so violently that it refused to hold his pen. His evident confusion did not escape the notice of the head-clerk, who bit his lips with anger and impatience.

He advanced to the post occupied by the delinquent, and inquired in a low but severe tone,

"Why did you cease writing?"

"I am ill to-day," was the youth's reply, in a feeble voice.

"I should think you might be, after vagabondizing all last night, and reaching your post so late this morning!"

The young man colored, and turned away to conceal his agitation.

The head-clerk's reprimand rendered me attentive to their conversation. The young man had passed the night out; which, if not an absolute proof of his presence in the cemetery, was at least a circumstance confirmatory of my suspicions.

"Since you will insist on going out at night, in spite of my prohibition," continued the chief-clerk, "I shall inform the judge of your misconduct. Your interests, as well as my duty, force me to do so."

He had spoken in so loud a voice that the judge turned, and inquired, "What is the matter?" but not in the severe tone which he had before assumed. On the contrary, his voice was so full of compassion and gentleness that it impressed me deeply.

The chief-clerk apparently did not remark this, for he exclaimed,

"Your honor, I have constantly to complain of Brunner; he arrived late at the office to-day, and has not written ten lines."

The judge was evidently annoyed, but he remained perfectly calm, and said kindly to the youth,

"Charles, I hope you will in future endeavor to give satisfaction to this gentleman."

This recommendation, which was scarcely uttered in a tone of reproach, did not seem to satisfy the head-clerk, for he continued,

"Your honor, he complains constantly of ill-health; but it is his his own fault. He passes every night out; even yesterday, the jailor saw him enter his room after midnight. This morning I inquired where he had been, but he refused to inform me; nor would he give any reason for his tardiness in reaching the office. Your honor shows him greater indulgence than he merits."

The judge frowned, and said more sternly to the youth,

"Charles, you are not doing your duty to your superior in withholding from him your explanations of your conduct."

The youth had neither spoken nor moved; his head was bowed over his paper, which was wet with tears.

The judge had just turned away, and was explaining one of the registers to me, when a side door opened suddenly, and the young girl whom I had met in the morning entered the room. She was evidently a prey to some strong emotion, and on seeing me she stopped suddenly. Her hesitation was only momentary, however, for she advanced to the judge, saying,

"Father, I have heard all—I was listening." And she raised her head proudly, as if to indicate that she had not been actuated by vulgar curiosity. "Charles was with me this morning; it was I who detained him. And I know where he spent last night. You, perhaps, can imagine, also, father, and cannot blame him. Now you know all."

The judge appeared to comprehend this explanation, which was perfectly unintelligible to me, and equally so, judging from their expression of astonishment, to the clerks. He became of marble paleness, and his glance, usually so cold and composed, quailed before his daughter's. In less time, however, than it has taken me to write this he had recovered his self-possession.

The judge's daughter was about to leave the room, when a sob from the young man caused her to change her purpose. Profoundly moved by the generous intervention of his young friend, he wept unrestrainedly.

The young girl sprang to his side.

"Oh, Charles, do not weep," she said, in tones full of compassion, while the tears glistened in her own eyes.

Then, turning to her father, she added,

"Let him come with me for a few moments; he is suffering so much to-day!"

"The judge knitted his brow, and said, gravely, to the young man,

"You may go with her, Charles."

"Thanks, father." And turning to Charles, she exclaimed, "Come with me," and, seizing him at the same time by the hand, she drew him away.

Although a mute spectator of this scene, I had watched it very closely. The generosity and courage of the girl in hastening to the relief of her young friend when unjustly accused, the dignity of her manner, her pity, so full of gentleness and sweetness for the poor sufferer, even to the firmness of her tone when addressing her father, had moved me deeply. And great had been my surprise at the manner in which the judge, that man so severe and inflexible, had listened to the explanations of his daughter, and yielded to her wishes. This almost passive submission to her will was evidently not induced by his love for her nor his friendship for the youth. To what could it then be attributed? This was a question which I found it impossible to answer.

(*To be continued.*)

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The Richmond *Dispatch* states that the militia in Berkeley county, Virginia, having refused to join the army, peremptory orders were issued from military headquarters to force them in, or to treat them as deserters or alien enemies.

We have important information by way of Washington concerning the Bermuda, which so recently ran the blockade and entered Savannah. She is an iron-clad vessel of 1,500 tons burden; sailing from Liverpool on the 18th of August, she reached Savannah on the 16th of September. Her cargo contained 18 rifled cannon of 32 and 42 pounds; 2 Lancaster guns of 168 pounds weight; powder, shot and shells for this ordnance; 6,500 Enfield rifles; from 200,000 to 300,000 cartridges, 6,000 pairs of army shoes, 20,000 blankets, 180 barrels of gunpowder; a large quantity of morphine, quinine, and other medical stores. The cargo cost $1,000,000. The vessel is now fitting out as a pirate, to prey on the returning California steamers. It is said that Commander Totten is to have charge of her; also that two more iron-clad steam frigates are expected at Savannah, from England, by the 15th of the present month.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Capture of the Propeller Fanny by the Rebels in Pamlico Sound.

One of the most annoying events of the week has been the capture of the Fanny, a steamer rendered historic by the surrender of Com. Barron, at Hatteras Point, on the 29th August. On the 1st October Col. Hawkins despatched her with two cannon, ammunition, supplies and and provisions to the camp of the 20th Indiana regiment, then stationed at Chicamacomico, a spot most ingeniously selected to encourage the enemy to either slay or capture our gallant troops. On board the Fanny were Quartermaster Hart and 25 of the Indiana regiment, Sergeant-Major Peacock and four of Hawkins's Zouaves. While they were landing their stores into boats, they were attacked, about five o'clock in the afternoon, by the rebel steamer Northampton and two rebel tugs, which came from the direction of Roanoke Island, and, after a brief engagement, the Fanny was surrendered to the enemy, for, owing to the shoal water, she could not go nearer Chicamacomico than four miles. It is a most suspicious circumstance that Capt. Morrison, who commanded the Fanny, and his crew took to their boats and escaped. When so little is known it would be premature to give an opinion, but a rigid inquiry should be made into the case, since to send a vessel like the Fanny in so defenceless a condition into so dangerous a locality was really courting the disaster which befel her. The value of the stores, etc., which were thus presented to the rebels is estimated at $50,000.

The Potomac Flotilla off the Mouth of Occoquan Creek.

The strong sympathy manifested by so many of the Marylanders for the rebel cause has rendered it necessary to prevent the possibility of any communication between the Secessionists of Maryland and the rebels in Virginia. For this purpose the Government has placed the Potomac flotilla at the most accessible point, thus holding in check the Confederate forces. Freestone Point is the place where batteries were some time ago erected by the rebels, with a view of interrupting the navigation of the Potomac.

View in Falls Village, Va.

By the recent withdrawal of the Rebel army, Falls Church has again come into our possession, and is now the headquarters of General Smith, who commands one division of our army. On the advance of the National troops on the 29th of September, an unfortunate collision took place between Baker's California regiment and Baxter's Pennsylvanians, each regiment mistaking the other as enemies. The error was not discovered till several volleys had been fired, and many killed and wounded.

Panoramic View of Falls Church and the Surrounding Scenery.

Munson's Hill, which was occupied by the rebels in their recent advance, and imperfectly fortified by them, is now held by the National troops, who are engaged in entrenching it in a formidable manner. It commands a wide view to the southward in the direction of Manassas, including Mason's Hill, the Village of Falls Church, and many other points which the events of the war have made famous.

Camp Lillie, Jefferson City, Mo.

Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri, is on the Missouri river, 142 miles from its mouth, 125 miles from St. Louis, and contains about 5,000 inhabitants. It is on the direct road of the Pacific Railroad. When the rebellion first broke out it was, of course, held by that arch-traitor, the then Governor of the State, Claib Jackson, but the activity of the heroic and lamented Lyon soon drove him from it, and the State capital has ever since remained in the hands of the National Government. The location of Jefferson City is very striking. On the towering hill which frowns over the Missouri stands the Capitol, built of magnesian limestone. The houses are very irregularly placed, looking more as though they had been thrown there rather than built. The town site is seamed with sharp ridges and deep hollows, running parallel with the river. These have been eagerly taken advantage of in constructing the fortifications. About a mile to the south of the city is the camp of Brig.-Gen. McKinstry, a portrait of whom appeared in our paper for September 21st.; 300 yards beyond are the headquarters of Major-Gen. Fremont, which

CAMP LILLIE, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL FREMONT, JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, OCTOBER 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.

are situated upon a beautiful slope, commanding a fine military prospect. It is called Camp Lillie, after his eldest daughter. Lillie Benton Fremont, a beautiful and brilliant girl of 15. At this minute many eyes and hearts are anxiously turned to Camp Lillie, where the Pathfinder is carrying out those plans the successful execution of which is so important to himself and to the Republic.

Escape of Union Troops from the Prison in Richmond.

AMONG the recent incidents of the war is the escape of James McHenry and Peter Reilly, of the gallant 69th regiment. They were taken at Bull Run. Being allowed to go out in Richmond to make purchases, they bought a couple of dark gray hunting shirts, such as are worn by the Virginian troops. In this disguise, on the 18th Sept. they passed the sentries in broad daylight, in company with Sergeant O'Donahue and other prisoners, and gained the suburbs of Richmond, travelling all night, and resting in the woods all day. After many narrow escapes the adventurers succeeded in reaching a hill overlooking Aquia Creek. During their journey they avoided habitations, and the only human beings they met was an occasional negro returning from a corn-husking spree. On leaving Richmond they had two pounds of crackers, which they made last them for two days. The rest of the time they lived on the ears of green corn which they roasted in the woods. On getting a view of the Potomac, they narrowly escaped a rebel cavalry picket. They skirted the shore, cautiously working upwards to Occoquan Creek, where they concealed themselves for three days in a fish-house, watching their chance of escape to the squadron, which they saw on the Potomac. Here they fell in with an old cooking pot, which enabled them to boil their corn. They also saw a sloop stranded in shore. No better chance offering, they constructed a raft, which, however, was not capable of bearing the whole party. Sergeant O'Donahue embarked alone on it, and was picked up by the Seminole and taken to Washington. The other two men, finding that O'Donahue did not send a boat for them, embarked on another raft, which they had constructed, and reached the Penguin. On the morning of the 30th September, at four o'clock, they were put on board the Yankee, and transferred to the Reliance, which carried them to Washington.

The Iron-plated Gunboat New Era.

THE New Era is one of three gunboats intended to maintain the supremacy of the National Government on the Missouri river. It is entirely plated with thick boiler iron, and carries 10 Dahlgren guns and 160 men. The lower part is made of heavy 10 inch oak timber, well seasoned. It will be observed that the principle developed in Charleston Harbor, that of placing the iron facings at an angle, so as to *glance off* shot, has been in part adopted in the defences of the New Era.

Shelling the Rebels across the Potomac.

ON Friday, 4th October, Major West, of Campbell's Pennsylvania Richmond Artillery, was ordered to shell a barn, in which there was every reason to conclude a large quantity of rebel provisions and supplies was stored. The Major, therefore, placed a Parrott gun on the heights of the Great Falls, and threw a few shells across the Potomac. Several of them fell into the barn, which had the effect of unhousing a number of rebel cavalry, who rode with all speed for the neighboring woods.

JAMES M'HENRY AND PETER REILLY, OF THE 69TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. V., DISGUISED AS REBELS, CROSSING THE POTOMAC RIVER ON A RAFT WHILE ESCAPING FROM RICHMOND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

NEBRASKA
KANSAS
INDIAN TERRITORY
IOWA
ILLINOIS
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
OMAHA CITY
Council Bluffs
Plattsmouth
Nebraska C.
Sidney
DES MOINES
Grinnell
Oskaloosa
Washington
Muscatine
Davenport
Iowa City
Clinton
Rock Island
Mendota
Joliet
Ottumwa
Keithsburg
Oquawka
Galesburg
Kankakee
Oscoola
Knoxville
Burlington
Peoria
El Paso
Chenoa
Gilman
Bloomington
Brownville
Rockport
Maryville
Princeton
Memphis
Athens
Carthage
Macomb
Havana
Tecumseh
Bethany
Milan
Trenton
Kirksville
Monticello
Warsaw
Petersburg
Tolono
White Cloud
Troy
Savannah
Gallatin
Hamilton
Monticello
La Grange
Quincy
Decatur
Irving
Atchison
Joseph
Plattsburg
Carrollton
Bloomington
Hudson
Bucklin
Palmyra
Naples
Jacksonville
SPRINGFIELD
Manhattan
Leavenworth
Weston
Liberty
Brunswick
Shelbina
Hannibal
Hillsboro
Pana
Mattoon
Wabaunsee
Topeka
Oskaloosa
Quindaro
Cambridge
Glasgow
Huntsville
Louisiana
Bowling Green
Carrollton
Blumberg
Council Grove
Lecompton
Lawrence
Olathe
Marshalls
Arrow Rock
Rockport
Mexico
Montgomery C.
Gray
Vandalia
Altan
Olney
Miltonvale
Osawatomie
Harrisonville
Sedalia
California
Jefferson City
Fulton
Warrenton
St Charles
St Louis
Centralia
Mt Vernon
Carmi
Clinton
Butler
Tuscumbia
Vienna
Sullivan
De Soto
Waskneskia
Chester
Cofachiqua
Papinsville
Osceola
Erie
Minoral Pt.
Potosi
Genevieve
Farmington
Shawneetown
Nevada City
Hermitage
Rolla
Waynesville
Pilot Knob
Ironton
Murphysboro
Morganton
Lamar
Buffalo
Lebanon
Salem
Elizabeth T.
Marion
Greenfield
Marshfield
Cape Girardeau
Commerce
Charleston
Scottsville
Carthage
Springfield
Wilson's Cr.
Mt Vernon
Dog Spring
Douphana
Neosho
Granby Mines
Cassville
Rockbridge
Bloomfield
Bullington
Columbus
Mayfield
Rutledge
Galena
Forsythe
Thomasville
Poplar Bluff
New Madrid
Hickman
Murray
Bentonv.
Hicks Ferry
Union
Dresden
Fayetteville
Huntsville
Yellville
Pilot Hill
Pocahontas
Troy
Jasper
Lebanon
Smith V.
Dyersburg
Humboldt
Clinton
Jacksonport
Ripley
Lexington
Jackson
Clarksville
Bolivar
Oceola
Brownsville
Van Buren
Boonville
Norristown
Searcy
Randolph
Somerv.
Bolivar
Marion
Memphis
Madison
Bledsoe
Lands
Brownsville
Arkansas R.
Red River
Canadian R.
North Fork Canadian R.
North Fork of Arkansas R.
Salmon Fork
Smoky Hill Fork
Big Blue R.
Platte R.
Missouri R.
Kansas R.
Osage R.
Grand R.
Illinois R.
Mississippi R.
Ohio R.
Wabash R.
Tennessee R.
Cumberland R.
Obion R.
Big Black R.
Yazoo R.
Cherokees
Creeks
Seminoles
Witchitas

PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO
INDIANA
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
MARYLAND
DELAWARE
NEW JERSEY
TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
LAKE ERIE
L. MICHIGAN
Chicago
Michigan City
Toledo
Sandusky
Cleveland
Fremont
Hudson
Warren
Plymouth
Fort Wayne
Logansport
Peru
Wabash R.
Maumee R.
Findlay
Lima
Shelby
Mansfield
Wooster
Orrville
Alliance
Crestlin
Steubenville
Wellsburg
Washington
Wheeling
Beaver
Kittanning
Allegheny R.
Lock Haven
Indiana
Altoona
Huntingdon
Hollidaysburg
Pottsville
Allentown
Easton
Reading
HARRISBURG
Lancaster
Philadelphia
Camden
TRENTON
Bordentown
Newark
Jersey City
Sandy Hook
Bedford
Chambersburg
Gettysburg
York
Carlisle
Wilmington
LaFayette
Union
Anderson
INDIANAPOLIS
Knightstown
Green Castle
Terre Haute
Bellefontaine
Delaware
Urbana
Springfield
Newark
Mt. Vernon
Coshocton
Cadiz
Zanesville
COLUMBUS
Dayton
Xenia
Marietta
Cincinnati
Covington
Newport
Chillicothe
Athens
Parkersburg
Louisville
FRANKFORT
Lexington
Evansville
Ohio R.
Uniontown
Cumberland
Hagerstown
Baltimore
Harpers Ferry
Winchester
WASHINGTON
Alexandria
Manassas Junction
Port Tobacco
Annapolis
Point of Rocks
DOVER
Cape May
Cape Henlopen
Atlantic City
Charleston
Lewisburg
Covington
Staunton
Charlottesville
Lynchburg
Fredericksburg
RICHMOND
Petersburg
Norfolk
Fort Monroe
Cape Charles
Cape Henry
NASHVILLE
Knoxville
Cumberland Gap
Abingdon
RALEIGH
Salisbury
Goldsboro
Newberne
Albemarle Sound
Pamplico Sound
Cape Hatteras
Hatteras Inlet
Ocracoke In.
Oregon Inlet
Roanoke I.
ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS
CUMBERLAND MTS.
BLUE RIDGE
GREAT SMOKY MTS.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

LATER in the day I got up and dressed, and found Augustus in the kitchen.

"I have not distorted them," he said, gloomily; "but Sarah has been with them to see to their wants. They are quite calm, Sarah says, and are prattling away to each other, like little comforts, hand in hand. I am more certain than ever they cannot be again separated."

Augustus was not in a communicative mood. He was plotting, and he seldom divulged his plots until they were ripe for execution. Sarah, when she came to prepare tea, was in tears. She talked sadly and compassionately of the poor creatures up-stairs, and cast many wrathful and anxious glances at the stolid Augustus.

In the evening, while Augustus and I were sitting alone, the strange woman stole in upon us, and stood at the threshold watching us. The shadow of Ormanel was on the stairs behind her. I looked at her fixedly, and perceived more clearly that her face was gentler and softer, and to my more beautiful, than that of the lady who had professed to be my mamma.

Augustus started to his feet when he saw her, and looked at her nervously.

"Eugene!" said the woman, in a clear, hollow voice. "Am I right? You are Eugene."

"I am Eugene," answered Augustus, with a respectful sadness.

"Then we are old friends," she observed, holding out a thin white hand. "We are old friends. You have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you?" cried Augustus, taken off his guard. "Of course not."

"You last night rendered me a service which makes me your debtor for ever. I thank you, Eugene, from my heart; yet I fear that your interference was useless."

And she shuddered, as if some horrible picture had presented itself to her mind's eye.

"Last night, Eugene, I met one whom I had thought dead and buried. He seems to me, therefore, like one risen from the dead. But I suppose there is no fear for a strange dream."

"It is a strange reality," murmured Augustus, not meeting her inquiring look.

"So said to our meeting, that I almost wish it were the dream instead of the reality. Even now, I cannot bring myself to compare head to head."

She paused for a moment, and then, drawing closer to us, placed her hand with a pleading look on Augustus's arm, as she continued,

"Eugene, you have your wits about you. What are we to do?"

Augustus lowered his question with a self-composure for which I had not given him credit.

"Stay here. Keep hidden under this roof."

"Am I—are we—safe here?"

"Safe as in the Bank of England. Nobody shall harm you."

"I am afraid, Eugene; my blood runs cold. He said he would hound me out if I flew to the farthest corner of the earth, and I know he will do so."

"Curse him!" growled Augustus, with an impatient movement.

But the woman, who seemed cowed and helpless, knelt, with clasped hands, before him.

"Help us! help us!"

He lifted her gently to her feet, and placed her in a chair.

"Have no fear. Help you I will, if I'm hung for it. They shall not harm you."

"I should die now, if I was taken back to that horrible place. Save me!"

I was sitting in a dark corner, and she had glanced at me once or twice curiously. Her eyes now fell upon me, and she seemed trying to remember my face.

"Who is that?" she whispered, clinging to Augustus, and pointing at me.

I was quite astonished at the hardened falsehood which Augustus uttered so promptly.

"My friend. My cousin George."

She seemed partly satisfied by the answer, for her thoughts wandered again.

"And you will save me, Eugene—you will save me. But the boy, Eugene, the boy?"

"Is well."

"I remember his eyes, as I saw them last night, and your cousin's seem like them, Eugene."

Augustus laughed loudly, as if the notion tickled him hugely.

"Shall I see him soon? Oh, how I long to see him! I shall die if I do not see him."

DROP-PLATED STEAM GUNBOAT NEW ERA, ON THE MISSOURI RIVER, CARRYING TEN DARRIGNY GUNS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 365.

"Of course you shall see him. Sarah!"

Sarah entered the kitchen.

"This lady will spend a day or two with us, and the new needs rest. Go with her, Sarah, to her room. Good night!"

He spoke kindly, but collectedly, and the woman obeyed without a murmur.

"Good night, Eugene," she said, and disappeared with Sarah. At the same moment the shadow of Ormanel flitted up-stairs. We heard a whispering of voices, and then all was quiet.

By-and-bye I also went to rest, on a bed extemporized on the kitchen floor. Before I undressed myself, Sarah entered the kitchen with her finger on her lips, and beckoned Augustus and myself up-stairs. She pointed to the door of what was once my room, and which stood partly open, and I understood by her gesture that the woman slept there. Just across the threshold, like a dark stone blocking up the entrance, lay Ormanel, wrapt in his old dressing-gown, and tossing and murmuring in his sleep.

Next morning, after an uneasy night's rest, I awoke, dressed and stood at my bedroom window, which looked out on the yard. A fine fresh sun was shining clearly, and the whole country landscape looked calm and beautiful. While I looked, two plainly-dressed men hounded down from the village, glanced sharply at the house, and, observing nothing amiss, knocked at the door. I heard somebody open it immediately.

The door was opened cautiously by Sarah, and the men pushed in without a word. Immediately afterwards I heard a scuffle, and rushed down-stairs to see what was the matter. Passing the woman's room, I found that Ormanel had disappeared from the threshold.

When I reached the passage I saw Ormanel lying on his back on the floor, bound and handcuffed. He was struggling violently, foaming whelp at the mouth, while one of the plainly-dressed men held him down. Where was Augustus?

This question was answered by Augustus himself, who appeared at the top of the stairs. In an instant the other plainly-dressed man had recoiled, drawn arms, and handcuffed him. He made very little resistance, but seemed stunned by his position. Sarah was crying. One of the men shouted out,

"Bill!"

A shabbier, rougher and more vulgar person now lounged into the house.

"Keep your bl-dy on that young gentleman. He'll come quiet, no doubt; but lay hold on him."

The shabby person thereupon took hold of me by the collar, and told me to come along.

"What is the charge?" I cried, aghast, now for the first time recognizing our visitors as members of the detective police.

"Assault and battery, with intent to murder," said one of the shabby men, winking at his companion, who grinned as if it was a very good joke indeed.

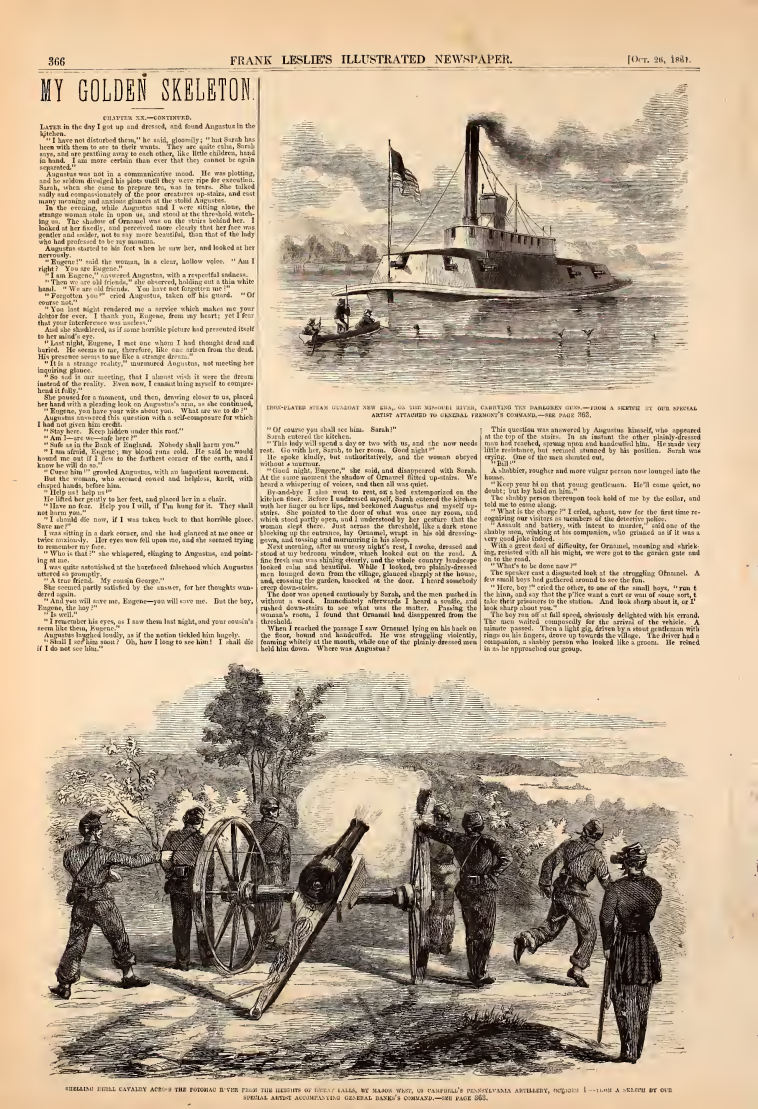
With a great deal of difficulty, for Ormanel, moaning and shrieking, struggled with all his might, we were got to the garden gate and on to the road.

"What's to be done now?"

The speaker cast a disgusted look at the struggling Ormanel. A few small boys had gathered around to see the fun.

"Here, boy!" cried the other, to one of the small boys. "run t' the hinn, and say that the p'lice want a cart or wan of some sort, t' take their prisoner to the station. And look sharp about it, or I'll look sharp about you."

The boy ran off at full speed, obviously delighted with his errand. The men waited composedly for the arrival of the vehicle. A quarter passed. Then a light gig, driven by a stout gentleman with rings on his fingers, drove up towards the village. The driver had a companion, a shabby person who looked like a groom. He reined in as he approached our group.



SHELLING REBEL CAVALRY ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER FROM THE HEIGHTS OF UNION LAND, BY MAJOR WEST, OF CAMPBELL'S PENNSYLVANIA ARTILLERY, SCHUYLER 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 365.

"Prisoners?" he inquired of one of our captors.
The man touched his cap, and replied in the affirmative.

At this moment the strange woman, her dark hair flowing behind her, rushed from the cottage, shrieking loudly, and flung herself on the ground before the man who held Ornamel, begging and praying him to release his prisoner. The man shook her away roughly.

"Hold her, officers!" cried the stout gentleman, leaping from his gig with his companion. "This is lucky. She is a lunatic, and has escaped from the Pestlewaithe Asylum."

The woman crouched down, pale and trembling, cowed like a brute animal at its master's voice. She seemed too stunned to think or feel, and made no resistance to the stout gentleman as he raised her to her feet. She was lifted into the gig and placed in front, beside the driver, while the other man leaped up behind. She sat like a stone, without sense or motion, held by the man who sat behind.

During these operations Augustus had turned white with rage and fear, but he made no resistance. The horror and agony of Ornamel, on the contrary, expressed on his wild face and in his fierce cries, was horrible to witness.

"Officers, good morning," said the stout gentleman, throwing a crown to the nearest man, and turning his horse's head back in the direction whence he came. The gig then drove off.

"Bill," said one of the officers, in a philosophical tone of voice, pointing to Ornamel.

"Well?"

"I wonder this gent don't take pattern by that lunatic, and take it mild. She's a heap more to be pitied than him—(be quiet, won't you?)—though he is an escaped convict, and isn't likely to come out of this business with a whole skin."

CHAPTER XX.—PLANS.

Without delay we poor prisoners found ourselves being whirled swiftly towards the county town hard by, and we were soon luxuriating between prison walls. Ornamel, whose madness passed all bounds, was shut up in a separate cell, while Augustus and myself were caged together. Gloomy and dingy was the place into which we were thrust; but one sickly finger of the sun popped in and out through the window-bars, and seemed to beckon one out in a mocking way.

It was my first experience of the kind; and my impressions of the law and its administration had always been vague ones. There was something in the look of the jail, as we entered, which put me in mind of a pump. It was a rakish jail, and looked misanthropic. I say it put me in mind of a pump, which was for ever at work in the bowels of society, pumping up offenders by the bucketful. The analogy could be followed from the building to its inmates, for the building was full of smaller pumps. A popular author, with that brilliant sagacity for for which he is remarkable, lately demonstrated the affinity of the mute and the waiter, both of whom sprung up, like fungi, at the feet of the philosopher. I also have made my discovery, which I commend to the consideration of Mr. Darwin. I have detected the personal resemblance between the pump and the policeman—a resemblance which far transcends that which links the Regent street bewhiskered exquisite to poor M. de Chaillu's gorilla.

Augustus sat him down in a corner and said nothing. I had been surprised at the coolness with which that young man took our catastrophe, and at the ease with which he allowed himself to be floated by the turbulent wave of Fortune to the bar of the felon. I was the more surprised, because Augustus, generally speaking, was of a demonstrative habit of mind and body.

"Augustus," I said, timidly, "what is to be done?"

He lifted up a gloomy, thoughtful face, and started, as if from a reverie.

"Nothing," he answered, and subsided into silence, with a gesture which precluded further inquiry.

Was all hope, then, gone? That was the question which I first asked myself. Or had Augustus in view some plot whereby my uncle and his accusation might be circumvented? Augustus's manner, however, evinced, not the vivacity of hope, but the but the lethargy of despair. What if, after all, my uncle was in the right of it? What if my uncle was moral, and really believed his nephew a lump of ingratitude and wickedness? This could hardly be, if Elizabeth's last words were to be taken as evidence. But what would be done to us if we were convicted in law? And should poor unfortunate I share the fate of men who, for all I know, might both of them be outcasts and ruffians in the eyes of the legal functionaries?

After a pause, during which the above reflections ran swiftly through my mind, I spoke again.

"So Ornamel is a returned convict?"

"They said so."

"But did they speak the truth?"

Augustus rose to his feet, and paced up and down the cell. Then he spoke excitedly.

"They spoke the truth. Long years he was shipped abroad, with the scum of the land; and he has returned before his time. What then? They've driven him half mad among them, and, now, they have again got possession of him; he will die. He is doomed."

He had thrown off his former lethargy, and had become his passionate self in a moment.

"I was a fool!" he cried. "I ought to have anticipated this; I might have sworn that he would make the attack without warning. He has his thumb on us, firm. Ornamel is doomed."

"What can they do with him?" I inquired with an impatient gesture.

"Do with him! Send him back to a place where the roads are paved with cobras and rattlesnakes—where men die of lingering fever and heartache—where all things look foul to the eye, that the memory of home may mock the poor rascals with its beauty. Do with him! Ship him back, doubly branded and cursed, to the perdition he flew from, and dig him a grave there. Do with him! Kill him."

"Are there no chances that he may yet be treated mercifully?"

"None. Won't the present charge come up against him to prove him a ruffian unfit to go at large? Won't his wild ravings also go against him? And can't it be proved that he resisted the police in the execution of their duty?"

He spoke in a bitter, bantering tone, which made him seem reckless and evil. He went on more calmly.

"Ornamel being proved to be a criminal of the worst kind, what follows? It follows that Ornamel's companions can't be the most reputable characters in the world. It follows that Ornamel and I have wilfully degraded you to our level, in order to serve our own bad ends. It follows that any counter-accusations we might bring up will be set aside as unreliable. Counsel for the prosecution leads off with a telling speech, in which he makes your uncle an angel. The jury look at our wild faces, and shake their heads. Witnesses are called; it is proved that dark threats have been uttered on certain occasions."

"What witnesses?"

"Lying ones. That groom of his, I'll be bound, for one."

"Who else?"

"Timbs. Well, the jury returns its verdict, recommending you to mercy—which generally means that you get a little worse treatment than otherwise. Bah! I have done; but my time will come, and I care not. The only thing for which I reproach myself concerns Ornamel. I ought to have taken care to save him from the clutches of his enemies. He at least is lost."

A question which had been again and again on the tip of my tongue, now refused to be pent up any longer, and was put, almost unconsciously, into language.

"Once and for all, Augustus, let me ask you a question, which I beg and pray you to answer. I am strangely interested. Who and what is Ornamel?"

He put up his hands, as if to ward off a blow, and waved away the question.

"Don't ask me," he cried.

"I must and will! There is some new mystery. Who is that man?"

"If you value your own peace of mind—if you care for life, don't ask me."

"You only whet my curiosity. Speak, for pity's sake!" I cried.

He fell back against the wall, and hid his face in his hands, as he murmured hoarsely,

"Your lost and miserable father!"

I was not too stunned to question him as to the truth of this reply.

"This time I speak in no riddles," he said. "Alas! I would have spared you this truth, my poor boy. Yes, the man whom you have known by the name of Ornamel is your father."

My brain whirled and my pulses thronged. Ornamel, the returned convict, my father!

"Oh, can it be!" I cried, wildly. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, was my father criminal.

"He was," said Augustus, sadly; but a load seemed taken off his mind.

"What was his crime?"

"Forgery."

"And his sentence?"

"Transportation for twenty-one years, only sixteen years of which have expired. He made some money out there; but the yearning for liberty was too strong, and he returned hither, expecting to find his wife and child in the land of the living. Both had disappeared; and, even now, he has only recognized the one."

"The mad woman?"

"True. He left her a mere girl, and on his return he found her an old woman; but he recognised her."

"Then the mad woman is my mother?"

Augustus hesitated, as if fearing to commit himself, and then gave the old, ambiguous answer.

"She is your mother's ghost," he said.

Whereupon I hid my face in my hands, and burst into bitter tears. Had I been older, and had the intensity of my grief been in proportion to more years, I could not have wept at all. As it was, I was young, and I wept. The tears relieved me. Augustus said nothing further; but sat down in his corner, ruminating darkly, and apparently satisfied that I knew the worst. Minutes passed by thus, till my full heart overflowed itself involuntarily, and I stammered out,

"And my mother, Augustus, my poor mad mother——"

"Is no more mad than I am," he broke in, quietly. "Be assured of that. She is the victim of a foul plot, which, please God, we shall yet drag to the light in all its hideousness."

"Not mad! Can this be true? Then it is my uncle that has——"

"Exactly. The culprit is your uncle. He shall account for it to you."

What strange web was this that I, poor little I, was vainly attempting to unravel? Ornamel, the weak-witted convict, my father! My mother the mad woman, whom Leonard Charles, who called himself my uncle, had nevertheless claimed as his wife! There was a mystery somewhere, which was quite beyond my vulgar comprehension.

It was, at any rate, clear from what Augustus had dropped that Monsieur Charles had the best of the game, and that it would be difficult to prove anything against our prosecutor. Augustus seemed to have no hopes that the issue of the trial would be favorable to ourselves.

That night passed. The next day we were taken before a corpulent, deaf gentleman, who bore the facetious title of justice of the peace. Monsieur Charles and (as Augustus had predicted) his groom appeared in the witness box, and swore to the assault, in which we were all said to have taken a part. The upshot of the whole affair was that Ornamel, Augustus and myself were formally committed for trial at the ensuing sessions.

(*To be continued.*)

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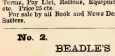

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The State of the Nation.

WASHINGTON AND THE LINE OF THE POTOMAC.—The rebel lines before Washington have been circumscribed still more, and the National pickets now occupy nearly the same advanced positions that they did before the battle of Bull Run. The intention entertained of attempting to cross the upper Potomac and take the offensive, seems to have been abandoned, and the main force of the rebels concentrated from the stronghold of Manassas Junction, on the line of Occoquan Creek, to the Potomac, and down that river, under the cover of heavy batteries, to Aquia Creek. In this position the enemy seems determined to await an attack, or rather to provoke one, by closing the navigation of the river. This is, to a certain extent, an admission of weakness, and yet it is probably sound policy in a military sense. General McClellan has now presented to him the distinct alternative of fighting the enemy on ground of his own choosing, or of submitting to have the great water highway to the National Capitol permanently closed. In point of fact, it is now practically closed. It is true, heavily armed vessels, with transports in convoy, have been running the gauntlet of the enemy's batteries for a week or ten days past, always suffering more or less from their fire. But now, these batteries have been multiplied and mounted with heavy artillery, so that the passage of the river is not only exceedingly dangerous, but next to impossible. The line of effective batteries extends from Freestone Point to Chapawamsic Creek, a distance of nearly 10 miles; and there are others at points lower down to Aquia Creek, but where the river is so wide that they can do but little damage. Besides these obstructions, it is said that a chain has just been stretched across the channel, near the mouth of the Creek above named, where the river is commanded by the heaviest batteries. On the 19th of October, the steamer Resolute, with the schooners Fairfax and Lady Ann in tow, ran against this obstacle, and was unable to proceed until the Fairfax broke loose and drifted to the Virginia shore, where she was captured by the rebels, the Resolute at the same time being fired upon by the shore batteries, without being able to render any assistance. She finally succeeded in getting over the obstruction, with the other schooner, after remaining as a target for the batteries for upwards of an hour, during which time upwards of 150 shot and shell were fired at her. She, as well as the Lady Ann, was struck several times, but no one on board was injured. It is difficult to imagine how a chain of sufficient strength to stop the progress of a steamer could have been stretched across the river without the knowledge of the Potomac flotilla, and it is still more difficult to comprehend the criminal inaction, to use no harsher term, which has permitted the rebels to erect their formidable batteries with impunity. We had supposed that such indulgence was only conceded to the rebels at Pensacola. It is said that a fleet of more than 50 vessels, loaded with Government stores, is now lying at anchor down the Potomac, unable to pass up to Washington. A splendid commentary on our naval supremacy and military foresight!

A brilliant affair took place on the 16th of October, at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry, between a detachment of 1,000 National troops under Colonel Geary and a body of 2,500 rebels under Colonel Ashby, in which the latter were defeated with heavy loss, including the loss of their commander. Amongst the trophies taken was a fine 32-pound gun, on which Colonel Geary rode back to his camp.

KENTUCKY.—The chief command of this Department has been transferred from General Anderson, in consequence of his bad health, to General Sherman. Military affairs in the State have not, however, materially changed. The rebel General Polk still holds his position at Columbus, and commands the Mississippi at that point, while Zollicoffer and Buckner seem barely to hold their own at Bowling Green and Cumberland Gap. The National forces, meantime, are rapidly augmenting. The Secretary of War arrived in Louisville on the 17th, and on consultation with General Sherman, telegraphed the same night for the advance into Kentucky of 8,000 men from Ohio and Indiana. There are about 20,000 National troops at a place called Nolin, on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, waiting only for the reconstruction of a bridge at that point, destroyed by the enemy, to advance on the rebels under the renegade Kentuckian, Buckner, encamped at Bowling Green. Nolin is about midway between Louisville and Bowling Green.

MISSOURI.—The retreat of the rebel General Price from Lexington towards the Arkansas frontier is confirmed. The latest accounts represent that he had reached Osceola, where he had determined to make a stand, and await attack by the National forces under General Fremont. These, according to last advices, were at Warsaw on the Osage river, in full pursuit. Rumors are abundant that General Fremont is to be removed soon, but not while in the face of the enemy, nor until he has had an opportunity of vindicating the soundness of his plan of the campaign. He has been visited recently by the Secretary of War, under whose directions the following order has been issued, directly reflecting on the administration of General Fremont. If he does not resign on its receipt, he will evince a self-control, or prove himself capable of a sacrifice of self-respect to duty, such as few men have ever exhibited before him:

"ST. LOUIS, MO., Oct. 14, 1861.

"GENERAL—The Secretary of War directs me to communicate the following as his instructions for your government:

"In view of the heavy sums due, especially in the Quartermaster's Department in this city, amounting to some $4,500,000, it is important that the money which may now be in the hands of the disbursing officers, or be received by them, be applied to the current expenses of your army in Missouri, and these debts to remain unpaid until they can be properly examined and sent to Washington for settlement; the disbursing officers of the army to disburse the funds, and not transfer them to irresponsible agents—in other words, those who do not hold commissions from the President, and are not under bonds. All contracts necessary to be made, to be made by the disbursing officers. The Senior Quartermaster here has been verbally instructed by the Secretary as above.

"It is deemed unnecessary to erect field works around this city, and you will direct their discontinuance; also those, if any, in course of construction at Jefferson City. In this connection it is seen that a number of commissions have been given by you. No payments will be made to such officers, except to those whose appointments have been approved by the President. This, of course, does not apply to the officers with volunteer troops. Colonel Andrews has been verbally so instructed by the Secretary; also not to make transfers of funds except for the purpose of paying the troops.

"The erection of barracks near your quarters in this city to be at once discontinued.

"The Secretary has been informed that the troops of General Lane's command are committing depredations on our friends in Western Missouri. Your attention is directed to this, in the expectation that you will apply the corrective.

"Major Allen desires the services of Captain Turnley for a short time, and the Secretary hopes you may find it proper to accede thereto. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.

"To Major-General J. C. FREMONT, Commanding Department of the West."

ON THE SEA.—The public indignation was roused a few days ago by the statement that the steamer Nashville had run the blockade before Charleston, and gone on her way to Europe, with ex-Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, as special rebel Minister to France, and ex-Senator Mason as Minister to London. The belief in the report was strengthened by the prompt despatch of the gunboats Connecticut and Alabama from this port, to intercept the Nashville, and convey her distinguished passengers to Fort Lafayette. It has, however, been since denied that the Nashville has got out at all, and the public is left in the profoundest of fogs. But this is not the only naval affair of sensation and doubt to which the public has been invited to direct its attention. Rebel accounts have been copied, and we reproduce them elsewhere, to the effect that Com. Hollins, with a rebel flotilla, had attacked a portion of our fleet off the mouth of the Mississippi river, and sunk the sailing sloop of war Preble, besides "peppering" some of the other ships. The vessels which were blockading New Orleans on the 4th inst., according to our latest reliable advices, were the sloop of war Vincennes, 20 guns; the sloop of war Preble, 16 guns; steamer Water Witch, three guns; steam sloop of war Richmond, 14 guns; a schooner and a pilot boat, with probably one gun each; making a total of seven vessels, carrying 55 guns. This story was speedily followed by another, setting forth that the frigate Saranae had also been lost off the mouth of the Mississippi in a storm. It turns out, however, that the Saranac is at San Francisco, and advices have been received at Washington that, although there had been some conflict between the vessels of our squadron off New Orleans and the rebel fleet of little craft, yet that none of the Union vessels had been captured, nor was the Preble sunk, as reported. Some of our vessels, however, it appears, accidentally went ashore, but it is not stated that they were driven to that extremity by the rebel commander, as his exaggerated report at first would lead the credulous to believe.

THE INDIANS.—A letter has been published, purporting to be from John Ross, principal chief of the Cherokee nation, setting forth that at a mass meeting of 4,000 Cherokees, held at Tahlequa on the 21st of August, they declared their adherence to the rebel cause, and gave their authorities power to negotiate an alliance. In view of this action, a regiment of mounted men was to be immediately raised to meet any emergency which might arise. On the other hand, it is stated that about the latter end of September there came 800 Osages, headed by their chiefs, to General Lane, of Kansas, and tendered their services to him to fight in defence of the Union; but the General peremptorily refused to receive them, stating that he had no authority from the Government to accept them.

Arctic Explorations—Misdirected Efforts.

DR. HAYES, who sailed from Boston in June, a year ago, on a voyage of exploration to the Arctic Seas, has returned, not, however, without having suffered the loss of his astronomer, Dr. Sontag, and his carpenter, Mr. Caruthers. He advanced with his vessel no farther than Smith's Sound, in latitude 78° 30′, but penetrated by means of dog sledges to latitude 81° 35′. As a number of previous explorers, including Hudson 250 years ago, Parry in 1827, and Dr. Kane but lately, reached points as high or higher, it may be assumed that Dr. Hayes has added nothing of importance to our knowledge of Polar geography, or to the stock of observed phenomena. The problem of the "Great Open Circumpolar Sea," therefore, still remains unsolved, and we sincerely hope it will be allowed to remain a subject of dilittanti speculation. The amount of energy that has been expended, and the enormous sums of money that have been wasted, to say nothing of the hundreds of lives that have been sacrificed in these Arctic expeditions, and of which the utmost success that could be anticipated by the most enthusiastic explorer would only be a barren and worthless result, should put a stop to similar future misdirections of effort, money and life. When the non-existence of a "North-West Passage," of any possible, practical use, was demonstrated, every rational motive for continuing "Arctic Explorations" became exhausted. All subsequent expeditions have been organized under the impulse of a love of notoriety, or for the purpose of verifying some fanciful hypothesis. Before the public, the munificence of the Peabodys and Grinnells, in fitting out ships for the Polar Seas, whether with the pretence of search for Sir John Franklin or of aiding scientific research, appears to have been inspired by a sincere regard for the missing navigator, or a real love for science, whereas their whole expenditure was made, and their deep interest affected, only as a means of advertising their names to the world, and obtaining notoriety, and perhaps social distinction. They spent their money before Bonner invented his grand system of advertising, or they might have found it more economical and much easier to have obtained their envied distinction, as the talk of the town, through the intervention of gorgeous capitals and widely separated lines, in the columns of the daily newspapers.

A number of *quasi* literary and scientific reputations have been rather cheaply made through suffering frost bites and eating blubber amongst "pack ice," and "floe ice" and "icebergs," fierce white bears and greasy Esquimaux, in hyperborean regions; and, as a consequence, the public ear, and eke its pockets, have been vigorously assailed by a score of aspirants for the same cheap honors, who feel sure they are specially reserved by Providence as the instruments of penetrating to the "Great Open Circumpolar Sea." Well, even if that hypothetical expanse of water does exist, what of it? Some people believe that the earth's interior is a grand, glowing, molten mass. Must we therefore waste life and treasure in digging vast pits, 500 miles deep, in order to find out if the notion be correct? Let the barren polar secret, if there be one, rest unrevealed—at least until all other really useful fields of research and exploration shall have been exhausted. There is some sense in the operations of Dr. Livingstone in Africa, and the results of his explorations have, or may have, a real value, in spite of his canting apotheosis of negroes and negro civilization. We can forgive him for making out the Zambezi as the grandest of rivers, and the shallow puddle called Lake Ngami as the finest and most available body of water in creation, for underneath all this rubbish there are essential and useful facts and observations. But we must confess our inability to discover the value to science, or the utility to mankind, of freezing one's toes, or doing worse, within the Arctic circle. There are a hundred untraversed and practically unknown portions of our own Continent, which deserve and invite exploration, and where a tithe of the energy and money wasted in Arctic follies could not fail of yielding important results, scientific as well as economical. There is the great River Usumasinta, flowing into the Lake of Terminos from the mountains of Guatemala, through the vast plains of Tabasco, Chiapas and Campeachy, with its upper waters inhabited by a strange people, descended, probably, from the builders of Palenque, bordered by richest lands, which are covered with forests of precious woods, and abound in new varieties of animal life: let the adventurous explorer go there, where his labors and sufferings may result in some real advantage to science and practical good to the world. It might not yield so much immediate and available notoriety for the munificence of the princely bankers and merchants who might furnish the money, nor so ready a reputation to the ambitious personage undertaking it; but there is really more in one day's exploration of the Usumasinta than in ten years of hibernation among the ice, in vain efforts to discover an "Open Sea," which perhaps, after all, does not exist. *Cui bono?*

The National Hymn.

WE have already alluded to the labors of the "National Hymn Committee" and their result in *nil.* Mr. Richard Grant White however, one of the Committee, has contrived to make a volume out of the matter—a specimen of arrant

bookmongering by the way, albeit not without some entertaining features. It will be remembered that although the Committee failed to find any hymn among the twelve hundred offered worthy of receiving their *exequatur*, yet they did lay aside a dozen or so for a second consideration. Among these was one, accompanied by original music, from Richard S. Willis, as follows:

Anthem of liberty,
  Solemn and grand,
Wake in thy loftiness,
  Sweep through the land!
Light in each breast anew
  Patriot fires,
Pledge the old flag again—
  Flag of our sires!
Fling all thy folds abroad,
  Banner of light!
    Wave, wave for ever,
    Flag of our might!
    God for our banner,
    Freedom and Right!
      Amen! Amen!

Spirit of Unity,
  Potent, divine,
Come in thy kindliness,
  All hearts entwine!
Prove to our enemies
  Ever a rock,
And to each traitor scheme
  Ruinous shock!
Wake the old banner word!
  Shout it amain,
    Union for ever!
    Once and again!—
    Union for ever!
    God it maintain!
      Amen! Amen!

Shades of our forefathers,
  Pass through the land,
Clothed in full majesty,
  Terrible, grand!
"Faith, Hope and Charity"
  Rule in each breast!
Faith, in our Fatherland,
  Hope, in our Lord,
Charity, still to all
  Blindly who've err'd!
God save the Government!
  Long it defend!
    Thine is the Kingdom,
    Father and Friend!
    Thine be the glory,
    World without end!
      Amen! Amen!

There is another hymn, or rather a new version of an old one, which some unprincipled person slipped into Mr. White's hand while reading the proofs of his book, and which he has printed. If truth were the essential quality of a national hymn, it might well replace the rhythmic rubbish which John Bull really believes was engraved on *the other side* of the Tablets of the Law which Moses brought down from Sinai:

God save me, great John Bull!
Long keep my pocket full!
    God save John Bull!
Ever victorious,
Haughty, vainglorious,
Snobbish, censorious,
    God save John Bull!

Oh Lords, our gods, arise!
"Tax" all our enemies,
    Make tariffs fall!
Confound French politics,
Frustrate all Russian tricks,
Get Yankees in a "fix,"
    God "bless" them all!
        [*Over the left*

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On me, me only pour—
    Me, great John Bull!
Maintain oppressive laws,
Frown down the poor man's cause!
So sing with heart and voice,
    I, great John Bull!

The Cost of a "Sensation."

Our accomplished Secretary of State is evidently determined not to allow the Departments of War and the Navy, nor yet that of Finance, to have a monopoly of "sensations." If he can't have a grand review, or bombard a Hatteras, nor yet negotiate a $150,000,000 loan, he can certainly let off an explosive letter now and then, which shall prove quite a Columbiad in its way. The one about Russell, the newspaper correspondent, rather hung fire—in classical English, proved a *fizzle*. But Mr. Seward is not to be discouraged when notoriety is to be the reward of effort. He has tried a letter on the subject of frontier fortifications, which has been more successful. It has accomplished what was no doubt its first, if not only object, a sensation. It knocked down United States securities two or three per cent.—that was its recoil; but its echo is still to come from beyond the water. It will be resonant with the name of Seward, and prevent it from being forgotten—a great point with the Secretary. After informing the Governors of the frontier States (for the letter is addressed to them alone, and only published in the newspapers to save postage!) that our foreign affairs were never so delightfully safe and serene, he proceeds to tell them that they had all better go to work and fortify their respective frontiers, and enforces his injunction by a striking and original simile about the expediency of doing so before being assailed, or, as he words it, in diction slightly sophomoric, it is "obvious" that our ports and harbors on the seas and lakes should be put in good condition, "for any nation may be said to incur, voluntarily incur, danger in tempestuous seasons, when it fails to show that it has sheltered itself on every side from which the storm might possibly come."

On the whole, we think we may say that we think it "may be said!" In point of fact, we are *sure* that it "may be said," affirmed, or otherwise propounded, with, we may say, a large amount of truth, that, all things considered, it is, on the whole, prudent, or at least safe, to protect yourself from the ruffian behind while you are grappling with the traitor in front—especially in "tempestuous seasons," and particularly if you don't know from which side the storm may "possibly come!"

Mr. Seward winds up his letter by advising the Governors to go to work at once with their precautionary defences, and ventures to assure them that he thinks Congress will repay them all they may expend. We have no doubt of it; but there are bad people who respond, "Better open the Potomac," and who add with a sneer, "As our foreign affairs were never so cosy, why we can wait a month, till Congress meets!"

But, as we have said, our Secretary gained his point. He made a sensation! Witness the following paragraphs, the first from the money article of the *Post*, and the second from the Toronto (Canada) *Leader*:

"Mr. Seward's letter is the topic of the market, and nearly all the securities of the list are adversely affected. The decline in some of the leading shares is equal to four per cent. Governments gave way two per cent. under small sales, and considerable uneasiness is still observable."

"If preparations of this nature are to be carried on, on the South shore, British power on the North is bound not to lag behind. It cannot be an idle spectator of works avowedly intended to be a menace against its dominion."

Taking the total amount of our National securities on the market at $200,000,000 (and they are more), their depreciation, at the rate of two per cent., would result in a loss to the public of only $4,000,000! A trifling price for a "Sensation!"

The Blockade of Charleston.—A correspondent calls attention to what he regards as "an omission in the splendid and valuable map" which we published last week, viz., that no vessels indicating the blockade are placed off Charleston. That Charleston is blockaded nominally everybody knows; but that it is not so really is proven by the fact that vessels seem to go in and out with impunity. The latest exploit in running the blockade, if one exists, is that of the steamer Nashville, which is said to have had on board Messrs. Ex-Senators Slidell and Mason, rebel Envoys to France and England. The Government has despatched two or three gunboats to intercept the Nashville if possible, but their chance of doing so is small indeed. When we are satisfied that there is an efficient blockade of Charleston we shall be glad to correct our map to suit our correspondent. Meantime we must permit it to conform to facts.

Reward of Merit.—The country will learn with pleasure that Lieut. Russell, who led the boat expedition from the steamer Colorado, in cutting out and burning the rebel privateer Judith, in Pensacola harbor, has been promoted to the command of one of the new gunboats for his bravery. The following is the letter from the Secretary of the Navy announcing the promotion:

Navy Department, Oct. 4, 1861.

Lieut. John H. Russell, United State frigate Colorado, Gulf Blockading Squadron:

Sir—Transmitted herewith is a copy of a communication from the Department, of this date, to Flag-Officer McKean, commanding Gulf Blockading Squadron, in relation to the successful boat expedition despatched under your command to destroy the rebel privateer Judith. For your gallantry on this occasion the Department designs to assign you to the command of one of the new gunboats, and you are, therefore, detached from the Colorado, and you will proceed to Washington, D. C., and report yourself in person to the Department.

I am, respectfully, GIDEON WELLES.

To the Right About.—Mr. Russell, in his last letter to the London *Times*, says, that if they choose to exert their strength, the North can "subjugate" the South. And the *Times* itself, which predicted not long ago that we could raise neither men nor money to defend the Government, finally says, "In some respects, we must admit that we a little underrated their power." Really!

The Finances of the War.—The Hon. James Dixon, United States Senator from Connecticut, in an eloquent and patriotic speech recently delivered at a Union meeting in Hartford, dwelt with marked force upon the ability of the country to sustain the expenses of the war, and upon the security which the national loan offers as an investment. On this point he said:

"Look at England. You say our expenses are large, and so they are. Some estimate them at $1,000,000 a day. But what were the expenses of England during her war with Napoleon? From 1803 to 1816, with less than 18,000,000 of inhabitants, her expenses were $1,300,000 a day for a period of 13 years. For 100 days previous to the battle of Waterloo, her expenses were $5,000,000 a day. Of this vast sum a large proportion was expended on the continent of Europe, while our entire expenditure is at home. If, for 13 years, England could expend $1,300,000 a day abroad, cannot we do it for one or two years, if necessary—every dollar meanwhile remaining at home? Interest, therefore, no less than patriotism, requires us to subscribe for the loan."

Sons.—It is a "big thing" to be a son now-a-days. The son of Mr. Secretary of State Seward is Assistant Secretary of State; a son of General Fremont, having attained the sound judgement and abilities peculiar to the mature age of 16 years, is an adjutant, and not to speak of other remarkable relatives, sons, brothers, cousins and otherwise, we have now the information by telegraph—important fact—that "Walton J. Smith, son of the Secretary of the Interior, has been appointed Chief Clerk of that department."

The Providence *Journal*, with characteristic goodnature, tries to believe that Mr. Sanford did not go to Caprera, to invite Garibaldi to lead our armies. It says:

"Such egregious nonsense could be swallowed by no one who has any accurate knowledge of our affairs, but perhaps this is as harmless nonsense as the foreign editors can be amusing themselves with."

But suppose Sanford did perpetrate this "egregious nonsense," what then?

Scratch off their Names.—The following named persons, candidates for the State Legislature from this city, were last year members of that body, and on the 16th of April voted against the military bill putting the forces of the State at the service of the general Government, or dodged the vote, viz: John Callahan, William J. C. Kenny, Daniel Young, John Hardy, for the Assembly, and Luke F. Cozans, for the Senate. Mr. James Lynch has been nominated by some faction or other for Sheriff. He was a member of Varian's battery, which abandoned the army before Manassas on the day of the battle, because their three months were up, and left the field with the roar of the enemy's guns sounding in their ears! Let the voters of New York visit the present audacity as well as the past delinquencies of these men with their stern indignation!

The Secretary of the Treasury.—A London correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot* writes:

"Nothing has contributed more to the favor and esteem in which the cause of our Government is held throughout Europe, than the admirable administration of the department of finance by Mr. Secretary Chase."

The Traitor Breckinridge.—Mr. Ex-Vice-President Breckinridge, an outcast from his native State, according to last accounts, was in the camp of the rebels, inciting them to a more active prosecution of the war, in which is involved the visitation of civil war on the gallant State to whose undeserved preferences he owes whatever he has of distinction. And yet this man, in a speech before the Legislature of Kentucky, on the 2d of April last, held the following language, speaking of the action of a majority of the people of Kentucky which has since been three time expressed by overwhelming majorities:

"I hold further, that when the majority utters its voice that her citizens are bound to acquiesce. I have seen with pain and surprise intimations that have been thrown out that a minority of the people of this commonwealth would add to our calamities the horrors of internecine war, if the majority should pursue a course opposed to their views. Let us not think of that, Mr. Speaker. That should be the last calamity that would afflict a commonwealth."

The Pacific Telegraph.—The telegraphic line to the Pacific is being carried rapidly westward. It already r[illegible] to th[illegible] of the Mormons in the Great Salt Lake valley. The first message [illegible] came over it was a despatch from Brigham Young to Hon. J. H. Wade, President of the Company constructing it, and was received in Cleveland on the 18th of October, dated on the morning of the same day. It is as follows:

"Sir—Permit me to congratulate you on the completion of the overland telegraph line west to this city; to commend the energy displayed by yourself and associates in the rapid and successful prosecution of a work so beneficial, and to express the wish that its use may ever tend to promote the true interest of the dwellers on both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of our continent.

"Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the Constitution and laws of our once happy country, and is warmly interested in successful enterprises like the one so far completed.

"BRIGHAM YOUNG."

The War Illustrated.—Parts 8 and 9 of Frank Leslie's semimonthly folio, "The Pictorial History of the War of 1861," edited by E. G. Squier, Esq., are published, and can be had in Boston of all the principal periodical dealers. It is a fine work, got up on an extensive scale. The engravings are executed by the best wood artists in the country, from original drawings; the size of the work giving ample room for all necessary details. The portraits of our Generals are admirable likenesses, copied as they all are from recent photographs. The pictures in these two parts will be found extremely interesting, as they depict recent scenes of the war in the South and West. The text of the work is also valuable, as all the skirmishes and battles are described, from authentic sources. It is the cheapest and best work of its class ever published in America, and is every way worthy of extensive patronage.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

ARREST OF BRITISH SUBJECTS FOR COMPLICITY WITH TREASON.

A very important correspondence relative to the arrest—under the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*—of British subjects, has just taken place between Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward in reference to the case of a Mr. Patrick, of New York, and a Mr. Rahming, who had arrived here from Nassau. Both these parties were sent to Fort Lafayette, but were subsequently released. Lord Lyons takes the ground that the Constitution of the United States does not sanction what he calls the arbitrary arrest of British subjects except when authorized by Act of Congress, and he remonstrates in the name of his Government against the "irregular proceedings" adopted in these cases, under advice from the legal advisers of her Britannic Majesty. Mr. Seward replies that the proceedings of which the British Government complain with regard to these gentlemen were taken upon information conveyed to the President by the legal police authorities of the country, and they were not instituted until after he had suspended the *habeas corpus* writ, in view of the perils of the State. For the exercise of that discretion he, as well as his chief advisers are responsible by law before the highest judicial tribunal of the republic, and amenable also to the judgment of his countrymen and the enlightened portion of the civilized world.

Mr. Seward further reminds Lord Lyons that, although the United States Government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the British Crown, or the justice of the deference which her Majesty pays to them, nevertheless, the British Government will hardly expect that the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States, especially when the Constitution thus expounded would leave upon him the sole executive responsibility of suppressing existing insurrection, while it would transfer to Congress the most material and indispensable power to be employed for that purpose. And furthermore, that the President must be allowed to prefer to be governed by the organic national law, which, while it will enable him to exercise his great trust with complete success, receives the sanction of the highest authorities of our own country, and is sustained by the general consent of the people, for whom alone that Constitution was established.

Mr. Seward states that at the time of the arrest of Messrs. Patrick and Rahming, it was not known that they were British subjects; but he infers that the knowledge of that fact would have made no difference in the matter, when he says that "the safety of the whole people has become, in the present emergency, the supreme law, and so long as the danger shall exist to all classes of society equally, the denizen and the citizen must cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which that law prescribes."

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Gunboat "Ottawa," Lieutenant-Commanding T. H. Stevens.—The Ottawa, on Saturday, 12th inst., made a trial trip down the Bay for exercise and target practice. The firing with 11-inch Dahlgren was excellent, at a distance of 2,000 yards, and the performance of the engine and vessel under sail and steam sufficiently conclusive to warrant the belief that the class of vessels to which she belongs will be found adequate in all respects to meet the wants of the occasion and the time. The greatest speed of the Ottawa under sail and steam, with a top-gallant breeze blowing, was about twelve knots.

We stated a few days since that the excess of the exports of the country for the year, above those of 1859 and 1860, would reach $50,000. The prospect is that they will exceed that in value. Last week the value of exports from this port alone was $3,000,878, against $1,095,690 in 1859 and $2,061,717 in 1860. The total value since January 1st, exclusive of specie, is $99,058,000, an excess of nearly $28,000,000 over that of 1860, and of $48,000,000 over that of 1859. At this rate the value of exports from the port of New York will not be less than $125,000,000 for the year ending December 31, 1861.

The Lawrence (Mass.) *Sentinel* says: "With the exception of the Atlantic, the manufacturing business of our mills is but little behind that of ordinary times."

A change has been made in the ten cent pieces that bear date this year from those heretofore coined. The figure of Liberty, instead of being surrounded by stars, is encircled by the words, "United States of America," which formerly were placed on the reverse of the piece.

The Mercer (Pa.) *Dispatch* gives a description of an extraordinary vein of oil tapped the other day on the McElhany farm, at a depth of 460 feet. It says: "A watch was held while it ran into a tank, holding by measure 108 barrels, and it filled the same in 55 minutes! At a fair estimate, taking this as a data, those who were working and watching about it are confident that in the first 24 hours it flowed 2,400 barrels of oil!"

The sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, on the 11th inst., numbered 954, of whom 308 belonged to New York regiments, and 14 were officers. There was an increase of 43 from the week previous.

There was an immense crowd in attendance at the inauguration of the statue of Ethan Allen, at Montpelier, Vermont, on Thursday of last week. Governor Fairbanks presided, and the oration was delivered by F. E. Woodbridge, of Vergennes.

Two cargoes of free negroes, numbering about 400 in all, left this city October 19th in the bark King Brothers and the brig Flight, for St. Mark, Hayti, with a view to settle in that place, under the auspices of the Haytien Emigration Bureau, which offers the most tempting inducements to colored emigrants.

The Pontoon bridge at Paducah is gone. The Ohio has risen lately from 10 to 15 feet, and with such rapidity as to break up and carry away the bridge. It is said to be lodged somewhere between there and Cairo.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

His Excellency, Governor Moore, of Louisiana, has issued an order to seize all the pork in New Orleans held by speculators, who had advanced it to the enormous price of $50 per barrel.

The Governor of North Carolina has issued a proclamation, prohibiting the exportation of bacon and leather from that State. The Richmond *Examiner* says: "We learn that, in pursuance of this proclamation, a large quantity of bacon and leather, *en route* for Virginia, the property of speculators, was seized at the depot of the North Carolina Railroad, in Raleigh. Another quantity of bacon, bought on speculation, and destined for a point out of the State, has been seized at High Point. These are measures of severity, although it is high time to resist and punish the multitude of speculators intent on taking selfish advantage of the necessities of the country."

The Richmond *Dispatch* publishes a letter from its correspondent in the Hampton Legion, who writes: "The most dispiriting news which has ever reached our camp is that we may probably go into winter quarters on this side of the Potomac—than which nothing could be more disappointing and dissatisfactory to the Southern soldiers, with the unmurmuring patience which they have endured the diseases that have decimated their numbers, and all the privation and wants of a first campaign; and now that a benign Providence has rebuked the disease, and health and vigor again returned to our ranks, they cannot appreciate the policy which would keep 250,000 Southern men—a number sufficient to do almost anything—inclosed in ice and snow five or six months to defend Virginia alone."

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

Academy of Music.—Mr. Ullman's benefits have proved so profitable that he has resolved on a third. The 28th of October has been set apart for the experiment; "Betly" and "Les Noces de Jeanette," the *bonnebouches* for which the public mouth has so long watered, being adroitly transferred from night No. 2 to night No. 3. Expectation remains on tiptoe, and Ullman well knows that after one representation of these charming little operas, repetitions enough to constitute another "season" will be imperatively demanded.

Winter Garden.—The famous and taking play of the "Octoroon," which yielded so golden a harvest at this theatre a year or two ago, has been revived. It finds an audience more inclined to listen to its teachings than before, and its pathetic story gathers force from the circumstances of the nation. It cannot fail to have a run protracted and profitable. It is sufficient to say, as a guarantee of excellence, that Mr. J. S. Clarke plays the part of Salem Scudder, the Yankee.

Laura Keene still continues her conquering career, "improving in grace and a knowledge of the public taste daily," as evinced by a constant excision of the villainous text of the "Seven Sons."

At Wallack's the "King of the Mountains," in which Mr Fisher distinguishes himself by judicious, sustained and appropriate acting, draws full houses. His is the best piece of acting to be witnessed at present on the metropolitan boards.

Barnum's Museum.—A new drama, "The Angel of Midnight," which was very successful in Paris last season, and has since been performed in London at various theatres, as well as in the smaller cities of this country, is attracting crowds at this house.

JEFFERSON CITY, CAPITAL OF MISSOURI—THE ARRIVAL OF MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT'S DIVISION, SEPTEMBER 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S DIVISION.—SEE PAGE 375.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XXI.—WE ARE TRIED FOR ASSAULT.

The sessions were to come on in three weeks from that time; and not until about a week had elapsed did Augustus exert his energies in our favor. One day, however, he was called upon by a gentleman, with whom he was closeted for some time, and who afterwards had some conversation with me, and a word or two with Ornamel. This gentleman, who was fat in person and sharp in speech, was Serjeant Blubagge. We were afterwards waited upon once or twice by a pale, determined-looking young man, whose peculiarity was reticence. This young man was Mr. Taper Todd. Serjeant Blubagge and Mr. Taper Todd had been reserved by Augustus for our defence. It was Mr. Taper Todd's business to digest the briefs of our solicitor, and to arrange the facts. It was Serjeant Blubagge's business to disgorge the defence, in torrents of eloquence and rivulets of keen satire.

"I've not much hope for the result, Henry," said Augustus, "and at any rate your poor father must fall a victim to our enemy. But let us hope for the best. Blubagge is a favorite with old Sir Suaviter Backbite, and we could not be in better hands."

Ornamel grew quieter and saner as the days rolled on, until—although he talked rather incoherently—there was nothing in his manner to suggest a doubt as to his sanity. This change for the better was regarded with complacency by both Augustus and myself. We little knew the dark thoughts that were passing through the man's uneasy mind.

Both Ornamel and myself were entirely ignorant of the defence which Augustus and his counsel intended pursuing. The matter was left entirely in Augustus's hands. Against the assault we pleaded provocation. The indictment was filed against Eugene Danvers, Henry Brown and Henry Brown, jun.

The momentous day at last arrived, and we three entered the felon's dock together. Sir Suaviter Backbite, a gentlemanly little old man, as yellow as a guinea, occupied the bench. The body of the court was crowded, and the barristers fluttered about in a fever of business. I shall give the evidence in a very formal way. Mr. Serjeant Fumble and Mr. Felinn prosecuted, and the former rose up to address the jury after the usual preliminaries were adjusted.

Mr. Sergeant Fumble began by stating that this was one of the most painful cases in which he had ever been concerned, and ended by asserting that I was basely ungrateful, and that Mr. Charles, the prosecutor, was a philanthropist. He talked a great deal about low company, paternal kindness and domestic sorrow. He then described Ornamel as one of the grossest of ruffians, and Augustus as his equally vile accomplice. He grew so puffy and eloquent, indeed, that I could not understand one-half of his allusions, and was only conscious of a great buzz of words. He then began to examine his witnesses.

Mr. Leonard Charles, examined by Serjeant Fumble, said: "I am a gentleman of independent means, and the youngest prisoner is my nephew. I make the charge against him with the deepest sorrow, as he is dear to a member of my family. I have a wife, who for many years has been an inmate of a lunatic asylum. I produce the medical certificate of her insanity. On the 20th of last month, at midnight, my wife made her appearance in my house, having previously made her escape from the asylum, and attempted my life. I was about to secure her when my nephew rushed upon me, and had nearly succeeded in stabbing me with a carving-knife when my daughter interfered. (Carving-knife produced.) That is the instrument. My wife, in the meantime, made her escape from the house. I pursued her with my groom. We had nearly succeeded in securing her, when the three prisoners attacked me. The injuries on my face were inflicted in the struggle. With the assistance of my servant I afterwards made my escape. The next day I communicated with the police. My wife was shortly afterwards apprehended by the servants of the asylum."

By Serjeant Fumble—"Were you once called upon to give evidence against the elder prisoner in a case of forgery?"

"Reluctantly I was."

"The elder prisoner is your brother-in-law?"

"He is."

"Do you, then, attribute his attack upon your person to resentment caused by your conduct on the occasion of his former conviction?"

"I do."

"Have you had words with the youngest prisoner relative to certain vices in which he indulged?"

"Yes. I argued with him against the folly of keeping bad company."

"You quarrelled, and he threatened you?"

"Yes."

"You have since then been repeatedly in danger of your life?"

"Yes; I feared his violence."

By Mr. Felinn—"Of the prisoner Danvers I know nothing, save that he has been an associate of my nephew's."

Cross-examined by Serjeant Blubagge—"Yes; I have carried on business as a pawnbroker in Paris. I have had in my employ a confidential clerk named Broussais. I decline to state whether or not my Parisian connection has ceased. The eldest prisoner is my brother-in-law. We married sisters."

Serjeant Blubagge—"Was there a strong personal resemblance between those sisters?"

Prosecutor—"No unusual resemblance."

"Yes or no; was there a resemblance between the sisters?"

"A slight resemblance."

"Is the wife of the elder prisoner still alive?"

"No."

"When did she die?"

"Some years ago."

"Were you appointed her executor?"

"I was."

"Is the youngest prisoner the son of the elder prisoner?"

"Yes."

The face of Ornamel turned white as snow; he was quite calm now. He crept close to me and said nothing; then with an ineffable tenderness, he placed his hand in mine.

"The wife of the elder prisoner possessed property in her own right?"

"She did."

"Was the youngest prisoner her heir-at-law?"

"He was."

Serjeant Blubagge—"That will do."

Monsieur left the witness-box. The next person called was the groom, who lied right and left to support his master's evidence. How did my blood burn, and my brain whirl, when I saw that the third witness was Elizabeth Charles. She was very pale; but she glanced scornfully at me as she entered the witness-box.

Elizabeth Charles said—"I am the daugnter of the prosecutor, and the youngest prisoner is my cousin. He has lived with us for some time. I can swear that he has been treated with the greatest indulgence by my father. They quarreled lately on account of my cousin's excesses. I was awakened on the night of the 20th, by cries of 'murder.' Entering my father's room, I found him struggling with my cousin. On my interfering, the struggle ceased. The knife now produced dropped to the floor in the struggle. I cannot say whether it was dropped by the prisoner."

Mr. Felinn—"Did you believe that the prisoner had attempted your father's life?"

Witness—"I did not."

Sensation.

Mr. Felinn looked aghast, for a blow had been aimed at the prosecution.

Mr. Felinn—"What object, then, can you assign for the prisoner's attack on your father?"

Witness—"None."

Mr. Felinn shook his head, and handed over a slip of paper to Serjeant Fumble.

Serjeant Fumble—"Have there been certain love passages between yourself and the prisoner?"

Witness—"Really——"

Serjeant Fumble—"Answer my question."

Witness—"Yes."

Serjeant Fumble—"Really, my lud, had we been aware that this witness was prejudiced in favor of the prisoner, and that she would hesitate to give evidence——"

(*Continued on page* 374.)

MORNING MUSTERING OF THE "CONTRABAND" AT FORTRESS MONROE, ON THEIR WAY TO THEIR DAY'S WORK, UNDER THE PAY AND DIRECTION OF THE U. S.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST AT FORTRESS MONROE.—SEE PAGE 376.

VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS ERECTED BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS AT BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, OPPOSITE CAIRO, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GEN. FREMONT'S COMMAND.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(*Continued from page* 372.)

Mr. Felinn—"There, witness, you may go down."

The Bench—"Really, Brother Fumble, I had no idea that a gentleman of your experience would talk of the hesitation of a witness to give evidence. Such an observation in a court of justice——"

Serjeant Blubagge—"Pardon me, my lud. I will examine this witness. Is it now your opinion that the knife was dropped from the hands of the escaped lunatic, your mother?"

Witness (with hesitation)—"It is."

Serjeant Blubagge—"That is enough."

The next witness called was Mr. Timbs. He was employed in business transactions by the prosecutor. Was acquainted with the prisoner Danvers—in fact had married his sister. Had heard Danvers threaten "to do" for Mr. Charles. Knew the eldest prisoner as the person formerly convicted for forgery. Had heard the youngest prisoner express a deep hatred for his guardian. Knew the younger prisoner as an associate of the worst society. Had repeatedly expressed to a friend of his named Shrimps, his conviction that the life of Mr. Charles was in danger.

Mr. Timbs was suffered to go down unperplexed.

Alfred Shrimps said he was a joiner. Knew the witness Timbs, and had seen him once with Mr. Charles. Could swear that he had heard the witness Timbs express his conviction that Mr. Charles's life was in danger.

Mr. Taper Todd begged to ask witness if his friend had specified the nature of the danger he spoke of.

Witness could not say for certain. He believed, however, that Mr. Timbs had stated that Mr. Charles, being a passionate man, would one day burst a blood vessel.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

Serjeant Bluhagge then rose to his feet. The jury had heard the case for the prosecution, and he begged to say that a more rotten and unsound one never came under his notice. He relied on the common sense and generosity of an unprejudiced British jury. He was sure that the noble lud on the bench agreed with him in believing that the case was contained in a nutshell.

Sir Sauviter smiled wickedly, and asked Brother Blubagge to come to the point.

His ludship (said the serjeant) might be assured that he would demolish the flimsy charge with a breath. He (Serjeant Blubagge) begged the intelligent jury to observe that the whole engines of the prosecution had been brought to bear upon the youngest prisoner. The case against the other prisoners rested solely on the testimony of the prosecutor and his servant. The latter had repeatedly contradicted himself. Now, it had been shown that the prosecutor had a wife, who had been described as insane; and it had also been shown that this person, having escaped from an asylum where her husband had placed her, had suddenly made her appearance in her husband's bedroom at midnight. Confessedly, the insane woman had attempted the life of prosecutor, and it would be his (Serjeant Blubagge's) duty to convince the jury that the weapon said to be dropped by the youngest prisoner had, in point of fact, been used by the insane woman in her frenzy. He would then call a witness to prove that even were the charge supported, the prisoners would have been excusable, comparatively speaking. Why? Because prosecutor was a man without goodness or principle—he would not say a criminal—and had been the author of a vile plot against the oldest and youngest prisoners.

Serjeant Blubagge then called Matilda Midgery, who said she was a nurse in the Pestlewaithe Lunatic Asylum. Had been accustomed to wait upon the patient, who went by the name of Mrs. Charles. Had heard, on the 18th day of last May, that Mrs. Charles was missing. Shortly afterwards heard of her recapture. The knife now produced had been abstracted from the asylum.

Cross-examined by Mr. Felinn—"No; the patients were not in the habit of using carving-knives to cut their food. The knife might have been abstracted from the kitchen. Had known Mrs. Charles as a rather violent patient."

The Serjeant next called Adolphe Broussais.

At the mention of the name I looked at Augustus inquiringly; but he was quite unmoved. The dwarf gave one glance at us as he entered the box.

Adolphe Broussais said—"Up till this day I have been in the employ of prosecutor, as confidential clerk. I am a Frenchman by birth; but I have resided for many years in England. I know the prisoners. I knew the wife of the elder prisoner, and I knew the wife of prosecutor. They were sisters, and they slightly resembled each other. I have visited the patient named Mrs. Charles. I can swear that that patient is not the wife of prosecutor. She is the wife of the eldest prisoner, Henry Brown." (Sensation.)

The Bench.—"If these disgraceful exhibitions do not cease, I shall clear the court. Brother Blubagge, I don't see how the absurd evidence of this witness affects the point at issue."

Serjeant Blubagge—"Patience, my lud, and we shall shortly make our case clear to your ludships."

Witness—"The real wife of prosecutor lived at Caverford, and passed as the mother of the youngest prisoner, under the name of Brown. She died at Caverford, 14th March, 1845. She was buried in the same place, under the same name. She left a will, in which her real husband, the prosecutor, who passed as her brother-in-law was appointed her executor. The patient called Charles was at that time an inmate of the asylum. Prosecutor's object in this plot was to gain possession, through the boy, of certain sums of money, which the wife of the elder prisoner possessed in her own right." (Sensation.)

Cross-examined by Serjeant Blubagge—"I could not possibly be mistaken in the identity of the two women. I swear that the patient called Charles is the wife of the eldest prisoner. I know the responsibility of my position. I swear that the wife of the eldest prisoner has been the victim of an atrocious plot."

A great deal of questioning and cross-questioning followed, in which Broussais totally discomfited his adversaries. I will not attempt to describe my anxiety and wonder as the various facts oozed out. More was to come, however. Augustus looked firm and confident. Ornamel was calm as snow.

Broussais was allowed to go down with his evidence unimpugned.

Serjeant Blubagge—"Call Mrs. Martha Timbs."

Strange to say, even this summons failed to disturb the composure of Ornamel and Augustus.

Plainly, Augustus (perhaps I had better now call him Eugene, as the real name is out) had been deceiving me; and if so, he must have hoodwinked my uncle too. Eugene was an arch-schemer. There stood his sister, Mrs. Martha Timbs, in the flesh, before us. But she seemed to me like a ghost in the witness-box.

Mrs. Martha Timbs said—"I am by profession a dressmaker. At one time I was a lady's-maid in the house of the wife of the senior Brown. This was in France. At the time I speak of, I frequently met the prosecutor, my master's brother-in-law, and prosecutor's wife; but I had previously met Mr. Charles, and, believing him unmarried, been grossly deceived by him. Yes, there were certain love passages between us. Since then we have been in occasional communication, by means of my husband, who is in prosecutor's employ."

Serjeant Blubagge—"Did you attend upon the wife of the prosecutor in her last moments?"

Serjeant Fumble—"My lud, I protest against the evidence of this witness, as being out of all order."

There was a great commotion. Serjeant Fumble abused Serjeant Blubagge; Mr. Felinn abused Mr. Taper Todd; and *vice versa*. The commotion lasted for some minutes. At last the voice of Sir Suaviter rose above all.

"Gentlemen, this scene is indecent. I rule in favor of the prosetion; the witness must go down."

So, willy-nilly, Mrs. Timbs was compelled to leave the witness-box, and thus closed the evidence for the defence. A great deal more cross-questioning and fencing ensued; but I have no power to follow the case further. I sat like a bewildered lamb, conscious of nothing but a great hum of voices around me. At last I heard the voice of the judge. Sir Suaviter was winding-up, and his summary was entirely in our favor. There was no evidence upon which to convict, he said; but he was sure the extraordinary disclosures which had been made that day would be brought more prominently under the eye of the law. The honest tradesmen who formed the jury retired for ten minutes. They returned, and, in reply to the judge's question, the foreman, in a full, courageous voice, said that we were—Not Guilty.

Thereupon a great mist swam around me; and I just heard that Ornamel would be detained, to await Her Majesty's pleasure, before I fainted quite away. When I came to myself I was in an ante-chamber, and Eugene was holding me in his arms. A smile of half-malignant triumph lit up his dark face.

"We are safe?" I murmured inquiringly "We are acquitted?"

"Yes. Fortune has favored us. Bear up."

"My father? for," I added sadly and decidedly, "Ornamel *is* my father."

Eugene's face grew long and lachrymose; he shook his head woefully.

"Try not to think of him, my boy. Everything that brains or money can do shall, take my word for it, be done for him. Try not to think of him."

"My poor father!"

And I clung to Eugene like a child, and shed bitter tears.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Charles will be arrested, on my information, as he leaves the court to-day, charged with conspiracy, with intent to defraud. There's balm of Gilead for you!"

I thought of Elizabeth, and said nothing.

"And if that isn't consolation enough, let me tell you that your old persecutor, Timbs, may soon be arrested too. Hunted down! Hunted down! Oh, how I hungered for this day!"

"But will you get a verdict? Is your evidence sufficiently strong and conclusive?"

"Now that we have got a hearing, yes. Evidence? There's yourself, and myself, and poor

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE HATTERAS, ROUND WHICH THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT BIVOUACKED AFTER THEIR MARCH OF 25 MILES FROM CHICAMACOMICO, ON THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY, OCT. 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HATTERAS.

VIEW OF THE POTOMAC RIVER, NEAR THE MOUTH OF SENECA CREEK, COLONEL LEDEW, 34TH N. Y. REGIMENT, PREPARING TO SHELL A REBEL CAMP ON THE OPPOSITE BANK, SEPTEMBER 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GEN. BANKS'S COMMAND.

Martha, and Orumel, and—and—the mad woman. Yes, the mad woman (God help her!) whom we shall prove to be sane. Have no fear, my boy. It's no longer might against right; for right, being now prepared to spring, has a fair chance for the mastery."

Then Eugene, in his facetious way, performed several antics, suggestive of malignant joy. Ultimately he led me from the prison and into a cabriolet, which stood waiting for us without. Before leaving the prison, however, we passed through a lobby lined with legal gentlemen in wigs, among whom were the rival serjeants, Fumble and Blubagge. Fumble was shaking hands with his late opponent, while Mr. Taper Todd stood smirkingly by.

"Blubagge, my boy," said Fumble, beaming with joviality, "we dine at six. Good mutton at the Crown, and fair wine. Join us, and bring the old lady with you."

(*To be continued.*)

ATTACK OF THE REBEL BATTERIES AT EVANSPORT ON THE U. S. SLOOP SEMINOLE.

DESPITE the contradictions from time to time in the Administration papers, it appears that the rebels have established numerous batteries on the banks of the Potomac, which are capable of giving us considerable trouble. At all events, every one of our ships have to run the gauntlet of their fire. Judging from their efforts hitherto, there has been little harm done, but we have to thank their deficient gunnery for that. It would seem, however, from the subjoined letter of our Correspondent, who was on board the Seminole when the rebel battery at Evansport attacked her on October 15th, that the rebels are improving in this respect:

"UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP SEMINOLE,
"FORT MONROE, VA., Oct. 16, 1861.

"DEAR SIR—We left the Navy Yard at Washington at half-past six o'clock in the morning, steamed down the river, communicated with the flag ship of the flotilla off Indian Head, and passed on. Our old friends the batteries off Freestone Point did not open on us again, for we found them deserted; but when we arrived within a mile of Evansport a rifled shot came screaming and whistling through our rigging, but did no further harm. We immediately answered it with a shell from our "Long Tom"—11-inch Dahlgren—which burst near one of the embrasures of the rebel battery. They then opened upon us with great energy, firing well, the rifled shot fast playing around us, striking and riddling us through. One shot cut our mizen mast nearly through, so that it barely stood; another passed through the side of our ship, cutting away a brass rail that surrounds the engine hatchway, bending it up and passing between two officers, but hurting no one.

"Another shot cut away the main stay; a fourth passed close to the heads of the captain and first lieutenant, who were standing together, just grazing them. A shell burst under the bows, covering the men with water, and throwing the pieces about so that they stuck in the ship, and were taken out with difficulty. We suffered some damage, but are happy to say that no one was killed. One or two officers were slightly bruised with splinters. The firing from the rebels was excellent and terrific, and our own must have done them some damage, for the large gun was well directed.

"At Evansport they have three batteries of about three or four guns each, making about 10 or 12 total, all of which opened on us. Our Captain is a splendid fellow, cool as a cucumber; he went around encouraging the men, and keeping them up to time. The officers and men behaved well, and were only annoyed that our force was so small as to be unable to land and take the place.

"The Pocahontas was ahead of us, and threw a shell in at Evansport, then left us to bear the brunt of the fight, as we got it all in coming up behind more slowly.

"In passing Mathias Point we scattered a few shell in there too, but it was not answered at all."

THE KITCHEN OF THE FREMONT DRAGOONS AT TIPTON, MO.

TIPTON, which is 38 miles from Jefferson City, 26 from Sedalia, and 13 from California City, is situated on the Pacific Railway, which passes through Jefferson City, and has its terminus at Sedalia. At all these cities large bodies of troops have been placed by General Fremont, so as to enable him to concentrate, at a very short time, an overwhelming force to bear upon the rebels. It is said that when the Secretary of War visited the camp at Tipton on the 10th October, he was much pleased with the soldierly appearance of the men, and the order which reigned in the camp. We are quite sure that had so polished an epicure as the Hon. Simon Cameron seen the kitchen of the Fremont Dragoons, which possibly he did, he would have admired the culinary department as much as the Flying Artillery, which is destined to make such havoc in the rebel ranks. Our Artist has made a sketch of the kitchen, when the the army of cooks were in full preparation for the daily, but most important, campaign—dinner. We still hope that our present crisis will call up a Soyer to fulfil the gastronomic expectations of our gallant army.

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.

IN our last paper we gave a description of the capital city of Missouri, and have consequently to refer our readers to page 362. The sketch we publish to-day of Jefferson City is taken from the southern side of the Missouri, and shows the capital in bold relief. The railway runs along the side of the river, to Tipton and Sedalia, at both which places Gen. Fremont has established camps. The last intelligence was that he had concentrated a large force at Warsaw, and was preparing to cross the Osage on pontoons to engage Gen. Sterling Price, who with Rains would await him at Osceola to give battle. A glance at the map given in our last issue will enable the reader to see the relative positions of the two armies, and that we are on the eve of great events.

MUSTERING THE CONTRABANDS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

HAD all our National Generals possessed the legal common sense of General Butler, the present issue of the war would have been much simplified. Without pronouncing a decision, General Butler most adroitly postponed the negro question by giving the colored race a negative definition, which would form at a more convenient season an admirable starting point. To whatever "complexion" it may come at last, all must admire the felicity with which the astute lawyer rose to the dignity of a statesman on the occasion referred to. As a living illustration of one of the aspects of the present conflict, we give a sketch of the contrabands, *nee* niggers, going to their daily work at Fortress Monroe. The variety of the Ethiopian countenance is capitally given, and while some remind us of the merry phiz of George Christy in his sable mood, others wear the ponderous gravity of a New Jersey Justice. Doubtless the "nigger band" have never had so pleasant an existence as under their new state of contraband existence.

MAP OF HATTERAS ISLAND AND PAMLICO SOUND, SHOWING THE LOCALITIES OF THE LATE NAVAL AND MILITARY OPERATIONS AT CHICAMACOMICO, ETC.

BIRD'S POINT FORTIFICATIONS, OPPOSITE CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

EVERY day demonstrates the importance of Cairo as a strategic point, and the Government is certainly doing all in its power to make it impregnable. On the Missouri side additional fortifications have been erected by the National authorities, a general sketch of which we give—the particulars we withhold for obvious reasons. We merely give the scenery as it appears from the Point. There is, however, very little chance of the rebels taking such a bull by the horns as the fortifications around Cairo.

HATTERAS ISLAND AND ITS LIGHTHOUSE.

THIS island, which has lately engrossed so large a share of public attention, we have already so completely illustrated and described, as to leave little to add. Its length from Hatteras Inlet, where Forts Hatteras and Clark are situated, to Hatteras lighthouse is about 13 miles; it then takes a northern direction, and extends to Loggerhead Inlet, a distance of 27 miles, making the total length of the island about 40 miles. Its width averages about one mile, although there are some parts which are above two miles wide, while at several points it is only about one-third of a mile. It was on one of these narrow slips of sand that the rebels suffered so severely from the Monticello's fire. It seems scarcely probable, but it is nevertheless a fact, that this miserable sterile strip of land which our gallant troops regard as "the slip of a desert," is the birthplace and home of nearly 1,000 persons, who make a living by fishing in Pamlico Sound. The only vegetation this barren place affords are dwarf shrubs and bushes, which are truly a most miserable apology for trees. Nevertheless they are gratefully accepted. Captain Parisen, of the 9th regiment, says, that when he visited Fortress Monroe after the stay of some time at Hatteras Island, he was positively impressed by the enormous altitude of a tree near Hampton, which was only 30 feet high! It is some consolation to know that our brave men now stationed on Hatteras Island have abundance of most excellent fish, and despite the occasional storms, the climate is moderate. Soon after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the Confederate Government, with that murderous indifference to human life which has distinguished them from the first, extinguished all the lights they could reach, and among others the lighthouse erected at Cape Hatteras.

VIEW ON THE POTOMAC, NEAR THE MOUTH OF SENECA CREEK.

SENECA CREEK flows from the Potomac to Montgomery county, Maryland, in a north-easterly direction. It is about 20 miles from Washington, and 30 from Harper's Ferry. At this point Colonel Ledew's regiment, the New York 34th, is stationed, to keep a sharp look-out on General Johnston's division. Our sketch represents Lieutenant Newton of Captain Tompkins's R. P. Battery, preparing to shell a rebel camp on the other side of the Potomac. The view from this point is very fine. In the centre and left are the Blue Ridge mountains, and at the foot is the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, while to the right, in the distance, rise the heights of Harper's Ferry.

THE LOYAL INHABITANTS OF CHICAMACOMICO

Accompanying the 20th Indiana Regiment in their Retreat to Fort Hatteras.

IT must be confessed that when the commander of our National forces was authorized to receive the allegiance of the single-minded, honest and loyal inhabitants of the Island of Hatteras, our present Secretary of War should have supplied him with the necessary means to protect them, for, as events have turned out, their loyalty has proved not only to be a delusion and a snare, but to many a death warrant, as we read that the brutal rebels, who endeavored to cut off the 20th Indiana regiment at Chicamacomico, revenged themselves for their disappointment upon the few miserable inhabitants who fell into their hands. The Southerners seem to combine to a remarkable degree the stealthy and murderous treachery of the red Indian with the brutal insensibility of the black race; at all events, we can only account to this cause for the cruelties which marked their murder of old Goodwin and his wife, of Chicamacomico. The scene our present paper gives of the retreat of the 20th regiment needs no description. It is an anathema upon the treason of the rebels and the carelessness of our Cabinet.

The Rebel Flotilla.

THE U. S. STEAMER MONTICELLO SHELLING THE REBEL TROOPS AT CHICAMACOMICO, ON THEIR RETURN FROM AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CUT O

U. S. Steamer Monticello

OFF THE RETREAT OF THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT TOWARDS HATTERAS LIGHTHOUSE, OCTOBER 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE MONTICELLO.—SEE PAGE 382.

UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF CHARLES BRUNNER IN THE DESERTED CHAPEL.

The Graveyard Secret;

A Narrative of Criminal Administration in Germany.

CHAPTER IV.—SUSPICIONS DEEPENED—FRUITLESS INQUIRY.

The judge was too much a man of the world to make the slightest allusion to this little incident, and we soon left the room in which it had occurred.

As yet I had made no attempt to turn the conversation upon the incident of the preceding night. Nevertheless, the scene which I had witnessed had still further stimulated my curiosity, and thinking the opportunity favorable, I said to the judge,

"Will you also kindly permit me to visit your prison? I have ever felt the liveliest interest in all that relates to criminal jurisprudence."

"I shall show them to you with the greatest pleasure. Our jurists neglect too much, at the present, this important branch of our profession."

He summoned a subordinate, and despatched him for the jailor.

"Have you any prisoners?" I inquired, while awaiting this personage.

He mentioned the exact number, which was, I believe, thirty.

"Are there any accused of capital crimes?"

"None, thank heaven! They are only confined for petty larceny, or as vagrants."

"Then you have none among them who have been long in durance?"

"None have been here beyond six months."

Was it my imagination—yet I fancied when I made the last inquiry that my companion started, and that before replying—which by the way he did in a calm, firm voice—he looked furtively and distrustfully at me.

"If I mistake not," I continued, not appearing to remark his distrust, "you have made the rights of criminals your special study?"

"Certainly," he replied, "they merit the special consideration of a judge. Without speaking of the holiness of the rights which he protects, is it not an object worthy of the deepest interest and the most profound study, the beneficent influence which a judge may exercise upon a criminal, when he considers him not as a scoundrel for ever shut out from the pale of society, but as an unfortunate being whom humane treatment, sincere compassion, and above all, a better education, might some day reform—not alone for God, but also for society and mankind?"

There was such a degree of warmth and sincerity in his tones, that I felt almost ashamed of using circumlocution with a man animated by such noble sentiments. Yet I could not efface from my mind his momentary glance of distrust, so I continued in carrying out my first design.

"You have doubtless, in the course of your large experience, had occasion to make many important psychological observations?"

"What criminal judge can fail to have such opportunities, if he does but improve them?"

"You have doubtless, also, had to encounter much dissimulation and falsehood—all sorts of infirmities and maladies assumed, and even madness feigned, to avoid punishment?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Perhaps even you may have witnessed cases of deep crime or passion which have resulted in insanity from long imprisonment?"

"Several times."

"Lately?"

"About two years since," he replied.

This unexpected inquiry astonished him, and again the expression of distrust passed over his face. I had certainly, in my impatience, overstepped the limits of ordinary prudence. Of course I had now so far put him on his guard that he would not allow the slightest word confirmatory of my suspicions to escape him.

With the view, therefore, of turning a conversation which was evidently disagreeable to him, and through which I could elicit no new facts, I alluded to the commission given me by my mother.

"May I ask you, judge, for some little information which interests me personally?"

"It will give me great pleasure to furnish you with any information that I may possess."

"My mother requested me to make inquiries concerning a friend of her girlhood, who formerly resided here, yet no one in the town seems to know anything concerning her. Her name is Nettchen Thalmann."

Hardly had I pronounced the name when the judge—that man so calm, cold and reserved—became so fearfully agitated that I remained stupified. His face was livid, and he appeared ready to faint. But what marvellous self-control he possessed!

I had scarcely had more than time to observe this wondrous change when his ordinary manner returned, and he replied in an indifferent tone—

"I have no recollection of ever having heard that name before."

"The person in question married a mechanician residing in this town," I continued.

He shuddered again, but was more on his guard this time, and he immediately inquired—

"What was her husband's name?"

"My mother has forgotten it. The marriage took place some twenty years ago."

"I regret being unable to give you any information respecting the lady. I have resided here some thirty years and yet never before heard of her."

The jailor's arrival cut short our conversation. But without this interruption even, it would have been difficult to have continued it. The judge evidently wished to dismiss the subject of Nettchen Thalmann, and I was quite as embarrassed as himself. Since my arrival at Z—— enigma had succeeded enigma, and the most inexplicable of them all was the fear and confusion of the judge when I pronounced the name of my mother's friend. I was for a moment tempted to believe that there was some connection between this enigma and my adventure in the cemetery, for it is so natural to endeavor to bind together by some mysterious chain the events which excite one's curiosity.

The jailor was indeed my surly companion of the preceding night. The recognition was mutual, only I was prepared to see him, and he had not expected again to meet me.

When his eyes rested upon me he involuntarily knitted his brow, and looked anxiously and inquiringly at the judge. But the calmness of the latter reassured him doubtless, for he dropped his glance in a moment and assumed the passive air of a servant awaiting orders.

"Jailor," said the judge, "conduct us to the prison."

"At your honor's service," he replied, "but if you have the time I should like first to make a communication to you."

These words must have been accompanied by a look or a gesture which escaped my notice, for the judge at once stepped aside with the jailor, who whispered something to him in a calm tone. There was nothing in the manner of the judge to indicate that the communication was of importance, but by an involuntary glance at the jailor, I divined that I was the subject of their conversation. Was he relating the adventure of the night before to the judge? What followed led me to believe so.

Leaving the jailor, the judge advanced to where I stood with an air of calm politeness, in spite of which I could read upon his face an expression of anxious curiosity, still farther confirming my suspicions, while his manner seemed to have become more cold and reserved.

"Unexpected business requires my attention for the remainder of the day, so I shall be unable to accompany you to the prison. I regret this the more, inasmuch as I should have felt pleasure in displaying its arrangements to one feeling so deep and intelligent an interest in criminal affairs."

This was a polite but decisive mode of bidding me farewell.

I returned thanks for the courtesy and kindness with which he had conducted me through his establishment, and expressed my admiration for the strict order which was enforced in all parts of the building.

We bowed and parted, while Martin Kraus, the jailor, conducted me to the prison. I was curious to ascertain for myself whether it was situated near the church and cemetery, the scene of my night's adventure.

But it was, as I had been told by the innkeeper, quite at the opposite extremity of the convent. It was not, therefore, from the prison that the moans which I had heard proceed, or if so, there was more than one prison in the baily.

After the departure of the judge, the jailor assumed the same manner as the night before, except that his air of menace had disappeared. He conducted me silently through the prison, replying in monosyllables to my inquiries.

I saw nothing particular in the prison—certainly nothing in the least suspicious. There, as elsewhere, order and precision reigned supreme. The influence of the stern but just and humane spirit of the judge made itself visible in the minutest details.

My visit was soon over, and the jailor conducted me—was it through politeness or distrust—to the very door of the building. I had sought several opportunities of referring to our encounter of the preceding night, but I perceived that he suspected my intention and had resolved to give me no satisfaction, so I was forced to leave him without obtaining the slightest information.

I felt none the less, however, that there was some mystery connected with the old convent, with which the judge and jailor only were familiar, and that the chances of my obtaining a clue to it were slight indeed, as I had no excuse to return to the baily, and even should I do so, my second visit would be utterly fruitless, now that the judge and jailor were aware of my suspicions and on their guard.

I left Z—— therefore on the following morning with my curiosity still unsatisfied.

CHAPTER V.—PLANS FOR THE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY.

Six years had elapsed since my journey to Z——, and I had had no occasion to revisit that city. Nevertheless, I had not forgotten my adventure in the cemetery, nor had time lessened my desire to discover the secret of which I had obtained a clue. I had learned nothing concerning the judge or the jailor, nor had my mother received any intelligence of her early friend.

I had been occupying the position of assessor in a neighboring town about two years, when I received, from the Minister of Justice, a letter marked "Immediate." It contained orders for me to repair at once to Z——, to take charge of the bailiwick, as its presiding magistrate had been seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. I was also informed that I should probably arrive in that town (owing to the bad postal arrangements) before my official nomination could reach there. I was directed, however, not to await its arrival, but to enter immediately on the discharge of my duties, and, if necessary, to produce the letter containing the express orders of the Minister, as my warrant for doing so.

This mission, considering my youth and the recent date of my nomination to the post of assessor, was a high compliment. But it appeared to me doubly precious, inasmuch as it enabled me to penetrate the mystery which, six years previously, had excited my curiosity to such a high degree. I was at last in a position to raise the veil which covered it, in spite of the judge and jailor.

I arrived at Z—— after office hours, and, consequently, too late to enter on the discharge of my duties; and as it was my intention to take every one by surprise, and particularly the old jailor, if he were still alive, I passed the evening quietly in my own chamber, taking care not to stop at the same inn where I had staid during my former visit.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, the time of the opening of the baily, I presented myself there. I was curious to know whether the severe order established by the judge prevailed, even during his illness. But so strong is the force of habit that the employés were already at their posts.

I inquired for the assessor, who was temporarily discharging the duties of judge. He was evidently inflated with the dignity of his new position. For scarcely deigning to notice me, he inquired,

"Who are you? What do you wish?"

I handed him my letter from the Minister. Hardly had he glanced over it when he bowed most profoundly.

"Have the kindness," I said, in reply to him, "to install me in my new functions."

"At your orders, judge. What part of the building will you visit first—the treasury?"

"That would appear as if I doubted the probity of the treasurer."

"Very true, sir. Where then do you wish to go?"

"To the prison, if you please."

"Bring the jailor here," he said, to a dependant.

I should now ascertain if Martin Kraus still lived! I awaited the jailor's arrival with such anxiety, that the beatings of my heart were distinctly audible. Meantime, I inquired after the health of the judge.

"He is very weak," the assessor said, "having been suddenly seized with paralysis of the lungs, and several distinguished physicians have decided that there is no hope, and limit his life to three days at the utmost."

"Has he any family?" I next inquired.

"Only a daughter. His wife died years ago."

"How old is his daughter?"

"About nineteen or twenty."

This was evidently the young girl whom I had met near the ivy hedge, and whose generous intervention in favor of Charles Brunner had so deeply moved me.

The jailor now entered. He was Martin Kraus. The six years which had elapsed since my former visit had neither bowed his form nor diminished his vigor.

When he saw me, he could not restrain a movement of surprise and fear, and when the assessor informed him that I had come to supply the place of the judge, this man, ordinarily so cold and impassive, received so great a shock that he was forced to lean against the wall for support. In a single moment he seemed to have grown older by ten years, so pale, worn and jaded did he now appear.

The mysterious prisoner still lived! The jailor's terror was evidence of this.

"Does the judge wish to visit the prison immediately?" he inquired, in a tremulous tone.

"Certainly," replied my colleague, sharply, while he motioned to the jailor to lead the way.

The order was sufficiently explicit, and Martin Kraus did not seek to evade it. Pale as death, he appeared like a victim on his way to execution. Suddenly, however, some new hope evidently arose in his breast, for he seemed entirely recovered from his late alarm.

We visited every portion of the prison. I had taken the precaution to invite the assessor to accompany us, so that Martin Kraus should not deceive me; but order reigned supreme, and I found nothing on which to base the slightest suspicion.

Evidently there was no hope of a solution of the mystery from that quarter. My search must therefore be made in the vicinity of the church and the cemetery.

ROSA BESEECHING THE JUDGE TO SAVE HER FATHER'S REPUTATION.

Unfortunately, before attempting this, I was obliged to repair to the office and make myself familiar with its offairs.

And what precautions would not the jailor be enabled to take, meantime! What new difficulties would he not throw in my way! Was it not these thoughts which had so suddenly reassured and comforted him?

Besides Martio Kraus, I found two other familiar faces. The head clerk and Charles Brunner, who occupied the same positions where I had seen them before. Brunner was paler and slighter than ever, with hollow chest and eyes more sunken, while his respiration was so short aod labored that it was painful in the extreme to see him bending over his desk.

When I entered the room where he was seated he recognized me immediately, sud his face became deadly white. But his emotion was not so great as before, for although his haud trembled he still continued to write.

At last office hoars were over, and the time which I had awaited with such lively impatience was at hond.

Convinced that for six years at least a prisoner had been secretly, and io violation of the low, confined in the baily, I found myself, since morning only, in a condition to verify my suspicioos. I was certain that that prisoner still lived, from the confusion and terror manifested by Martin Kraus.

But the judge and jailor, the only persons acquainted with the secret, were aware that my suspicions were aroused; they knew that six years before, although without facilities of any kind, I had made an attempt to discover it. It was reasonable, therefore, to suppose, now that I was invested with the necessary power, that I would use it unsparingly to solve the enigma. And however unexpected my arrival, however unforeseen and terrible the surprise might have been to them, it was but natural to infer that they had used their utmost endeavors to close every avenue of detection.

True, the judge was upon his deathbed, and the jailor, deprived of his support and counsel, and restrained by fear of assuming too great a responsibility on his own shoulders, was, in a measure, paralysed. Besides, he was occupied nearly the entire day by his duties in the prison, and had to fear my watchful eye. Hod he then even conceived some criminal design, it was only at night that he could hope to put it into execution. And aow wos the time to thwart his purposes.

But how to do so? I had reflected during the day upon my future oction. Many plans had suggested themselves, but os yet I had not definitely decided which to adopt.

I ot first thought it would be well to summon the jailor, inform him of my suspicioas and force him to confess the truth, by threatening, if he refused, to cause his arrest and a strict exploration to be made of the baily. I hoped that the desire of shifting all the responsibility of the crime upon the judge, by a declaration that he had only carried out the orders of his superior, and above all the fear thot the prisoner might perish with huager through his neglect, might elicit the truth from his lips. And yet, to take this decisive step, I must possess tho certointy that a prisoner was really confined in the old convent. Now I myself was perfectly convinced of this, but my conviction was not based upon positive facts, but on deductions drawn from vague ond uncertain indicotions. There was o bare possibility that I was deceived, and if so, should I not hold myself up for ever as an object of ridicule, and jeopardize perhaps my prospects for life?

Another plan was to play the spy upon the jailor's movements, but I was all too unfamiliar with the interior of the old convent, a veritable labyrinth of corridors and secret passages, to hove o chance of surprising him. The idea presented itself to me also of returning, during the night, to the semetery and listening for the prisoner's moans, and thus be guided to the spot where he wos confined. But it was more than likely that Martia Kraus, oware that my suspicions would turn upon the church and cemetery, had conveyed his prisoner to some other portion of the baily, and I should thus pass the night in the graveyard to no purpose, without counting the risk I ran of being discovered and becoming the talk of the town.

I at last determined upon a plan which offered equal chances of success, with the advantage of not being likely to compromise me.

CHAPTER VI.—A NIGHT SCENE IN THE CHAPEL—STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

It was nightfall by the time business was concluded. I then immediately sent for Martin Kraus. He attended my summons at once, saluting me sileatly, and awaiting my orders with the impenetrable air habitual to him.

"Jailor," I said, "you are, I believe, the oldest officer of the bailiwick?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were jailor here even before the judge's arrival?"

"I had been here ten yeors before his coming."

"And how many years in all, have you been in this establishment?"

"Thirty-six years."

"Always as jailor?"

"No, for eight years I was only an assistant."

"And have you, in turn, never employed oa ossistant?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"A jailor rarely has that privilege. My predecessor engaged me because he was in ill health."

"You must be familiar with every portion of the bailiwick?"

"Yes, sir."

"You shall guide me, then."

"At your orders, sir."

"Immediately."

"At your orders, sir."

"Bring a lantern, or rather two, lest one should chance to get extinguished."

"At your orders."

"Have you a dark lantern?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it me, then."

"At your orders, sir."

"At your orders; yes, sir," these were the only replies I could elicit from this strange man, whose impassibility seemed impenetrable. Not o muscle moved in his hard face, which appeared as if hewn out of stone.

Returning in a moment with the two lanterns, he inquired,

"Where am I to conduct you, sir?"

"To the old church."

"At your orders, sir," he replied, in a calm voice, leading the way.

One of the façades of the church, as I have before mentioned, opened upon the cemetery by a large portal and a small side door. The other opened on the court of the baily, ond in front of this door we stopped.

"Opeo this door," I said to the jailor.

He obeyed sileotly. The key turned noiselessly in the lock, and the door fell back upon its hinges without a sound.

This circumstauce ostonished me, as one of the employés of the bailiwick, of whom I hod inquired the present uses to which the church was put, had assured me that it was never used or even opened.

"Who usually keeps the key of this door?" I inquired.

"I have charge of oll the keys of the baily," responded the jailor.

"Do you often visit this church?"

"Quite frequently."

"For what purpose?"

"It is here that the prisoners' clothes are hung to dry."

The reply was plausible, if not true. I entered the church; it wos bare and deserted. The altar was in a stote of dilapidation. After a close investigation of the old building on the one side I walked across to the other side to the great portal. But on the interior as well as on the exterior the hinges and lock were so covered with cobwebs and dust that it had evidently and palpably been unopened for yeors.

"Have you the key of that door, jailor?"

"It has been lost these fifty years," was the reply

I then went to the small side door, which did not opeo, as I supposed, into the sacristy, but into a chapel separated from the nove by an iron grating, the hinges of which were still in the wall.

On entering the chapel, I struck my foot against an iron riog attached to a flagstone, and nearly fell.

"What is this ring?" I inquired of the jailor.

"There is a well beneath that stone."

"A well in a chapel!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"This was the only portion of the baily where water could be found. Cisterns only existed when it was used as a convent, and the judge gave orders for the boring of this well, some twenty years ago. But since then, pipes have been laid bringing us water from the city, and it is no longer in use."

And to convince me of the truth of his assertion he raised the flagstone. I perceived a circular hole with damp walls, but which resembled the entrance to a subterranean passage rather than to a well, judging at least by the steps leading down into it. I held my lantern over the opening, but could discern no water. I romarked this to the jailor.

He made no reply to my observation, but picking up a stone threw it into the aperture. After striking several times against the wall I heard it splash distinctly into the water. There was nothing farther to be said, yet my doubts were not dispelled. The steps did not appear to lead to the centre of the well, they seemed to be cut in the stone wall, and I asked myself if, after extending down to a certain depth, they might not turn off and lead to some subterranean passage beneath the church. I was strengthened in this opinion as I noticed a kind of handrail of iron, to facilitate descent. It was not fear which prevented my making an immediate investigation, although such o feeling would have been quite pardonable under the circumstances, with such a companion and in such a place. But I did not wish to confirm Martin Kraus's suspicions by an action which would so openly betray the object of my investigations, and, in case I was mistaken, cover me with ridicule. I contented myself, therefore, with questioning the jailor:

"What is the object of those steps?" I asked.

"To render access to the well easy when the water is low," replied he, descending o few steps, and throwing an iron chain from roller into the water.

He had a reply ready for every question.

I left the well, and approached the small side door of the chapel, which, as the reader will doubtless remember, I described before as closing on the *outside* with a bar of iron, fasteaed into the wall. On the *inside* it was only fostened by o bolt, and a little above the bolt was a *deep groove two fingers in width*, which seemed to me to be of the same height with the iron bar on the outside. This circumstance impressed me. I drew the bolt easily aad noiselessly, ond pulled the door towards me. It opened silently, drawing with it the iron bar, which slid into the groove!

This was an important discovery, which I wished to coaceal from Martin Kraus; so I pushed back the door hastily. When I turned he was oscending the upper steps of the well, and I could not divine from his manner whether he was aware of my discovery, nor if so, what effect it had produced upon him.

"What is that door used for?" I inquired, when he had closed the aperture leading to the well.

"It is never opened," he replied.

This response confirmed my suspicions even more than my discovery. I was now certain that this portion of the building, supposed by every one to be unused and empty, was daily visited by the jailor, ond for what purpose I clearly divined through the moans which I had heard in the cemetery. But where wos this mysterious prisoner concealed? I began to believe thot I could only ascertain this through Martin Kraus's voluntary or forced confession. Although I had little hope of eliciting much from so resolute and taciturn an individuol, still I made the attempt.

As there wos nothing to examine in the chapel, I had wolked away, and had reached the church door when I stopped suddenly.

"Let us return to the chapel," I said.

"At your orders, sir," responded the jailor, calmly.

I walked straight to the little side door of the chapel, which I had not rebolted, and threw it suddenly opeu, turning quickly upon the jailor, who looked oa with the utmost composure.

"What does this mean?" I said, sternly.

(*Continued on page* 382.)

A WAR INCIDENT—BURNING THE HAYSTACKS ON MUNSON'S HILL BY THE REBELS ON THEIR EVACUATION OF THAT POSITION, SEPTEMBER 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GEN. M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

THE LOYAL INHABITANTS OF HATTERAS ISLAND, EXPELLED FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE REBEL TROOPS, OVERTAKEN BY THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT, WHILE RETREATING TO FORT HATTERAS FOR PROTECTION, OCTOBER 4.
FROM A SKETCH BY DR. EVERD, OF THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT.—SEE PAGE 375

RETURN OF 57 WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONAL ARMY, CAPTURED AT BULL RUN, SCENE ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAMER LOUISIANA (HAMPTON ROADS), TO WHICH THEY WERE TRANSFERRED, UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, OCTOBER 7.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST AT FORTRESS MONROE.—SEE PAGE 382.

The Graveyard Secret.

(*Continued from page 379.*)

"To what do you refer, sir?"

"You assured me a few moments since that this door was unused."

"So I supposed it to be."

"Did you never open it?"

"No, sir."

"Jailor, do you remember our encounter in the cemetery six years ago?"

"Certainly, sir."

"In what portion of the cemetery did our meeting take place?"

"I have quite forgotten."

"How did you enter the graveyard?"

"Through the garden."

"What were you doing there at such an hour?"

"Making a tour around the buildings."

"For what purpose?"

"It is my business to watch over their safety."

"Why did you expel me so brutally from the cemetery?"

"It was my duty to do so; and as I then had not the honor of knowing you, sir, I beg you will pardon my impoliteness."

My last effort had failed, and despairing of success, for that night at least, I was about to move on, when I heard faint footsteps approaching the door of the chapel. They sounded like those of a person advancing cautiously for fear of being overheard. I imposed silence, by one commanding gesture, upon the jailor, and we concealed ourselves behind the door.

The footsteps continued to approach. After a moment's hesitation, caused doubtless by the streak of light emitted by our lanterns, I saw the tall, slender form of Charles Brunner cautiously pass through the door.

On perceiving him, the jailor sprang forward hastily, and in a voice vibrating with anger exclaimed:

"What are you doing here, Mr. Charles? What were you about in the cemetery?"

The young man started back with a scream. And to judge from his appearance, was almost overcome by terror.

"Come, reply; what do you want here?" inquired the jailor, moderating his tone. But as the youth made no response, he turned to me endeavoring to explain his sudden burst of anger, which contrasted so forcibly with his ordinary impassiveness.

"Excuse me, sir, but the conduct of this young man is so unpardonable, that I could not restrain my vexation. The judge, who loves him as a father, has so often forbidden him to go out during the night, because the chilly air is prejudicial to his delicate health, yet he will persist in doing so. Almost every night I have to order him out of the garden or the cemetery, and he always refuses to assign any reason for being in either."

I turned to the youth, and motioning him to enter the chapel, at the door of which he stood tremblingly, I said:

"Sir, I cannot suppose that you visit this cemetery from caprice alone. Perhaps if you will inform me of your motive for doing so, the judge or myself may grant you the permission hitherto denied you."

He raised his eyes for a moment, but with so terrified and anxious an air, that I was certain it was fear of Martin Kraus which prevented his speaking. So I hastened to add:

"Perhaps this motive is of a nature not to be communicated before every one?"

"Oh no, no sir," he cried, anxiously, as if fearful lest the jailor should suspect him of distrust. "I thank you for your kindness, but the judge is acquainted with my motive, as is also Martin Kraus, and I think on this account they will pardon my offence of to-night, as they have done on other occasions."

Saying this, he turned away, when a sudden noise arrested his steps. It was a sound which came from beneath the ground, and was so faint that it would not have been audible except for the extreme stillness of the place. It appeared as if some one was pacing up and down in a narrow space with the heavy impatient step of a wild beast in his cage. A smothered groan was then heard, and all again became silent.

Charles Brunner had listened with an anxiety heartrending to witness. His eyes were wild with despair, but suddenly endeavoring to overcome his emotion, he fixed them upon the jailor with a wistful inquiring glance, which the man responded to in a voice which, through rough, still betrayed some feeling.

"Well, well, Mr. Charles, why do you not return to the baily?"

Charles Brunner moved slowly and sadly away.

I had now ascertained for a certainty that there was a subterranean passage beneath the church, nor could I doubt that the sounds I had heard were the footsteps of an unknown prisoner. But knowing from what had passed, that it was useless to attempt to elicit any information from Martin Kraus, I determined to postpone further investigations until the morning, and meantime to conceal from him, as far as possible, my suspicions. So I said carelessly:

"Then you are acquainted with this youth's motive in visiting the cemetery, jailor?"

"No, sir; I do not understand what he meant by saying so. But the judge must know, and will, I doubt not, inform you with pleasure."

Whereupon Martin Kraus and myself parted for the night.

CHAPTER VII.—A WHISPERED CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

It was now nine o'clock, and I was about to return to my inn, when it suddenly occurred to me that, in my impatience to satisfy my curiosity, I had entirely neglected all the requirements of courtesy. I had not personally made inquiries for the judge's health, and fearful, lest, in so small a community, where every action is observed, my forgetfulness might give rise to comment, I immediately wended my way to his apartments, which were in the second story of the old convent.

Finding the door of the latter open, I entered the dark corridor, and ascended the stairs quietly, in order not to disturb the invalid. Everything was silent in this part of the building, and ignorant as to whether I should turn to the right or left to reach the judge's room, I was about to descend the staircase in search of a servant to conduct me to it, when I heard whispering in the dark corridor.

One voice I recognised in a moment, from his painful respiration, as belonging to young Brunner.

"Did he remain long in the room?" he inquired.

"Nearly an hour," said a musical female voice, which I at once detected as that of the judge's daughter, for the tone in which she had, in years agone, said to her hapless companion, "Do not weep Charles, come with me," still rang in my ears.

They were alone there, alone in that dark, deserted corridor, and they had passed the time of life when such interviews are admissible! Yet it was no lover's meeting which I had surprised.

"Were they alone?" inquired Charles.

"Quite alone," was the reply. "I wished to remain, for his manner alarmed me, but my father dismissed me, while he closed the door after me."

To whom did they refer? I imagined that it was to Martin Kraus. It was ridiculous, perhaps, but he had occupied my thoughts so constantly since morning, and it was this idea which induced me to remain and listen to their conversation, since I felt justified in improving any opportunity of informing myself concerning the jailor's movements.

Charles Brunner continued:

"Then you were unable to ascertain the purport of their conversation?"

"I could make out nothing, although I listened at the keyhole. Their dialogue was carried on in whispers. Once only I heard my father's voice raised, as if giving an order, but the answer was, 'No, it is impossible.'"

"What did your father reply?"

"He repeated his order in a sterner voice. But judging from the tone of the response, I infer that he was still refused obedience."

"You say the interview took place this morning?"

"Yes, immediately after my father's successor left the prison. Oh, my God! my God!"

It was indeed of the jailor then that they were speaking! And Martin Kraus, although the judge lay on his deathbed, had hastened to inform him of my arrival the moment that he was at liberty.

"He was so excited that something remarkable must have occurred at the prison," the young girl went on. "I cannot repress a shudder even now, at the thought of his ferocious and terrified expression."

"Nothing extraordinary had then happened," said Charles Brunner. "But now, after the scene of this evening——"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"You are concealing something from me, Charles!"

"No, I am not. I know nothing."

"Charles, your tone belies your words; you are deceiving me. You have long hidden something from me. Why is this?"

"I have always told you that I knew nothing."

"True, but I have never believed you. From childhood I have known that there was some secret lying heavy on your heart—a terrible secret, since you would never confide it to me. Have I not often watched you, when you fancied yourself alone, weeping bitterly? Have I not often seen you glide into the cemetery at night, and remain on your knees, your ear to the ground listening, as if to some voice which spoke to you from beneath the tombs. And when I have surprised you in this attitude among them, you have always said, 'I am thinking of my father, and my thoughts are so sad that I feel better when I come to this spot to indulge in them.'

"And one day, when I discovered you upon your knees, listening to a sad moaning, which seemed to come from beneath the old church, you would have driven me from the spot; but as I insisted upon knowing the cause of your sorrow, you seized my hand, and in a tone which, from any other lips than yours, would have terrified me, said, 'Come, since you insist upon it, come and listen to these groans before learning the story you are so anxious to hear.' But the old jailor approached at this moment, and in his gruff voice inquired what we were doing there, and we both fled like terrified children, as we then were.

"And on the morrow, when I asked you to relate this strange history, you refused to do so, insisting that you had none to tell, and that I was absurd in supposing you to have been in earnest the day before. This happened ten years ago, Charles, and I have never since that time annoyed you by any inquiries, for I perceived that they caused you pain. But I did not believe you then; and I have never believed you since.

"You are concealing some dark secret from me, Charles—a secret which is wearing away your life. You turn away—you weep! Am I not right, Charles? You must confide this secret to me. I have a presentiment that it in some way relates to my father, and that it is on this account that you have thus long concealed it from me. He is dying, he knows this; he is so sad and restless, particularly since the jailor's visit. Perhaps, if I knew all, I might render him more calm, and console his last moments. Charles, if you love me, do not refuse me this; have pity on my father and on me!"

She ceased speaking.

"Rosa dear, dear Rosa," he replied, in a tone of supplication, "do not, I conjure you, ask this of me—not to-day at least. Believe me, the causes of my sadness are shadows without a substance, and simple illusions of my imagination. There may be something real at the bottom of all this; but I know nothing for a certainty, and, in spite of the length of time occupied by my researches, I have never succeeded in verifying my suspicions. Would you, then, have me increase your sadness by relating to you my imaginary sufferings? It is impossible, Rosa; besides, if a secret does exist, this night will see it unveiled."

"Then you will tell me nothing, Charles?"

"I have nothing to tell."

"Say, rather, that you do not love me."

"I not love you!" cried the young man, sadly. "Ah, Rosa, if you did but know! But this is madness—to return to your father. Did you see the jailor after he left him?"

"Yes."

"What was his manner?"

"As stern and impenetrable as ever."

"And your father, in what condition did you find him?"

"Very much agitated. Something seemed to weigh heavily on his heart. Several times he turned, as if desirous to speak with me, but he had not strength sufficient for the purpose."

"Then he told you nothing?"

"Not a word."

"Rosa, I must leave you now. Will you make me one promise?"

"Can you doubt my doing so, Charles?"

"Promise to continue to be my friend, happen what may."

"Do you suppose that I can ever be other than your friend?"

"Make me that promise, if you would not break my heart. I have not long to live. Promise me, also, Rosa, darling, that you will never forget me, and seal that promise by giving me your hand."

"Charles, I will never forget you; take my promise and my hand."

Just at this moment a door was opened, and a servant called, "Mademoiselle Rosa!" in a subdued voice.

"Here I am!" exclaimed the young girl.

"The judge has sent me for his successor, whom he wishes to see immediately," said the man.

"It is well, Frederick," said Rosa; "go in search of the gentleman, and conduct him into the blue chamber. I wish to see him for a moment before he visits my father."

However legitimate my motive for playing the eavesdropper, still I was unwilling to be surprised in this situation. So I hastened down stairs, and left the old convent without being discovered. While in the courtyard I met the servant, with a lantern.

"I was on my way to your hotel, sir," said he; "the judge wishes to see you immediately."

"I was just about calling to inquire after him," I responded.

"He is very ill, poor gentleman; and it is feared he will not survive the night."

I followed the domestic, who conducted me to the blue chamber.

A moment after, the judge's daughter joined me. I had thought her beautiful as a child, but how much more so was she as a woman. Her air of sadness seemed to lend additional charms to her loveliness.

"Sir," she began, "my father has expressed a wish to see you immediately. He tells me that he has an important communication to make to you. I may be deceived, but I believe its nature is very serious. I am here now to pray you, be it what it may, to render my father's final moments as free from pain as possible."

As she uttered the last few words, her voice, which up to that time had been firm, in spite of her emotion, now became so tremulous that she was forced to stop. She resumed in a moment, however,

"Promise me, sir, to spare my father's honor and to shield his reputation."

"Mademoiselle," I replied, "my conduct will prove that your request is superfluous. But I appreciate, none the less, the noble feelings which have dictated it, and you may rest assured that I will act with prudence and discretion."

"Thanks, sir, for my father's sake and my own," she answered, and led the way to the judge's chamber, where she left me.

(*To be continued.*)

RETURN OF WOUNDED PRISONERS FROM NORFOLK TO NEWPORT NEWS.

The United States steamer Express met by agreement, on the 7th October, the rebel steamer Northumberland, with a flag of truce, about 12 miles above Newport News, and brought down 57 wounded prisoners, who had been captured at Bull Run, and taken to Richmond. Their release was not due to the magnanimity of the rebel authorities, but rather to their inability to supply their wants. Their treatment while in the hospital has been of the roughest kind, they being compelled to sleep on the floor during the greater part of the time. Seventeen of the released prisoners who were unable to be sent home were taken to the Old Point Hospital. The others were forwarded to their respective abodes. A more terrible reproach upon war than these men present it is scarcely possible to conceive. A fine young man, his mother's idol, comes home with one leg, maimed for life; another has no arm; a third has had a bullet through his lungs, and cannot speak without every word costing its weight in blood. Well might that sweetest, and yet bitterest, of human writers say, that war sent back its legless and armless men merely to become the ornaments of society, and evidences that there were men who would risk a finger for a principle. We are pleased to add that President Lincoln has ordered an equal number of rebel prisoners to be sent in exchange, the selection to be made on the same principle as that inaugurated by the Richmond authorities—their utter inability to fight again.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, our American actress, has just left Paris for Rome, where she possesses a handsome residence.

THE U. S. WAR STEAMER MONTICELLO,

Lieut. Braine Commanding, Shelling the Rebel Troops on Hatteras Island.

We so thoroughly described the battle of Chicamacomico in our last number (page 355), that we have merely now to call attention to the graphic sketch which our present paper contains. It is from the pencil of Dr. Everts, one of the officers of the 20th Indiana regiment, who witnessed the appalling scene. The correspondent of the *Tribune* gives some very interesting particulars of this narrow escape of the 20th regiment from destruction. We will, however, not dwell upon it now, having editorially in our last said what we thought our duty required of us. It would appear from what the *Tribune* correspondent says, that Col. Hawkins entrusted to the discretion of Capt. Jardine, of his regiment, what should have been left to Col. Brown, of the Indiana regiment, viz., an order to retreat. We understand that Gen. Mansfield takes our view of the case. We must do Col. Hawkins the justice to say that, apart from the fact of placing the 20th regiment in so precarious a position, his arrangements were characterized by promptitude, and were crowned with great success. But still, as at the taking of the forts, the entire active merit belongs to the Naval Department, and Lieut. Braine was the hero of this achievement.

WAR NEWS.

Rout of the Rebels at Bolivar, near Harper's Ferry.

An affair of some importance took place on the south side of the Potomac, near Harper's Ferry, on the 16th of October.

Early in the morning the rebels showed themselves on Bolivar Heights, overlooking the ferry, and commenced an attack with ordnance upon three companies of the 13th Massachusetts, under Major Gould, stationed on the north side of the river. The firing was kept up for about three hours, when three companies of the 3d Wisconsin crossed the river, charged upon the enemy, and succeeded in capturing one of their cannon. They subsequently retreated in good order to the river, where they were reinforced by three companies of the 28th Pennsylvania, and, under command of Col. Geary, charged again upon the enemy, driving them from their position and recapturing the cannon—a 32-pounder Columbiad—with which they returned across the river. The National forces had but three pieces of artillery, served on the north side of the river, while the enemy had seven pieces, together with a force of infantry and 500 cavalry. They were completely routed, and driven back some three miles. The National loss was seven killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was not less than 150, including Colonel Ashby, who was in command.

Naval Fight near New Orleans.

We have rebel accounts of a naval conflict at the head of the Passes near the mouth of the Mississippi river, between a rebel flotilla, commanded by Captain Hollins, late of the navy, and some vessels of the blockading squadron, in which the rebels claim to have been successful. The only account of the affair is the following bombastic despatch from the rebel commander:

"Fort Jackson, Oct. 12th.—Last night I attacked the blockaders with my little fleet. I succeeded, after a very short struggle, in driving them all aground on the Southwest Pass bar, except the Preble, which I sunk. I captured a prize from them, and after they were fast in the sand I peppered them well. There were no casualties on our side. It was a complete success. Hollins."

Late advices from the South deny the loss of the Preble. A few days will give us all the particulars of the affair in an authentic form.

Brilliant Exploit off Chincoteague—12 Rebel Schooners Captured.

The United States steamer Louisiana, which has been off Chincoteague Island, has captured a dozen schooners, which had no clearance papers. On the 5th inst. two launches, sent to capture a rebel vessel in shore, were fired upon by a larger force of rebels, and one of our men was wounded. The fire was returned, and one or more rebels killed. The shot from the rebel guns burned up the schooner. The following official report of the affair has been received:

"United States Steamer Louisiana,
Chincoteague Inlet, Oct. 5.

"This morning, at 9 o'clock, we had a sharp conflict with the enemy, who, 300 strong, attempted to cut off two boats from this vessel, and 23 men, all told, which I had despatched to take or destroy a fine schooner, which I had reason to believe was being converted into a privateer. Fortunately I had gone in with the steamer at the same time, it being high tide, and was enabled to cover the return of the party.

"The boats, after passing through a terrible fire, finally reached the schooner, but finding her aground, made a breastwork of her, and opened a deadly fire, which, with the assistance of a few shots from our long range gun, drove t[illegible] nemy back to a distant cover with loss, and the boats, after fir[illegible] schooner, returned without further molestation. Acting-Mast[illegible] rness estimates the loss of the rebels to be at least eight in k[illegible] and wounded, as he saw that number carried off.

"Our loss was one seriously wounded, Acting-Master Hooker, and three very slightly. I have but praise to bestow on those engaged in the boats for their coolness and intrepidity when assailed by such overwhelming odds. They were yet some three hundred yards from the schooner when fired upon, but they preferred pushing on and returning through it, rather than fail in accomplishing their object.

"During the reconnoissance last night, two of their dispatch sloops were captured.

"A. Murray, Lieutenant-Commanding."

Recapture of Lexington.—On the 16th of October a detachment of 150 Missouri National troops surprised the 300 rebels in possession of Lexington, and recaptured the place, with all the sick and wounded, a large amount of arms, and two cannon. 100 of the wounded were sent to St. Louis by the steamer Sioux City.

Rebel Defeat at Lynn Creek, Mo.—A dispatch from Syracuse, Mo., reports that Gen. Wyman had arrived at Lynn Creek with 2,500 men, and there dispersed a body of rebels, killing several, taking 200 prisoners and capturing 18 loads of goods.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Etna brings news from the Old World to the 10th of October. If we may judge from Earl Russell's reply to a deputation of merchants who presented a memorial on Mexican affairs, England has no intention of joining France and Spain in their proposed interference in Mexican affairs. Lord Russell limits his programme to obtaining security for persons and property, and for the fulfilment of engagements. It is, therefore, probable that Spain will proceed alone in the Mexican invasion, with the possible co-operation of England and France's naval forces should she modify her plan. It is reported that Prince Napoleon had presented to the Emperor an important State paper on American affairs. Mr. Lindsay, a half crazy M. P., had in a public lecture advocated the intervention of France and England to bring about a peaceable separation of the North and South.

Mr. Vandenhoff, the actor, died on the 7th of October, aged 72. The Great Eastern is repairing. The Emperor of China is dead. There was great probability of trouble between the Japanese and the English, in consequence of the attack upon the British Consulate by some Japanese retainers of the Princes, in which Mr. Oliphant, the author, was seriously wounded.

PERSONAL.

The New Bedford *Mercury* states that Mrs. Samuel A. Frazer, of Duxbury, is now engaged in knitting stockings for soldiers in our army. She was employed 85 years ago in knitting stockings for the soldiers of the Revolution. She is now 92 years old.

A picture of the Fire Zouaves and Black Horse Cavalry, by Rosenberg, is now exhibiting at Wilmot's, in Broadway. It is a spirited and carefully finished composition.

The venerable Thomas Wildey, the founder of Odd Fellowship, died suddenly in Baltimore on the 19th October.

Page, the portrait painter, has turned his attention to the mechanical arts. He is now engaged upon a gun of his own invention which is said to be a very deadly affair.

Several English admirers of our countryman Hawthorne, author of "Transformation," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," etc., purpose presenting him with a testimonial of their esteem consisting of a beautiful marble medallion.

Mr. Vandenhoff, the celebrated actor, died recently at the age of 72 years.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says, that among the distinguished foreign officers who have offered their services to the Government is Changarnier. The wise and dignified policy which the Government has adopted in regard to foreign officers has already been stated, and meets with general approbation.

The Paris Italian Opera endeavored to secure "Little Patti," but the negotiations fell through. The American cantatrice has decided to give her voice a few months rest, and will not sing even at concerts; at least so say those who pretend to know.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COURSE OF PRICES FOR THE WEEK.

[Reported Expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

STOCK AND SHARE EXCHANGE.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.		Highest Per Cent.	Lowest Per Cent.	Closing. Offered. Asked.
Bonds, 6 per cent	1862	96¾	96½	96 — 97
Do. 6 do. (Coupon)	1862	96½	—	96 — 97
Do. 6 do.	1867	96½	—	96½— 97
Do. 6 do.	1868	96½	—	96½— 96¾
Do. 6 do. (Coupon)	1868	96½	97	96½— 97
Do. 5 do. (Coupon)	1865	89	88	88 — 89
Do. 5 do.	1874	85	83¾	84 — 84½
Do. 5 do. (Coupon)	1874	85	83¾	84 — 84½
Do. 5 do.	1871	84½	84	84 — 84¾
Do. 5 do. (Coupon)	1871	85	84	84 — 84½
Do. 6 do.	1881	94½	91¾	93¾— 94
Do. 6 do. (Coupon)	1881	95½	92¾	94½— 95
Treasury Notes, 7.30 per cent (Convertible Coupon)	1864	100	100	100 —100
Do. 12 do.	1862	—	—	100½—101
Do. 6 do. (Convertible)	1863	—	—	99⅞—100
STATE STOCKS.				
New York Sevens	1870	—	—	101 —103
Do. Sevens	1864	—	—	105 —106½
Do. Sixes	1862	99½	—	99½—100
Do. Sixes	1872	101	—	101 —101½
Ohio Sixes	1860	90½	90	90½— 91
Ohio Sixes	1886	—	—	92½— 93
Illinois Canal Sixes	1860	82½	—	82 — 83
Illinois Coupon Sixes	1876	84½	—	84 — 85
Indiana Fives		—	—	78 — 80
Indiana 2½ per cents		—	—	54 — —
Michigan Sixes	1868	83¾	83½	83 — 83½
Pennsylvania Coupon Fives	1877	—	—	82 — 84
Massachusetts Fives	1865—1877	—	—	100½—101½
Minnesota Eights	1867	—	—	80 — 85
Iowa Sevens	1868	—	—	— — —
California Sevens	1877	82½	81½	81½— 81¾
Kentucky Sixes	1860—1872	76	—	76 — 76½
Tennessee Sixes (various)		44	42½	42½— 43
Missouri Sixes	1872—1886	45½	43¾	43½— 43¾
Virginia Sixes	1885—1890	47½	45½	45½— 46
Georgia Sixes	1872	—	—	64 — 66
North Carolina Sixes	1873—1886	—	58¾	59 — 60
Louisiana Sixes (Long Loan)		—	—	56 — 56½
Alabama Fives		—	—	— —
Maryland Sixes (various)		—	—	— — —
South Carolina Sixes		56	55	55 — 56
RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.	Par Value.			
New York Central	100	79½	77	77 — 77½
Erie	100	33¾	30	31½— 31¾
Do. Preferred	100	53	50	51½— 52
Hudson River	100	38½	36½	36½— 36¾
Harlem	50	14	12	12½— 13
Do. Preferred	50	35	30½	31½— 32
Reading	50	36½	35	35½— 35¾
Michigan Central	100	52	48¾	49 — 49½
Michigan Southern	100	19¼	17½	17½— 18
Do. do. Guaranteed	100	40	37½	37 — 37½
Panama	100	117	116	116 —118
Illinois Central	100	68½	65½	65¾ — 66
Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati	100	98	—	98 — 99
New Jersey R. R. and Transportation	50	—	—	112 —115
New Jersey Central	100	—	—	111 —112
New Haven and Hartford	100	—	—	136 —140
Galena and Chicago	100	72	69½	71½— 71¾
Cleveland and Toledo	50	37½	34	35½— 35¾
Chicago and Rock Island	100	53	49	50½— 50¾
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy	100	65¾	62½	63 — 63½
Pacific Mail Steamship Company	100	95½	91½	92 — 92½
Delaware and Hudson Canal	100	—	—	85 — 86
Pennsylvania Coal	50	—	—	76 — 78
New York Central Sixes (Certificates)	1883	92	91½	92 — 92½
Do. do. Sevens (Convertible)	1864	101	—	100¾—101
Erie 1st Mortgage-Sevens	1867	104	103½	103½—104
Do. 2d do. Sevens	1864	—	—	— —100
Do. 3d do. Sevens	1883	86	—	85 — 86
Do. 4th do. Sevens	1880	75½	74	75½— 76
Do. 5th do. Sevens	1888	70	68	68 — 73
Hudson, 1st Mortgage Sevens	1868	—	—	103½—104
Do. 2d do. Sinking Fund, Sevens	1860	—	—	96 — 97
Do. 3d do. Sevens	1875	83	—	82 — 85
Do. Convertibles Sevens	1865	—	—	72 — 78
Harlem, 1st Mortgage—Sevens	1861—1862	97	—	97 — 99½
Do. 2d do. Sevens	1882	—	—	90 — 92
Do. 3d do. Sevens	1868	—	—	70 — 78
Michigan Central, Sinking Fund (Convertible)—Eights	1882	95½	—	97½— 98
Illinois Central Construction—Sevens	1875	89½	88½	88½— 88¾
Chicago and Rock Island, 1st Mortgage—Sevens	1870	94½	—	94 — 94½
Galena and Chicago, 1st Mortgage—Sevens	1863	98	—	98½— 99½
Do. do. 2d do. Sevens	1875	—	—	98 —100
New Jersey Central, 1st Mortgage—Sevens	1865—1870	—	—	103½—104
Do. do. 2d do. Sevens	1875	—	—	100½—103
Michigan Southern, 1st Mortgage—Sevens	1860	—	—	82 — 84
Northern Indiana, 1st Mortgage—Sevens	1863	—	—	82 — 85
Mich. South. and North. Ind., Sinking Fund—Sevens	1885	80	79½	78½— 80

CORN AND PRODUCE EXCHANGE.

FLOUR.	State.	Round Hoop Ohio.	Western.	Gennesee Fancy.	Rye Flour.	Corn Meal. Jersey.
Previous Week.. This Week......	$5.40-$5.55	$5.80-$5.85	$5.40-$5.50	$5.65-$5.90	$2.85-$3.00	$2.75-$2.80

GRAIN.	Wheat. Milwaukie Club.	Wheat. Chicago Spring.	Wheat. White Western.	Corn. Western Mixed.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats. State and Western.
Previous Week.. This Week......	$1.22-$1.25	$1.19-$1.22	$1.41-$1.45	60c-61½c	76c-79c	61c-75c	39c-40c

PROVISIONS.	Pork. Mess.	Pork. Prime.	Beef. Mess.	Beef. C'try P'me	Lard in bbls.	Hams P'kled.	Butter. N. State.	Butter. Ohio.	Cheese. Fair to Prime.
Previous Week.. This Week......	$15.00-$15.50	$9.75-$16 00	$5.00-$5.25	$4.00-$4.50	8¾c-9¾c	5¾c-6¼c	14½c-15½c	10c-11c	6c-7c

COTTON.	Middling Upland.	Middling Orleans.	Good Middling Orleans.	Ordinary.
Previous Week.. This Week......	21½c per lb.	22c per lb.	23c per lb.	18c per lb.

HEMP.	American Dressed. Per Ton.	American Undressed. Per Ton.	Manilla. Per lb.
Previous Week.. This Week......	$150-$170	$110-$115	4¾c-5c

COFFEE.	Rio. Fair to Prime.	Java.	St. Domingo.	Maracaibo.
Previous Week.. This Week......	15½c-16½c	20c-21c	15c-15½c	16½c-17¾c

SUGARS.	New Orleans.	Cuba Muscovado.	Melado.	Refined. Crushed & Loaf.
Previous Week.. This Week......	7½c-9c	7¼c-9c	4¾c-5¼c	11c-11¾c

MOLASSES.	New Orleans.	Cuba Muscovado.	Cuba Clayed.	Porto Rico.
Previous Week.. This Week......	50c-55c	26c-32c	23c-25c	35c-45c

TEAS.	Hyson—Twankay.	Gunpowder. Canton Made.	Oolong. Common to Choice.	Young Hyson Greens.
Previous Week.. This Week......	66c-69c	37c-40c	38c-62c	59c-69c

SEEDS.	Clover. per lb.	Reaped Timothy per bushel.	Linseed. American Rough.	Linseed. Calcutta.
Previous Week.. This Week......	8¾c-9c	$1.75-$2.00	$1.52c-$1.55	$1.80-$2.00

TALLOW, &c.	Tallow—American Prime.	Tallow Oil.	Rough Fat.
Previous Week.. This Week......	8¾c-9¼c per lb.		6¼c-6¾c

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MARKETS—Continued.

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Middle States.	
Choice Saxony fleece / Saxony do. / Full blood do.	41@45
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Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia.	
Saxony fleece / Full blood fleece	43@47
Common do.	40@45
Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Indiana.	
Saxony fleece / Full blood fleece	38@43
¼ and ½ blood fleece	38@40
California.	
Washed fleece	33@40
Unwashed do. fine	25@30

PULLED WOOL.

New York City, Extra	39@41
Do. Super	35@38
Do. No. 1	30@34
Do. No. 2	10@12
Country Extra	40@43
Country Super	36@40
No. 1	30@35
No. 2	10@14
Lambs	33@40
Tub washed	37@42
Western, limed pulled wool	33@37

CATTLE MARKET.

BEEF CATTLE.

	This Week.	Last Week.
Premium	none.	none.
Extra	8 @ 8½	8 @ 8½
First Quality	7½@ 7¾	7½@ 7¾
Second Quality	6½@ 7	6½@ 7
Third Quality	5¾@ 6¼	5¾@ 6¼
Inferior	5 @ 5½	5 @ 5½
Average of all sales about	7 @ 7½	6¾@ 7

SWINE.

	Live.	Dressed.
Prime Corn-fed	4¼@ 4½	5½@ 5¾
Distillery-fed	3½@ 3¾	4¼@ 4½

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Prime Sheep	3¾@ 4½
Prime Lambs	4 @ 5½

VEAL CALVES.

Good Calves	4½@ 5½

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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 311.—Vol. XII.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1861. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher.—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

The State of the Nation.

ur week has been full of interest. In the West four lumns of the National forces, under Fremont, Siegel, urgis and Lane, are fast closing around the rebel Price, ho, in his precipitate retreat, has nearly reached the frontier Arkansas. It seems almost impossible for him to escape. south-eastern Missouri the bridge-burning hordes of ff. Thompson and Lowe have met with a signal defeat at hands of Cols. Plummer and Carlin, and are thoroughly moralised. In the South the advance columns of Fremont ve already occupied Springfield, routing the rebels with erwhelming *eclat*. Altogether, it seems probable that a very w days will suffice to expel the rebel invaders from the State, here their long stay has been a standing disgrace to the vernment and the country. In Kentucky the rebels have st their opportunity. They were prepared to act when ntucky abandoned her false position of neutrality, while e Union forces had to be organised. But they failed to rike at the opportune moment, and now, so far from being le take the offensive, it is doubtful if they can succeed in lding their positions. The troops from the Gulf States e looking anxiously towards the coast, which is now enaced from the sea, and do not cheerfully advance to the orthward. Nor has the single attempt which they have ade at anything beyond a skirmish been attended with couraging results. The attack by Zollicoffer on Camp ildcat was a signal and depressing failure. In North arolina, too, the signs are cheering, and conventions have en held in several of the counties, declaring their unalterle adhesion to the Union, and repudiating, in emphatic nguage, the authority and acts of the insurgent Government.

The week has also witnessed the clearing up, in part at st, of the mysteries connected with the rebel attacks on nta Rosa Island and the blockading fleet off New Orleans. the first the insurgents sustained a repulse so severe as be called a rout, and a loss far beyond any they inflicted. hat the attack should have taken place at all, or being ade, should not have resulted in the complete annihilation f the assailants, seems to have been due to inexcusable relessness or blind confidence on the part of the National et and forces. That the fleet in the Mississippi escaped struction, appears to have resulted rather from the cowardce of the lying Hollins than from any effort or prevision of e fleet itself. The flagship Richmond was absolutely surised by the steam-ram Manassas, which must have been dly managed not to have completed her destruction. But e most inexplicable circumstance of the whole affair was e abandonment of the Vincennes by her captain, who tempted to blow her up, but unsuccessfully. The match id to her magazine fortunately went out, and the ship was ved to the Navy. Had Captain Handy done his work better, e rebels would now be rejoicing over the destruction of e vessel, which they would have claimed as their own hievement. If that time-honored institution, the military ourt Martial, has not been entirely abolished in the Army d Navy, we can conceive of no better opportunity for its val than is afforded by the late affair in the Mississippi, nd especially by the conduct of Captain Handy. "All's ell that ends well;" but Providence will not always help hose who do not help themselves.

From this rather cheering review of affairs in the West d South, we turn with sad hearts and sadder forebodings the Gigantic Failure at Washington. We do not now refer holly to the fearful blunder at Edwards' Ferry, attended as was with more circumstances of pain and horror than any her event of the war, but to the great and disgraceful fact hat, while we have an Army of 250,000 men in and around the Capitol, and a new and powerful Navy at our command, we have yet permitted the rebels to close up the principal avenue to the Capitol, the Potomac river. We hear of grand reviews, and parades more extensive than have ever yet been witnessed on this continent; but he must have strong faith in their efficacy who believes that they can inspire the army with military fervor, or with that confidence which is essential to success, in face of the lethargy and inaction which permits the rebels to cut off Washington from the sea, and in face of the incompetence and military ignorance which repeats, in an exaggerated form, the bloody blunders of Big Bethel and Vienna! Winter is close at hand; cold nights and drenching rains are already filling the hospitals and depressing the spirits of the soldiers. The roads of Virginia are fast becoming impassable to the artillery and supply trains of the army. And yet that great army, which the people have gathered with so much cost and care on the banks of the Potomac, still rests idly within sight of the enemy's lines, sullen and dispirited, burrowing in gigantic earthworks, or swelling the magnificence of our Republican Court by parades of unparalleled proportions.

It will no longer do to repel the natural solicitude of the people and their anxiety for some decisive movement commensurate with the means they have placed in the hands of the Government, by an arrogation of military profundity on the part of those directing affairs. The same common sense which applies in all cases, whether on the farm, in the counting-house, the cabinet or the camp, tells us plainly enough that a great army cannot advance through Virginia during the winter; and the almanac tells us that winter is at hand. Is the army, then, to take up its quarters for the season in Washington? If it does so, it will require very little prescience to see that the war will become chronic, and, by spring, resolve itself into a simple war of boundaries. The loyalists, already depressed and diminishing in numbers through utter hopelessness of National support, in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, will by that time have been subdued, or at least will have resigned themselves to an apathetic acquiescence in an order of things beyond their power to prevent. These are not vague apprehensions, but results which every man, capable of reasoning, knows must ensue, unless a speedy and decisive victory is achieved in Virginia, and the rebel army driven from that State before the setting in of winter. Caution is a great element of military success; but Enterprise is a greater; and we can tell those who direct affairs at Washington that distrust and misgivings begin to prevail in the hearts of the people, who have patiently and confidingly waited on their action—distrust, which the closing of the Potomac justifies, and misgivings for which the butchery at Edwards's Ferry, unhappily, gives too much warrant!

The great Naval Expedition has sailed from Fortress Monroe. It comprises the Wabash, flag-ship, 15 steam gunboats, 28 steam and 4 sailing transports—altogether 50 vessels, under the command of Commodore Dupont. The land forces accompanying the expedition numbers about 30,000 men, under Brigadier-General Thomas W. Sherman, who commanded the famous "Sherman Battery" during the Mexican War. Two thousand horses are embarked on the transports, with siege and fortification materials, and a vast quantity of artillery and stores. These transports also carry 1,000 of the runaway slaves who have found refuge at Fortress Monroe, and who will be employed at wages by Government as laborers. These preparations imply not only an attack on some part of the Southern coast, but a lodgement and occupation. There seems to be every reason to believe in the success of the expedition; our only doubt arises from the lateness of the season, and the approach of winter storms. The expedition should have sailed during the quiet month of October.

The Disaster at Edwards' Ferry.

A DISASTER, infinitely more serious in proportion to the numbers engaged than that of Bull Run, was suffered by the National forces at Edwards' Ferry, on the Upper Potomac, on Monday, the 21st October. The harrowing details are given elsewhere—"970" killed, wounded and missing, including two colonels prisoners, and the gallant and chivalrous Baker dead, is the sad epitome of the results of the engagement—an engagement precipitated by no "outside pressure of impatient civilians," nor by any "insane cry" of "on to Richmond!" This time military incompetence must accept its own responsibilities. The facts of the case have not been allowed to come forward in any exaggerated form; on the contrary, the omission of any official report of the affair, and the careful supervision by the authorities of all the despatches relating to it, inspire a fear that we are still to learn the full proportions of the calamity. But taking the facts as they are admitted, they prove, not that a great military blunder has been committed, but a great military crime, for which its authors should be held responsible through the scrutiny of a Court Martial. The nation is no longer disposed to accept the apologetic admission for the sacrifice of its soldiers and the discredit of its name, that "some one has blundered!" It is certain that the little handful of 1,700 soldiers which crossed the Potomac did not do so without orders. *Who gave those orders?* That is a question which the people have a right to have answered. The order to Col. Baker, which he is said to have received with the remark, "It is a terrible mistake, but I shall obey it," it is also said exists, stained with his blood, in Washington. Let it be produced, and let the people know who it was that sent the gallant Californians and the brave Massachusetts men into the "jaws of hell?"

It is stated, without contradiction, that one miserable scow, capable of carrying not more than 80 men, and two small canoes, were the sole means of transport with which a column of the United States army undertook to cross a deep and rapid river, in the face of an enemy in force on the opposite bank! History furnishes no parallel to such insanity, and as we have said already, the ignorance or incompetence which directed the attempt is without excuse or apology, and should be punished as a crime of the first magnitude. No amount of praise of the gallantry of the slaughtered soldiers, and no extent of official concealment or prevarication, can either deceive the people or prevent them from demanding a rigid inquiry into the causes and circumstances of this most horrible butchery of our soldiers at Edwards' Ferry—all the more horrible, because unnecessary, and tending to no result except to spread distrust in the army and to destroy that confidence which is so essential an element of success in all warlike operations.

Bursting of Rebel Bubbles!

WE have at last authentic accounts of the two great rebel victories, over which the whole South has been firing guns and uttering jubilations for the past ten days. The famous fight near the mouth of the Mississippi, in which the mendacious Hollins declared he sank one National war vessel and ran the rest aground and then "peppered them well," resolves itself into this, "simply this, and nothing more"—no vessel was sunk at all, and the "peppering" consisted in a single shot received by the Richmond, which did no damage and hurt nobody! Hollins was always regarded as the greatest liar in the Navy, and his new associations have enabled him to excel himself!

The "victory" of the rebels over Billy Wilson's men on Santa Rosa Island proves to be pretty much of the Hollins order. They landed 1,500 strong on the island, before daylight on the morning of the 9th of October, and partly surprised Wilson's men, numbering less than one-third of their number. They succeeded at first in setting fire to some of the tents, but were assailed in turn by the Zouaves, assisted by three companies of regulars, and driven back to their boats in wild disorder, and with heavy loss. The Zouaves lost 10 killed, 16 wounded and 9 prisoners, while the rebel loss is admitted by themselves to be upwards of 300 in killed, wounded and missing! "A famous victory!"

The National Army.

IT has been estimated, from reliable data, that the National troops now in the field, or on their way to the seat of war, number 512,000, as follows:

	Infantry.	*Cavalry.*	*Artillery.*	*Total.*
Connecticut	4,188	100	—	4,288
Illinois	11,000	8,000	—	19,100
Indiana	30,000	2,000	500	32,500
Iowa	16,700	3,000	—	19,700
Kansas	4,000	1,000	200	5,200
Massachusetts	29,000	—	350	29,350
Maine	8,000	1,200	—	9,200
Michigan	18,784	5,800	300	24,884
Minnesota	3,000	—	—	3,000
New York	85,000	5,000	500	90,500
New Jersey	9,000	—	—	9,000
New Hampshire	5,000	—	200	5,200
Ohio	63,000	3,500	600	67,100
Pennsylvania	51,000	4,000	800	55,800
Rhode Island	2,628	—	750	3,378
Vermont	5,000	100	—	5,100
Wisconsin	10,000	1,200	1,100	12,300
Total	384,700	35,500	5,300	425,500

In addition to the above, there are the State and Government troops in Kentucky and Missouri, which may be estimated as follows:

	Government.	*State.*
Missouri	10,000	25,000
Kentucky	8,000	20,000
Total	18,000	45,000

There are also 5,000 volunteers raised in California, 5,000 in Maryland, 1,600 in Delaware, and 2,000 in the District of Columbia, besides 10,000 regulars, which, added together, give the grand aggregate of 512,000 men. We ought soon to see some result commensurate to this grand armament.

The Triumphs of Peace.

PEACE gained one of its grandest victories on the 25th of October, when the telegraph connecting San Francisco with New York was completed. The following message from the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of New York, was that morning telegraphed from the former city:

"SAN FRANCISCO, October 25.

"To the Mayor of New York:

"San Francisco to New York sends greetings, and congratulates her on the completion of the enterprise which connects the Pacific with the Atlantic. May the prosperity of both cities be increased thereby, and the projectors of this important work meet with honor and reward.

"H. F. TESCHEMACHER,

"Mayor of San Francisco."

An unbroken telegraphic line now extends across the continent at its broadest part, from Newfoundland to the Pacific. It is the longest in the world, traversing 70 degrees of longitude, or about one-fifth of the whole circuit of the globe. "At Cape Race the wire begins, and continues in an unbroken length down through the British Provinces and our own New England States to the commercial emporium of the continent, across the Empire State, through the great valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the green prairies of the West, over the sterile deserts as well, and through the passes of the great mountain range which is the backbone of the continent, along the Great Salt Lake basin and down the shining valleys of our Eldorado, until it touches the very portals of the Golden Gate. So in the very midst of a desolating war, which seemingly absorbs the whole strength of the nation, the splendid miracles of her science and her enterprise go on, and new cycles of history take their beginning from events which are unaffected by her victories or her defeats."

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

THE reorganization of the army under General McClellan has been thorough and complete. The troops were at first aggregated in divisions of 16,000 men, each under a Brigadier-General acting as Major-General. A further consolidation has now taken place. Five *corps d'armee* have been organized, each corps consisting of three divisions, or 48,000 men. Thus each one of the five commanders of the *corps d'armee* will have under him three Major-Generals and twelve Brigadier-Generals. Each Major-General will have under him four Brigadier-Generals and sixteen Colonels. Each Brigadier-General will command four regiments, of 1,000 men in each. No correct list of the five commanders of *corps d'armee* has yet been published. It may be stated, however, that Major-General McDowell and Major-General Blenker will certainly be two of them, and that General Heintzelman and General Halleck, late of California, will probably be a third and fourth. General Franklin and General Andrew Porter are also spoken of as likely to receive commands. It would appear, therefore, from this outline that the army of the Potomac is organized on the basis of 240,000 men.

COURT MARTIAL.—Com. Poore, who commanded the Brooklyn off New Orleans, when the privateer Sumter escaped from the Mississippi, has asked a Court of Inquiry to determine what responsibility, if any, rests on him in the case. We are glad to know that his request has been [illegible] and that we are to have the facts of the case in an official

form. It still remains a mystery why Com. McCauley, who commanded at Norfolk when the Navy Yard was destroyed, and to whose pusillanimity or treachery we owe the loss of the Merrimac, has not been brought before a Court of Inquiry. Equally so why Patterson, who permitted Johnston to join Beauregard at Bull Run, has not been held to answer before a Court Martial. *Apropos* of Patterson, the Rev. Mr. Smith, Chaplain of Colonel Butterfield's regiment, which was under Patterson, in a meeting lately held in Utica, boldly charges him with treachery, and gives good reasons for regarding him as a traitor. He said that

"There was but one opinion of Gen. Patterson among the soldiers of his division. That was that he was a traitor. He had heard the Rhode Island regiment call him traitor to his face, and hiss, and groan, and hoot him back to his tent. Mr. S. said that Patterson left his command at midnight, and intimated very strongly that if he had remained much longer he would have been in danger of assassination from his own men."

McCormick's Reaper.—The Commissioner of Patents has refused to extend McCormick's patent for his reaping machines, on the following grounds:

"1st. That the invention is one of great utility and importance to the public.

"2d. That the sums already received by McCormick, and the sums he is entitled to recover from infringements, together amount to an adequate remuneration."

Fire in the Rear.—A column of 8,000 men, under Gen. Sumner, is organizing in California for a movement through Arizona into Western Texas. Under the pressure of the army avalanche now gathered on the North, with a powerful fleet on the coast, and a column advancing from the West, the South must soon begin to realize the power of the Government it has defied and attempted to destroy.

Rapidity in War.—Posterity will hardly believe that in a single campaign all Italy was conquered; three armies successively destroyed; more than 50 colors captured, 40,000 Austrians forced to lay down their arms; and that all these wonders were achieved by a General (Napoleon) only twenty-seven years old, and at the head of a French army of only 30,000 men.—*Boston Transcript.*

Regicide.—It is a singular coincidence that attempts should have been made, almost simultaneously, on the lives of the King of Prussia and the Queen of Greece. Oscar Becker, the student, who attempted to assassinate the former, has been condemned to penal servitude for 20 years, and then to be banished the country. The would-be Greek assassin was also a student, aged but 17 years, and supposed to be insane. Becker, on the other hand, avowed a political motive—the furtherance of German unity.

Commentary on Mr. Seward's Fortification Circular.—Mr. Seward's sensation circular to the Governors of the frontier States has not only knocked down securities from two to four per cent. but has called out the following paragraph in the Canadian papers, indicating how it is regarded by the Government of Canada:

"The whole Canadian frontier is to be fortified; and Rear-Admiral Bayfield, who has been engaged in the survey of the lakes and the river St. Lawrence, will, it is said, determine the location of the fortifications."

Rhetorical Secretaries of State are dear luxuries.

Southern Civilization.—The death of General Lyon was celebrated at Montgomery, Alabama, by the firing of cannon, a display of fireworks and a torchlight procession.

The State of Kanawha.—It will be remembered that the Convention of Delegates from 39 counties of Western Virginia, which met in Wheeling, in August last, passed an ordinance separating themselves from Virginia as a new State under the name of Kanawha. This ordinance was submitted to the people for ratification on the 24th of October, and was approved by an overwhelming majority. A Convention is now to assemble to form a Constitution, which will also require to be submitted to the people, and if accepted by them, then referred to Congress for final action. There is no doubt but that the measure will be carried through all its stages successfully, and the new State of Kanawha duly admitted. Historical Virginia has ceased to exist.

Pictorial History of the War of 1861.—No. 10 of this magnificent pictorial work is issued, and No. 11 will be published in a few days. These numbers contain reading matter equal to 3,000 octavo pages, and contain 350 maps and engravings, some of them of mammoth size, illustrating every important battle and incident of the present war. We append one or two notices of the press, which is unanimous in commendation of this work as nearest complete, and in all respects the most magnificent of any now published. See advertisement on the 15th page:

"Testimonials from the highest authorities, and the universal voice of the press, place this history among the most remarkable works of the time, altogether unapproachable in the magnificence of its illustrations, and in accuracy, completeness and brilliancy of historical record."—*West Chester* (Pa.) *Record.*

"This is a thorough history of the causes and the progress of the war, from its initiation to the present time, derived from documentary evidence, illustrated by the first artists of the age, and engraved in the highest style of art. It combines historical details, with the incidents, anecdotes and poetry of the war, carefully and judiciously selected, together with the most exquisite, graphic and correct illustrations. The engravings of each part, numbering over 30, consist of large double and single-page cuts, portraits and maps of unequalled beauty, and entirely authentic."—*St. Albans* (Vt.) *Democrat.*

A Specimen.—As a specimen of the kind of remarks which the silly officiousness of Mr. H. S. Sanford, our "Minister resident" at Brussels, has called out, we extract the following paragraphs from the Illustrated London *Times*.

"Wanted, a General! This is not the first time in the history of the world that a nation unused to war has sought for a commander from among a *more martial*, if less fortunate people. * * What the North wants is enthusiasm; and *it degrades itself* by calling in foreign aid—not the aid of a foreign army, which would be derogatory enough, but of one foreign man. This does not look like the spirit by which battles are won!"

"High Considerations."—In reply to certain persons professing to be from Maryland, and who appealed to Jeff. Davis to send a force to their State to protect the women and children from "Federal outrage," Jeff. said that his heart bled for them, but that he was prevented complying with their request from "high considerations of political necessity." It is thought that these "high considerations" are about 200,000 in number, and under the command of Gen. McClellan!

The rebels in Richmond have sent back several hundred bales of cotton that had been forwarded to that city. They really can't be afraid of its being taken by "the cowardly Yankees!" But if not, why send it back?

What will the Army Eat?—Taking the regulation ration as the basis of estimate, it has been computed that the army authorized by Congress—500,000 men—will require for one year's support in the way of provisions, 684,000 barrels of pork, 200 pounds each; 1,110,625 barrels of beef, 200 pounds each, 5,239,583 bushels of wheat, computing five bushels of wheat to one barrel of flour; 456,250 bushels of beans. Supposing this army to employ but 75,000 horses, these would require 191,625 tons of hay, and 10,265,225 bushels of oats, or their equivalent in corn or barley.

Foreign Demand for the Loan.—The *Evening Post* says:

"We learn from good authority that certain foreign capitalists have offered Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, to take a $100,000,000 loan of the United States Government, at 6½ per cent interest. It would seem that the fulminations of the London *Times* have not succeeded in frightening anybody, for our credit is as good as ever it was abroad, and the money holders of London would be glad to see the Secretary accept their propositions."

What's the Difference?—Among the property belonging to loyal men lately confiscated by the rebels of Virginia, was an estate owned by William C. Rives, Jr., of Boston, consisting of 800 acres of fine land, fully stocked with negroes, live stock and implements; and another estate, owned by Francis Rives, of New York city, containing 800 acres and stocked with slaves; also a large estate of 800 acres, belonging to Mr. Sigourney, of New York city, with its negroes and live stock. Now it is passing strange that while the confiscation of the lands and negroes belonging to loyal citizens, by the rebels, is perfectly regular, the liberation of slaves of the rebels is "unconstitutional and impolitic."

WAR NEWS.

Rebel Vessel destroyed off Charleston.

The steamer Flag, on the blockading service off Charleston, on the 16th inst., ran the ship Thomas Watson ashore, while she was attempting to run the blockade with a cargo of salt, flannel and blankets. The cargo was taken out and the ship burned.

A Battle in Kentucky—Repulse of the Rebels.

A battle was fought in Kentucky on the 21st of October, at Camp Wild Cat, occupied by Gen. Garrard with 1,200 National troops, which was attacked by Zollicoffer, at the head of about 6,000 rebels. Zollicoffer made three different attacks, but was each time repulsed with considerable loss. The National loss was four killed and 26 wounded.

Fight near Pilot Knob, Mo.—Defeat of the Rebels.

The rebel forces in south-eastern Missouri, under Jeff. Thompson and Lowe, were badly defeated on the 21st of October, and Lowe himself was killed. This intelligence is contained in a dispatch received at Pilot Knob from Fredericktown, where the battle took place. The rebel force was estimated at 5,000, and their losses are stated to be heavy, while the National loss was small, and confined principally to the 1st Indiana Cavalry, of whom Major Gavitt and Capt. Hayman were killed in a charge upon a battery, in which four heavy guns were captured. The National troops engaged in this successful affair were detailed from Cairo, Cape Girardeau and Pilot Knob, and were probably about equal in numbers to the enemy. Fredericktown, where the engagement is reported to have taken place, is the capital of Madison county, situated on the right bank of the Little St. Laurence river, about one-third of the distance between Ironton and Cape Girardeau.

Capture of the Brig Granada.

The brig Granada, bound to New York from Nuevitas, Cuba, was captured off Charleston on the 13th of October, by the privateer Sallie, and the captain, second mate and two seamen were put on board the British schooner Greyhound, and were brought to New York. The Granada had 4,000 hogsheads of sugar and other cargo. The Sallie is a schooner of 148 tons, carries one gun amidships, and is manned by 33 men.

Futile Attack on the Blockading Fleet off New Orleans.

We published in our last number a flaming despatch of Captain Hollins relative to a fight which he pretended to have had with some vessels of the blockading fleet, at the head of the passes in the Mississippi river, on the night of October 12th, in which he affirms he sunk the Preble and drove the others ashore, where he "peppered them soundly." By the arrival of the steamer McClellan, which sailed from the mouth of the Mississippi, October 14th, we have the facts of the case. The vessels attacked by Hollins consisted of the steamers Richmond, Huntsville and Water Witch; the sloops-of-war Preble and Vincennes, and the storeship Nightingale. Hollins's fleet consisted of six gunboats, the battering-ram Manassas, and a large number of fireships, which filled the river from shore to shore. These latter craft, it will be recollected, are not mentioned in the rebel reports. The ram Manassas drifted against the Richmond, knocking a hole in her quarter and stern, but doing her no damage of consequence. This is all the sinking there was done. The squadron got under weigh, and drifted down the river to avoid the fireships, and while doing so some of the vessels got aground. These vessels were attacked by the rebels, but without damage in any respect, and were beaten off by the Vincennes, with two guns. No one in the squadron was killed or wounded, and the vessels were subsequently got off safely. Hollins's vaunted "naval victory," therefore, turns out simply to have been a failure of an attempt to destroy the National fleet by means of fireships.

Attack on Wilson's Zouaves—Utter Rout of the Rebels.

By the McClellan we have full accounts of the rebel attack on Wilson's Zouaves, numbering 500 men, encamped on Santa Rosa Island. The attack was made about half-past three on the morning of the 9th Oct., with a force of 1,500 men, conveyed from the Navy Yard in three large steamers. They advanced upon the Zouave camp in three columns, hoping to effect a surprise; but in this they were disappointed, for the picket guard, six hundred yards from the camp, discovered and fired upon them. This alarmed the camp, and doubtless saved the regiment, as the attack was made immediately afterward, with such effect that the Zouaves were forced to fall back, when the camp was set on fire. Reinforcements were now sent out from Fort Pickens, and the tide of battle turned—the rebels being driven with terrible slaughter on toward their boats, and thence to their steamers, during which time they suffered a galling fire from the shore. The Zouaves lost 10 killed, 16 wounded and nine prisoners; the loss of the regulars from the fort was four killed, 20 wounded and 10 prisoners. The rebel loss is estimated as high as 410, killed, wounded and missing. By their own statement it was 350. 35 were taken prisoners, among them three officers.

Rout of the Rebels at Romney.

Gen. Kelly, who distinguished himself in the attack on Philippi in May last, in which he was wounded, achieved another brilliant success over the rebels at Romney, on the 26th of October. He marched from New Creek, in Hampshire county, on the night of the 25th, and attacked the enemy at Romney on the next afternoon, routing them and capturing many prisoners, together with three pieces of cannon and all their wagons and camp equipage. The rebels, in their precipitate retreat, took the road toward Winchester. The National loss was but trifling. Subjoined is Gen. Kelly's dispatch:

"Romney, Va., Saturday, Oct. 26—P. M.

"In obedience to your orders, I moved on this place at 12 o'clock last night, attacked the enemy at 3 o'clock this afternoon and drove in their outposts, and after a brilliant action of two hours completely routed them, taking all their cannon and much of their camp equipage, and many prisoners. Our loss is but trifling, but cannot say to what extent. Brig-Gen. B. F. KELLY, Commanding."

Another Rebel Defeat in Missouri—Recapture of Springfield.

The town of Springfield, Mo., has been occupied by the rebels ever since the battle of Wilson's Creek. On the 25th of October, although garrisoned by 2,000 rebels, it was attacked and captured by Maj. Zagoni, at the head of 450 of Fremont's body guards. Subjoined is Gen. Fremont's dispatch:

"Headquarters, in the Field,
"Near Harmansville, Mo., Saturday, Oct. 26.

"*Capt. McKeever, Asst.-Adjt.-Gen.:*

"Yesterday afternoon, Major Zagoni, at the head of my guard, made a most brilliant charge upon a body of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle, at their camp at Springfield, 2,000 or 2,200 strong. He completely routed them, cleared them from the town, hoisted the National flag on the Court House, and retired upon a reinforcement, which he has already joined. Our loss is not great.

"This successful charge against such a very large odds is a noble example to the army. Our advance will occupy Springfield to-night.

"J. C. FREMONT,
"Major-General Commanding."

PERSONAL.

Late advices from England represent that Miss Florence Nightingale is so seriously ill as to preclude all hope of her recovery.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has recently been lecturing on the Gorilla. The *Saturday Review* says that he "enters into the ape character with considerable appreciation of the part."

On the arrival of Victor Emanuel at Florence, the celebrated Piccolomini (now Marchioness della Fargna) sang a cantata composed for the occasion, the King listening with evident pleasure all the time while the words were sung: "Oh! if in thy career, O King! thou wert to take up arms against the stranger who reigns! Go! show thyself and he will fly." The crowd caught up the sentiment, and rent the air with shouts of "To Venice!" "To Venice"!"

It is stated that Madame Grisi intends venturing on the hazardous experiment of again visiting this country. We may admire the persistence with which she clings to the lyric stage, but her prudence may well be questioned. Better live in the soft light of traditional glories than risk a matured reputation.

Miss Julia Farrell, of Chicago, has had a verdict of $10,000 damages rendered in her favor, against an oculist, whom she alleged destroyed the sight of one of her eyes by an unskilful operation.

The Louisville *Journal* says: "It affords us pleasure to announce that Dr. William W. Strew, of Long Island, New York, assigned as surgeon to Brigadier-General Anderson's staff, has arrived in our city. He has high distinction as a surgeon, and he comes among us at the right time. For his professional merits and his devotion to the cause of the Union, Kentucky bids him a cordial welcome."

Edwin Booth made his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the 30th of September, in the character of Shylock. He was received with hearty applause. The *Times* says, "he is a judicious actor, and gifted with an excellent voice and expressive countenance."

Lieut. John H. Russell is to be assigned to the command of one of the new gunboats, as an acknowledgment of his success in the destruction of the privateer Judith, in the harbor of Pensacola.

The Legislature of Connecticut has ordered the portraits of Isaac Toucey, late Secretary of the Navy, and Thomas H. Seymour, late Governor of the State, to be removed from the walls of the State House, for their treasonable proclivities.

Mr. Russell, the Special Correspondent of the London *Times*, was arrested and fined the other day, in Illinois, for shooting grouse on Sunday. As he was leaving the court, a good old Scotchwoman put her hand on his shoulder and said to him, "Had ye been at the kirk yesterday, ye wadna been here to-day: and dinna be writing home ony mair lees aboot the war."

Jessie Fremont is the universal topic of correspondents at the Missouri headquarters. A Western "special" thus sketches the lady-general as he saw her at Camp Lillie: "She strikes one as rather masculine in general appearance, but this first impression is very soon and entirely dissipated in conversation with her. There is not a classical feature about her, and yet her face becomes interesting from the genial benevolent and pleasing expression which it assumes in conversation. When lighted up, it is full of sprightliness, vivacity and intelligence. Her manner is soft, persuasive and insinuating, and her voice uncommonly musical. But her chief outward attraction is her eyes, and she knows how to use them, as most women do. They are brown. Eyes so expressive of every motive are rarely met with. They lend a warmth and fervor to, and adorn and illustrate whatever she says. Indeed the play of her eyes and features, the glass of her ruddy complexion, and the melody of her voice, add the same effect to her conversation that variations do to a piece of music; and all this despite her really being a plain-looking woman when her countenance is in repose. She has great tact and self-possession, is ready, fluent and unembarrassed in speech and, without the least sacrifice of dignity, is perfectly free from any sort of conventionality."

Sam Houston has written a letter to the Richmond *Enquirer*, declaring his full sympathy with the rebellion. He says that he opposed Secession until Texas voted herself out of the Union, but that since that time he has obeyed the will of his constituents, and has "performed all the acts of a dutiful and loyal citizen of the Southern Confederacy."

Hon. Eli Thayer has received from Secretary Chase the appointment of General Superintendent of the agents of the National Loan for New England. He has already commenced his labors in Connecticut.

Hon. John C. Crittenden, the venerable and distinguished Kentuckian, has taken the field against the rebels. The Louisville *Journal* says of him: "He reached this city last evening for the purpose of having an interview with General Anderson. He intends to start next week for the mountains, and endeavor to arouse the hardy sons of the hills to take service for the Government, and repel the invaders from our State. The appearance of the venerable statesman in that quarter will occasion the greatest enthusiasm, and produce the most encouraging effects."

BOOK NOTICES.

Carthage and her Remains; *being an Account of Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa, etc.;* by Dr. N. Davis. *Harper and Brothers, New York, pp.* 504.

This book, although by no means possessing the charm of narration of Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," nor yet having the interest of that work as illustrative of Scriptural history, has scarcely a less value to the historical student. The capitol of a kingdom founded by the Tyrians, a city of wealth and luxury, and high art, which sent out a Hannibal to humble the pride of Imperial Rome on the plain of Cannæ, and among the ruins of which schoolboy oratory is accustomed to place Marius, as a symbol of solitude and hopeless despair—the remains of such a city must possess not only a deep interest, but their investigation must result in important historical illustrations. For centuries the site of Carthage has only been marked by a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry, and its very name was unknown to the inhabitants residing on it. Time and the spoiler had destroyed all except what the pitying earth had concealed in its bosom. These hidden relics of her greatness and glory, few and frayed and broken as they are, Dr. Davis has restored to light and the admiration of this generation. Through the agency of the mattock and spade, the measuring line, the photographic apparatus and the pencil, he has brought before us vividly the plan and remains of the Temple of Baal, erected by the early settlers from Phœnicia, and the more elaborate remains of the temples and theatres of the era of Roman occupation. Its Coliseum, second only to that of Rome in its proportions and grandeur of architecture, is also second only to that in its present condition of preservation. Like that, it was the scene of cruel persecutions of the Christians in the earlier periods of our era, and of more than one heroic martyrdum. Dr. Davis takes us over the ruins of Utica and Zama, and the sites of the principal Carthaginian towns, and refreshes and enlarges our remembrances of the Punic Wars, in a pleasant yet scholarly manner, altogether producing a book which is a necessary pendant to what we call Ancient History, and without which no library can be complete. Desolation rests on most of the sites of old Carthagenean glory,

"——— Where the sloping hill and verdant plain
Have oft resounded with the sports of May,
Stalks the grand lion now, with proud disdain,
And yelping jackalls seek their scanty prey."

Maps.—We have received from Mr. G. Woolworth Colton a series of pocket maps, of the utmost value to the reading public:

1. County and Railway Map of 500 miles around Washington, showing the seat of war in the east.
2. Complete Map of the United States and Canada.

The latter is the clearest and completest map of its size that we know of, and will enable the inquirer to trace the operations of the respective armies with the greatest ease, besides being invaluable in other respects.

Mr. J. W. Higginson, 77 Chambers street, has published a very interesting map of the District of Columbia and surrounding country, from Aquia Creek to Harper's Ferry.

"Home, Sweet Home!"—E. Anthony, 501 Broadway, has published a striking card-portrait of John Howard Payne, author of the world-known ballad of "Home, Sweet Home." It should be attached to the music and words of that touching melody.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

Academy of Music.—The performance on Monday evening closed the brief three night, or Ullman season, at the opera. It has been successful, and will prove, we presume, the guarantee of another and more protracted season. One thing is certain, it has confirmed the reputation of Miss Hinkley and Miss Kellogg as first-class singers, as well as their position in popular favor. Miss Hinkley, it is said, in conjunction with Signors Brignoli, Mancusi, Susini, Muzio and Herr Mollenhauer, is to give a series of operatic concerts in Baltimore, Washington, Newark, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Pennsylvania and the principal Western cities.

Winter Garden.—The principal attraction of the week has been the "Octoroon" at the Winter Garden. It is a living play, appealing to existing and genuine feelings and sentiments. All that it portrays or suggests we know to be real, and our interest in it is precisely that which we have in the actualities of life. This is the secret of its success, and will be the element of its permanence, for this piece is not destined to an ephemeral existence. The circumstances of its production and success are a part of the history of the times. The part of Salem Scudder is admirably sustained by Mr. Clarke. It is a natural piece of acting, and far more truthful than the conventional stage interpretation of the Yankee by Mr. Jefferson. The petted plantation belle by Miss Fanny Brown was well looked and well acted. Nature has done much to predispose the public in favor of this young lady, and she appears to have talent enough to become one of the pets of the stage. Altogether, the "Octoroon" is well cast, well acted, and will well repay the patrons of the Winter Garden.

Miscellaneous.—Madame Grisi has been engaged by Strakosch to give a series of "farewell concerts" in our principal cities. She is expected here in January.... The new opera house in Buffalo will be opened early in December, for a ten weeks' season of opera.... The "Angel of Midnight," at Barnum's Museum, is spoken of on all hands as by far the best performance ever given in that establishment.... Mr. George Jordan is acting in London in Brougham's "Playing with Fire," and is rather severely criticised by the London press, which has long been waiting for somebody to abuse.... Mr. Edwin Booth is playing his round of characters in London, and seems to be gaining in public favor.... The Director of Police at Rome, M. Matteucci, is determined to have "well-regulated" theatres. According to the regulations for the autumn, "all applause or expressions of dissatisfaction are absolutely forbidden, bouquets are not to be flung on the stage, and the director is held responsible for the conduct of his artists." Why not forbid laughing and crying at once?

VIEW OF THE CAMP OF THE 20TH INDIANA REGIMENT, ALSO OF FORT HATTERAS, AND THE ANCHORAGE AT HATTERAS INLET, N. C., TAKEN FROM THE RAMPARTS OF FORT CLARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HATTERAS.

HATTERAS INLET, N. C.

Camp Hawkins.

The commanding position occupied by Hatteras Island naturally lends an interest to it in the public eyes, enhanced by the fact that it was the first genuine success the National arms have had. We give in our present number a sketch of the camp near Fort Hatteras, which was formed when our troops occupied the island. It first received Col. Bendix and his German regiment. On their return to Newport News it was taken possession of by the 9th Zouaves, who vacated it upon the arrival of the 20th Indiana regiment, on the 5th October, the 9th removing to Camp Wool.

Camp Wool.

This camp, now occupied by the New York 9th regiment of Volunteers, is about two miles from Fort Hatteras, and is situated on the Pamlico side of the island, in order to be partially sheltered from the Atlantic gales. Besides, as any sudden attack must come from the Sound, it puts our troops in a better spot to keep a bright look-out. The 9th Zouaves is in an excellent state of discipline, and reflects great credit upon their colonel, Rush Hawkins, who fought his way bravely through the Mexican war. It numbers 1,046 men. Until the unfortunate capture of the Fanny it had not lost a single man, although it had been engaged in numerous skirmishes with the rebels at Newport News.

Chicamacomico.

One of the Indiana troops gives the following sketch of this island on the coast of North Carolina. The island contains some twelve houses, about 60 people; is three miles long, and half a mile wide. It is a wild spot, and notwithstanding the white sand that covers most of its surface, is luxuriant with vegetation and a heavy growth of small timber. The trees are loaded with wild grapes, and the persimmon tree yields its fruits bountifully. Huge box trees, such as decorate the borders of our gardens, thrive in wild beauty. Whortleberry bushes are as thick as grapes. It reminds one of Robinson Crusoe and the Island of Juan de Fernandez, this semi-tropical life in this lone island, the men gathering grapes, fruitful as those brought from Canaan; oysters may be had upon the beach for the trouble of picking them up; and a contraband nigger that followed us from Virginia, will do for the man Friday. To give still more resemblance, we have goats, pigs, chickens and ducks for our Robinson Crusoes to take care of.

THE LATE COL. E. D. BAKER, U. S. SENATOR FOR OREGON, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF BALL'S HEIGHTS, VA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE LATE COL. E. O. BAKER, U. S. SENATOR FOR OREGON.

This gallant soldier, who found a hero's death on the 21st October, in the cause of the Republic, was born in England, and came, when he was only four years of age, with his parents and a younger brother, to this country. They settled in Philadelphia, in which city the subject of our present memoir was educated. He was apprenticed to a weaver when very young, and the loom is now standing where he worked for several years with the steady alacrity characteristic of him. The death of his parents leaving him his own master, he, with his brother, emigrated to Illinois. He was then in his 20th year, possessing a good address, great sagacity, a fair education, and correct principles. With that unaccountable infatuation which possesses so many of our young men, he devoted himself to the law, and studied with such assiduity that he soon became a prominent member of the Illinois Bar. This naturally introduced him to politics, and he had so gained upon the popular will that he was sent to the Legislature, of which he remained for eight years an able and influential member. When the Black Hawk war broke out he offered his services, and went through his first campaign with Mr. Lincoln, whose acquaintance he had found some time before in a lawsuit, where he was the victor. After his return from the Black Hawk campaign, he was sent to Congress, and was fulfilling his duties there when the Mexican war commenced. He was elected Colonel of one of the seven regiments sent by Illinois, a distinction missed by President Lincoln. He fought bravely through the war, and was so severely wounded at the Rio Grande, that his life was despaired of. He, however, recovered, and after a brief visit to Washington returned to the seat of war.

When peace was established he undertook to furnish men for the Panama Railroad, which he accomplished, but came back to New York shattered in health. Having regained his strength he went to California, and soon became the first legal practitioner there. His success was remarkable even for that rapid region, and he soon became the leader of the Republican party on the Pacific side. He was a firm friend of Senator Broderick, and his eulogy over his body was full of good feeling eloquently expressed.

In 1859 he went to Oregon and settled in Salem. He was chosen Senator for that State in September, 1860, and took his seat in Washington amid the congratulations of his friends.

When the present rebellion became a settled fact, he threw himself heartily into the cause. His speech at the great Union meeting in Washington Square must be fresh in our readers' minds. He raised a regiment and subsequently a brigade, and was appointed to a Brigadier-General's position, but he preferred to remain Colonel of his favorite California regiment. He was killed at the battle of Leesburg, on the 21st of October. In person Senator Baker was of medium size, and very active. His face was handsome and intelligent. His manners courteous, with a slight dash of the peremptory.

The death of Colonel Baker has called out the following general order from General McClellan:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
"WASHINGTON, October 22, 1861.

"The Major-General Commanding with sincere sorrow announces to the Army of the Potomac the death of Colonel Edward D. Baker, who fell gloriously in battle on the evening of Monday, the 21st of October, 1861, near Leesburg, Virginia.

"The gallant dead has many titles to honor. At the time of his death he was a member of the United States Senate for Oregon, and it is no injustice to any survivor to say that one of the most eloquent voices in that illustrious body has been silenced by his fall. As a patriot, zealous for the honor and interests of his adopted country, he has been distinguished in two wars, and has now sealed with his blood his devotion to the national flag. Cut off in the fulness of his powers as a statesman, and in the course of a brilliant career as a soldier, while the country mourns his loss, his brothers in arms will envy while they lament his fate. He died as a soldier would wish to die, amid the shock of battle, by voice and example animating his men to brave deeds.

"The remains of the deceased will be interred in this city with the honors due to his rank, and the funeral arrangements will be ordered by Brigadier-General Silas Casey.

"As an appropriate mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the usual badge of military mourning will be worn for the period of 30 days by the officers of the brigade lately under his command.

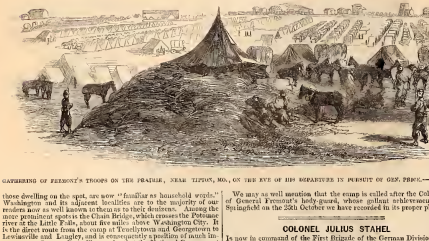
"By command of Major-General McCLELLAN,
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General."

THE BATTERY COMMANDING THE CHAIN BRIDGE,

Washington.

War is a fearful and wonderful teacher of topography. Places and objects which a few months ago were known only to travellers, or

NATIONAL BATTERY COMMANDING THE CHAIN BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER, AT LITTLE FALLS, FIVE MILES ABOVE WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.



GATHERING OF FREMONT'S TROOPS ON THE PRAIRIE, NEAR TIPTON, MO., ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE IN PURSUIT OF GEN. PRICE.—SEE A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GEN. FREMONT'S COMMAND.

these dwelling on the spot, are now "familiar as household words." Washington and its adjacent localities are to the majority of our readers now as well known to them as to their denizens. Among the most prominent spots is the Chain Bridge, which crosses the Potomac river at the Little Falls, about five miles above Washington City. It is the direct route from the camp at Tenallytown and Georgetown to Lewinsville and Langley, and is consequently a position of much importance. Our readers will perceive that the National Government has erected a powerful battery on the Maryland side, so as to sweep with utter destruction any hostile force. Now that the Federal Capital is safe, we trust Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee will be rescued from the rebel hordes, whose presence is as unwelcome to the people of those States as it is humiliating to the National cause.

CAMP ZAGONI, MISSOURI

In our gallant soldiers had close to them, the gleeful grandeur of our premier union, in marching from Tipton to Warsaw, while in pursuit of the rebels, here delightfully contrasted with the stormy aspect of the times. The spot where Fremont's army rested after their first day's march from Tipton was eminently suggestive of these reflections. It is on the east prairie of Missouri, about 45 miles from Tipton, and two miles from Wheatland. The grand army of the West here pitched their tents on the afternoon of the 18th of October, and our Artist describes the scene in glowing colors. A brilliant sunset fell over the whole, which looked more like a monster picnic than the advanced corps of an army bent on the destruction of traitorous brothers. The rapidity with which the evening's meal for a marching regiment is prepared has something of the marvellous in it. Appetite quickens practice, and the air is soon filled with the merry scenes of military processes. Then comes the hearty enjoyment of food, which at another time would be revered by, but which now, under the circumstances of danger, is thankfully received. Not the least of a soldier's trials is the general long march and privation under which their fortitude now which plenty is not engendered in the human diaphragm.

We may as well mention that the camp is called after the Colonel of General Fremont's body-guard, whose gallant achievements at Springfield on the 25th October we have recorded in its proper place.

COLONEL JULIUS STAHEL

Is now in command of the First Brigade of the German Division on the Potomac, known as the Division of General Blenker. Julius Stahel—under which name the Colonel is known here—is a descendant of a family of the oldest nobility, and has served as soldier from his boyhood. In the Austrian army, he was, while yet very young, appointed 1st Lieutenant, and served as such till the breaking-out of the Hungarian war, when he at once threw up his commission, and joined his fellow-citizens in the struggle against Austria. He was at first attached to the staff of General Guyon, and afterwards to that of General Georgey. He fought throughout the campaign with undeviating courage, and did not abandon the cause till the surrender of his commander at Vilagos rendered the struggle hopeless. He then retired to Germany, and from thence to England, where he remained several years. He finally came to New York, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits. On the first outbreak of the present rebellion he offered his services to the 1st German Regiment, Colonel, now General, Blenker, to Lieutenant Colonel, and was promoted to the Colonelcy after Colonel Blenker received the commission as Brigadier-General. Colonel Stahel is 36 years of age, of small stature, but has eminently intelligent and large eyes.

COLONEL GEORGE VON AMSBERG,

Whose portrait we publish to-day, was born in the city of Hildesheim, in the Kingdom of Hanover, in the year 1817. After having graduated in the Polytechnical Institute of his native city, he entered the Austrian army. There he was, in 1839, promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Hohenzollern Chevaulegers; in 1841 he became captain of the 8th regiment of Hussars, and in 1848 Major of the same. In 1848, Major Von Amsberg, with his entire regiment, joined the Hungarians in their struggle to liberate themselves from Austrian tyranny. During this war he served some time as Adjutant-General of General Count Dembinsky, and as such was decorated after the battle of Szolnock, where he captured six Austrian guns. After having bravely fought in 21 battles, he was promoted to a colonelcy, and in the summer of 1849 he was made a Brigadier-General. On such he was at the head of 10,000 men against the whole Austrian army on the 2nd August, 1849, at the battle of Debreczin. After the capitulation of Vilagos he was with Colonel Perczel. Amsberg was confined in 16 years imprisonment by the Austrian court-martial, but was pardoned after nine years captivity, on condition that he left Germany. Von Amsberg then emigrated to the United States, where he was for some time engaged as riding-master in Hoboken, New Jersey. At the breaking out of the present rebellion he joined the 5th regiment New York State Militia as Major, and served as such during the three months' the regiment was engaged. He now commands the 45th regiment New York Volunteers, one of the finest German regiments that has yet left New York to fight against the rebels.

LIEUT. A. O HARRELL, OF THE U. S. NAVY.

This brave and loyal sailor was born in Virginia, and entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, as a citizen of Tennessee, in 1836. His examination dates from May 12th, 1847. Left an orphan at a very early age, he was adopted by a relative, who, having some political influence, recommended him to select the Navy as a profession. Lieut. Harrell was reported some months ago with a very flattering offer from the rebel authorities, but "he remembered his oath and he loved his flag," and will prove true and loyal to the death. In our last paper, page 355, we gave a brief account of the gallant manner in which he beat a rebel schooner on the night of the 11th of October, but as the performers of daring achievements should be their own historians, we give his graphic but modest report:

U. S. STEAMER UNION, }
AQUIA CREEK, Oct. 13, 1861. }

SIR—I have the honor to submit the following report for your information:

Being informed of a large schooner lying in Quantico or Dumfries

ACTING BRIGADIER-GENERAL JULIUS STAHEL, COMMANDING THE 1ST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

GEORGE VON AMSBERG, COLONEL OF 45TH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Creek, and knowing, also, that a large number of troops were collected at that point, with the view of crossing the Potomac River, as was reported to me, I conceived it to be my duty to destroy her. With this object in view, I took two launches and my boat and pulled in for the vessel, at half-past two o'clock this morning. One of the launches was commanded by midshipman W. F. Stewart, accompanied by the master, Edward L. Haynes, of the Rescue, and the other by acting master Amos Foster, of the Resolute. I also took with me the pilot of the vessel, Lewis Penn. Some little difficulty was experienced in finding the entrance to the creek, which you will remember is very narrow. But having found it, we pulled up this crooked channel within pistol shot of either shore, until we discovered the schooner. She was close to the shore in charge of a sentry, who fled at our approach and alarmed the camp. She had a new suit of sails and all the furniture complete in the cabin, which was collected together and fired, producing a beautiful conflagration, but unfortunately revealing our position to the enemy, who commenced a rapid fire from both banks of that narrow and tortuous stream, intermingled with opprobrious epithets, until we were beyond their range.

Our crews returned a random fire from the boats and two launches, gave three cheers, and pulled for their vessels, the light from the burning schooner guiding them on their way. Her destruction was complete, and although the clothes of the men and the boat were perforated with balls not a man was killed. Officers and men vied with each other in the performance of their duty. Acting-Master Foster applied the match in the cabin of the doomed vessel.

Acting Assistant Surgeon, W. R. Bensall, accompanied the expedition, ready, should his services be required.

I hope what I have done will meet your approbation, although I have acted without orders.

This little affair will show the enemy at least that we are watching him, and ready to meet and destroy his preparations for crossing the river at all times.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

A. D. HARRELL, Lieutenant-Commanding.

To Capt. T. J. CRAVEN, commanding Potomac Flotilla.

Dumfries or Quantico Creek, for it is known by both these names, is about 22 miles below Alexandria, being situated between Occoquan River and Aquia Creek.

OUR MAP OF THE POTOMAC.

IN our paper of the 26th October, No. 309, we published the most comprehensive map yet issued of the Southern Border and Western States, and so arranged it that the reader can ascertain at a glance the battles that have been fought, the disposition of the two armies, and the ports now blockaded by the National Government. We now present a most valuable and accurate view of the river Potomac and its adjacent parts; this combines the interest of a panorama with the utility of a map, since the scene is not distorted as in what are called bird's-eye views, but the distances are carefully preserved, so as to enable the reader to follow in "his mind's eye" the entire campaign. Our map also gives the exact position of the rebel batteries which now blockade the Potomac, also that of the rebel steamer Page, now hemmed between the National vessels, and likewise the Potomac Flotilla

THE REBEL BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. I. HARDEE.

THIS famous traitor, whose celebrity is more derived from a book which he neither wrote nor compiled than for any real military genius or services, is a Georgian by birth, and owes his education and reputation to the Republic which he now seeks to destroy. He entered West Point in 1834, and was made Second Lieutenant of Dragoons in 1838. In April, 1839, he received the appointment of Assistant Commissioner of Subsistence, and in December was promoted to a 1st Lieutenancy. In September, 1844, he was made Captain. He was breveted Major for his conduct at Medelin, near Vera Cruz, and subsequently made Lieutenant-Colonel for his services at St. Augustine, August 20, 1847. He was also at the battle of Molino del Rey. In 1853 he was appointed by the War Department to superintend the publication of the "Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics," and which was published at the expense of the Government. In July, 1856, he was made Commander of the Corps of Cadets, and Instructor of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry Tactics.

At the commencement of the present rebellion he fled from Washington and offered his services to the Confederate traitors. He was made Brigadier-General, and despatched to Missouri to co-operate with Price, Rains and McCulloch. He has performed no deed of any special note in his new command, and was by the last accounts with a small force in the south-eastern part of Missouri.

PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS.—Seventeen private soldiers of the French army in Bonaparte's time, by their bravery and talents, raised themselves to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals; and two, generals.

LIEUTENANT A. D. HARRELL, COMMANDING U. S. GUNBOAT UNION, POTOMAC FLOTILLA

OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN GEORGE COGGESHALL.—Captain Coggeshall, well known to the mercantile and nautical world, died in this city on the 13th of August last. He was the author of several works detailing his adventures as a merchant captain, and also wrote a very minute history of privateering during the last war with England, in which he actively participated.

MADAME ROSE CHERI.—One of the most popular and beloved actresses of Paris, Madame Rose Cheri, died in that capital on the 21st of September. She was born in 1824, and at the time of her death was the wife of M. Montigny, manager of the Gymnase Theatre, of which she was the chief ornament. In simplicity and delicacy of style she more nearly resembled Miss Agnes Robertson than any familiar actress of the English stage. Her first appearance in the metropolis was a happy and somewhat romantic accident. She undertook at shortest notice the part of an indisposed actress, on the 5th of April, 1842, at the Gymnase, and came before an impatient audience with the modesty of a child. When the comedy was done she was complimented before the curtain, and the name of Cheri was substituted for her own less mellifluous one of Cizos. It was Scribe who asked her hand for Montigny, and the marriage took place on the 12th of May, 1847.

JOHN M. VANDENHOFF, father of the popular reader, and one of the pillars of the British drama, died recently in London. He came upon the London stage in the year 1819, his original destination having been the church, but before this event had done a good deal of provincial playing, beginning the actor's career at the age of 18. He once sang with Edmund Kean the duet of "All's Well" in the operatta of the "English Fleet." For his debut in London at the Covent Garden he played King Lear, Charles Kemble taking the part of Edgar, and Miss Foote, afterward Dowager Countess of Harrington, that of Cordelia. In 1835-'36 he led the business at both the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, playing on alternate nights at each theatre, with a company of which Miss Ellen Tree was a member. In 1836-'37 he played Eleazer in the "Jewess," 89 nights in succession, Miss Ellen Tree playing his daughter. He visited this country the year after, where he was enthusiastically received. Finally after more than half ... ntury's work, he retired from the stage in his 71st ye... without a blot upon his escutcheon, and not long since he was honor... in Liverpool with a magnificent testimonial, the Mayor presiding ... the occasion.

WILLIAM FARREN, another standard British actor, is also dea... His forte was the delightful, fussy, disputatious, vehement, easily ... old man, of which the British drama offers so many capital types. ... first appeared at Plymouth in 1806, and on the 10th of September, 18... entered the London grand army at Covent Garden, playing Sir Pe... Teazle with incontestable success. His eccentricity led him to play ... one occasion the Old Maid; on another, Meg Merrilies; and again Sh... lock. While he was playing Old Parr at the Haymarket, in May, 18... he was seized with a fit, which, through injudicious treatment, culm... nated in a severe stroke of paralysis. Nevertheless, after his recove... he remained for ten years longer before the public as an actor, at t... Haymarket, and as manager and actor at the Strand and the Olymp... and his last appearance was at the Haymarket, where, on the 16th ... July, 1855, he played Lord Ogleby on the occasion of his farew... benefit.

EX-GOVERNOR WOODBRIDGE, of Michigan, died in Detroit ... the 20th of October. He was a native of Connecticut, removed to Oh... at an early age, and became a resident of Detroit in 1810, a time wh... there was scarcely a white inhabitant in any other part of Michiga... He was successively Territorial Secretary, Governor and United Stat... Senator.

AUGUST SONTAG, the accomplished astronomer, who accompani... Dr. Hayes on his last exploring expedition, died from the severities ... his protracted voyage. He was a German by birth, and was at the Du... ley Observatory when invited by Dr. Hayes to accompany him on ... expedition. Though comparatively young, he had travelled extensive... and enjoyed a high reputation as a scientific observer.

COLONEL ABEL SMITH, of the 13th (Brooklyn) regiment, w... fatally injured while attempting to enter a railway car, at Mechani... ville, in this State, and died on the 19th. Always of a martial turn, ... was under his instruction and liberal pecuniary support that the 13... regiment attained its high proficiency and position. He and his m... were among the first to offer their services to the Government in t... dark days of April, and it was while engaged in reorganizing his re... ment for the war that Colonel Smith met with the fatal accident wh... we have recorded. The soldier's life is not always demanded at t... cannon's mouth; but wherever he may fall in his country's service, ... still merits the gratitude of his countrymen. He none the less i... "dead on the field of honor" who falls under the fever of the camp, t... accidents of the march, or under the shot of the enemy.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

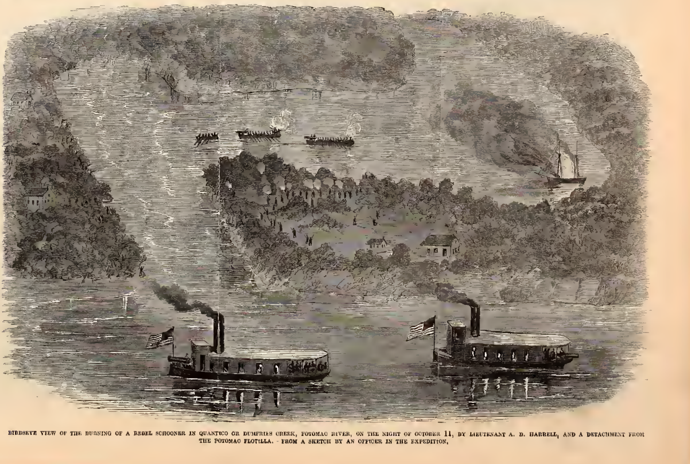
RULES OF THE ROAD IN PARIS.—An elegant "horsebreake... known as Mademoiselle Aurelia, who is in the habit of showing off ... the Champs Elysées, in a dashing britska, which she drives herself, w... brought up the other day before the Correctional Police, charged w... knocking over an old woman. For the defence it was stated that t... complainant was in fault, she having most carelessly got in the way ... the horse, and moreover, that the defendant had given her money a... taken every possible care of her since the accident. But to Mademoisel... Aurelia's great horror and astonishment, she was informed by the co... of a police regulation which prohibits "women and children" from dr... ing at all in Paris. The fair defendant indignantly protested agai... this law, and declared that she had met with five carriage accidents ... her life when gentlemen were driving, whereas this was the first mish... which had occurred when she handled the ribbons herself. The cou... however, was ungallant enough to fine her 100 francs.

SHELLEY'S GRAVE.—We hear from Rome that the tombs of Kea... and Shelley are about to be restored. Mr. Severn, the newly appoint... British Consul in that city, has resolved to give them his early atte... tion. They have fallen into great decay. It is proposed to substitute ... "Greek altar," with a medallion portrait on the front of it, for the simpl... headstone which was placed over Keats's grave in 1821.

THE rumor is received that the English Court has sought the han... of a continental princess for the Prince of Wales. The selected fair o... is said to be Alexandra, the daughter of Prince Christian, of Schleswi... Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksteln. The Princess was born in 1844. H... father is the declared heir to the Danish throne by the King under t... treaty of 1853.

THE vintage of France will this year be magnificent. It is no... being carried on with great activity in the southern provinces and ... Burgundy. Everywhere the grapes are fine, there being very few th... have not ripened. No doubt is entertained that in all parts of the cou... try the wine will be abundant and of very superior quality; the... seems, therefore, to be some truth in the supposition that comet yea... are favorable to the cultivation of the grape.

A LATE letter from Bordeaux (France), relates the following si... nificant fact: "The schooner William Abbott, of Bangor, Me., w... coming up the river with a rebel flag flying at the fore, and no flag at t... main or gaff. She came to anchor at Pauillac, a few miles below t... city, and the custom-house boat went alongside. The flag was haul... down in about half an hour, and the captain went on shore. When s... got under weigh to go up to the city she could not pass the guardsh... until that glorious flag of Stars and Stripes was hoisted at the main a... she will be obliged to hoist it as long as she remains in Franc...



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BURNING OF A REBEL SCHOONER IN QUANTICO OR DUMFRIES CREEK, POTOMAC RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 11, BY LIEUTENANT A. D. HARRELL, AND A DETACHMENT FROM THE POTOMAC FLOTILLA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER IN THE EXPEDITION.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR ON THE POTOMAC, FROM THE MOUTH OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER TO HARPER'S FERRY, SHOWING THE REBEL POSITIONS AND BATTERIES, AND THE NATIONAL POSITIONS AND FORTIFICATIONS.—See Page 391.

Scale of Statute Miles
0 2 4 6 8 10
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
HARPERS FERRY
Sandy Hook
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
POTOMAC RIVER
Charlestown
Opequan Cr.
WINCHESTER & POTOMAC R.R.
Winchester
SHENANDOAH R.
Kittoctan Cr.
Point of Rocks
Monocacy R.
No ans Ferry
Clarksburg
Waterford
Brookville
Conrads Ferry
Seneca Mills
LEESBURG
Harrisons I.
Purcellville
Edwards Ferry
Seneca Cr.
Rookville
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL
POTOMAC RIVER
Goose Cr.
Broad Run
Drainsville
Coons Ferry
Rock Cr.
Ashbys Gap
LOUDON & HAMPSHIRE R.R.
Great Falls
Upperville
Bladensburg
Goose Cr.
Prospect Hill
GEORGETOWN
Lewinsville
Little Falls
Chain Bridge
WASHINGTON
Manassas Gap
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
Vienna
ARLINGTON
Munsons Hill
Salem Fauquier
Fairfax C.H.
Bull Run
Thoro fare Gap
Centreville
ALEXANDRIA
Hay Market
Fairfax Sta
ORANGE & ALEXANDRIA R.R.
New Market
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
Union Mill
Broad Run
MANASSAS
Tudor Hall
JUNCTION
Accotink Cr.
Sheridans Pt.
Ft. Washington
Occoquan R.
Mt. Vernon
WARRENTON
Washington
Brentville
Marshalls Pt.
Hallowing Pt.

SUICIDE OF THE JAILOR ON THE GRAVE OF HIS VICTIM.

The Graveyard Secret;

A Narrative of Criminal Administration in Germany.

CHAPTER VIII.—A FEARFUL REVELATION.

I FOUND myself in a large chamber, faintly lighted by a night-lamp. The bed-curtains were drawn, and I could not see the judge's face, but I recognised his voice, weak and altered as it was by the approach of death.

"You are my successor, I believe, sir?" he inquired.

"Temporarily, judge, for I hope that your recovery——"

"My recovery!——" he said, sadly, but did not conclude the phrase he had begun. "Take a seat, sir, I have an important communication to make to you."

I did as he requested, and after a few moments he began,

"Permit me to ask you a question, sir. Did you visit Z—— some six years ago?"

"Yes, judge; and you yourself kindly accompanied me through your establishment, and explained to me your mode of conducting it."

"Six years ago, I believe, you manifested suspicions against the jailor?"

"Not without reason, I fear, judge."

"Did you again manifest them to-day?"

"I do not know to what extent——"

"You did do so, I know. But this is not what I wished to inquire. Have you made any discoveries confirmatory of them?"

"What I have seen has tended to increase them, but I have ascertained nothing positive."

"Is Martin Kraus convinced of this fact?"

"I know not; but I have neither said nor done anything to lead him to suppose to the contrary."

"Thank Heaven, then all is not lost!"

I might have asked an explanation of these words, but I saw from his painful efforts that he was preparing to make one voluntarily.

"Sir," he went on in a firm voice, "I have sent for you, to confide to you a secret. I must do this to die in peace (for I have but a few hours to live), and also to prevent an additional crime. Have the kindness, then, to follow me attentively:

"I was but twenty-five years of age when I became chief magistrate here. Obliged to quit the residence where I had led a life of dissipation, I still could not resolve to abandon it entirely, and in spite of my new duties I spent the largest portion of the year in my former home, leaving the charge of my affairs to my subordinates. I was too fond of pleasure not to dislike work. The result was, that business became entirely neglected, particularly that which especially devolved upon me. But I was a severe, inexorable judge; I was highly and influentially connected at court, and no one dared to make complaints of my neglect. Besides, I took care that my accounts should be exact, and, as you know, ministers do not trouble themselves by going much beyond this.

"A short time after my arrival in Z—— a mechanician established himself here. His wife's name was Nettchen Thalmann, your mother's friend, for whom you inquired six years ago. His name was Brunner."

What light this simple name afforded me!

The judge continued.

"The mechanician Brunner was an intelligent, laborious man—a genius, it was said, but an unfortunate genius. He made numberless inventions which are now universally adopted, and which enriched every one but himself.

"At the time I speak of, counterfeiting had become very common. Large quantities of false money had been put into circulation. Several times men had been seen mysteriously gliding at night into Brunner's house, who had suddenly become prosperous, no one knew how.

"I suspected him of counterfeiting, and believed that he employed men to distribute false money throughout the country. But not being possessed of proofs sufficient to warrant an arrest, I caused his movements to be watched.

"A short time after this, an unknown person deposited a considerable sum of spurious money in the bank of a neighboring town, and I ascertained that a few weeks before the same individual had secretly visited Brunner. I considered that this warranted an examination of the house, and determined to conduct it myself. My curiosity had been excited, and I supposed that I should have little trouble in managing the affair, and that I should obtain great reputation by it, inasmuch as the public was at that time deeply interested in the discovery and punishments of the delinquents.

"My suspicions were confirmed by my judicial visit to Brunner's abode. I found there various machines for the fabrication of false money. He pretended that they had been ordered by strangers who had invented a new process of manufacturing copper and iron ornaments, and that they were to be called for within a few weeks. He also admitted having before made similar machines for the same parties. I attached no importance to these explanations, and immediately arrested him.

"At first, I pursued my investigations with the ardor of curiosity and novelty. But they did not tend to any result as rapidly as I had hoped, and I soon began to neglect the affair, and finally conceived such a dislike for it, that I banished all thought of it from my mind, and ended by completely forgetting the prisoner.

"Eight years after this, the jailor, Martin Kraus, entered my office. He was then, as he is now, a stern, taciturn man, but he is an exact and faithful jailor, devoted heart and soul to his employer. I had remarked that for several days previously, he had been more than usually dark and gloomy. But on the morning to which I refer, he was absolutely cheerful.

"'Judge,' he said, 'Brunner's wife died last night.'

"I had not heard this name for years, and had entirely forgotten the prisoner. The jailor's words fell like iron on my soul.

"'What has become of her husband?' I inquired.

"'She died in extreme poverty.'

"'What has become of her husband?' I repeated.

"'He is mad!'

"'Mad? Impossible!'

"'He has been so these three years.'

"'And you never informed me of this?'

"'Why should I have done so? It was too late. You could not have restored him to reason, nor could you have liberated him.'

"'I should most certainly have done the latter.'

"'Yes, that every one might have said that the judge had for five years confined an innocent man without bringing him to trial, and that despair had driven this man mad! Your honor, judge, is too dear to me to have permitted this. No one in the world must know of your delinquency.'

"'But what have you done with the poor wretch?'

"'I disposed of him three years ago.'

"'How? you have——'

"'He still lives, judge.'

"'What have you done with him, then?'

"'There are subterranean passages beneath the baily.

"'And you have confined him in one of these?'

"'Yes.'

"'Beneath the convent?'

"'The passages extend beneath the cemetery.'

"'Well?'

"'I alone know this, and this was the only place where he could be concealed from all eyes. His voice, it is true, may be heard in the cemetery, but so indistinctly that no suspicions can be excited.'

"'But these passages are destitute of light!'

"'True, judge.'

"'Jailor, your conduct is inhuman!'

"'Judge, you yourself are raving; all this has happened, remember, through no fault of mine. I supposed it of little consequence that a man destitute of reason should be deprived of light and companionship, provided that your honor remained pure and stainless. What I have endeavored to prevent has been the scandal and disgrace which would have resulted from your negligence. For this reason I confined him beneath ground and reported him as dead. His wife is the only person, who, for the last eight years, has inquired for him, and she is now gone. He himself has not long to live, for he is thin and weak. Inscribe his death, therefore, formally upon your register, dating it back some six or seven years, and you will never again hear of him. One word more, and I have finished, judge. This wife has left a child of twelve years of age, born a few months subsequent to the imprisonment of his father. He has no relatives, and I thought that perhaps your honor would take charge of him. It would be an act of charity.'

"And he left me with as tranquil an air as if he had made the most commonplace announcement."

CHAPTER IX.—THE UNVEILING OF THE MYSTERY.

AND yet what a fearful history had he just related to me! What terrible truths had he uttered! My honor, in the eyes of the world, was untarnished, but my conscience I dared not face. What fatal fruits had my negligence and inattention borne!

"What was I to do? Allow matters to remain as they stood, and in order to save my reputation to condemn this man to such a fearful doom which must end in a miserable death? and I had no longer the plea of ignorance to urge in my defence. Yet I was weak enough to leave matters to remain as they were. I had not the courage to unveil my shame, to exchange my position as judge for that of a criminal at the bar of justice, to brand my wife and daughter with misery and shame.

"I left the unfortunate Brunner in his dungeon, and sheltered myself from all suspicion by entering his death on the register. I endeavored to stifle my remorse by good works. I fulfilled my duties with the utmost fidelity and humanity, and I hoped, by my conduct in the future, to redeem the errors of the past.

"I took charge of the child of the mechanician, and brought him up as my own son. His health, unfortunately, was too feeble to permit of his attending college, but I gave him a position in my office.

"He was reared with my daughter, and loved her. I throw no obstacles in the way of his affection, and would willingly have given her to him had she consented to a marriage. But she cherished no love for the companion of her childhood, only the tenderest friendship and compassion. I have often regretted this.

"There was but one person who suspected Brunner's fate. This was his son, to whom his mother, on her deathbed, had communicated the terrible suspicions which had embittered her life. But the boy has never succeeded in verifying them. He wanders at night through the graveyard, vainly seeking to find some evidence of his father's fate, but even had he done so, his love for my child would have prevented him from denouncing her father.

"I had, therefore, nothing to fear. Martin Kraus's fidelity was undoubted, and I never thought of his death. Still less did I reflect on my own, and yet my time has now come, and it is too late to expiate my fault. Still, I cannot appear with it unconfessed upon my mind, at the judgment bar of God; besides, I wish to prevent the commission of a new crime. To save my honor, even after my death, Martin Kraus would not hesitate to commit murder—he has told me as much, and he will keep his word. From the moment that he is assured that your suspicions regarding the prisoner have become a certainty, Brunner will have ceased to exist, and his body will have disappeared, without leaving behind a single trace. Do anything you can to prevent this new horror!

"I have long hesitated before avowing to you this terrible secret. I should not tell it you now, but that I cannot die and let this poor wretch continue to suffer; for to add to the enormity of my guilt, I received proofs of his innocence a few years ago. Perhaps, with his restoration to liberty, his reason may return. Set him free, then, but in fulfilling this duty, spare my child as far as possible; she is so good, so pure, her faith in me is so unshaken!"

He paused. He could speak coldly of the loss of life and even honor, but when his thoughts turned on parting from his child, and the heritage of shame he was about to leave her, his heart seemed almost broken.

After the strong man had indulged in a burst of bitter tears, he resumed:

"The entrance to the subterranean passages is in the old convent, beneath the staircase, and the one extending under the church is to the right of the entrance. At the end of this is a door opening into Brunner's dungeon. If Martin Kraus refuses to conduct you there voluntarily, oblige him to do so."

He hesitated, then continued:

"Spare, as far as possible, the old jailor. His blind devotion and fidelity to me have caused him to commit this crime. Now, sir, act as your duty and your heart counsel you!"

He was silent, and extended his hand. I pressed it gently.

"Farewell," said he, "I cannot live through the night, and we shall never meet again. Have pity on my poor child!"

I rose and left the room deeply affected. My curiosity was at last satisfied, but at what fearful cost! What a heavy responsibility now rested upon me!

I met the judge's daughter in the hall; she was awaiting me, and looked anxiously and inquiringly into my face.

"You passed a long time with my father. What did he communicate to you? Will you not tell me?" she asked.

"Do not refer to our interview, lest you should distress him," I replied, evasively; "you will find him more calm, but he needs repose."

"Then, sir, you cannot repeat to me what my father has told you?"

"No, mademoiselle, but not from the reason which you suppose; your fears are unfounded. Some other time I shall explain myself more fully."

Saying which I hastened away.

What was I to do now? I had accepted a painful task indeed, which not alone the prayers of the judge, but also my duties as a man and a magistrate compelled me to execute at once. The judge apprehended a murder. True, he did not fear that Martin Kraus would commit it immediately, but I was far from feeling so confident of this delay; he was ignorant, which I of course was not, of the scene that had taken place during the evening, in the old church.

I went at once to the prison. I was alone and unarmed, and I asked myself if I was not needlessly courting danger; for if the jailor would not scruple to murder the prisoner in order to save the honor of his master, might he not also assassinate me, the more surely to conceal all traces of the terrible secret? But the judge's reputation, which I desired if possible to protect, and my own honor, which I would not imperil by manifesting fear, induced me to act alone, and I determined, at any personal risk, to save the prisoner, whose life my curiosity, however legitimate, had jeopardized.

I went, therefore, direct to the prison, to Martin Kraus's own chamber, where he was seated, with a pipe in his mouth, which filled the whole chamber with smoke.

I entered without rapping, but he manifested neither fear nor surprise at my visit. He quietly laid aside his pipe and rose, as if awaiting orders.

"Jailor," said I, "light your lantern."

"Shall I also light the dark lantern, sir?"

"Yes."

This done, I said,

"You will now conduct me to the subterranean passage beneath the old convent."

"At your orders, sir."

"To the passage extending beneath the cemetery."

"At your orders."

He opened a large wardrobe in a corner of the chamber, and after taking therefrom two keys, he closed it carefully; then, turning to me, rejoined,

"I am at your service, sir."

This was uttered in a tone so calm, and with such an air of indifference, that one would have supposed my order to have been the most natural in the world.

We left the prison. It was about eleven o'clock. The courtyard was deserted, the old convent silent, no light was visible from any of its windows, save the feeble rays struggling from the sick man's chamber.

We walked in silence to the door of the subterranean passage, beneath the staircase, meeting no one. The jailor opened the door with a degree of ease which proved that he was accustomed to the task, and we descended the steps.

"Shall I leave the door open?" he inquired.

"No; close it," I responded, unwilling that he should suspect me of fear.

He closed the door, placing the key in his pocket.

CHAPTER X.—A MARTYR TO FALSE PRINCIPLE—CONCLUSION.

I FOUND myself in a large empty space, into which several corridors opened from different directions. The jailor entered one of these to the right, which, judging by its course, I supposed to extend beneath the church and cemetery. This was evidently the passage referred to by the judge; so I followed Martin Kraus. The walls were damp and close together, and the vaulted roof nearly touched our heads.

The light given by our lanterns was too faint to permit of my seeing far in advance. But we reached the end of the passage in a few moments. We walked on, in perfect silence, until we came to an oaken door, secured by bars of iron, when the jailor turned to me as if awaiting my orders.

I approached the door and listened, but the beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard.

The jailor remained motionless beside me, with a calm, indifferent air.

"Open this door," I commanded.

He did so immediately.

We entered a large, vaulted room. The ground was covered with dust, the walls were damp and bare. But it was tenantless. No prisoner was to be found, nor were there any indications that any human being had ever existed here.

I turned suddenly upon the jailor:

"What have you done," I inquired sternly, "with the man who was confined here up to this evening?"

"No one was ever confined here."

"The prisoner's name was Brunner."

"A person by that name died in prison twenty years ago."

"Jailor, the judge has confessed all! Tell me, then, what have you done with the man?"

"The judge must have been delirious to have told you any such story!"

"Do not attempt longer to deceive me, jailor. I know all, I tell you, and even had the judge not confided his secret to me, I should to-morrow have made use of my power to discover it. You are aware of this, and also of the punishment which your crime merits. Now, listen to me; for the preservation of the judge's reputation, for the honor of the judiciary corps, which would be tarnished by such a scandalous exposure, for you yourself, Martin Kraus, whose fidelity I respect, however fearful the crime which it has induced you to commit—I will suffocate this affair. But on one condition only, that you will place your prisoner in my hands, in order that he may be treated with justice and humanity. If you will do this, no legal investigation shall be made into your crime; but if you refuse, I will certainly unveil your master's and your own fearful guilt to the eyes of the world, and you will both for ever be blasted and dishonored! Now you have heard me, jailor!"

"I repeat, sir, I know not to what prisoner you refer."

"Have a care, jailor! If I am forced to cause your arrest, and the investigation which I shall institute be not speedily crowned with success, and should your prisoner die during this detention, it would not be an abuse of power alone of which you would be guilty, but an odious and premeditated murder, which would lead you to the scaffold.

"A prisoner to die, must first have lived, sir."

"Have you then murdered him, wretch?"

"If any one but you, sir, accused me of——"

"Jailor, you are my prisoner, follow me!"

"At your orders, sir," he replied, still coldly and calmly. Was this man made of iron, that he should be so immovable?

Before leaving, I again examined the place, unwilling to believe that all hope was lost. But my search was fruitless. In one of the angles, behind a pillar sustaining the arched roof, I perceived a stone staircase, cut in the wall.

"Where does that stairway lead, jailor?" I asked.

"I do not know, sir," was the reply.

"Then we will ascertain," I answered, and I sprang up the stairs.

"What would you do, sir?" exclaimed the jailor anxiously; "stop! stop, I tell you, if you value your life!"

Certain that now I was to obtain some traces of the prisoner, I ascended hastily, and the more so because the jailor, finding that I did not heed his warning, had sprung up after me.

But suddenly my head struck violently against an object which I had not noticed, and stunned, I staggered back, and would have fallen, had not the jailor, who was already by my side, seized me with one hand, while with the other he raised a trapdoor and lifting me up deposited me on the ground.

I feared for a moment that I was about to lose consciousness, but the fresh air revived me, and rising with difficulty, I looked about me. I was in the side chapel of the church. The trapdoor raised by the jailor was the entrance to the well.

"What has happened?" I asked, in my confusion. "What have you done?"

"You may see for yourself, sir," quietly responded my companion.

And descending a few steps, he held his lantern over the staircase. It extended down into the well for a few feet, where, as I supposed, it turned off, and led to the subterranean passages. I had struck my head against the flagstone which covered the well, and but for the intervention of Martin Kraus I should certainly have fallen from the staircase into the water. He had saved me from a fearful death!

"Martin Kraus," said I, in a voice vibrating with emotion, "you have saved my life—a service which renders me eternally your debtor; you will believe me now, therefore, when I tell you that at all hazards I will protect the judge's honor and your own, and that happen what may, the secret which you have so carefully guarded shall never be revealed. This shall be so, I swear to you! But in the name of Heaven, for my peace of mind, which will be lost for ever, if by my silence I become the accomplice of this crime; for the repose of your own conscience, which must be racked with terrible remorse, I conjure you restore to liberty this innocent man. I will convey him far from here—so far, that the mystery which now enshrouds his life shall never be discovered. Martin Kraus, I ask this of you in the name of justice, in the name of the judge, who is consumed by remorse, and whose last moments you can thus soothe! What have you done with the prisoner Brunner?"

"As I have already told you, sir, the man died twenty years ago. Do with me as you will."

He was a man of iron. For a moment I had fancied that he was touched, but his impenetrable mask was soon resumed. God of Heaven, had I come too late!

"Jailor," said I, as a last resource, "you shall follow me to the judge's presence, and we shall see if, face to face with him, you will still dare to persist in your denial."

"At your orders, sir."

We returned to the old convent, and as we were about ascending to the judge's room, we met several persons leaving it.

"The judge is dead!" they exclaimed, as they passed us.

When Martin Kraus heard these words, a sigh of relief escaped him, as if a fearful weight had been lifted from his breast. A moment after he disappeared, and I vainly sought for him in the convent and the courtyard.

I was both physically and mentally exhausted. Since morning my curiosity and my sensibilities had been so frequently excited, that I felt myself incapable of further action.

I left the convent; and as the night air was cool and refreshing, I hoped by walking to calm the agitation of my mind.

Almost mechanically, I wended my way towards the graveyard; the solemn stillness of the place accorded well with my gloomy meditations.

Midnight struck by the church clock, and as the last sound died upon my ears, I fancied that I heard a dull noise at the extremity of the cemetery. I listened. The noise continued at equal intervals. I directed my steps cautiously to the point from whence it proceeded, for a fearful presentiment had come over me.

As I advanced, the noise became more distinct. Some one was evidently digging a hole in the earth. The work was conducted in darkness, and with such earnestness that my footsteps were not heard. In a few seconds I stood face to face with the unknown workman.

It was Martin Kraus. He had opened an old tomb to serve as a new sepulchre, and had just thrown in the last shovel of earth which was to close it.

"Martin Kraus, what are you doing here?" I ejaculated.

He raised his head without the slightest manifestation of alarm. But his eyes were full of bitterest hatred.

"Sir," he replied, "you may cause this grave to be opened to-morrow; in it perhaps, may be found the body of a man which no one will be able to identify, but you will find nothing here which can tarnish the honor of the judge or of old Martin Kraus!"

And seizing a pistol lying by his side, he placed it to his temple. Before I had time to prevent it he had pulled the trigger, and Martin Kraus fell upon the grave a corpse. He had come prepared for the worst!

I dropped a tear upon the body of this man who had so recently saved my life, and who had died the victim of a noble sentiment, the exaggeration of which had led him into crime.

Devoted and faithful hearts are unfortunately so rare, that we may be permitted to admire them even in their errors.

* * * * * * * *

I concealed the manner of his death; caused the old jailor to be quietly buried, and left his crime to rest in silence and oblivion. Human justice could not now reach the culprits, and all remembrances of the victim have long since been effaced from the minds of men. Charles Brunner survived these events but a few months; he died in the beginning of winter, bearing with him to the tomb the secret of his sadness and his sufferings. He also, to the end, had continued faithful and devoted to his affection.

Rosa, the judge's daughter, never learned her father's guilt. With considerable difficulty I finally succeeded in removing all her suspicions, and after a time she became my wife. She has now been dead three years.

Before writing this history for you, I had never related it to any one but my son. I did this, on the day when he was installed in the office of assessor, wishing that he should become familiar, at the very outset of his career, with his grandfather's crime, that he might guard against negligence and inattention, which more frequently than injustice even, are the rocks which wreck the probity of our judges.

THE END.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

RATHER amazed at the inconsistency of these legal practitioners, I rattled over the stones in the vehicle, which put me in mind of a hearse, and which was driven by an intoxicated party, who put me in mind of an undertaker.

We halted in an out-of-the-way street, at the door of an out-of-the-way inn, in the bar of which a number of convivial rustics, whom I recognised as witnesses in a certain murder case, which had just been disposed of, were bloating themselves with cold beef, pickles and strong ale, and varying their pleasures by certain dark references to a person who was guilty, sure-ly. We passed up-stairs and into a little, orderly sitting-room, in which we found Mrs. Martha Timbs and Broussais waiting to receive us. Broussais was elated, though calm; but Martha was weeping bitterly, or joyfully, as it might be.

GEN WILLIAM J. HARDEE, OF GEORGIA, COMMANDING ONE DIVISION OF THE REBEL TROOPS IN MISSOURI. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 391.

"Here we are," said Eugene, gruffly, shaking the little Frenchman by the hand; "and Fortune seems to wish that this should be a merry meeting. Tears, Martha!"

He added these last words reproachfully, nodding in my direction. Martha dried her eyes, and conjured up a sickly smile.

"Another strange meeting, Mr. Henry," she said, taking my outstretched hand. "You, like the rest of them, thought me dead and buried. You, like the rest of them, perhaps pity me. You, like the rest of them, can gain little by my return to life."

"Not so," I returned; "your presence is necessary to the success of a good cause."

She started up wildly, and, sinking again in an instant, broke out again with sobs and tears.

"Eugene," she murmured, hoarsely, "in the name of Heaven, spare me! I cannot, I dare not bear witness against that man. I would not have his blood upon my hands. He is a villain; but I once loved him."

Eugene's face was clouded. He moved close to the woman, grasped both her hands, and looked fixedly into her pale face.

"Martha, is this the justice you used to pray for? Is this the way to redeem the innocent and to discomfit the guilty? Look at the boy there!"

She turned her dark, thoughtful eyes full upon my wondering face and shook her head.

"I cannot do it, Eugene, I cannot do it—I dare not."

Eugene turned from her, and walked hastily up and down the room.

"Martha, you must and shall," he muttered, with a malignant look. "Think, for a moment, of the mad woman and of her lost life. Think of our benefactor in his chains. Think of the sorrow of our benefactor's child, and of his lost hopes. Lastly, Martha, think of your own wrongs and of mine, and ask yourself if heaven does not call upon you to act with us."

Here Broussais rose and placed his hand soothingly upon Eugene's shoulder.

"Give her time, my man—give her time," said Broussais; "let her sleep upon it. She is overwhelmed by the sudden turn events have taken. When the time comes, rest assured, she will act."

Eugene nodded his head. Then silently, and not ungracefully, he lifted one of the woman's hands to his lips and kissed it tenderly.

"Be it so," he said; "and in the meantime let us be of good cheer."

So Eugene rang the bell, and when the waiter answered the summons, ordered a share of that good cheer of which the rustics were partaking below. We made a rather hearty meal, for excitement and prison fare had only the effect of sharpening our appetites.

Martha was dull, and Broussais was quiet and thoughtful; but Eugene had an extraordinary flow of spirits, which, coming in contact with the general dulness, made the cloud of our position once or twice show its silver lining. When the rustics below began to sing their little song of "A shiny night and the season of the year," Eugene slapped his thighs and growled a little chorus. The conversation was slow, and no further allusions were made to the peculiar position in which we all stood towards one another.

At last I ventured a remark relative to the disappearance and supposed death of Mrs. Timbs. I expressed my surprise that she should be again visible in the flesh. Thereupon Broussais and Eugene exchanged significant glances.

"I myself thought that we had lost her," said Eugene. "You must lay the deception upon the shoulders of Broussais there, who suggested it, and who had his own interests to serve in the matter."

I looked inquiringly at the dwarf, and he nodded his head encouragingly and affirmatively.

"Eugene is right!" he exclaimed. "It was my suggestion. She fled over to Paris, and I conveyed to Timbs the fact of her decease. I had recognised her, I said, in the Morgue, among the poor wretches drowned in the Seine. Timbs, in reply, expressed his gratification at my news in most impudent language, but refused to come over to claim the body. This was just what I wanted."

"Your reason?" I asked anxiously.

Broussais cast an anxious glance at Martha, who had laid her head upon the table in her open hands.

"My reason was, if you must know, a twofold one. In the first place, I desired to free our good friend Martha for a time from the brutalities of her husband."

H paused, as if fearing interruption. No interruption being made, he went on,

"My second reason, Mr. Henry, was vastly different. As you are now old enough to demand explanations, and as events have acquainted you with many of the circumstances on which your past and future depend, I will explain. My object, then, in persuading our enemies of Martha's death was to goad them on to further attacks in our direction, and to make them work with impunity to crush certain of our friends by bold appeals to the law. The plan, as you know, has succeeded admirably."

"But in what manner could the death of Mrs. Timbs affect the prospects of the enemies you mention?" I inquired, eagerly. "Why would they attack us with impunity on her death?"

Broussais was about to reply, when Martha lifted her pale, nervous face, and replied for him.

"Because without me the evidence against Leonard Charles could scarcely hold together; because my testimony is necessary to his conviction by law."

"Exactly so," exclaimed Eugene.

"Nevertheless, Broussais is wrong. His plan has not succeeded; for I have already said, once and for all, that I cannot give evidence against Leonard Charles."

Eugene was about to burst out into an angry exclamation, when the door of the room opened, and the waiter appeared, ushering in a visitor. We recognized this last worthy at a glance, and were dumb with surprise at his effrontery. It was Mr. Timbs. He entered, smiling and rubbing his hands together, and moved in a sliding manner towards a vacant chair.

"This means mischief!" muttered Broussais, between his clenched teeth. I saw Eugene clench his hand behind him, and make a movement as if to knock down the intruder.

"Timbs!" exclaimed Martha, looking at him with mingled surprise, anger and scorn.

"Patience, my dear, and let me explain," said Timbs, hemming with a kind of good-natured nervousness. "I'm a blunt chap, and I hope your friends will excuse me. Gents all, good evening."

No wonder he seemed alarmed at the deadly silent faces that turned upon him.

"You are really too hard upon a fellow," he murmured, apologetically—"you are really too hard. If you'll let me come to the point, I'll explain. Casting them dark looks at a chap's that ashamed of himself, don't help him to do the thing that's right. Oh, come now!"

He fidgetted on his seat, and wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. There he stood, staring at us, and we at him, for some minutes. At last he jumped to his feet.

"It's hard, precious hard," he repeated; "but if you won't give me a civil word, I'll go."

He was moving nervously towards the door, when Eugene leaped up and pulled him back.

"Sit down!" growled Eugene, pushing him by main force into a chair. "Now, then! What do you want?"

"What do I want?" he murmured, in a bewildered way. "I want my wife."

Eugene, in affected surprise, drew [illegible], whistled, and opened his eyes wide.

"Oh, yes, I like that," he muttered. "You want your wife, do you? Who's she, when she's at home?"

Timbs was speechless. He pointed to Martha in nervous dumb show. Eugene seized him by the coat collar, and shook him violently.

"You old villain! mind how you take the names of people in vain. My sister Martha your wife! Bah! Why, you scoundrel, if she'd been twenty thousand times your wife, this day's business would have separated [illegible] ver."

"Well, then, [illegible]'t you be cool," said Timbs, struggling. "Leave me alone, I say. I'm not going to be treated in this way. It isn't fair, either, when a fellow wants to do the honorable."

Eugene threw the man from him, with a gesture of supreme indifference and contempt.

(Continued on page 397.)

CAMP ZAGONI, ENCAMPMENT OF FREMONT'S ARMY, ON THE PRAIRIE NEAR WHEATLAND, MISSOURI, OCTOBER 14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 390.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(*Continued from page* 395.)

"Pshaw! I scorn to harm you; but don't you call this visit a little foolhardy?"

"Stay!" said Broussais, interfering with a bland smile. "Perhaps the man really means what he says, and is desirous of behaving in a proper spirit."

"Now, I call that reasonable," said Timbs.

"Talk to him yourself, then," growled Eugene. "His very face makes me sick as ditch-water, and I don't believe any of his nonsense. He's a humbug and a villain."

Timbs shrank away from the speaker, and looked sneakingly at Martha, who had again concealed her face. She seemed utterly oblivious of his presence.

"Now, look here!" cried the jolly man. "I don't attempt to defend what's past. I don't say that I've always done the handsome by Martha. In fact, I don't say that I'm an angel."

"I dare say you don't," remarked Eugene, with infinite humor.

"Now, you ought to be reasonable, you, all of you," murmured Timbs, in his injured way. "Why don't you, why won't you encourage a fellow to be moral?"

"Once more, my man," observed Broussais, quietly, "what do you want?"

"Martha, here, my wife!"

The woman leapt to her feet with a cry, and stood facing him.

"There, don't agitate yourself, my dear. You know I was always fond of you. Wasn't I now, Martha? Come, then. You can't deny it. Well Martha, being willing to forget what's past, and to take you back to my humble hearth, I've come to fetch you."

"Don't touch me, man, don't touch me!" cried Martha, "or I shall kill you!"

"Here's gratitude!"

"Go as you came, wretch that you are; go quickly, or you will find me dangerous. Sooner than feel your loathsome touch again, I'd have your cowardly blood."

"Here's affection!"

"Why, I'd think no more of killing you where you stand, man, than I should of crushing a wasp or an adder. You want the venom of the adder, and you lack the sting of the wasp. You coward, you! Go back to him who sent you. Tell him I mean to speak, and that no efforts of yours or his can now prevent me."

"Here's duty!"

But here Eugene caught the man by the throat, and pinned him in a corner. In vain did Timbs endeavor to scream for help. He was effectually gagged.

"Silence!" hissed Eugene, between his teeth. "Silence, I say, or I'll be the death of you. Answer my questions. Who sent you on this errand?"

"Myself, as I have told you."

"That won't do. Come, now. Who sent you?"

"Charles."

"I thought so; I was certain it was so. Look here, if you attempt to deceive me, you're a lost card. Tell the truth, and you may get off more easily. Why did he send you?"

"Wanted to squash the evidence. Let me go!"

"Not just yet. So, so! It seems that you have been instructed to get Martha out of the way, to prevent her appearance as a witness against the scamp your master. Am I right?"

"Yes."

Eugene shook the answer out of him, as he might have shaken it out of a sack.

"Very good," said Eugene, releasing him. "Martha has given you your answer, and you can go. We're sorry to have put you to the inconvenience. You needn't call again."

Timbs edged towards the door, quite purple with rage and exertion.

"I call this shameful treatment," he muttered. "Sure as I am a living sinner ——"

"You won't be a living one long, if you don't make yourself scarce; or your complexion will be so much altered, that your sweetheart won't recognize you."

"Bah! You'll repent of it."

"Why don't you go?" said Broussais, still quietly. "You have had your answer."

"Well, I don't go because the answer don't satisfy me. I want my wife; she's as much mine as this hat's mine, and I'll have her. Confess, now, it's rather hard that a man should be deprived of his own in this off-hand way. Now, mark you ——!"

We had nothing further to mark at that moment, for Eugene kicked him out.

"So much for Timbs!" said Eugene, re-entering the room and closing the door.

Martha had again sank forward on the table; but she was sobbing and weeping.

"What shall I do?" she murmured. "What shall I do? Oh, that I were dead!"

"Come, come!" said Broussais, soothingly, touching her gently on the shoulder. "You take this matter too much to heart. Charles deserves not pity—least of all, pity from you."

"I loved him, Broussais, I loved him. He treated me like a dog; but I loved him. It seems a sin to lift a hand against him. Heaven forgive him, as I do."

"Forgiveness is a mocking word, Martha," exclaimed Eugene. "It is out of place on your lips."

Here the door was suddenly opened, and Timbs re-appeared, attended by two constables.

"There she is!" he cried, pointing to his wife. "Seize her! bind her! manacle her! I arrest her for refusing to return to the house of lord and master!"

"Hold your tongue, you villain!" cried Eugene, springing at him fiercely.

But at this moment there walked into the apartment another policeman.

"You are friends of the prisoner called Henry Brown?" he asked, inquiringly.

"We are," said Broussais.

"He is dead! The prisoner, Leonard Charles ——"

"Ah!" cried Martha, leaping forward, eagerly. "What of him?"

"He is dead also. Come this way, all of you."

CHAPTER XXII.—THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION.

IN less than ten minutes we were convinced that the messenger's assertion was true, and that my father had really departed this life. But on reaching the prison we learned more.

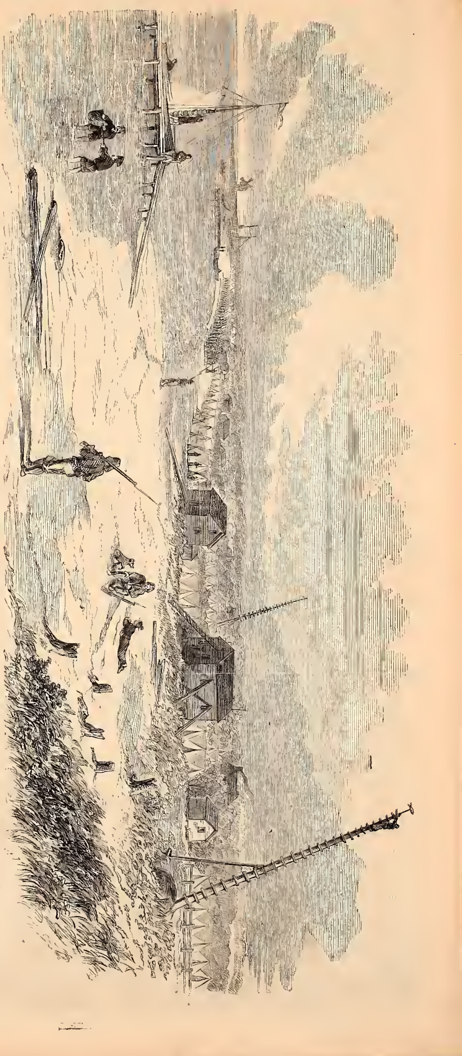
From what we learned afterwards, in various quarters, I am able to tell a strange story of a scene in which I personally was not an actor. This was how it all hapened:

After the trial was over, Ornamel was taken back to his cell. The prison and the court-house communicated with each other by means of an underground passage, which crossed underneath the street, from the court-house to the cells. Along this passage Ornamel was taken, in the custody of his jailor. I heard, afterwards, that he was quite calm and collected, as if his mind were pre-occupied with some strange determination. The jailor bantered him in his usual rough way, and, strange to say, Ornamel seemed to enjoy his jokes. Probably, to judge from what followed, he was desirous of conciliating the jailor's good opinion.

Half an hour afterwards Leonard Charles was arrested by special warrant on a charge of conspiracy with intent to defraud. It appears that Ornamel was aware that Charles would be arrested.

In the iron doors of the various cells in the prison small eyeholes are bored, for the purpose of allowing the turnkeys to observe at any moment what the prisoner is doing. When the jailor closed the door of his cell upon him, Ornamel stood still for an instant in the centre of the floor, as if listening to the retiring steps of the jailor. Fainter and more faint became the sound; at length it died away in the distance, and all was still.

Night was drawing on apace. Ornamel slowly looked around him, but still listened, as if in expectancy of some particular sound. Then he stepped noiselessly over to the little wooden bench which was to be his couch for the night. He lifted up the coarse coverlid and (still listening) he tore it into long strips. These he twisted into two ropes, upon each of which he made a running noose. One of these he folded up in such a manner that it could be easily opened out, and hid it in the breast of his coat; the other he placed in the far corner of his cell. This done, he paused and listened again more intently than before, as if to make sure that all continued quiet. No sound broke the almost solemn stillness, save the occasional opening and shutting of a door.



CAMP WOOL, TWO MILES FROM FORT CLARK, HATTERAS ISLAND, OCCUPIED BY HAWKINS' ZOUAVES, 9TH REGIMENT N. Y. V.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST AT HATTERAS INLET.—SEE PAGE 389.

Apparently feeling satisfied that no one approached, he took a small piece of the coverlid which he had not used with the other strips and rolled it into a sort of ball. This he placed in one of his side pockets. Then, with a cautious tread, he crept over to the door of the cell and felt all over the upper part of it, till he came to the eyehole. This seemed to be what he sought, for he instantly placed his eye to it, and peered into the dusk of the passage.

He had not been thus posted at the door long when the footsteps of several persons were heard ascending the stairs from the ground-floor, and coming along the passage. The eye of Ornamel seemed to gleam with a fierce joy.

A strange thing must that one eye have appeared as it glared forth into the long, dark passage. Nearer, nearer came the steps—brighter, brighter grew the eye with its wild fire.

At the door of the cell, just before coming to that of Ornamel, the footsteps stopped, a key was turned, the door opened, and some one was shown into the cell. Ornamel appeared to be disappointed, for he had not been able to descry who was the prisoner. He now withdrew his eye from the hole, and placed his ear to it.

"It ain't quite so comfortable quarters as ye ha' been used to, sir; but I'll do what I can for yer," said the voice of the turnkey. "If ye'd like to order anythink, I may be able to get it for yer."

"Nothing, thank you, nothing," replied the mellow voice of Mr. Charles. "I would like to be alone in the meantime, that is all."

The turnkey was obsequious, for Mr. Charles had the appearance of a gentleman, who might have been falsely accused, and who, at any rate, could afford to pay for a kindness. So the jailor was somewhat disappointed when he heard the calm "Nothing, thank you," of his prisoner.

The door closed on Charles, and the jailor moved away, grumbling at the poor reception with which his proffer of service had been received.

Ornamel, as all again became silent, for a moment lost that extraordinary calmness and catlike quietness which had for some time pervaded his movements. He clutched convulsively with his long, thin hands at the massive lock of his cell door, as if he would wrench it off. The fruitless result of this effort seemed to recall him to his former state. He did not seem at all insane now. Rather like a man much wronged, determined to venture all, win or lose, in a last chance for retribution.

He stood as if pondering, when suddenly he heard the turnkey returning. He raised a sharp, shrill, hysterical cry of "Help, help! Murder!" The turnkey opened the door and looked in, at the same time inquiring, gruffly,

"What's the hullabaloo about now?"

"There, there," cried Ornamel, pointing towards the bed, as he cowered in the far corner of the room. "Take him away! take him away! He'll strangle me."

"Take who away?"

"Him! him there!"

"Who's him, and where?"

"In the bed there. Take him away. He will murder me."

The jailor, who had by this time entered the cell, now turned towards the bed; he missed the coverlid, and stooped down to see if it was lying on the floor. Ornamel sprung from his corner, and with his fist dealt the jailor one heavy blow on the temple, which stretched him senseless on the ground. He then took the rope which he had in his hand and pinioned the arms of the jailor tight behind his back, and with the ball which he had prepared gagged him. There was a pause—a long, breathless pause. Ornamel next lifted from the ground the keys which the jailor had dropped on being struck.

There was another pause. Still all was silent. The prisoner stole softly and slowly towards the door, went out, closing and locking it after him. He stood in the passage, calm, very calm, and listened. No one seemed to be stirring. He turned to the door of Mr. Charles's cell. He tried one of the keys in the lock—it was the wrong one; he tried another—wrong still; and another—and still wrong. He began to fear that he did not possess the proper key. He tried another; gently the bolt slid back. He gave the door a slight push; it moved inwards, and he could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of joy. Slowly, very slowly, he pushed it back, till there was an aperture wide enough to allow him to pass through. Then, bending down upon his hands and knees, he crawled noiselessly in.

Charles was sitting on his bed, his arms folded, and his head bent down on his breast. There was a strange, nervous twitching about the mouth, quite unusual with that calm man. Once or twice he nodded his head, and muttered something about "Come at last; come at last. Well?"

Ornamel fixed his keen gray eyes upon him, and as he gazed the expression which covered his countenance was not that of a madman, but one could scarcely think it was that of a human being, so intensely did it gloat, as it seemed, on the prospect of blood.

Presently Charles raised his head, and in doing so his eyes met those of Ornamel. He gave a little start—not much, but a quite apparent start—and a strange sort of graveyard chuckle resounded through the cell. Mr. Charles stepped as far back as possible, but did not, or could not, remove his eyes from those others. He saw them rise gradually, as it were, from the ground, up, up to a level with his own, then sink again, and flicker a moment. There was a swish, as of something sweeping through the air; a smothered cry; a scuffle, continued for a few minutes; the door of the cell was swung back to the wall, and something was dragged out. It was close to the railings surrounding the gallery. The struggle grew fiercer than ever. Then there was one wild shriek, and a falling of some heavy body on the stone floor beneath, with a crush and splash.

CHAPTER XXIII.—COUSIN ELIZABETH.

They found them where they had fallen, locked in the embrace of death, and hopelessly entangled by means of the rope which my father had made from the coverlid, and which was twisted in a running noose around Charles's neck. They found them bruised, battered and bleeding, mangled and torn, on the solid stone pavement of the prison. They had gone together to render an account of the sins and sorrows which had hurried them to the death in which their yet warm bodies lay sleeping. On the face of Ornamel, disfigured though it was, lay a strange wan smile of triumph. The lips were tightly clenched; the thin white hair was red and soaking; the eyes were wide open and aghast; but the unutterable calm overspreading all, showed that he had died with a sense that death had completed the purpose of his life. Black and distorted were the features of the other dead man, but the blood still seemed blushing over the face and forehead, crushed thither by the sinewy fingers of his opponent. He died as he had lived, with a blush upon his face, as though he feared, and was ashamed to fear, that the dead formed far too respectable a society for a person of his character to intrude upon without an apology. Such was the anomalous idea which suggested itself as I looked upon him.

It is impossible to describe in words, or even to remember with fidelity, the conflict of emotions which took place in my young bosom when I first heard of the catastrophe which had taken place within the walls of the prison. Indignant as I was at my own wrongs and those of my own family, I shuddered at the knowledge that the author of my being had gone to the grave with blood upon his hands. I was overwhelmed at the first prospect of my position. I could not, of course, at first realize in their full intensity the circumstances which gave birth to that strange tragedy; but I was already conscious that better and purer duties awaited me, and that the loss of my father would occasion in my future life a gap, which no more amenable pleasures could ever completely fill up. With him died a portion of that doubt which had been the mystery of my past life; that mystery which had involved the progress of so many strange events. I looked upon the dead form before me, and a strange, sad yearning for the father whom, till now, I had never known, took possession of my soul. I gazed upon the dead face, and thought of a time long ago, when a happy youth led a blushing damsel to the altar, and pledged himself to guide her through this many-sided world. I thought of the one error of his life, and of its consequences, the end of which was here represented by so much mere flesh and bone. I looked upon the face of the dead Charles, and thought of the influence which he had exercised over my fortunes during my short but eventful career. Need I say that the vision of a woman in fair hair, now, like myself, fatherless, passed before my mind's eye? I forgot the angry feelings with which I had regarded her since the night on which she opened the door of her father's house, and bade me go out into the world a penniless and, it might have been, a friendless youth. I judged by my own feelings what must be hers, when she heard of the manner of her father's death; and I at once determined that I should endeavor to do her a kindness by breaking the news to her, myself, as gently and at as early an hour as possible. But above all these serious thoughts was that of my mother. Where was she? How was she? How would she bear the news of her husband's death and of her child's life? Was she falsely detained in a lunatic asylum as Eugene told me? If so, how was she to be liberated? Could she be liberated? A hundred other questions in reference to this matter flashed through my mind, and I became thoroughly bewildered by their very unanswerableness. I became bewildered and perplexed, as well as sad, and knew not whither or from whom to seek relief for my oppressed heart.

We followed the constable who had come to the inn for us, into a room in the prison in which the bodies lay, on a number of forms placed close together for the purpose. My own thoughts and feelings were as I have described them. When I looked at Eugene, his face wore a blank expression, as if something had happened which his mind could not fully grasp. His eyes wandered over the room as if in search of something; at length they fell upon the upturned face of Charles. For a few seconds he gazed upon it; then his own countenance lightened up. He stepped over close to the dead body, and, placing his ear close to the breast, listened if there were any sounds of life. All was coldly still. He felt the pulse—no motion, no quiver of a muscle. His inspection, it seemed to me, had satisfied him, and, nodding his head two or three times, he leant over to me and whispered in my ear, with a voice which seemed to tremble with a mixture of sorrow and joy; and, in a sort of half-humorous way, he muttered,

"It is done! Might has succumbed, though poor Right has had a hard struggle for the victory; and her forces are considerably injured by the conflict. Well, it is a merry victory, and I at least am satisfied with the success. We needed something like this."

As he finished, he nodded grimly in the direction of the body of M. Charles, and smiled. I cannot say whether sneeringly or pleasedly. I did not think this was quite the way in which he should have conducted himself under the circumstances; but knowing what an incomprehensible mixture of different feelings and modes of expressing them existed in Eugene, I said nothing, but stood ignorant of what to say or do.

Martha was seated on a stool close to the body of M. Charles, sobbing, as if she would have wept the little life within her out. Broussais stood apart, quietly looking on.

"You see," said the constable, who, from what had passed in the court, recognized me as the son of the deceased Ornamel, "we just wanted you here to identify the men; and that being done, you will have to leave the prison, as it is very late. But you will have to attend the coroner's inquest to-morrow."

"Oh, yes," said Eugene, "we'll be there, certainly. Is there anything else you would like with us, now we are here?"

"Nothing more," replied the constable, looking at Eugene, as if he wondered what else there possibly could be wanted with us, and also as if he was slightly puzzled with the character of his interpolator.

"Come then," said Eugene, catching Martha by the shoulders, and giving her a shake; "this gent has got all he wanted us for; we have done all we can do; so now let us get back to the inn."

"No, no, do not take me away. I cannot leave him; I cannot leave him," sobbed Martha.

"Oh!"

"Eugene, Eugene, you never loved."

"Bah! I should not have been likely, at any rate, to love the girl who jilted me."

"You will break my heart."

"I thought that had been done years ago. Years ago, when a sweet-mouthed young gentleman poured molten words of love into your foolish ears; and when he had no more to say, or didn't feel inclined to trouble his brains about you, left you—to starve, it might have been. Martha, Martha, you are surely mad, or you never could talk as you are doing. Let us go."

I observed that though Eugene spoke gruffly and satirically, there was a genuine kindness lurking underneath all his apparent roughness, as if he would bully or joke her out of her melancholy. To what he last said she made no reply save by sobs and tears. He then somewhat impatiently said,

"Why, what is it you weep for? For the death of a man whose life was a curse to us all? Do you weep that he was not spared to complete his schemes? You are a loving woman, truly!"

He turned away from her, and stepped towards the door. Broussais, who had scarcely stirred from his first position during all this time, now advanced, and with the gentle grace of a mother removing the cloak from a firstborn's chubby little cheeks, drew Martha's hands away from her face. Then looking at her with a strange expression in his large, melancholy eyes, he asked her why she wept?

"Because he lies there dead."

"But you may love again; but you may forget a man such as he was, and love one worthy of you."

"Never, never!"

"Nay, nay," said Broussais; "you think so now, but you will be wiser. Come, rise and return to the inn with us, and forget all about a man of whom even you do not know the worst."

The kind words and manner of Broussais had the desirable effect of rousing her up, and after a little time we four walked solemnly back to the inn again. On the way there Eugene and I were together, while Martha and Broussais followed us at a little distance. The question of what was to be done about my mother was still uppermost in my mind, and without the slightest hesitation, I asked Eugene what he intended to do in that matter; for what had passed during that day and that night had made me more a man than had the five previous years of my life.

"Eugene," I said, "have you any plans?"

"Plans about what?" he asked, a little tartly, for he was ruffled at the persistent love shown by Martha for the man who had wronged her, and whom he so much despised.

"What is to be done in order to relieve my poor mother?"

"We must wait for a few days, until the men are buried, and until we can get time to have the news broken to her gently. One thing, however, she must never know—how he died, and who died with him. It would kill her, did she know of this night's proceedings."

I did not speak of this subject to him again that night. When we arrived at the inn there was a great bustle going on; evidently some strangers were arriving. We passed into the sitting-room, and were speedily followed by Martha and Broussais. I noticed that the former was calmer than she had been previously, and the latter was somewhat fidgetty and agitated. We did not remain long together, for we were very dull company for each other. No one of us seemed to be able to speak, and so we shortly separated, and retired to the respective sleeping apartments which had been allotted to us.

My room was situated at the top of the house, and at the back of the house. A small blind covered the under part of the window, which looked into some sort of a carpenter's or shipbuilder's yard. A rickety-looking washstand, containing a cracked basin and a jug with the lip broken off, stood close to the window. A solitary-looking chair was placed in an opposite corner, and on the wall above it was an iron clothespeg. Above the mantelpiece was a queer picture of some famous member of the P. R., standing in full battle order. A mockery of a carpet was on the floor, giving the room a dark, frowning appearance, which was materially enhanced by the dirty white curtains of the little four-poster bed. So many strange events had followed each other in such rapid succession during the day, that I had fallen into a dreamy, half-stupified condition of mind, and was unable to realize the full bearing of what had occurred. When I got into my room, and was alone, everything which I had seen, done and heard during the day seemed to make a grand charge at my brain, and an odd battle of ideas ensued. I got into bed, and lay gazing upon the few articles of the furniture in the room, till they assumed all sorts of incomprehensible shapes and figures. The curtains took the form of a man hanging; the clothespeg jutting out from the wall became a long, thin, weird arm of a witch, pointing mockingly at me; the P. R. man on the picture struck at some airy opponent; the broken-mouthed water jug kept nodding and nodding to the cracked water-basin, which seemed to rise and fall and spin round about alternately, while the rickety old stand chuckled and chuckled over the fun. Then they all got jumbled together, and the water-basin stepped up to the long, skinny arm, and hung itself lovingly upon it; the rickety washstand marched over to the broken-down chair, and the curtains rustled and rustled, and consciousness left me.

I was awakened in the morning by a loud hammering noise, and on opening my eyes, was at first unable to understand where I was, and what had brought me there. Gradually the whole of the incidents of the previous day dawned upon me, and I shuddered at the thought of the death of my father and the man who had been his evil genius through life. But I also remembered my determination to be the first bearer of the news to Elizabeth, and getting out of bed immediately proceeded to dress myself. I knew that she was staying at the principal hotel in the town. But had she not heard of the occurrence before? Whether or not, would she receive me? I determined at least to try, and without telling any one where I was going, I started for the hotel. On arriving there, I inquired for the lady whom I sought, and finding that she was within, sent my name up by one of the waiters. I was, however, too impatient to wait in the hall, and so followed immediately after him. When he gave my name to the lady, there was a moment's silence, and then the voice of a man, very guttural, said, as if he was ordering a dinner, or demanding to be shown some phenomenon—

"Show him up," and then, aside, "Parbleu! what does he want?"

I thought I had heard the voice before, but could not remember where; though as I entered the room, a vague feeling of having heard it under circumstances unfavorable to myself filled my breast.

Elizabeth was seated on the sofa, and sitting near her was a little stout man, whose face I had a distinct remembrance of having previously seen. He stared at me as if he would like to stare me out of countenance, which he ultimately succeeded in doing; and when he observed the victory, muttered a complacent "Ah!" and looked towards Elizabeth, as who should say, "Do you see that?" I felt a thorough repugnance for him from that moment.

My cousin did not rise from the sofa to receive me, nor did she even offer to shake hands. I was not surprised. I knew that she despised me, and did not think that she would like me any the better for the intelligence I brought, however good my intention might be. She looked upon me as she would have looked upon a menial whom she had ordered out of her presence, and who had disobeyed her.

"Pray, sir," she said, at length, "may I ask what secures us the honor of your unexpected company?"

"I come," said I, with a slight tremor in my voice, "as the bearer of sad news. I trust that you will believe in the kindness which prompted me to bear the message."

"Ho! bearer of bad news. Ah!" remarked the stout man. "Bad news, eh? Out with it, my good boy!"

Boy! I felt inclined to knock him down. My face was instantly crimson, and instead of outing with it, I stood stammering and stuttering, and quite incapable of speaking, at all events of putting any gloss on the occurrences of which I had come to tell.

"You seem agitated," said Elizabeth, not quite calm herself, for she began to fear that something serious had taken place. "Pray be seated."

"Thank you, it is unnecessary. I have very little to say."

"Then why don't you say it?" impatiently ejaculated the stout man, "and not stand blushing and stuttering there like a booby—as I have no doubt you are," he added, *sotto voce*.

This was the climax. I know not how I told what had happened. I have a faint remembrance of the pale face of Elizabeth looking bewilderedly on mine, and then suddenly bursting out into a torrent of lamentations, interlarded with upbraidings of me. The stout man jumped to his feet, seized me by the collar, and made me swear that what I had told was true. Then he shook the whole of the proceedings of the previous day out of me, and after hearing what had occurred in the court, turned pale, and ordered me away. I was not sorry to leave, and I think that just as I left the room, Elizabeth fainted and fell into his arms. So she was at least capable of loving her father. Might it not be that she had loved him too well?

I proceeded straight to the inn, my head being all the time filled with thoughts of Elizabeth and her future. What was that future to be? Where was she to find a home? How live? The little stout man puzzled me much, and when I entered the room of the inn where Martha, Broussais and Eugene were seated, I was still in a mystified state of mind. It seemed as if I should never be out of mist and uncertainty.

Martha was looking much calmer than when I had last seen her. Broussais was still the same quiet, retiring, good-natured being, and Eugene seemed to be in one of his merry moods. He inquired where I had been, and I was about to explain, when a boy entered with a telegram for Adolphe Broussais. After dismissing the boy, he opened the envelope, but had scarce read two words when he changed color; crumpling the paper in his hand, he sank into a chair, gasping the word "ruined." Suddenly he started to his feet, seized his hat, waved a hurried farewell, and rushed out of the room, down the stairs, and out into the streets, leaving "ruined" echoing in our ears.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

The great comet which attracted so much attention last summer, while it lay stretched across the heavens, is still seen, with a telescope, not far from the star Eta, in the constellation Hercules. It is entirely shorn of that wonderful appendage known as the tail, and nothing remains but a nucleus enveloped in a nebulous shroud, the whole not unlike in appearance the small planetary nebula.

Professor Airy, the British Astronomer Royal, has recently given a lecture about the great solar eclipse of July 18, 1860, in the course of which he stated the probability that there is a medium between the earth and moon, which, like our atmosphere, is capable of reflecting light.

An illustrated catalogue for the Great International Exhibition of 1862 is to be published in England by the proprietors of the *Art Journal*. The work is to be of like character to that of the Exhibition of 1851, issued by the same publishers.

Professor Loomis has noticed that, simultaneously with the magnificent auroræ boreales observed in the northern hemisphere in August and September, 1859, similar phenomena appeared in the horizon of certain parts of Australia. Struck with the coincidence, he was induced to consult all the registers of observations which he could obtain. He has thus arrived at a totally unexpected result, viz., every time that an aurora has been seen in the horizon of Hobarton an aurora has appeared the same day in the northern hemisphere, or, at least, such extraordinary perturbations were observed as are almost certain indications of the presence of an aurora in position more or less distant. If the number of these coincidences were not as yet too few, we should naturally be led to admit that an extraordinary aurora in the southern hemisphere is always accompanied by one in the northern; in the same way as all the causes which affect the magnetism of one pole of a magnet equally affect that of the other pole.

Dianium is the name given to a new metallic element discovered by M. Von Kobell. In March, 1860, he found a new metallic acid, which he called Dianite. From this, by chemical reactions, he has obtained dianium, the fourth new element, the three others being cæsium, rubidium and thallium.

MISCELLANIES.

Coal oil is an efficient and permanent destroyer of bedbugs. Apply with brush and feather to the places where they congregate. Gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., rubbed lightly over with coal oil, will not be visited with flies.

An Arab Feast.—Here is a dish offered hospitably to the traveller by a tribe of Arabs. A sheep has been bought for the feast. As soon as it was paid for, Suld, the effendi's slave, in a trice turned it over, and kneeling on it, severed its throat to the spine. With the last struggle the knife was run into the abdomen; ripping open which, he withdrew the stomach, liver and lights, and cutting open the former, and cleaning it by simply turning it inside out and shaking it, he then proceeded to cut it and its accompaniments into small pieces in a wooden bowl provided for the purpose from the nearest hut. Then taking the gall bladder as a substitute for lemon, and squeezing it over the whole, and adding a copious supply of the hot red pepper of the country, he served it up, still warm, by placing it on the ground before us, looking like a man well pleased with the feat he had performed. The effendi had already tucked up the sleeves of his right arm over the elbow, prepared to lose not an instant in the enjoyment of what to me at that time seemed an execrable dish, and calling out at the top of his voice "Bismillah!"—in the name of God—plunged his hand into the reeking mess, which he conveyed to his mouth as a child would a ripe peach. Ahoo Gadoum, in obedience to the invitation of the jolly effendi and myself, took my place at the feast, for such in reality it appeared to both of them.—*Petherick's Egypt.*

Beautifying Properties of Nile Mud.—This thick, greasy-feeling mud is thought to act beneficially upon other substances besides land; it is largely exported, dried in cakes, to all the harems in Turkey, and the mud, resoftened in water, is laid on the skins of the fair ones of Damascus, Constantinople, and the beauties of Circassia and Georgia, to give whiteness and lustre to their complexions. Certainly the water of the Nile has the most charming influence on the skin, especially during its thickest flow. When we ascended the Nile the water was of a deep rich brown, which had cleared before we returned to Cairo into a clear gray. It is the most delicious water in the world for drinking, even when very thick; you have but to let it stand an hour or so in a clay goolleh, and the most refreshing sweet water runs off, as agreeable to the taste as it is beneficial to the health.

SCRAPS.

Mourning Stores and Tombstones. — Dr. Wynter, in his book, "Our Social Bees" describes a "mourning store," and gives a colloquy in one of them, in which he took part:

"I produced my list of articles wanted. Scanning it critically, the proprietor said,

"'Permit me to inquire, sir, if it is a deceased partner?'

"I nodded assent.

"'We take the liberty of asking this distressing question,' he replied, 'as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of this establishment by matching at once the exact shade of affliction. Our paramattas and crapes in this department give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture, which we term the Inconsolable.'

"'Is this it?' I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"'Oh, no!' he replied. 'The one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's afflictions, and was termed the 'Stunning-blow Shade;' it makes up well, however, with our bereavement silk—a leading article—and our distraction trimmings.'"

Naturally enough, Dr. Wynter next went to a carver in tombstones, where he was shown a variety of patterns, and had explanations on the proprieties of their use:

"When the father of a family is called away on a sudden," explained the presiding *genius loci*, "we break the column off short with a rough fracture; if it has been a lingering case, we chisel it down a little dumpy. That, for instance," said he, pointing to a very thick pillar, fractured as sharp and rugged as a piece of granite, "is for an awful and sudden affliction —a case of apoplexy—a wife and seven small children."

John Bull wants us to open him a port,
His stock of cotton now so low has gotten,
To please John, we'll do something of the sort—
Open the port of every ship and fort,
And give him cotton there—our best gun-cotton!

Jones had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four.

"One—one—one—one," hiccupped Jones.

"I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order, it has struck one four times."

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* sends to that paper the following epitaph, which he says he found on a tombstone in Oxford, N. H.:

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and kild me quicker'n a wink."

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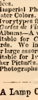

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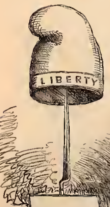

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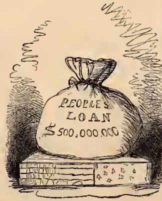

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The State of the Nation.

THE criminal blunder of the advance across the Potomac at Ball's Bluff still remains unexplained. The accounts concerning it are as contradictory as various; and although General Stone has made an official report of the affair, he fails to clear up the circumstances or fix the responsibility. His report is marked throughout by a painful effort at concealment. It is said in some quarters that the movement, like that of General Kelly on Romney, was directed by General Scott, without the knowledge of General McClellan. A few hint at headlong rashness on the part of Colonel Baker; but the prevailing impression is that the responsibility of the blunder belongs to General Stone. As we anticipated, all later accounts augment the proportions of the disaster. Assuming that now, at the end of two weeks, all the stragglers have come in, we have an aggregate of 930 killed, wounded and missing, out of the 1,901 who crossed the river. The killed, including those drowned, there are many reasons to fear, will fall little, if any, short of 200! This is pre-eminently a case for the scrutiny of a Court Martial; the Government owes it to the country to order one, and if General Stone does not demand one he may prepare to accept the responsibility of a military error gigantic and inexcusable, and by the side of which the blunders of Big Bethel and Vienna sink into insignificance.

Affairs around the Capitol remain unchanged. The rebels are crowding closer to their fortified centre, content apparently to hold the National troops in check while sending off reinforcements to Kentucky, which offers a more promising field of action. As observed by the London *Times*, "So long as they can hold the Federal army in check they are substantially successful." They well know that if they can delay its movement up to the 1st of December bad weather and worse roads will render an advance to Richmond impossible. They will thus secure all the advantage before the world of having successfully resisted the National power for a whole year, besides giving time for the chapter of accidents to develop something in their favor. They are increasing the number and efficiency of their batteries on the Potomac, so as to render a sudden transfer of any heavy column from Washington to another base of operations on the James or York rivers impossible, besides cutting off the Capitol from the sea, from which, by way of the Potomac river, it has hitherto mainly derived its supplies. In one word, the Capitol of the Nation is blockaded; and we are now told that no movement will be made until the results of the great Naval Expedition are ascertained. Why the operations of the Army and Navy, in this case at least, should be made dependent on each other, is by no means clear.

The resignation of General Scott places General McClellan at the head of the forces of the United States; but it is said he will still retain the special direction of the Army of the Potomac. While entertaining the deepest respect and admiration for General Scott, it must yet be conceded that the people hear of his retirement with a certain degree of satisfaction, inspired by the hope that it will be followed by greater concentration, consistency, unity and vigor, in the conduct of the war. It remains to be seen if General McClellan shall prove equal to the vast, we had almost said fearful responsibilities, which this step of General Scott has devolved upon him. He has to act with a Government which, in its *personnel*, was not chosen by the people with reference to the terrible exigencies of the Nation, or with regard to any special fitness to meet them. The Administration is mainly made up of small politicians, of moderate capacities, and not always of the best antecedents. The only man amongst them who enjoyed any special reputation is the Secretary of State, whose *dilletanti* statesmanship has broken down abjectly before the realities of his position. Commencing with blunderings about blockades, he has subsided into habits of unnecessary correspondence and bad rhetoric, to say nothing worse, until he no longer commands public confidence. With a Secretary of War who is only keen on contracts, and a Secretary of Navy whose energy and capacity are possibly equal to the duties of a Country Justice of the Peace—with such unpromising and incompetent colleagues, General McClellan will require all the resources of his intellect, and the exertion of all his energies to insure success in the great work before him. He possesses, in an eminent degree, the public confidence, but slightly impaired by the absence of enterprise on the part of the army under his command. The future of a great nation rests mainly in his hands; and the prayer of 20,000,000 of people is, that he may prove equal to his trust.

The intelligence from the West continues to be favorable. The only drawback to the hopes which it inspires is the depression of Gen. Sherman, in command in Kentucky, as made known through the report of Gen. Thomas, who has lately made a visit of inquiry and observation in the Western Departments, under the direction of the Secretary of War. Gen. Sherman, it seems, considers Kentucky untenable, except with a National force of 200,000 men. He, however, proposes to fight with the troops under his command, but evidently considers all efforts hopeless. All we can say is, that it is madness to entrust a command of importance to an officer who is afflicted with hypochondria, and considers himself beaten in advance. If Gen. Sherman has such exaggerated visions of rebel power, and such sad misgivings as regards his own, the sooner he gives place to some one with a less disordered imagination and more pluck, the better for the Union cause. Such a leader is not likely to inspire his army with either spirit or confidence—both paramount elements of success.

In Eastern Kentucky the defeat of the rebel General Zollicoffer has proved to have been much more decisive than was supposed. As will be seen by reference to the account published elsewhere, it was successfully followed up, and converted into a bloody rout.

The victory of the national troops at Fredericktown in Missouri also turns out to have been more complete than was stated in the first report. Two hundred and thirty-eight rebels, including General Lowe, were buried on the field where they fell. General Fremont, at last accounts, had not only entered Springfield, so gallantly captured by Major Zagonyi, but had concentrated his forces and was rapidly closing on Generals Price and McCulloch, who have effected a junction at Neosho, in the extreme south-western portion of Missouri, near the Arkansas line, where they proposed to await Fremont's attack. Should he prove victorious, the war in Missouri may be regarded as at an end. Defeated and demoralised in the east, but one more effective blow is requisite to clear the State, and transfer the war to Arkansas and Tennessee, where alone it can be made effective.

The rebels have achieved one success on the ocean. Messrs. Slidell and Mason have successfully run the blockade of Charleston, in the steamer Theodora, and reached Havana, whence it will be easy for them to sail in the English packets for Paris and London, their respective destinations, as representatives of the so-called "Southern Confederacy." We fear we err in saying they "ran the blockade of Charleston," for, from all the evidence available, the blockade is entirely mythical. It will be remembered that we omitted to designate a fleet off that harbor in the map which we recently published. It is said that the would-be Ministers were visited by the British Consul in full official costume, and most graciously received by the Spanish Captain-General. These small things occasion but little remark now, but are duly remembered, and will be properly settled for at no very distant day. It may be added, that Mr. C. J. Helm, of Kentucky, late United States Consul in Havana, had again arrived there commissioned in the same capacity for the rebel States, but was refused recognition by the Captain-General.

King Corn!—Long Live the King!

HEAVEN has put Europe under bonds to keep the peace towards the United States of North America! It may be a bad thing to be without cotton, but it is worse to be without bread. Purblind statesmen in England and elsewhere have thought it a fine thing to encourage the Rebellion. They have hoped to secure, in the disruption of the Union, two things; one gratifying to their jealousy, the second satisfactory to their selfishness. With the success of the rebels would disappear that great power, which, not content with ruling the New Continent, might, in the vigor of its adolescence, dictate laws to the Old. With that success also, they could hope to secure not only an indefinite supply of cotton, but such "favorable commercial relations" as should give them a market for their manufactures, which, under the Union, would be supplied from Northern looms and workshops. Hence they have wilfully closed their eyes to the great principles involved in the present struggle, and, in utter stultification of all their previous professions of philanthropy, have lent their voice and influence to build up a Confederation, of which the corner stones would be Slavery and Repudiation!

It was to this end that Lord Lyons wrote his impertinent dispatch, insisting on immunity for men who abused their character as Englishmen to enact the part of rebel spies and emissaries. It is to the same end that we hear constant carpings about the efficiency of our blockade, with suggestions of alliances and other expedients for the purpose of breaking it. But, as we have said, Providence has interposed an effectual bar to all of these selfish schemes and sinister purposes. God has smitten with blight the harvests of all Europe, while He has heaped up our granaries to overflowing. The want of cotton paralyzes the manufactories of Manchester, and the economies which we have thus early learned to practise have palsied the looms of Lyons; but the cry of "'Bread! bread! give us bread!" already rises ominously from all the great centres of population, and within hearing of the Tuileries itself. "Last night," says a recent letter from Paris, "there were threatening meetings near the bakers' shops, uttering cries of 'Bread! bread!' which even the patrolling of large bodies of troops could not prevent." "The deficiency of grain in France," says the London *Times*, "is greater than has been supposed; and it is estimated that she will be compelled to spend $200,000,000 this year to make up the deficiency." And as regards England herself, the prospect is scarcely more promising. The potato crop in Ireland is nearly as bad as that of the dread year of the Famine. The wheat crop of England is far short of that of ordinary years. One hundred millions of dollars will hardly supply the English consumption of grain for the coming winter. The *Mark Lane Express* estimates that the Western nations of Europe will require to purchase *Five Hundred Millions of Dollars' worth of cereals* to supply existing deficiencies, and adds that they must look mainly to the United States for supplying this enormous demand!

Cotton may be great, but Corn is the lord of the hour! An embargo on the export of grain, which we can lay, and which, if English and Spanish and French insolence and interference provoke it, we *will* lay, would plunge Europe into social anarchy and political revolution. Heaven has wisely ordered that in this, the hour of our peril, when Free Institutions are on their trial, and when those who should sympathise with us seek only our humiliation and disruption—that now we shall hold "the bit in the mouth of the scorner," and, more than at any other period in our history, hold in our hands the destinies of those who hate us! Thank God that by the time when this heaven-enforced dependence on us for the very food to support existence shall have passed away, and when an abundant harvest shall again reward the labors of the European husbandman—by that time we shall have crushed out Treason, and Perfidy, and Ingratitude, and be possessed of an Army of veterans in war, and of a Navy large enough and strong enough to revenge the insults of our enemies, and compel the respect of the world!

The Baltimore and Ohio Railway.

THE great basis of operations for the National forces is a line formed by the Potomac and Ohio rivers, connected as they are by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. With these ways of navigation and transport open, it is in our power, in the course of two or three days, to throw an immense force from Maryland into Kentucky and the valley of the Mississippi, or *vice versa*, and overwhelm the enemy in either direction, by the concentration of great masses of troops. This is an advantage which is poorly compensated for, on the side of the rebels, by the long and circuitous Virginia and East Tennessee Railway, which, furthermore, is by no means equal to the heavy work of transporting an army division with rapidity and certainty.

Yet, with all the obvious advantages of such a grand base of operations, we have permitted it to be broken at two places—on the Potomac by rebel batteries, and on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway by irregular bands of rebels, half the way from Harper's Ferry to Cumberland. But we have not, in turn, broken the line of railway by which East Tennessee is overborne by rebel troops, and over which Johnston and Beauregard are now pouring reinforcements into Kentucky.

Is it because Simon Cameron is interested in the railways of Central Pennsylvania that all communication and transport between Washington and the West, whether in the way of troops or supplies, has to be carried through the roundabout route by way of Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Columbus, in Ohio? However this may be, and the suspicion is by no means an improbable one, it is the bounden duty of the Government to open the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Disregarding all commercial and general interests, this is required by the highest military considerations. There is no part of the line, except that between Harper's Ferry and Cumberland, which requires protection, and here the rebels have not, nor can they possibly sustain, any heavy force. It is bad enough that Washington should be blockaded on the East, without being cut off from the West by an interruption of the principal and easiest line of communication with that important region. The Capitol now holds its connections with the loyal States by the tenure of a single line of railway, liable at any moment to be interrupted by accident or the torch of the bridge-burner.

Since the above was written, the following letter from our efficient Secretary of the Treasury has been published in the Cincinnati papers:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, October 18, 1861.

"Sir—I received to-day the resolutions of the Chamber of Commerce, relating to the opening and protection of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, forwarded by you. It gratifies me to be able to say that I had anticipated their wishes by urging upon the President and the Administration the duty so clearly set forth by them. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the Baltimore and Ohio road to the interests of the great central valley, or its military value. Permit me to assure the Chamber, and the merchants and producers represented by them, of my zealous endeavors to promote the objects they so properly recommend to the consideration of the Government.

"Yours, very truly,
"S. P. CHASE.

"J. A. GANO, Esq.,
"Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati, Ohio."

Resignation of Gen. Scott.

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT has retired from his command of the American army, which has devolved on Maj.-Gen. McClellan. Subjoined are Gen. Scott's letter to the Secretary of War conveying his determination, the acceptance thereof by the President, and Gen. McClellan's General Order announcing the event to the army:

Letter of Gen. Scott.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.

THE HON. S. CAMERON, Secretary of War:

Sir—For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse, or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right, granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say that it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times from the orders of a President who has treated me with much distinguished kindness and courtesy; whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices; to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivalled activity and perseverance. And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniformly high considerations I have received at your hands, and I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

Order by the President.

On the 1st day of November, A.D. 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence or allowance.

The American people will hear with sadness and deep emotion that General Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army; while the President and unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag when assailed by parricidal rebellion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Gen. McClellan to the Army.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 1, 1861.

In accordance with General Order, No. 94, from the War Department, I hereby assume command of the armies of the United States.

In the midst of the difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, hesitation and self-distrust may well accompany the assumption of so vast a responsibility, but, confiding as I do in the loyalty, discipline and courage of our troops, and believing as I do that Providence will favor ours as the just cause, I cannot doubt that success will crown our efforts and sacrifices. The army will unite with me in the feeling of regret that the weight of many years and the effect of increasing infirmities, contracted and intensified in his country's service, should just now remove from our head the great soldier of our nation, the hero who in his youth raised high the reputation of his country in the fields of Canada, which he sanctified with his blood; who in more mature years proved to the world that American skill and valor could repeat, if not eclipse, the exploits of Cortez in the land of the Montezumas; whose whole life has been devoted to the service of his country, whose whole efforts have been directed to uphold our honor at the smallest sacrifice of life; a warrior who scorned the selfish glories of the battle field when his great qualities as a statesman could be employed more profitably for his country; a citizen who in his declining years has given to the world the most shining instance of loyalty in disregarding all ties of birth, and clinging still to the cause of truth and honor. Such has been the career and character of Winfield Scott, whom it has long been the delight of the nation to honor, both as a man and as a soldier. While we regret his loss, there is one thing we cannot regret—the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be passed in peace and happiness, and that they may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for and loved so well. Beyond all that, let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us. Let no defeat of the army he has so long commanded embitter his last years; but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

The current monthly pay, subsistence and allowance of Lieutenant-General Scott, while he is on the retired list, will be as follows:

Pay, per month	$270
Rations, per month	360
Allowance for servants, per month	90
Allowance for horses, per month	50
Total monthly pay	$770

—which makes an annual income of $9,240.

Our Illustrations.

THE publisher of this paper has spared neither pains nor expense to insure not only general but detailed accuracy in its illustrations. Apart from the large number of volunteer draughtsmen, and others in the army, whose contributions are paid for if accepted, he has special artists attached to every important military column, as well as on board the great fleet which recently sailed from Fortress Monroe. The public may be assured of the faithfulness and accuracy of the illustrations of the War. They are intended to form, as they certainly will do, an important part of the history of the times. There is not a volunteer in the service, officer or private, who fails to testify to the photographic truthfulness of the pictures published in this paper, as well of places and actions as of individuals. On this point, and to avoid any imputation of arrogance in this respect, we have only to quote the subjoined paragraphs from the Pana (Illinois) *Public* of October 24th:

"Many persons have inquired of us, 'Do you think the illustrations in Leslie's are correct representations—or are they mere fancy sketches?' We take pleasure in stating, upon what we regard positive knowledge, that the view of the battle at Lexington, Missouri, in the number of October 12th, is as correct as can be had on paper. The Pana boys—Charles P. Woodruff, Baptist Patton and others—who were in the engagement and have returned home, so pronounce it.

"Mr. Leslie's facilities for having views taken on the spot enable him to present to the public, at the earliest possible moment, *facsimiles* of the places, persons and battles he represents in his paper. Those who suppose the *Illustrated Newspaper* to be a mere pictorial should at once be undeceived. No paper in the country contains so complete an epitome of the news—so condensed as to give everything of importance stripped of its dross. It is edited by the Hon. E. G. Squier, a gentleman of intelligence, refinement and talent.

"Leslie's Pictorial History of the War is the *ne plus ultra* of publications, also ably edited by Mr. Squier, and should be in the hands of every person who desires a perfect and complete history of the present struggle, illustrated by magnificent engravings. It contains nothing but pure gold—all the superfluous and useless matter being sifted out."

THE PIRATES OF THE SAVANNAH.—The trial, in this city, of the captain and crew of the little privateer Savannah for piracy was concluded on the 31st of October, the result being that the jury, after a consultation of 24 hours, could not agree upon a verdict; four members out of the 12 being in favor of an acquittal, the remainder considering the prisoners guilty on some of the counts only. The facts of the case, it will be remembered, were these. The Savannah, a little vessel of some 50 or 60 tons, was fitted out at Charleston as a privateer, under a commission from the rebel Government. She got to sea on the 3d of June last, and on the next day captured the brig Joseph, laden with sugar, from Cardenas for Philadelphia. The Savannah was herself taken the same day by the United States brig Perry, and her officers and a crew of 12 men were sent to this port for trial. The fact of the offence was undeniable, the vessel, as it were, being "caught in the act;" but the question with the jury was, whether the act was or was not piracy. A new trial will undoubtedly be had, with a change in the venire.

The prize crew from the Jeff Davis, captured on board the Enchantress, were last week tried in Philadelphia and convicted of piracy.

GEN. SCOTT.—Gen. Scott has retired from his high rank, and, with his son-in-law, Col. Scott (who has already retired from active service on account of ill health), will soon sail for Europe to join his wife in Paris. Gen. Scott will carry with him into honourable retirement the love, esteem and gratitude of his countrymen. His retirement will also, it is believed, give greater consistency and vigor to military affairs in Washington, where, as Lieutenant-General, he had the power of interference, without the physical ability of execution. One of the causes of the step contemplated by Gen. Scott may be inferred from the following paragraph, from the Washington correspondence of the *Herald*:

"It is possible that after all Gen. McClellan may be compelled to winter his army in their present cantonments. Such a course, if adopted, will be owing to the influence of Gen. Scott's views, supported by Mr. Seward. The recent reports concerning the condition of Gen. Scott's health are quite true. The scarred and war-worn veteran has doubtless fought his last battle and rendered his last service to his country. The infirmities of age are upon him, and both his mind and body have yielded to time, the stern conqueror even of kings and heroes. But being still the Commander-in-Chief, the deference due to his views has hampered and fettered the action of Gen. McClellan, and has so deranged and delayed his plans that, after all his preparations, the latter may be compelled through sheer necessity to put his army into winter quarters on the ground they now occupy. Two or three facts in this connection are now so notorious, not only here, but also at Richmond, that it is idle to refrain from stating them. One is that General Stone got the orders for his recent movement toward Leesburg direct from Gen. Scott, without Gen. McClellan's knowledge. Another is that no less than 20,000 of McClellan's best troops have been withdrawn from Washington within the last three weeks—namely, 8,000 for the naval expedition, and 12,000 for service in Kentucky. Any person can see that such interference as this with the plans of Gen. McClellan must render them inoperative."

THE PRINCES IN OUR ARMY.—The following letter has been written by the Duc d'Aumale to one of his friends in France, announcing to him the resolution adopted by his nephews:

"TWICKENHAM, Oct. 7, 1861.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—My two nephews are aides-de-camp of Gen. McClellan, the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army. I have this moment received the news. I am moved and delighted therewith. These young people are acting like persons of their age, their race and their country. The smell of powder attracts and draws them to the right side. They are fine young fellows. May God guide and guard them.

"HENRI D'ORLEANS."

POINTED.—Gen. Lane, of Kansas, is a man who keeps his word, as well as a man of force. That the rebels believe he will faithfully carry out his promises is evident from a circumstance which we find related as follows in a Western newspaper:

"At Tipton, Missouri, after using the contents of two rebel stores to relieve some Union families whom the rebels had robbed, Gen. Jim called the citizens of Pleasant Hill together, beneath the glorious Union flag, and entertained them with a live American speech. Pointing to the ensign he had raised, he said to them 'That flag has been your protection, and shall be still. So long as it remains here you are safe; but if it is cut down, by the Eternal, I will return and burn your town.' He then retired with all his men. The affair occurred two weeks ago, and, although the denizens of Pleasant Hill are said to be about all rebels, that flag is still waving over the town."

REBEL RHETORIC.—Since the war began we have had on our side some extraordinary specimens of composition and rhetoric, in the way of official letters, reports and proclamations. But even our own Billy Wilson is not a match for the rebels in style and language, although he has proved himself their equal in the field. Mr. Seward has done one or two pretty things in this line; but neither can hope to rival Gen. Jeff. Thompson, of Missouri, who made a very rapid if not very reputable retreat, the other day, in front of Cols. Carlin and Plummer. Just previously to enacting that somewhat characteristic movement, he issued this eminently characteristic Proclamation:

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT, M. S. G.
"Camp St. Francois county, Oct. 14, 1861.

"Patriots of Washington, Jefferson, Ste. Genevieve, St. Francois and Iron counties—I have thrown myself into your midst to offer you an opportunity to cast off the yoke you have unwillingly worn so long. Come to me and I will assist you, and drive the invaders from your soil or die with you among your native hills. Soldiers from Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois, go home! We want you not here, and we thirst not for your blood. We have not invaded your States, we have not polluted your hearthstones, therefore leave us; and after we have wiped out the Hessians and Tories we will be your friendly neighbors if we cannot be your brothers.

M. JEFF. THOMPSON,
"Brigadier-General Commanding."

THE OTHER SIDE.—The stringent orders of the Secretary of War to Gen. Sherman, not to interfere with Southern slaves, do not appear to be conceived in the same spirit with Southern action as regards negroes. Witness the following auction notice published in the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* of October 11th:

"SERGEANT'S SALE.—In pursuance of an order of the Hustings Court, of the city of Richmond, made on the 16th of August, 1861, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, in front of the City Hall, on Monday, the 14th day of October, 1861 (that being court day), a very likely freeman named Washington Brown, ordered by said court to be sold into absolute slavery for remaining in the Commonwealth contrary to law.

"THOMAS U. DUDLEY, Sergeant of Richmond."

THE LAST OF HIM!—John C. Breckinridge has published a manifesto to the people of Kentucky. It is dated at Bowling Green, and he says it is written at the first moment since his expulsion from home that he could place his feet on the soil of Kentucky. In it he resigns his seat as a member of the Senate of the United States, saying, "I exchange, with proud satisfaction, a term of six years in the United States Senate for the musket of a soldier." The address is very long, and affirms, among other things, that "there is no longer a Senate of the United States within the meaning and spirit of the Constitution;" "the United States no longer exists—the Union is dissolved."

SOCIAL BROKERAGE.—The following advertisement, which appears in the London *Morning Post*, is perfectly in consonance with the social system which it illustrates. Everything is purchaseable in England, from a commission in the army to a position in the "best society."

"The widow of an English nobleman would be willing to introduce into the best society a young lady of fortune, who from her own station would be unable to move in the higher circles unless under the chaperonage of one in high position."

GEN. BAKER.—Thurlow Weed, of the *Evening Journal*, writing from Washington, October 26th, says:

"I was with the President last evening when the brother, son and nephew of the late Gen. Baker, who were with him, called to show his orders. These orders were on his person, and were crimsoned and consecrated by his blood. Though the blood partially effaces the order, enough is legible to vindicate his memory. It is sufficient to say that the orders were clear and explicit, and that they were gallantly, generously and literally obeyed. Gen. Baker, with inadequate means of transportation, went to the rescue of 000 Spartans, who were engaged with an enemy 4,000 strong."

GARIBALDI.—The following letter from Garibaldi has been published by the gentleman to whom it was addressed:

"CAPRERA, September 10.

"MY DEAR SIR—I saw Mr. Sanford, and regret to be obliged to announce to you that I shall not be able to go to the United States at present. I do not doubt of the triumph of the cause of the Union, and that shortly. But if the war should unfortunately continue in your beautiful country, I shall overcome all obstacles which detain me, and hasten to the defence of a people who are dear to me.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"To Mr. Quiggle, U. S. Consul at Antwerp."

THE STRENGTH OF THE SOUTH.—We last week published a statement of the strength of the Northern army, viz: 512,000 men. According to the *Herald's* estimates, the rebels have 496,000 men in the field divided as follows:

Department of the Potomac	150,000
Department of Chesapeake and rest of Virginia	90,000
Department of Kentucky and Tennessee	117,000
Department of Missouri	60,000
On the line of the Mississippi	39,000
At Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Galveston	40,000

According to the same authority the small arms in possession of the rebels amount to 898,000, which were obtained as follows:

Sent to the South by Floyd while Secretary of War	578,000
Seized in Southern Arsenals	100,000
Made in stolen Arsenals	20,000
Shipped from Europe	200,000

STRIKING A BALANCE.—A careful computation of the results of the various battles and skirmishes which have taken place since the attack on Fort Sumter, gives the following aggregate of losses on both sides, in "killed, wounded and missing:"

	National.	*Rebels.*
Killed	1,327	2,174
Wounded	2,062	6,780
Prisoners	4,601	2,899
Total loss	8,080	12,?59
Victories	47	32

From this table it will appear that notwithstanding our disastrous defeat at Bull Run, after actually winning the field, the odds are against the rebels, except in the matter of prisoners. The affair at Lexington, Missouri, however, and the treachery of several army officers in Texas, who surrendered their commands without firing a gun, will account for this excess of prisoners.

LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.—No. 11 of this magnificent historical work is just issued. It contains, among other illustrations, a splendid *colored* war map, 22 by 30 inches, showing the positions of the national and rebel armies, the localities of all the battles and skirmishes that have taken place, etc., etc. The Manitowoc (Wis.) Daily *Tribune* says of this work: "It is the best history of the times extant, and being illustrated in Leslie's best style, is worth double its cost, which is only 25 cents per number. It is ably edited by Hon. E. G. Squier, and his experience is a guarantee that facts alone will be displayed in the pages of the history. It is what its name indicates, a History of the Times."

DOMESTIC NEWS.

THE *Journal*, of Providence, R.I., mentions the following as among the individual subscriptions to the National Loan in that city: Messrs. Brown & Ives, $160,000; Alexander Duncan, Esq., $100,000; A. D. & J. Y. Smith, $40,000; the Trustees of estate of Thomas L. Halsey, $20,000.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Buffalo *Express* writes that on Wednesday last a fountain well was opened on the Blood Farm, four miles from Oil Creek, in Venango County. A stream of oil, four inches through, spouted some 60 feet into the air before the workmen could remove all their tools, and quick as lightning burst into flame from the engine fire. Up to Saturday it had been burning with no diminution of force, a perfect column of fire and smoke. No persons were seriously, though some were slightly burned by the explosion.

THE political prisoners, numbering 108, were transferred from Fort Lafayette to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, on the 30th October. Fort Lafayette is to be put in order and fully armed.

IN a recent case where one of the New York regiments took the fence rails belonging to a loyal Virginia woman, to use for firewood, Gen. Wadsworth issued an order requiring the regiment to go into the woods, cut new rails, and rebuild the fence destroyed.

JOHN C. RIVES, Esq., of Washington city, publisher of the *Congressional Globe*, gives $10 a month out of his own pocket to each of the families of the soldiers who have enlisted in the armies of the Union from the District of Columbia.

MURDER DF SIGISMUND FELLNER, THE GERMAN DIAMDND MERCHANT.

ON the 13th of September, Sigismund Fellner, a German Jew of great wealth, and about 40 years old, arrived in New York by the steamer Bavaria. During the voyage he formed the acquaintance of two sisters, Mrs. Marks and Miss Albertina Flaum, two Polish Jewesses. The younger, Albertina, aged 23, had great personal attractions and considerable vivacity of manner. Their intimacy became so peculiar as to incur the remarks of the passengers. Upon their arrival here, Fellner, as became his wealth, went to the Prescott House, while the sisters found a boarding-house at 45 East Broadway. Soon afterwards Fellner fell in with a Polish Jew named Radzki, whom there is reason to suspect was an acquaintance of the sisters. A few days after their arrival Mrs. Marks called upon Fellner, and demanded satisfaction for the seduction of her sister Albertina. It is said that she brandished a dagger, and received a large sum of money to mollify her feelings of "injured innocence." The gay diamond merchant consulted his friend Radzki, who advised him to throw the sisters off the scent by removing to his boarding-house, 4 Carroll street, Brooklyn. That evening the wealthy Jew took up his quarters there. On the 16th of October he disappeared, with his new found friend Radzki, and nothing more was seen or heard of him till his dead body was found near Applegate's Landing on the New Jersey shore, with 19 stiletto stabs in the region of his heart, either of them sufficient to cause death. On his person were found a large amount in gold, several articles of value, and a handkerchief marked Albertina Flaum, thus giving a clue to the identification of the body. When the accounts of the finding of this unknown body were published in the journals, Dr. Lowenthal, who had received letters from Fellner's family in Germany, requesting him to afford their relative any assistance he might require, as he was totally ignorant of our language, instinctively suspected the murdered man might be Sigismund Fellner.

Detectives Tieman and Farley, two of our most intelligent officers, visited Middletown, N. J., and examined the body. They found it to be that of Sigismund Fellner. They returned, and after considerable search discovered Mrs. Marks and Albertina Flaum at 45 East Broadway. They were arrested, and taken to the station-house of the 14th Ward, and confined in separate cells. Early on the morning of Saturday, the 2d of November, Albertina Flaum committed suicide by hanging herself in her cell. The supposed principal in this murder, Radzki, has not been apprehended. On Monday morning Mrs. Marks made an abortive attempt on her own life, by opening an artery in her arm with a penknife, but was discovered before she had bled to death.

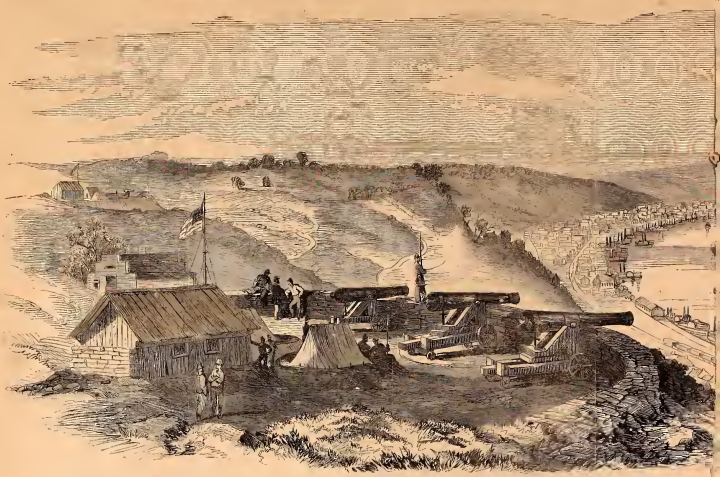
RADZKI, THE ALLEGED MURDERER OF SIGISMUND FELLNER.

THIS person, whose portrait has been handed to us for publication by the police authorities, was one of the three months' volunteers in the 28th New York regiment. He is thus described by the police:

"Radzki, Polish Jew, 22 years old, five feet five inches in height; hair dark, cut short, no side whiskers, thin black moustache curled up at the corners of his mouth; a new skin on his hands, having been recently burned; dressed in brown coat, dark pants, and a low, round brimmed felt hat and red necktie. Two thousand dollars reward offered for his apprehension.

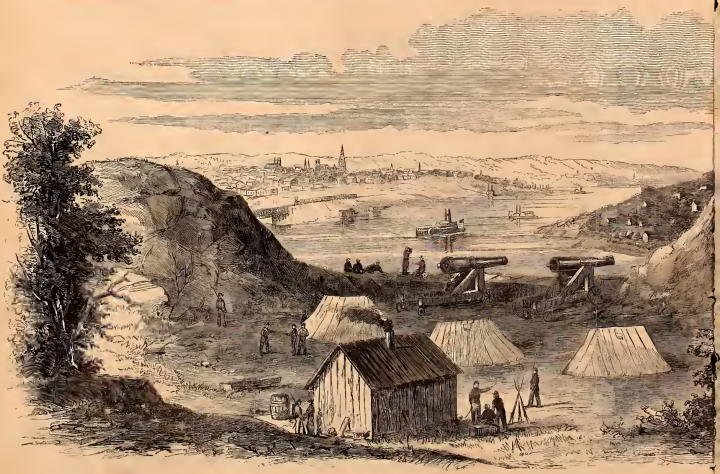
"JOHN S. YOUNG,
"Sergeant Detective Police, New York."

CASSIUS M. CLAY, Minister to Russia, has intimated that, in view of the attitude of the rebels, he would prefer to surrender his present commission as our representative to Russia, and enter the army in defence of the Government. We know that Mr. Clay is a better soldier than ambassador, and, therefore, hope his request will be attended to.



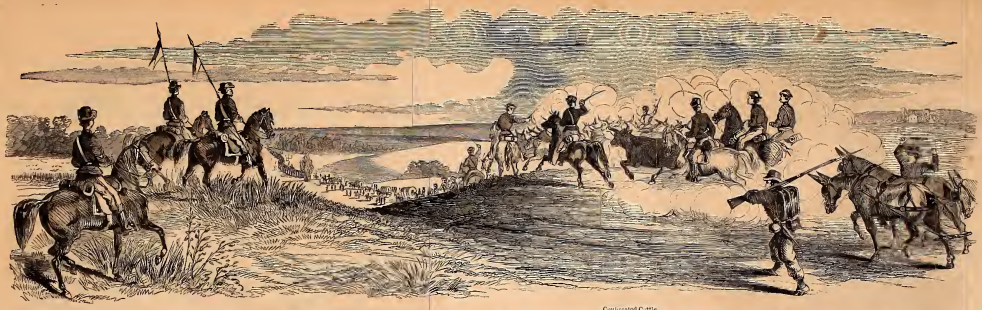
Butcher's Hill. Fulton.

FORTIFICATIONS OF CINCINNATI—WORKS ABOVE THE CITY, ON MOUNT ADAMS, OR OBSERVATORY HILL, AND ON BUTCHER'S HILL, WITH A VIEW



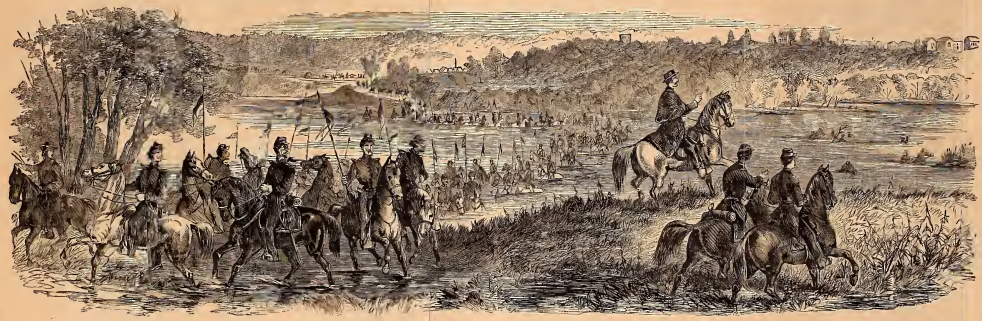
Cincinnati. Covington. Lexington.

FORTIFICATIONS OF CINCINNATI—WORKS BELOW THE CITY ON PRICE'S HILL; VIEW LOOKING UP THE O



Confiscated Cattle.

CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.—SECOND DAY'S MARCH, OCTOBER 16, OF GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY FROM TIPTON TO WARSAW, OVER THE PRAIRIES TO HAW CREEK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 407



CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI—CROSSING OF THE OSAGE RIVER AT WARSAW BY THE FREMONT RUSSIANS, OCTOBER 18.—FROM A SKETCH, BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GEN. FREMONT'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 407

CONRAD'S FERRY, MARYLAND, ABOVE HARRISON'S ISLAND, ON THE POTOMAC RIVER, THE PLACE OF THE PASSAGE OF COL. BAKER'S REGIMENT, OCTOBER 21. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.

THE DEFENCES OF CINCINNATI.

The natural good sense of the Buckeyes has determined them not to be taken by surprise, as some of our loyal States have been. They have consequently already commenced throwing up fortifications around their chief city, Cincinnati. The erection of these defences has been made in accordance with the plans of Gen. Mitchell, which comprise a line of fortifications consisting of forts and batteries, now in process of construction. These are built upon a series of heights thus described by our Artist:

"The Ohio river, from Columbus to Sedamsville, forms the segment of a circle, the length of the arc being nearly 12 miles, with a range of hills on the south of Covington and Newport for its base, at least nine miles in extent, and rising to an altitude of nearly 300 feet, completely commanding all the river and road approaches from the South.

"The first battery is at Price's Hill, below Mill Creek. There are two 32-pounders, barbette guns, mounted near the top, while at an elevation of 20 feet above is another battery, which with that upon Ludlow Hill entirely commands the river from the bend or elbow at Fulton. Properly directed, a fire from these batteries could sink any fleet of steamers or gunboats brought against it, while the difficulty of approach to a hostile army would be too great to justify the venture.

"Fort Mitchell, located on the Lexington turnpike, is a bastion fortification inclosing about two acres of ground. It consists of earthworks 12 and 20 feet thick, and is surrounded by a ditch which is eight feet deep and 12 wide, and guarded by four parapets, each capable of holding a hundred men. Each of these parapets completely rakes the ditch it is intended to guard. These forts are constructed to mount very heavy artillery, and although there is no chance at present of their being called in requisition, yet the lesson we have lately received naturally makes us cautious. Our sketches are doubly interesting, for while they give a panoramic view of the scenery around Cincinnati, they will satisfy the loyal reader as to the perfect security of the Queen City of the West."

THE PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC AT EDWARDS' FERRY AND HARRISON'S ISLAND,

And the Battle of Ball's Bluff.

The accounts concerning the late unfortunate affair at Ball's Bluff, on the Upper Potomac, are so confused and contradictory that it is almost impossible to give an intelligible account of it. It is, perhaps, enough to know that some one blundered, and that out of the 1,900 National troops which crossed the river at Harrison's Island, upwards of 900 are known to be killed, wounded and missing, including the gallant Col. Baker, United States Senator from Oregon, among the dead. The place where the action was fought is a point on the Virginia bank of the Potomac, about a mile and a half below Conrad's Ferry, and six miles above Edwards' Ferry, opposite a long narrow island in the Potomac river, called Harrison's Island. The idea of crossing the Potomac seems to have been conceived by Brig.-Gen. Stone, commanding a brigade stationed between Edwards' and Conrad's Ferry, in consequence of hearing that Gen. McCall was advancing up the Virginia side of the Potomac, on Leesburg, which was supposed to be protected by a diminished rebel force. Gen. Stone seems to have intended not only co-operate in this movement, but to have himself captured Leesburg. To do so, he proposed to cross the river at Edwards' Ferry, on the direct road from Poolsville, his headquarters, to Leesburg. But, to divert attention from his real purpose, after making some reconnoissances, which seem to have been imperfect and unsatisfactory, he directed feints to be made at a point near the lower end of Harrison's Island, and at Conrad's Ferry, still further up the river. Gen. Baker was detailed, with a number of fragments of regiments, numbering in all about 1,900 men, for the work at Harrison's Island. He received his orders on the afternoon of October 20th, and immediately sent over a scouting party of 20 men, under Capt. Philbreck, in the direction of Leesburg, who rode within a mile and a half of that place, when they returned and reported "No enemy visible." Meantime preparations had been made for crossing the river. The means for this purpose were fearfully inadequate, and to their insufficiency the subsequent disaster was mainly due. The entire means of transport from the Maryland shore to Harrison's Island, a distance of 200 yards, over a rapid river, were two scows, capable of carrying 30 persons each, and with which only 120 soldiers could cross hourly. On the Virginia side of the island, the river, although but about 100 yards wide, was still more rapid, and here there was only one scow and a yawl boat. The opposite bank is high and slippery, backed by a steep bluff, from 80 to 150 feet high, covered with brush, trees and undergrowth. In the face of these obstacles, and with these disproportionate means, Gen. Baker's command commenced its fatal passage of the Potomac. At daybreak four companies of the Massachusetts 15th, under Col. Devens, had reached the opposite shore, and after some reconnoissances, had formed their line on Ball's Bluff, on the edge of a corn-field of about six acres area, surrounded on all sides by thick forests. In this position they were attacked by a considerable body of rebels, with whom an irregular skirmishing fire was kept up. At about noon reinforcements began to come up, consisting of three companies of the Massachusetts 20th, 600 of the California Brigade, two companies of the Tammany regiment, with two howitzers and one rifled gun, directed by Lieut. Bramhall, of the 9th New York regiment. Meanwhile the rebels, evidently conceiving that this was the main attack, rapidly concentrated their forces on Gen. Baker's command, and at half-past two o'clock, P.M., they appeared on the field, fully 4,000 strong, and commenced a vigorous and sustained attack from the woods on three sides of his position. No movement of importance took place from below by Gen. Stone's main force, a portion of which, under Col. Gorman, crossed the river, not, however, without great difficulty from want of adequate means of transport.

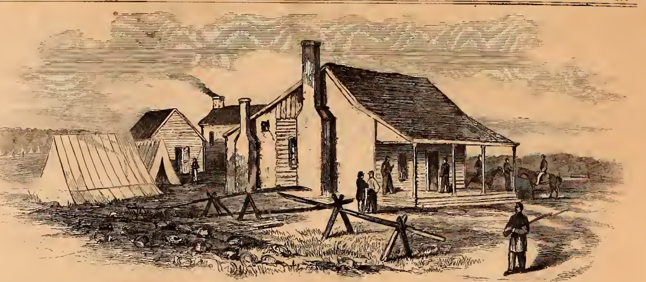
It soon became evident to Gen. Baker that he was overpowered, and that there was no possibility of retreat with the miserable means at his command of crossing the river. No signs of an assault from Gen. Stone on the enemy's flank were visible. The fight now became only a desperate and hopeless resistance. A concealed and overpowering fire poured in on the little band of isolated and betrayed soldiers. The enemy became bolder, and were pressing closer and closer on their victims. In the forlorn hope of breaking their lines by a desperate charge, at four o'clock, Gen. Baker led on his men, and fell at their head. To prolong the contest was now madness, but still the ground was firmly disputed by the National forces, until night coming on, Col. Coggswell, who succeeded to the command on the death of Gen. Baker, gave orders to form in column and cut their way down the river bank to Edwards's Ferry, with the hope of reaching Gen. Stone's command. At this juncture ammunition gave out on the left of the line, the weary troops there wavered, but were sustained by the centre and right, though hopeless of success against such odds. An order was then given to retreat across the river to Harrison's Island, and Col. Devens deployed his 15th as skirmishers to cover the retreat down the bluff.

Here commences the saddest episode of the fight. The means of transport were inadequate even when the crossing was regular and in order, and failed utterly at the rush that took place. The scow was overloaded and swamped, throwing its burden into the stream. Many were drowned; many were shot while swimming the stream; many were taken prisoners on the bank, and on the evidence of several officers, many of the wounded were bayoneted without mercy. They retreated to Harrison's Island, while covered by the Third Rhode Island battery; they maintained their position; the heroic Lieutenant Bramhall, though wounded severely, insisting on being carried in the arms of two soldiers from gun to gun, directing their range, and firing as coolly as if on parade day.

Of the 1,900 who crossed the river in the morning, but a sad remnant reached the island and opposite shore on that awful night. Upwards of 500 were taken prisoners; more than a hundred were drowned, nearly the same number were killed on the field, or shot in the retreat, and upwards of 200 were wounded. We shrink from detailing all the incidents of horror which marked this most disastrous action and retreat. It was a fearful blunder from beginning to end, for which some one must ultimately be held responsible.

While these terrible scenes were enacting at Ball's Bluff, the division under General Stone was quietly passing the river at Edwards' Ferry, but not in time to save Baker and his gallant band. Why? Simply from the same lack of provision, from precisely the same oversight and blunder which caused the disaster at Harrison's Island. Although meditating a movement of so much importance as that of crossing a broad and rapid river in the face of an enemy, General Stone had provided no boats or other means of transport, except two shaky scows, capable of holding, the one 20, the second, 30 soldiers, and a ship's yawl holding 15. As a consequence, although the landing was unopposed, the whole day was consumed in passing over three regiments. But the blundering did not stop here. Early in the evening the news of the death of General Baker, and of the presence of an overwhelming rebel force on the opposite bank, reached Edwards' Ferry, and at once orders were given for bringing back to the Maryland shore the troops which had been passed in the scows, etc., during the day. This was effected by the same means, occupying until midnight. At this time word was received at Edwards' Ferry that General Banks was approaching with his column to support the movement of the day, and immediately the same troops which had crossed and recrossed were again sent across the river in the same scows. In the morning more were put across, amounting in all to 4,400 infantry, with a section of Rickett's battery, and a detachment of Van Alen's cavalry. Five hundred feet of fortifications were thrown up to support the lodgment, with only a slight brush with a detachment of rebels, in which Gen. Lander was wounded. During the night—Tuesday, October 22d—the full depressing news of Baker's disaster became known, and the whistle of the Leesburg railway bringing

EDWARDS' FERRY, MARYLAND, BELOW HARRISON'S ISLAND, ON THE POTOMAC RIVER, THE PLACE OF THE PASSAGE OF GEN. BANKS'S DIVISION, OCTOBER 22.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND



GENERAL BANKS'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR EDWARDS' FERRY, MARYLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.

up rebel reinforcements from Manassas, sounded constantly in the ears of our troops. On Tuesday morning, however, General McClellan had arrived at Edwards' Ferry, and both with reference to further advance or a retreat, as circumstances might justify or require, ordered a bridge of boats to be thrown across the river. These were procured from the Chesapeake and Ohio canal on its banks, shot into the river and lashed together, forming a complete bridge over the stream. He, however, received such intelligence on Wednesday of the number and designs of the rebels, that he resolved to withdraw the national forces from the Virginia side, which was effected silently and safely on the same night.

Our engravings illustrate the position of our troops on the Virginia shore, on Tuesday, during the attack in which General Lander was wounded, and the successful retreat to the Maryland shore on the night of Wednesday, October 23d, by moonlight, during a high, cold wind-storm.

The advance across the Potomac was well enough planned, but was undertaken without prevision, and with blind, stupid, criminal neglect of the means necessary to insure a successful passage, or a safe retreat. Had these been provided, not only would the slaughter of Ball's Bluff have been prevented, but the probability is that Leesburg would have been in our possession, and our right wing in a position to threaten Manassas in flank.

GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY CROSSING THE OSAGE RIVER, MO.

The rebel General Price, when retreating before Fremont, rightly believed that if he could put the Osage river between him and the National commander, and destroy the bridges across it, he could so delay pursuit as to make an easy escape into Arkansas. But he did not rightly estimate the resources or vigor of Gen. Fremont. When that officer approached the river at Warsaw, he rode forward through mud and rain 25 miles, viewed the stream, and gave prompt orders for bridging it, which were carried out so rapidly that within four days his entire force was able to cross and follow up the pursuit. At the point of passage at Warsaw, the Osage is 200 yards wide. Warsaw is described as a straggling town, on a high bank, which is cut up by numberless ravines, adown and up which the houses go wandering, as if striving to avoid each other's company, and in the effort had got stuck at various unlikely spots on their journey. There are two tumble-down "hotels," a very handsome brick building known as the Mechanics' Bank, a couple of stray churches with the least appreciable effort in the world at steeples, and perhaps a half-dozen houses of moderate pretensions to respectability. There are a few stores, but in all cases they have been taken possession of by the Government and their contents confiscated.

CONRAD'S FERRY, MARYLAND.

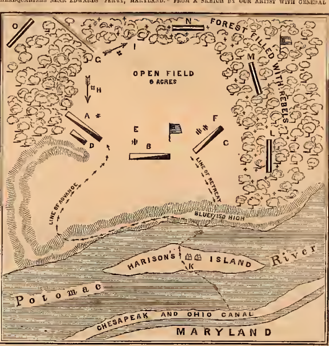
Conrad's Ferry, of which we give a sketch, is situated on the Maryland side of the Upper Potomac, about five miles above Edwards' Ferry. It is in the possession of the National troops. It commands a view of Harrison's Island, the scene of so much disaster at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and is immediately opposite to Leesburg Heights, the town of Leesburg being about five miles from the Ferry, on the south side of the Potomac.

EDWARDS' FERRY, MARYLAND.

Edwards' Ferry is on the Upper Potomac, about 35 miles from Washington, calculating the winding of the river, and has been the scene of several encounters, more or less severe, since the commencement of the present rebellion. On the 18th of May a sharp skirmish took place, in which the rebels were defeated. On the 9th of June a similar affair happened. It has, however, received a later distinction as the place where Gen. Banks successfully passed across the Potomac a column of 4,000 men, on the 22d of October, and of their successful withdrawal, under the cover of artillery, on the 23d, when it was found their position was untenable.

An officer of Gen. Baker's regiment, in a letter to Col. Forney, thus describes this celebrated spot:

"About five miles from Poolesville, on what is called the Leesburg road, is Edwards' Ferry. Leesburg is about ten miles distant, and is in the midst of a mountainous and charming country. It can be seen very plainly from an elevated field behind the house where I am now staying, and, as it nestles away in the blue hills, presents a pretty and attractive picture. The road to the Ferry is narrow, stony, and furrowed into deep ruts by the multitude of teams traversing it. Large forests of scant and neglected timber abound, and through these forests the path has been made. During my journey it was crowded with troops and transportation, which increased in number and density until we came to the Ferry. We suddenly come to an open country as we approach the Potomac. The Maryland shore is high, but gently rolling from the bank. Large meadow lands, well fenced in, slope down to the water. The Chesapeake Canal pushes its narrow, artificial and sluggish stream quietly along, and on the banks a few wooden buildings have been erected, apparently for the accommodation of those who manage the ferry in times of peace. The Potomac I should take to be from 100 to 200 yards wide. The recent rains had swollen it, and it had a yet turbid and angry look, the current being strong and incessant. The opposite shore was sparsely wooded, and swelled gently upwards in a neat and attractive bank, traversed by a narrow road which leads to the town of Leesburg."



A. California Regiment; B. Massachusetts 20th; C. Massachusetts 15th; D. Two Companies of Tammany Regiment; E. Fourteen-pound Rifled Cannon; F. Two Howitzers; G. Path by which the Rebels attempted to enter the open field; H. Flank movement by Rebels, defeated by California Regiment; I. Line of Rebel Retreat into the woods; K. Houses on Harrison's Island used as Hospitals; L. 18th Mississippi Regiment; M. 8th Virginia Regiment; N. 17th Mississippi Regiment; O. 13th Mississippi Regiment in reserve.

MAP AND PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BALL'S HEIGHTS, OCTOBER 21.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BLENKER.

Louis Blenker was born in Worms on the Rhine, about 1815. He entered the army of Greece, in which he served several years under Otho, who became King of Greece in July, 1835. But, after being commissioned first Lieutenant, he left Greece, and returned to his native city, where he began business as a wine merchant. After the Revolution of February, 1848, Blenker was elected Colonel of the Militia of Worms, and joined the revolutionary movement in Baden. During the insurgent campaign his heroic wife was always on horseback by his side, bravely contending against the Royalist army of Baden. Blenker had at that time only 3,000 men under his command, which were attacked by 20,000 Prussians. Of course, unable to defend themselves against such superior numbers, Colonel Blenker crossed, with the remnant of his brave men, into Switzerland. There he remained until the end of September, 1849, when he was expelled by a special order of the President of the Helvetian Confederacy.

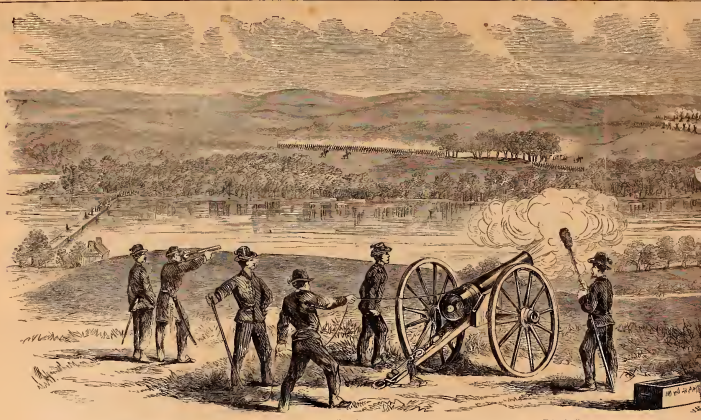
Colonel Blenker, accompanied by his wife, then sailed for the United States. He bought a farm in Rockland county, New York, where he lived until the rebellion broke out, when he came to New York, and was elected Colonel of the First German Rifle Regiment, 8th N. Y. V., which was one of the first that went to the seat of war. After the battle of Bull Run, where Colonel Blenker acted as Brigadier, and covered the retreat of our army, he was promoted Brigadier-General, and as such he now commands the German Division of the Army of the Potomac.

BURNING OF THE SHIP THOMAS WATSON, BY THE BOATS OF THE ROANOKE AND MONTICELLO, OFF CHARLESTON HARBOR, OCTOBER 16. FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROANOKE.

BURNING OF BARQUE THDMAS WATSDN,

Off Charleston, S. C.

On the 16th of October a suspicious sail was observed near Charleston harbor, by our blockading squadron, then consisting of the Roanoke and the Monticello. The vessel being signalled, hoisted English colors and made for the entrance, but the Captain, finding it impossible to escape, ran her aground, and escaped with the crew in his boat. A detachment was immediately dispatched in the cutters of the Roanoke and Monticello, and the vessel, which proved to be the Thomas Watson, of Liverpool, was burnt. She was loaded with stores for the rebels.



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE NATIONAL TROOPS AND THE REBELS, ON THE VIRGINIA SIDE OF THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE EDWARDS' FER

SUCCESSFUL RETREAT OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS FROM THE VIRGINIAN SHORE ACROSS A CANAL BOAT BRIDGE AT

EL ON 22ND OCTOBER—BATTERY OF PARROTT GUNS ON MARYLAND SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 405.

EDWARDS' FERRY, ON THE NIGHT OF 22ND OCTOBER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ATTACHED TO GEN. BANKS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 405.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON

CHAPTER XXIV.—BROUSSAIS' STORY.

For four days Broussais was absent, and we were in a state of the most painful doubt as to his safety. Neither Martha nor Eugene knew the cause of his abrupt departure any more than I did myself. Eugene had, after the first moment of surprise, pursued him, but was unable to trace him anywhere, and came back to us quite gloomy, as if a new series of misfortunes had commenced. Having no means of tracking him, we had simply to wait until he should return or send some message. We could not understand what had happened to cause Broussais so much trouble, and we spent many hours conjecturing.

We were thus employed on the night of the fourth day after that on which he had left us, when the door of the room opened, and Broussais entered. He was pale, very pale, and worn, fagged and wet—for it was raining hard outside, and the pat, pat of the big blobs of rain upon the glass of the window made us shiver, though we were sitting round a merry fire. Broussais sat down without speaking, and for a short time the silence was unbroken. Broussais looked sadly into the fire, and we three looked amazedly at him. At length Eugene spoke, laying his hand good-humoredly on Broussais' shoulder, and looking anxiously into his face.

"Why, man, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy, that you jump up and leave us without saying a word; and return, sit down among us, and still without saying one word?"

"Am I crazy? No; though when you know what has occurred you will wonder that I am not."

"Eh! What has occurred? Is there another screw loose?"

"Yes. But perhaps the evil is not irremediable. I will tell you."

He was about to proceed with a narration of something, when Martha interrupted him, declaring that she would not allow him to sit there talking without changing his coat and getting something to eat, and that as none of us had yet had tea we should have it there and then. So she bustled about, ordered the tea, and brought Broussais a coat. This he put on, smiling at Martha, and thanking her over and over again. Tea was brought, and our hearts were warmed by its genial influence, and the knowledge that we were released from a trouble. Tea being finished, we all gathered round the fire again, and Broussais commenced his story.

"What I am going to tell will, I think, be interesting to you all," he said, in his peculiarly soft voice. "It will interest Mr. Henry there, because it will relieve him from what might otherwise be a disagreeable engagement; and it will interest you, Martha and Eugene, because it nearly concerns myself. Instead of telling the reason of my abrupt leave taking yesterday, however, I will begin at the beginning, and come to that in due course.

"I may tell you that I was born near the Rue l'Odéon, in Paris. My parents were in very poor circumstances, and at an early age I was taught that I would have to fight my own battle through life. My father drank heavily, and when in his drunken fits would mercilessly abuse me. I would not have cared for that had it not been that he also abused my mother. For her sake I early determined to strike out for myself, so that I might free her from the bonds which bound her to a besotted and drunken man. This was not to be, for ere I had been able to do more than win a crust of bread for myself, by holding horses or running messages, my poor mother died."

Broussais paused, and, leaning back in his chair, wiped his face with his handkerchief, as if he did not wish us to perceive how deeply he was affected by the remembrance of his dead parent. He then continued:

"Shortly after my mother's death, my father disappeared, and from that time I have neither seen nor heard of him. Left thus without a friend, my life became a strange one. How I managed to live I can scarcely tell; now begging, now message-running, or doing anything for which I could get a sous, I got through it somehow. I was often hanging about the doors of a certain *mont-de-piété*, and often got little jobs to do for the clerks. It happened that they were in want of some one as a sort of porter, and being known, from my being so much about the place, in the end I was engaged. My deformity was somewhat against me—for scamps hate ugly exteriors. While thus employed, I managed to learn a little arithmetic and penmanship, in which acquirements one of the clerks assisted me. Gradually I rose into the position of a clerk, and my steadiness gained for me the confidence of my master, who was, it is almost unnecessary to say, Monsieur Charles. When I first got into the establishment he was very seldom in Paris, having some other business in England. But latterly the number of his visits increased, and the length of his stay there lengthened. I believe the cause of this might be found in a fancy which he took for a young girl who resided in Paris, and who——"

Broussais stopped suddenly, and looked over at Martha, as if he was afraid of having offended her. She looked pale, but was not otherwise visibly affected by anything that was said. Eugene, I perceived, knitted his brows, and stared fiercely into the fire.

"Well," Broussais proceeded to say, "we will pass over a little matter, which does not bear much on my story, though it was and is all in all to myself. M. Charles came to Paris, for the purpose (he said) of superintending the business; but I afterwards had reason to believe that there was another cause for his leaving England. He had with him one child, a little, fair-haired girl, called Elizabeth."

I gave a slight start as he mentioned this name, and the transactions between us at our last meeting flashed through my mind. Broussais looked at me, half closing his eyes, and nodding his head, as he went on.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOUIS BLENKER, COMMANDING A DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL FORCES IN VIRGINIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY. SEE PAGE 407.

"One of my principal reasons for relating this portion of my life is that you, Mr. Henry, may be able to understand the daughter of Mons. Charles in her true character. As she grew up, in all the accomplishments which the great city enables those who have money to acquire, I became more and more acquainted with the nature of her father. It was not long before I discovered that he had some hidden aim which he was steadfastly following, and that no crime, from which he could possibly escape, would stay him in his object. Many secret conversations took place between him and his factotum, Timbs, who lived, whether in England or France, I was unable to make out satisfactorily. I soon saw that Mons. Charles was fond of wealth, not that he might hoard it up, but that he might make a display with it; and I guessed that another object was to marry his daughter into some aristocratic family; but there was something still beneath all this, which I could not understand till a few years ago. He treated me with great kindness, trusted me with the whole affairs of the house, and so fooled me. I would have done anything for him, and, when the time came, obeyed his evil command, as I had obeyed his good ones; though, thank Heaven! my heart was not too black to perceive at last the end at which he aimed, and to leave him.

"When Elizabeth was about eighteen years of age, Charles became acquainted with a young man of Jewish extraction, named François Dupesne. This young man, who was some thirty years old, was very wealthy. I learned this fact on account of receiving some information from my master to make inquiries respecting Dupesne's wealth. I afterwards learned, however, that he gambled deeply, and was reported to have lost nearly the whole of his property at *rouge et noir*. M. Charles invited him to his house, and he became a frequent visitor there. It was expected that he would marry Elizabeth; but shortly before the time appointed for the ceremony to be performed M. Charles made the discovery (so far had the matter gone) that François had lost his whole fortune, and was all but in beggary. Charles ordered him away from his house as an impostor. François obeyed without saying anything, without even grumbling, and, I suspect, he thought that M. Charles would change his mind when he discovered, what was really the case, that there had been between himself and Elizabeth what we French call a little *liaison*."

"Can this be true?" I cried.

"Too true, as you shall learn. When M. Charles understood the state of the connection between his daughter and François, he was terribly enraged; but finding that something might be made out of François, and that he was pretty pliant, if well paid, he took him into the business, intending to make him marry his daughter when it might suit his plans. He, however, altered his determination, thinking it would be better if you, Mr. Henry, married her. In order to accomplish that end, and also for the purpose of arranging other matters, he sold the Paris business, leaving François as one of the partners, and came to England. I had saved a little money from my salary, and not then thoroughly understanding the character of François, invested it in the business, and also came to England.

"You are aware of all that has taken place since that time, till four days ago, when I received a telegram, which stated that François had absconded with bills to an amount which would utterly ruin the firm if not stopped in some manner. It was also stated that he had dropped a note in the office, which showed that he had been acting under the orders of M. Charles, who, doubtless fearing the result of his measures in the court, was preparing to leave England hastily. Upon receiving the telegram, as you know, I immediately left you, and made all haste to the hotel, where I knew M. Charles had been staying. On arriving there, I learned from the waiter that Mdlle. Charles had just left with a gentleman for the railway station. I posted down there, and found the London train had just passed, but that there would be a mail train passing in a quarter of an hour. I waited, and proceeded with it to London. When there, I had to act entirely upon conjecture, and luckily I knew the house at which François had lived when in London on a former occasion."

"Was it he who tracked me to the grocer's shop?" I interrupted; the remembrance of that little green spot on the road of my life dawning upon me, and Memory, with one of her subtle links, verifying the feeling of having seen François formerly.

"Yes," said Broussais; "it was he, no doubt. I said that I knew the house at which he had formerly lived. I hurried to it, and entered the commercial room. There was no one in it. I was about to ring the bell for the waiter, when a man entered, whom I instantly recognised.

"'M. François!'

"'Broussais!'

"We stood staring at each other, without speaking; he was apparently overcome with fear, as I was with passion. At length he spoke in French.

"'Ah! my dear Broussais, how are you? I am glad to see you; shake hands.'

"'Sir,' I said, almost foaming with rage, 'our greeting must be other than that of friends.'

"'Ah!' he said, coolly, lighting a cigar, but keeping a side look upon me all the time.

"I could say no more; his consummate coolness had thoroughly mastered me. I approached the bell, but ere I could reach it he laid his hand upon it, and looking at me curiously, said,

"'May I ask if we meet accidentally?'

"'No,' I said. 'I came here to seek you, and my reason for seeking you is to demand certain bills which you have in your possession. They are of no service to you, as payment has been stopped.'

"This did not seem to have any effect upon him, for he merely laughed satirically, as he said,

"'And do you think I will give them to you? Look you. I should not like to do you an injury—you are deformed enough already; but if you stir from the spot on which you now stand, until I leave the room, you shall take one step nearer to the genus ourang-outang.'

"I could do nothing; there was no assistance at hand, and I was too weak to do anything. He left the room, and went up the stairs. I went out of the hotel in search of a constable. I had to go to one of the offices, where I procured the assistance of a sergeant. We drove back to the hotel, but before we reached it I saw a cab, and François and Elizabeth in it, turn down one of the by-streets. At the same time they observed us. They had got a good start, but we pursued. I urged the driver to go as fast as possible; whether he could not or would not go fast enough I cannot say, but he did not manage to overtake them. They quickly distanced us, and continued to do so, till at length, suddenly turning a corner, they got out of sight. We still followed, and from the direction which they took, imagined that they were driving to the quay. Thither we went, but without again getting sight of them. Immediately upon arriving there we made inquiries as to what vessels would be likely to sail that day. We were informed that there was one just about to sail for New York, and we hurried in the direction in which it lay. When we were near the place, we left the cab and proceeded on foot. Going in the same direction, I saw the back of a man whom I thought I knew. In a short time I was convinced that it was Timbs, and felt assured that we were on the right track. When we came in sight of the vessel, Timbs was just going to walk into it by means of one of the goods gangways, which have no railings. When he had reached about the centre, he turned round, as if to look for some one; it was not long before he saw me approaching him hastily with the police sergeant. I believe, poor man, that he thought we were in pursuit of him, for he turned very pale, staggered, and fell over the side of the gangway into the water. There was an instant alarm given of a 'man drowning,' and many ready and willing hands made every effort to get him out. But he had unfortunately got under the keel of the vessel, and when found, two hours afterwards, was quite dead."

Martha hid her face in her apron, and no one spoke. After a pause, Broussais finished by saying that after three days of fruitless search for François in London, he had returned fatigued and almost disheartened.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE SKELETON DISAPPEARS AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.

When Broussais had ended his narrative, we three, who had listened to him in rapt attention, sat gazing into one another's faces with eyes half scared. Fortune had been so extraordinarily speedy in discomfiting and utterly dispersing our enemies, that we could hardly realize our present position; but if we were rather ungrateful in heart on

MAJOR BEN PERLEY POORE, 8TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—SEE PAGE 414.

that occasion, I trust that all our hearts thanked Heaven for its mercy afterwards.

The news of the death of Mr. Timbs, who was born a brute and who died a brute, appeared to cause Martha neither grief nor pleasure. She, like myself, was quite unable to realise the state of matters. She neither wept nor smiled; but more than once she told us that she was thankful and grateful that the ruin of the dead Charles had been completed, not by her, but by death. She was sad and serious. If she grieved at all now, her grief was much less acute, and much more holy, than her bitterness and hate had ever been.

"One mystery yet remains unexplained," I said, after a time. "You have never yet explained some of the circumstances which preceded my poor father's transportation."

They looked at one another meaningly. Eugene was the one to speak.

"All then, shall be explained," said Eugene. "Speak, Martha! You are a woman, you know, and may be able to soften the story we all know so well."

Martha was sitting at my side. She took one of my hands in her two, looked me tenderly in the face, and shook her head.

Broussais then spoke.

"When you were a little baby, Mr. Henry," he said, in low tones, "your dear father was comparatively well to do. He was a clerk in a large office, that of a commission agent; and among his fellow clerks, his superiors in commercial rank, was the man whom you have known by the name of Monsieur Charles. Charles was younger than your father by some years, but he was far older in the ways of the world. For I must tell you, Henry, that your father was never what we call strong-minded. He was dreamy, delicate and fond of books; he had little strength of character. You will pardon these reflections; for without them you could scarcely be able to understand what was to follow."

"Go on," I cried. "I beg you to dismiss all useless delicacy."

"Well, then, Charles and your father, as was stated at the trial, married sisters, between whom there was a considerable personal resemblance. The brothers-in-law, as a matter of course, became very intimate. I will be brief. Charles was an inveterate and secret gambler. By slow degrees he poisoned the mind of your father, and led him into the abyss of play. His reason, say you? When I tell you that Louisa, your mother, and the elder of the sisters, had immense expectations, and when you remember the long years of deception which followed your father's transportation, you will be at no loss to understand."

"Ah!" I interjected.

Broussais looked at the floor, and quietly continued:

"Charles had in vain sought to gain the affections of the elder girl, but she loved your father. On finding his suit useless, he—for reasons of his own—proposed to the younger sister, was accepted, and married her. Previous to the marriage, and after he had given up all hope of winning the love of Louisa, he had poisoned the mind of your father. After the marriage, all his arts were exercised with one object—your father's downfall and ruin. Day by day your father was sucked deeper and deeper into the toils. He became a confirmed gambler."

"Yes."

"The dark result soon became apparent. He was ruined. Persuaded by the accursed Charles that fortune was about to change, in a fit of fear and madness, fearful for the fate of his poor wife and child, he forged the name of his employers for five hundred pounds, drew the money, and lost it the same night to the accomplices of his brother-in-law."

"And the name of the firm whose name he forged," cried I, "was 'Barnard & Co.'"

"Yes, truly. He had staked his all on a hope that fortune was about to change, and that he could meet the bill when it became due. The forgery was discovered. He was dragged into the felon's dock. Among the witnesses against him was Leonard Charles. The case was an aggravated one, and the law was desirous of making a severe example of such an offender. Your father was sentenced to transportation for twenty-one years."

There was a pause.

I hid my face in my hands and wept bitterly. The salt tears relieved my overburdened heart. Then the voice of Eugene broke in harshly,

"Hear yet more. Leonard Charles, while in the employ of Barnard & Co., was conducting a secret business in Paris, as the owner of a small *mont-de-piété*. His principal dealings were with rich men, or mere boys, whom his associates had robbed at the gaming table. He had a clerk named Broussais, whom he had served, and who was concerned in some of his villainies."

"Yes," murmured Broussais. "But the mind of his clerk, named Broussais, was not all evil; and he more than once took occasion to assist those whom his master had impoverished."

Eugene gave a kindly smile and nodded his head.

"Broussais was unfortunate, not wicked," he said. "Well, in the employ of Barnard & Co. was a youth, who kept accounts, ran errands, and did all sorts of odd work. The name of this youth was Eugene Danvers. He fell into evil ways; he was too fond of pleasure. In a fit of rascality he once took money from the safe—a small sum, but sufficient to get him into trouble. The theft was discovered by your father, who replaced the money and screened the offender."

"And hence," I cried, with a glance at Martha, "your attachment to his son."

"Perhaps so. I was never a saint, but I couldn't help feeling grateful to the man who had saved me from absolute perdition. Well, this kindness didn't reform me. I again robbed my employers, and this time my folly was discovered by Leonard Charles. He did what your father had done, but from different motives. He screened me, but he held his knowledge over me as a kind of cat-o'-nine-tails. From being employed by him to watch the motions of your father, I became acquainted with matters which opened my eyes a little. At this time an event occurred which changed the whole course of our lives."

He glanced quietly at Martha, who was sitting bolt upright, calm and pale.

"Go on," she exclaimed; "I can bear anything now."

"Business frequently called Charles to Paris. During one of his visits he became acquainted with my sister Martha, who was residing in the city in the capacity of lady's maid. She had been commissioned to bear him a message from me, and he was taken by her pretty face. Knowing his hold on me——"

"He deceived her!" cried Martha; "for she, at that time, was young and innocent."

"He deceived her!" repeated Eugene. "She believed him unmarried; she believed that he loved her. She listened to him, and he deceived her. And—that's all."

"Not so," observed Broussais. "Although I myself was unaware that Charles was a married man, I perceived that there was danger. I warned Martha. She was pure and innocent, however, and deemed him the pink of honor. I could not undeceive her. Why did I attempt to do so? Because I had one reason which transcended all reasons. I myself loved her."

I glanced at Martha; but she sat calm and immoveable. Then I looked at Broussais,

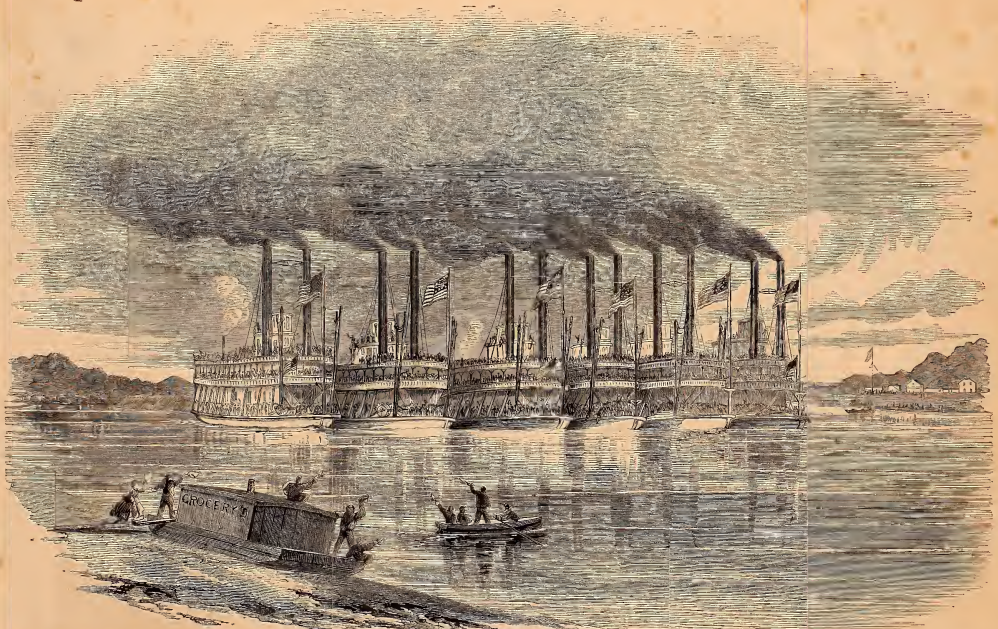
(*Continued on page 414.*)

Bird's Point.

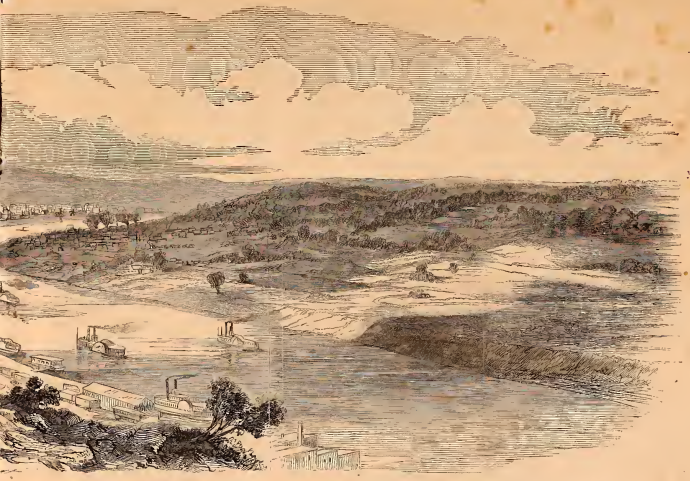
Cairo.

Fort Holt.

JUNCTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RIVERS, WITH VIEWS OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCES AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS, BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, AND FORT HOLT, KENTUCKY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GEN. PRENTISS'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 414.

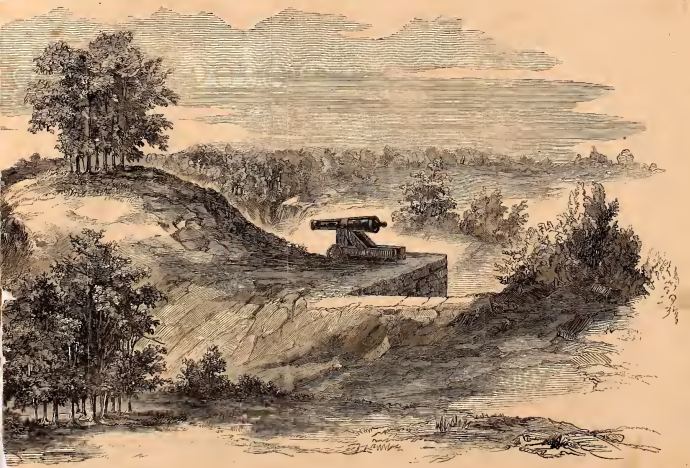


PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO RIVER OF GENERAL NEGLEY'S PENNSYLVANIA BRIGADE, CONSISTING OF THE 77TH, 78TH AND 79TH REGIMENTS PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, UNDER COLONELS HAMBRIGHT, STAMBAUCH AND SEWALL. *EN ROUTE* FOR THE SEAT OF WAR IN KENTUCKY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH GENERAL NEGLEY'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 414.



Jamestown.

FULTON, ON THE OHIO SIDE, AND JAMESTOWN ON THE KENTUCKY SIDE OF THE RIVER.—From a Sketch by Mr. W. R. McComas.—See Page 406.



O RIVER, WITH CINCINNATI IN THE DISTANCE.—From a Sketch by Mr. W. R. McComas.—See Page 406.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

(*Continued from page* 411.)

with his deformed body and noble face. There was a tender light on the latter as he spoke.

"I myself loved her—deeply, devotedly; but you can all understand why I lacked courage to declare my passion. She so erred in her blind way, and I was helpless to aid her."

Here Eugene again broke in.

"But when I heard of the deception I was able to enlighten Martha as to the result, and I brought her face to face with the wife of Charles. She was dismissed with insult and scorn. I went to Charles, fiercely upbraided him, and threatened to disclose all his infamy. I was mad. Shortly after my interview with that man, I was sent on business to Marseilles, and my companion was the scamp called Timbs. Timbs was known to me as a merry, pleasure-seeking, vulgar party, who did occasional odd jobs for my employers, and who was also in the pay of Charles. We got quite convivial and friendly during our journey. Arrived at Marseilles, we rather neglected business, and spent our money in some low seaport haunts. Timbs had received his instructions. One night I was attacked in a small public-house close to the wharf, by the mate of an East Indian brig and his seamen, and by Timbs. In the scuffle I was felled by Timbs, and received a mark that has never left me."

He grinned as he pointed to the scar, the marks of which were still dark under his right eye.

"The upshot was, I was dragged on board the brig during the night and imprisoned in the hold. The brig sailed next day. They made me work like a dog morning and night, and half starved me. To make a long story short, we were driven by stress of weather into a bay in Madagascar. There, penniless and half-clothed, I was set ashore, and when the wind changed the brig sailed away. The rest is almost a blank to me. I managed to live somehow among those half savages. At last I made my escape in a vessel bound for the Cape, and in due time reached France. In Paris I again met Broussais, who advised me of all that had taken place during my absence. On the information I received from him, I came to England, and found you out at Caverford. You know what followed. Shortly afterwards the merest chance threw me upon the path of your father, who had escaped from the convict colonies and was hiding from the police. You know all the rest."

"Save that during Eugene's absence," observed Broussais, "Charles had hounded Martha into a match with Timbs."

Enough of this explanatory conversation. Piecing all my information together, I will now tell, as briefly as possible, how the web of villainy was further woven around us.

After my father's transportation, my mother, who had money in her own right, went to live with her baby in the country, and there it was that she lost her identity in that of her younger sister. She was half frantic with grief and terror, and was easily imposed upon by Leonard Charles. At last, on his information, which described her as his wife, she was transferred to a private lunatic asylum, while the real wife of Charles assumed the name of my mother, and separated from her husband wholly. Once or twice Charles and his wife met; but Charles continued to pass as her brother-in-law. Once my poor mother made her escape from the lunatic asylum, but was foolish enough to venture into the toils. She was immediately recaptured. At last, my pretended mother died, whether by false means or foul I cannot tell. Enough to say that in her last moments she repented, and refused to will away my right to her real husband and pretended brother-in-law. She died confessing her sin, having—unknown to Charles—poured the whole secret of that sin into the bosom of Mrs. Timbs, who had been called in to nurse her. After her death, it became my uncle's obvious object either to conciliate me, or get me out of the way. Being appointed my guardian, he adopted the former course. At last, when he saw no other way of binding himself to me, he called in the aid of his daughter Elizabeth, of whose history the reader already knows something. Using his legal guardianship as a blind, he had squandered a great portion of the property which came to me from my mother, and he wished to fence away any accusation on my part by becoming my father-in-law.

When we freed my poor mother from her tormentors, which we did as speedily as possible, and when I fully succeeded in recovering the remnant of her property, our work was done. Long confinement and constant heartache had really affected my mother's mind; but we easily procured her liberation. The state of affairs was broken to her by slow degrees. At last, able to bear her mingled pain and joy, she fell upon my neck, and clung there for the remainder of her quiet days.

We had still a small income to depend upon, my mother and I. We settled down in a quiet country place, whither came few rumors of the busy world; and there I busied myself to make my mother's last days happy, by softening the memory of her past. My poor mother! The agony had been too much for her strength. She did not live long to enjoy her better fortune; in less than two years from the date of my father's death, she passed away, blessing me. Before she died, we took care to have that obnoxious tablet removed from Caverford churchyard, and to substitute a plain stone in its place.

Every now and again, we heard tidings of our old friends, and of their progress in life. After my mother's death, I travelled a little, and finally settled down near London. I had scribbled now and then, between whiles, in my little country home, and I now turned my attention to literature. I have not been remarkably successful; but it has been relaxation, not success, that I have ever sought. The pleasure of scribbling fully compensates me for the difficulties attending publication.

And, thanks to my stars, My Golden Skeleton at length disappeared. I felt no longer the burden of oppressive riches. I became a thorough-going man of the world; a man of commonplace, dashed with pathos. I am a bachelor still; I am far too dull to care for a helpmate. But I am as happy as most men. So Heaven free all poor haunted lives from the Golden Skeletons.

You will not be surprised to hear that Broussais persuaded Martha to marry him. He had saved a little money from the wreck of his fortunes, and with it he commenced business in Paris as a tobacconist. He prospered, and Martha proved a good and faithful wife. Every time I go to Paris I visit their large shop in the Quartier Latin. I like Broussais, his wife, and his cigars. Broussais and his wife compose a portion of the small audience which likes my books. They will read this story, in its present and in its book form. For they read this periodical, and are very dear and intimate friends of the editor.

We had some trouble with Eugene, for he had always been of an erratic disposition. At last he settled down in a small hotel in the North of England. He never became either rich or corpulent. Occasional bursts of vagabondism emptied his purse every now and again. After living peaceably and busily for a few months, he would suddenly appear on the turf, and then go home, a sadder and a wiser man. He looked with a complacent eye on the late fight for the Championship, and I am told that he was one of the principal backers of Mr. Tom Sayers. But Sarah, to whom the reader has been introduced, and who was in reality his wife, has borne him children late in life, and he is fast becoming more domesticated.

The ambition of the good little dancing-master was ultimately realized. On the occasion of a visit to London, I found out the little gentleman, introduced myself, and ascertained that he was acting as ballet-master at one of the principal theatres. I had the pleasure of seeing Obadiah play Harlequin, and very well indeed he did it. When he took off his mask, I immediately recognized the blue eyes and the head of tow. His legs had fulfilled all their pristine promise; they had covered themselves with glory. I rushed behind the scenes to congratulate my old friend. He was fidgeting with ecstacy at the wing.

"That," said he, joyfully, pointing to Harlequin's spangles, "that is true fame. What's glory, unless it's tangible? and what's more tangible than spangles? O Obadiah, apple of my heart, bless the mother who sent you forth into the world, with your legs of genius foremost!"

Some years after I had recovered my property, I heard incidentally that François Dupesne had committed a serious crime, been convicted, and sentenced to the hulks. I was in London a year afterwards, in the winter. I had been at the house of a friend, and was returning home after midnight. My way lay through certain dark streets near the Haymarket. In one of these, in the light of the lamps, a gandily-dressed woman grasped my arm, and addressed me scarcely. Turning, I saw that the face was still beautiful, and I seemed to recognize it. While I gazed, the woman gave a slight scream of recognition, released me, and fled away into the darkness of a neighboring alley. That was enough. The face I had seen was that of Elizabeth Charles. I followed her, but she had disappeared. I made many vain attempts to find her out, and succor her; but I have never seen her face since that night.

THE END.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEFENCES OF CAIRO, ILL.

In No. 308 we gave a very interesting sketch of the building of Fort Holt, the part of Kentucky immediately south of Cairo. Our present illustration affords a complete view of how perfectly that important point of land, the southern extremity of Illinois, is now guarded. On the left is Bird's Point, Mo., in the centre is Fort Prentiss, Ill., while on the right is Fort Holt, Kentucky. This little sketch is curious on another account, it shows perhaps the only spot on the Mississippi where three great and powerful States can be seen at one glance. It is cheering to know that all of them are true and loyal members of the Union, despite the frantic efforts of a few traitors in Missouri and Kentucky to carry into their native States the horrors of civil war.

MAJOR BEN PERLEY POORE,

Of the 38th Regiment, Massachusetts.

The name of "Perley Poore" has for some years been of frequent occurrence in the public press, but somehow it has been introduced in a manner to convey the idea that its owner was more of a wag than the earnest and efficient worker his career shows him to be. He is a wit and a wag, but his fun and waggery spring up like crisp little wild flowers along the well-beaten road of existence, to cheer the senses and keep them hopeful and healthy. A brief sketch of his life, especially of the earlier portion, will show how intimately romance and reality are interwoven. It offers likewise an example very characteristic of Yankee pluck and adaptability, and may be read with benefit by every Yankee boy.

Ben Perley Poore was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, November, 1820. While a boy he made a European tour with his father, and soon after his return, about the age of fourteen, left his father's house, like young Norval, determined to see the world and make his way in it by himself. Like most youths in the same predicament, young Ben found his way into a printing office, with the drudgery of which, copying manuscripts—for he was a fine penman—building fires and working the bellows at a church organ, he managed to sustain himself for over a couple of years. He attracted notice from the style which a fair education and European travel had formed in the boy. He was silent as to his past, and one day disappeared as suddenly as he had made his entrance into the town of Worcester. It was only known that he had written "to his father," telling him that he had worked earnestly. The result was a return to his father's house, a fine old homestead in his family for two hundred years, in which he still resides when "at home." His father now set up the youth of seventeen as proprietor and editor of a paper, from which he graduated into the Legation of Mr. Hilliard, United States Minister to Belgium.

Ben is of an inquiring disposition, and one of his first adventures was to walk to Venice, zig-zagging through Switzerland, Lombardy and Tyrol. Taking up his residence in Paris, he was appointed agent of the Massachusetts Historical Society to transcribe the documents in the Marine and Colonial departments relative to the history of his State. In 1845 he was appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts as Historical Agent of the State for the same purpose. In 1847 he returned, and the secretary's office contains the evidences of his zeal, industry and research in the possession of ten large folio volumes of transcribed documents, and two volumes of maps.

Writing of his early days, Major Poore gives a graphic contrast between the feelings of the printer's boy and the diplomatic *attaché*. He says he entered a printing office a spoiled "eldest son," who had devoted more attention to Shetland ponies and a juvenile infantry company, than to his books. "It used to be rather hard to wash rollers and bring wood, but we had a pretty good time after all. A piece of warm gingerbread, the regular donation of the subscribers at a baker's shop when there paper was handed in to them early in the morning, had far more relish than the sumptuous banquets tasted at royal entertainments within five years afterwards. The heart of the ill-clad running newspaper carrier was lighter and merrier than when it was afterwards encased in an old embroidered diplomatic coat." In token of appreciation for this exercise of his talents abroad, the Committee of the Legislature recommended that his salary be doubled. He came home quite a *savant*, having pursued his travels quite extensively in Palestine, Egypt, Greece and Asia Minor, as well as through the chief countries of Europe, with cultivated taste, picking up many valuables in his peregrinations. In 1849 he published a life of Louis Philippe, which is well spoken of, and has since been one of the most versatile and ingenious journalists of the day. He has likewise given much study to agricultural subjects; is Secretary to the United States Agricultural Society, and the able editor of the *Quarterly Report* issued by it.

From his youth he has been given to the charms of military pageantry. As he grew into manhood his love for it increased, and since his return from Europe, he has been identified with some of the very best military organizations of his State. He has served in the Legislature; has run for Congress; is a Thirty-third degree in Masonry, and is now in the field as Major of the 38th Massachusetts, where his ability, attention to business, military knowledge and various accomplishments qualify him to be a distinguished and popular officer. He will no doubt command as much respect from his brother officers as he has from his brother journalists.

GEN. NEGLEY'S BRIGADE STEAMING DOWN THE THE OHIO,

On their Way to Kentucky.

One of the most striking scenes during the war was the recent passage down the Ohio of General Negley's Brigade, consisting of the following regiments, all of Pennsylvania: 77th, Col. Hambright; 78th, Col. Stambrough; 79th, Col. Sewall. These were despatched in six river steamers to reinforce the National army in Kentucky, as there is now every probability of the rebels making that State a camping ground for the winter, if not driven out by our troops.

WAR NEWS.

Disbanding of Rebels in Missouri.

On the 27th of October Gen. Henderson, of the Missouri State Militia, marched on a body of rebels assembled at Dyer's Mills, near Concord. Before reaching them he was met by a flag of truce, and a proposition to lay down their arms and disperse, provided they would not be arrested or otherwise molested afterwards. Gen. Henderson acceded to the proposition. The rebels numbered upwards [illegible]

Skirmish in Kentucky.

From Cairo it is reported that a scouting party of 30 of the Illinois 28th engaged a party of rebel infantry and cavalry, 13 miles below Cairo, on the 26th of October, totally routing the enemy. Three companies of the Illinois 9th, on the same day, engaged 100 rebel cavalry at Saratoga, Ky., defeating them, and killing 13 and capturing 24.

The Battle of Springfield, Mo.

The loss on the part of Gen. Fremont's body guard of 150 men under Col. Zagoni, in their recent charge upon the rebels at Springfield, 2,000 strong, was 15 killed, 23 wounded, and 26 missing; the enemy lost 50 or 60 killed, and 40 or 50 wounded. If additional proof were necessary to establish the bravery of this handful of men who attacked so large a body of rebels, this statement would furnish it.

The Capture of Romney.

We learn from a Wheeling paper that Gen. Kelly, who took Romney recently, captured 400 or 500 prisoners, 200 horses, 3 wagon loads of new rifles, 3 cannon, and a great quantity of provisions and forage. He holds the place with 2,500 men.

The Fight at Camp Wild Cat, Ky.

The affair at Camp Wild Cat, Ky., on the 21st of October, proves to have been much more important than was at first supposed. The rebels numbered 6,000 infantry and 600 cavalry, chiefly Tennesseeans, under Gen. Zollicoffer. The National forces comprised Col. Garrard's Kentucky regiment, and the Ohio 17th and 33d Indiana regiments, under Gen. Shoepff. Two attacks were made on the National defences, which were repelled with terrible loss to the assailants, who were in turn attacked and put to flight, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Their retreat finally became a rout, which was followed up with deadly effect by the Kentucky sharpshooters. A correspondent of the *Herald* describes it as follows: "Early on Tuesday morning the rebels began their retreat, closely followed by the National troops. The news of the battle had spread throughout the country, and the sturdy farmers roused themselves to keep their promise to Col. Garrard. 'You start 'em,' they said to him, 'and we'll keep 'em going.' Up to Friday night, the date of the letter giving this information, the news of the retreating army had come in all of one character, and detailing its utter destruction. The farmers had gathered along the road, to engage in their favorite pastime, which they describe as 'shooting crows on the wing.' From behind every bush and hill and tree and rock they were firing on the retreating rebels. The execution they have done cannot but be terrible. The letter indicated says the loss of the rebels in the retreat to Barboursville must have been fully 1,000 men. Two pieces of artillery and all their camp furniture, extra clothing, many weapons, knapsacks, &c., were left behind in the precipitate flight, while the road by which they retreated is strewn with the same articles and their dead. The immediate field of the battle was literally strewn with their dead, whom they did not attempt to carry off and did not remain to bury. The total loss of the rebels in the battle and retreat will reach 1,200 or 1,500 men. Among those be not surprised to hear the name of Gen. Zollicoffer."

PERSONAL.

Miss Wagner, who has her studio at No. 131 Ninth Avenue, unquestionably stands at the head of her art as a Miniature Painter in America. Her natural abilities have been improved and matured, not less by long practice than by patient and careful study abroad, until, as we have said, she has attained the head of her delicate and microscopic art. A visit to her studio will amply repay the lovers of truth and beauty in painting.

The Count de Sayre, lineal descendant of Count Rochambeau, of American Revolutionary fame, has tendered his military services to the President, and has been assured that they will be accepted. The same answer has been given to the Baron de Schonen, descendant of General Lafayette. It is expected they will soon reach the United States.

Miss Isabella Hinkley, our indigenous prima donna, was married to Signor Susini, on the morning of October 30th. She left with her husband, on the same day, for Baltimore, to fill a professional engagement.

Joey Gougenheim, a well-known and popular actress, has refused to play at a San Francisco theatre on Sunday nights. She publishes a card, in which she says: "I would rather be, as I am, deprived of my engagement—which was averaging $770 a night (gross receipts!)—than to act in violation of the law and my own convictions of right."

Gen. Leslie Coombs is now stumping Kentucky, making stirring, eloquent speeches to the loyal inhabitants. He will speak daily until the 10th November, when his official duties demand his presence in Frankfort.

Madame C. Mears Burkhardt's first reception of the season, in Madison Avenue, came off on Tuesday evening last, and her spacious drawing-rooms were crowded with the élite of the city, and many distinguished foreign notabilities. The instrumental and vocal music was very fine. Mr. Perrino sang a couple of English ballads with characteristic feeling and great effect, and two of Madame Burkhardt's pupils acquitted themselves with equal credit to their own musical abilities, and the skill and attention of their instructors.

John Brown, Jr., has one hundred men under his command at Cleveland, Ohio, intended for service, as sharpshooters in the 3rd Kansas regiment. George G. Hoyt, the young Massachusetts lawyer, who went to Virginia to defend old John Brown, is second Lieutenant in the company.

Miss Ada Phillips, of New York, under the Italianized name of Filippi, has obtained a two months' engagement at the Italian Opera of Paris. It is thought by those who have heard her that she will succeed.

A letter from Louisville to the Cincinnati *Times* says: "A Nashville paper, of the 10th, announces the death of Sam Houston on the 8th inst., in Texas. He should have died before he wrote his last letter, or lived to see our glorious Union once more restored."

It is stated that Col. Mulligan, who commanded at Lexington, is at liberty through an exchange of prisoners. It will be remembered that he refused to accept his liberty with his command, on parole not to serve again during the war.

Gen. Charles F. Havelock, late of the British army, and brother of the Gen. Havelock whose name is associated with the East Indian rebellion, it is rumored, intends offering his services to our Government in the present crisis.

We see it announced that Mr. J. M. Sanderson, the American Soyer, has been made Brigade-Commissary by Gen. Wadsworth. We congratulate the brigade on their good fortune. The only reason we can imagine why Mr. Sanderson's services were not earlier secured by the Government is, that they would have been invaluable, and, consequently, obnoxious to red-tapeism.

BOOK NOTICES.

Eighty Years of Progress of the United States, *showing the various channels of Industry and Education through which the People of the United States have risen from a British Colony to their present National importance; giving, in a historical form, the vast improvements made in Agriculture, Commerce and Trade, Banking, Insurance, Manufacturing, Mining Interests, Modes of Travel, etc., with a large amount of Statistical Information, etc., illustrated by over 220 engravings. By Eminent Literary Men, who have made the subjects of which they have written their special study. L. Stebbins*, 51 *John street*, 2 *Vols.*, 8vo.

Such is the comprehensive title of a couple of elegantly printed volumes, which cover a very wide range of subjects of special American interest. Mr. Thomas P. Kettell, than whom no man is more competent, contributes the article on Commerce and Trade; Prof. McCay, late of Columbia College, S. C., the paper on Cotton, Henry Barnard, LL.D., whose whole life has been dedicated to the subject, that on Education; our townsman, T. Addison Richards, the Arts of Design; and Mr. James T. Hodge an elaborate review of the Mining Industry and Fur Trade of the United States. The work is, in fact, an industrial and statistical history of the country since the independence, encyclopedic in character and arrangement, but yet sufficiently complete for every practical purpose. It may be regarded as an epitome of the publication of the Census and the Patent Office, and of the proceedings of our Industrial Societies, compact in form, convenient for reference, and deserving a place in the hands of every reading and reflecting man in the country.

Life and Adventure in the South Pacific. *By a* Roving Printer. *Harper & Brothers, New York*, 12*mo., pp.* 354.

Sea adventures, as well as sea tales, have a perennial charm, particularly to landsmen, to whose experiences they bear the strongest contrasts. The ocean storm has more of the elements of sublimity than the tempest on land, and we read of it in a spirit more awed and hushed than of any terrestial phenomenon, the earthquake perhaps excepted. The varied climates through which the sea-traveller passes, and the lands and peoples which he visits so rapidly, interest us from their quick succession and contrasts, and lend a charm and vivacity to his narrative. By all this we mean to say, that books like that before us are always interesting to the reading public. This is specially so, not alone because it relates to a portion of the globe but little traversed and imperfectly known, but because of the simplicity and clearness of its composition, which is singularly free from attempts at rhetoric, or what is familiarly known as "high-falutin." It relates the experiences of a whale ship in the Southern Ocean, the modes of hunting, capturing, and utilizing "the leviathan," and the incidents connected with furtive visits to the Polynesian Islands, with illustrations of the character and habits of their people. It reads more like the narratives of Cook and the early voyagers than the "sensational" relations of modern adventure, and in this respect, as well as in variety of incident, has a charm which must commend it to public appreciation.

THEATRICAL.

All the theatres are pursuing their even course. At Laura Keene's the "Seven Sons" still holds its own, considerably expurgated...... The Winter Garden, which has been running "The Octoroon" with great success for two or three weeks, is obliged to withdraw it for the present, and substitute some novelty, in consequence of a previous engagement of Mr. J. S. Clarke, in Philadelphia. We cannot doubt that the new piece, which is said to be of a very effective character, will preserve the high attractions of this popular theatre.......The "Angel of Midnight" continues to draw delighted audiences, day and night, at Barnum's Museum.......Messrs. Mason and Thomas gave their first soirée concert at Dodworth's Hall on the 5th, to a large and select audience.......A short season of opera is anticipated, "by the consolidated artists," to commence on the 8th prox. *Nous verrons!*......The Old Bowery Theatre, under the management of Mr. Stickney, is catering very successfully for the popular taste. Ella Zoyara is performing some of her most admired feats; and De Lave, the rival of Blondin, walks the rope as "though it were his native element." The Stickney family is likewise very clever.

C[illegible] Old Gentleman (panting, puffing, per-s[illegible]). Hot, sir, [illegible]ously hot.

C. Y. [illegible] young [illegible]

C. O. G. Warm, sir! [illegible] it blazing hot. Why, the gl[illegible] in the sh[illegible]

C. Y. P. [illegible] is that much?

C. O. G. Much, sir! Immense!

C. Y. P. Well, then, the glass is perfectly right.

C. O. G. Right, sir! I don't understand you, sir. What do you mean by saying it is right, sir?

C. Y. P. I mean that the glass is quite right to be as much in the shade as it can in this warm weather.

FATHER (reading letter from a daughter who lately married an artist in the city), "And, dear father, if you could send us any old worn-out farm frocks, or corduroys and ankle-boots—mother could get them from the farm-men for a trifle, it does not matter how shabby they are—they would be very useful to my dear Edward——"

Mother (with a shriek). "Mercy on us! my poor child! There, Sam, I told you how it would be (Faints.)

But it turns out from the sequel that dear E. only wants these garments to paint from, for his great picture of the "State Fair," for which he expects to get say $4,000, besides an "honorable mention."

WHAT is the difference between Charlotte Ann and Ann Eliza? One is a quack and the other a chemist. How so? Why, the former is a charlatan and the latter an analyzer.

As we stand by the seashore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

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Kittens are but little cats;
Mousetraps are not county jails;
Whales are full as large as sprats;
They don't stuff geese with copper nails;
A German waltz is not a hymn;
The French are mostly born in France;
Fishes are not afraid to swim,
And turkeys seldom learn to dance.

KING JOHN once demanded of a certain Jew 10,000 marks, on refusal of which he ordered one of the Israelite's teeth to be drawn every day until he should consent. The Jew lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Thence the phrase—"In spite of his teeth."

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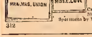

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